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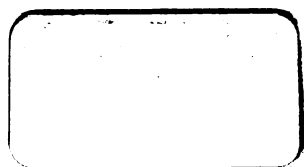
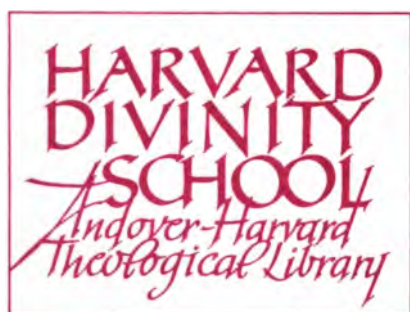
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THE  
**LADIES' REPOSITORY**

*A Universalist Monthly Magazine.*

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THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

## THE LOST FOUND.

By Rev. W. N. Barber.

### CHAPTER I.

**I**N the splendor of a serene evening sun, flowed joyfully by the clear Rhone. On its rocky shore, amid the vine-leaves of the castle garden, sat two ladies, Octavia and Eliza. Octavia gazed steadily over the river, into the darkness of a grand old forest; and her sad countenance seemed to indicate that she was searching in its depths for some happiness irretrievably lost. Less melancholy was the younger, Eliza. Her breathing was soft and tranquil, but her tender being was full of life. She was industriously knitting, whilst her eye placidly penetrated the advancing shadows of the evening, and rested alternately on the disconsolate Octavia and the vast landscape before her.

Touched by the pictures of the evening world, she finally said,

"There still rules a good and benevolent Creator in this wonderful universe. May there not come from him good thoughts and penetrate the hearts of those who bear his image?"

Octavia pressed her hand, painfully smiled, looked imploring to heaven, and then again to the restless, hurrying stream, and sighed. The two were again silent.

Soon after, in the direction whither the

main road led, two men were seen on the opposite shore.

"It appears to me," said Eliza, "that they are beckoning very impatiently for the boat. Perhaps they are suffering travellers."

Octavia trembled as she looked, and told Eliza to hasten; but when the two reached the shore, the ferry-man was already crossing the stream. The two men, with some baggage, entered the boat. Whilst they were approaching, Eliza held her mother's trembling hand, who leaned upon her bosom, murmuring a whispered prayer.

The ferry-man soon reaches the shore with a well-dressed stranger whose arm was bandaged, and a servant who carried his baggage. With a suffering but agreeable manner, the young man excused himself to the ladies for his sudden appearance. He was a seaman, named Orson, whose ship at present lay anchored in the harbor of Toulon, and who, on a pedestrian pleasure trip which he was making from thence to Paris, had unfortunately just broken his left arm; and he was, therefore, seeking assistance and a night's lodging at the castle.

Both were granted him by the excited women. Eliza hurried anxiously to the castle, hoping to find a skilful surgeon who had been called for a sick servant-girl, still there. Fortunately he had not left, and she brought him with her. The



sick stranger (who seemed to regard his accident as a mere trifle) was conducted to a comfortable room in the castle.

It was touching to Octavia to see the old servant secretly shedding tears over the misfortune of his dear master. High culture, a frank and generous nature, beamed from the countenance, and spoke in every word of the fair stranger.

The surgeon pronounced the fracture not dangerous; the adjustment was effected without great pain; and the strong, healthy seaman found himself so well the next day that, notwithstanding the inflammation of the arm, he requested the ladies to allow him to join them at the dinner-table.

The same afternoon the surgeon gave his consent for him to go to a village near by, where he designed to rest himself for a few weeks and then leisurely to continue his journey.

Misfortune often produces sudden intimacies between the good. The young captain was much pleased at the kind and cordial reception which he met with at the hands of the countess; and mother and daughter found his manners so attractive and agreeable, that they regretted his departure. In the hearts of both parties, there was silent pain, arising from the prospective separation.

Before leaving, the stranger requested Eliza to carefully take from the fingers of his left hand two brilliant rings, which, on account of the swollen condition of his arm, caused him unpleasant sensations. She drew them off cautiously, and with apparent anxiety. They were very valuable. Smiling and blushing, he gave the rings to the ladies. "It would," said he, "make me very unhappy if you should refuse these little pledges, valuable to me on account of their association with the past circumstances of my life, and you may keep them in memory of one who will be thankful for your kindness to the end of his life."

Eliza's composure was so much disturbed by these words, that she was obliged to go to the window to conceal her emotions. Octavia, who did not observe this, took his hand and said,

"Willingly will we keep these costly

jewels in memory of you; but only on one condition, and that is that you promise not to spend the time essential to your recovery in the city near by, but in the castle with us and under our care."

"Madame," responded the stranger, after some hesitation, "why should I deny to you that the exquisite arrangement of your beautiful country-seat, the boundless prospect which I can enjoy, from my room, over the garden and other scenery, far more your own goodness and generous conduct to an unfortunate stranger, has surprised me and kindled in my heart emotions of gratitude? Waiving these considerations, however, it would be impossible for me, if I had occasion to return from the city, to pass by your residence without greeting again its excellent inhabitants. Therefore, your request shall be granted; and may the hand of heaven reward a benevolence which circumstances may never permit me to reciprocate."

"You have entered a house," said Octavia, "that destiny has for many years dedicated to sorrow. But we have accustomed ourselves to endure, and we choose to be silent in relation to it, and we request you also to be silent in regard to your afflictions. We cannot gladden you with amusements; but the consolations of such a character as yours appears to be, shedding its light amid surrounding gloom, we will thankfully receive."

The ladies accepted the rings, and the captain returned to his room.

#### CHAPTER II.

From this hour, the intercourse between the three members of the family became more familiar. They saw each other without constraint every hour of the day. Eliza made their guest familiar with the arrangements of the castle, and also acquainted with the pleasure-grounds around it. Strong and massive, the great, regular house seemed built for eternity, and if you looked at its conveniences and order, it appeared calculated to suit the taste of people of all time. The arrangements and furniture were not modern, but everywhere were to be seen traces of wealth and magnificence, and the eye of the observer nowhere fell upon an injured

or a useless article. Old family furniture, and other antiquities, were preserved in a particular hall, in which also hung the pictures of the ancestors of the house of the Countess of Montignon. Even here, also, everything was to be found in good order. The estate belonging to the castle was rented, the inmates using only so much of the contiguous ground as was necessary for fruit, oil and wine. Down from the castle to the current of the Rhone, nature had created a wonderful field of rocks, which added much to the romantic and picturesque surroundings arranged by the hand of the late owner, and which astonished all who beheld them. Orson, who had visited many countries, knew of no place in the world that would compare with this beautiful residence. Whenever he conversed with the ladies in the garden concerning his travels, and described beautiful countries to them, he generally closed by saying,

"But such fine landscapes and meadows, over which blessing and repose spread their wings, as we see here, are found only in this fortunate land."

In his attempts to impart his own feeling of cheerfulness to the ladies, their guest was unsuccessful. Octavia always remained gloomy, and every one was so much accustomed to her mournful silence that, throughout the whole castle, a loud word or a tone of joy was seldom heard. Even Orson's servant could get no information from the servants in the house, only that she was a widow, who had lost, many years previously, a beloved child, and soon after, her husband. If the servants ventured to make further inquiry they were repulsed, for silence was the general order of this living tomb. The captain, however, determined some day to request of Eliza, whose appearance indicated a pity for her mother rather than mourning, information relative to the history of the house; and the really tender communication between himself and her during the many hours they had spent together in the garden, had every day grown more confidential and intimate. But it was apparent that her equanimity was disturbed as soon as the conversation turned upon the point concerning which

the Countess had forbidden communication, when she invited him, in such a friendly manner, to stay longer in her house.

He long observed a discreet silence, although his feelings became every day more restless and painful. But one day, at twilight, as he sat conversing with Eliza in that vine-arbor where he first beheld her, the young girl gave him such decisive evidence of her regard for him, as to make a diffident, trembling and blushing confession, that her life had become of more and higher value by his friendly interest in her welfare.

Here he could no longer restrain his feelings. The happy discovery that his faithful love, which he had felt for Eliza from the first moment of their meeting, was reciprocated with such open and unaffected heartiness, made him forget all other things except that one frightful thought: She and her mother are two unhappy women! He seized her hand and said, "No, it will be impossible for me to remain longer in a house where life and health have been given to me again, and in which the tenderest flowers of life have blossomed around me, unless you allow me to understand and share that sorrow which oppresses two of the best human beings on earth."

At these words Eliza began to weep.

"It is true," said she, "your friendship should, long ago, have claimed our confidence. Forgive my mother, who can find consolation from no one on earth—the mother of a lovely child, whom she once lost under mournful circumstances; who suffered, perhaps, a deplorable death, or who, peradventure, now goes astray through the world in a miserable condition, and whose loss was the cause of the death of her dear husband. Forgive a girl who never knew them, but—yes, I will this very day entreat my mother to make your noble, sympathetic soul the sharer of our sorrows—a thing she for many years has not done. Yes, I will instantly go to her."

Orson fell into a reverie over her words, but soon awakened from it and called out, "Tell her that all communication between the good is in itself a blessing. Forget not to say to her particu-

larly, that we, in all the important events of life, should not reject those slight hints that the fool calls accidents, but in which the religious forever recognize and honor only the all-controlling hand of God. Dear lady, a very singular story which comes to my mind this moment, strangely prompts me to make this request."

The girl saw benevolence beaming from the eye of her companion, and, deeply moved, left him to submit the matter to her mother.

After about half an hour, the mother and daughter appeared in the arbor, where they still found the captain, who was looking intently out upon the landscape. He took the hand of the afflicted mother, and, in the kindest tones, requested her to forgive his obtrusive expressions, but assured her that without an explanation of the cause of their grief, he could not longer remain under their roof.

"The tears which you now see in my eyes," said Octavia, "are not tears of pain—ah! no; a long winter has frozen the fountains of those—but they are tears called forth by the touching kindness of a man whose goodness attracted my heart from the first, and who insists on sharing my grief, that I may thereby be relieved of a part of the burden. You shall know all. You shall mourn with us—diminish our load; yes, more—take part of it along with you over mountain and valley."

#### CHAPTER III.

"Listen, then! I have known earthly happiness in its full measure, therefore I feel my grief more acutely than others. I once lived here, indescribably blest and happy, with a tender, loved, and loving husband. A son was given us—ah! my friend, a son who, for beauty and goodness, was more like an angel than a child of earth. With what joy our eyes rested on him! With what high ecstasy we held the darling in our arms! When six years old, we saw his faculties more fully developed than one might expect of a boy of ten years. His precocity and goodness made him at this time a subject of respect and affection throughout the whole neighborhood. O, he was too good and beautiful for this world.

"Our son was very fond of playing and passing the time in yonder meadow by which flows the Rhone, among the plants and flowers, and in the shadow of the forest. My husband loved that place above all others; and it was a great pleasure to him to indulge our boy, who went there almost every afternoon. Father and son often crossed the stream together. I generally accompanied them; sometimes, however, when I could not go, I sat here in the arbor and took part in their sports—or, at least, looked longingly after them from hour to hour. Every evening, when they returned, we interchanged the greetings of affection.

"One day my household duties compelled me to remain at home. My husband, to whom this was unpleasant, did everything in his power to prevent it, but did not succeed; so he finally proposed to the boy to remain at home that day, and play in the garden, telling him that the pleasure would be greater the next day when he would have the company of his mother. The good child submitted to his father's wishes willingly, but I was anxious that the pleasure-trip should be taken on that day. I succeeded finally in making them go, but my husband left me with painful presentiments, and as he was starting the boy fell weeping on my neck, a thing, however, which often happened when he wished to enjoy an excursion in company with his parents.

"A few moments after they left, a deep melancholy overcame me, the cause of which I could not understand. But it grew so quickly into a fearful anxiety of the heart, that I felt some unfortunate accident was about to happen. I hurried out excitedly upon the balcony to look after my husband and son. The boat had just reached the opposite shore. The boy, full of delight, sprang out, and plucking the flowers, and chasing the butterflies, was soon attracted by one of the latter into the forest. As his figure, in its little scarlet dress disappeared among the trees, I felt a burden of a hundred pounds upon my heart. It seemed to me that I should never, never see him again. I tried to call after him, but I only shrieked. At this moment I discovered that my hus-

band was still standing in the boat, endeavoring to fasten it, and oh! the stream, just now, drove him further down from the landing place.

By the time I ran down to the shore, and, with the ferry-man crossed over to my husband, whom I now heard calling loudly after the child, by the time we all three entered the forest to commence the search, nearly an hour had elapsed. O, let me be brief! All our search after him, aided by the country people for miles around, was in vain, and all our advertisements in the public prints were just as unavailing.

Had we seen him sink in the stream, had we come to some deep chasm into which he had fallen—had I found his grave, or the place where his body was decaying—oh! had even the wild beast which tore him in pieces appeared before me—I should now be contented, and repose in silent sorrow. But, oh God! Yonder I saw him playing between those oaks that seem to bend so mournfully toward each other; and from thence disappeared my happy, sportive child, my beautiful son. No trace of him has since then ever been found—so far as human probability goes he has disappeared forever.

"Grief over the great loss, united with deep self-reproach, a few months after, brought my husband to the grave. At this time, the pain which I have endured for fifteen years, reached its maximum. Many a night I sat upon the grave of my dear husband, and from thence my cries were borne over the stream after the loved and lost. My sighs mingled with the whisperings of spring; the summer nights were filled with my complaints; and I loudly called over the Rhone into the storms of winter. Oh, there is nothing so frightful as this horrible uncertainty!

"Time has not removed the poignancy of my grief, but its constant monotonous tones have hushed all the complaints of my soul into everlasting silence. O, my Robert!"

Till now the captain listened in silent sympathy. Here, however, he suddenly seized his broken arm with his right hand,

and hastily left the ladies. They called after him and offered him assistance. "Your aid is not needed," he replied excitedly, "for yonder I see my servant coming; I hope to return again soon."

His walking appeared insecure. "O let us follow him, dear mother," said Eliza, "the bandage is certainly loose and the arm newly broken."

Her mother tried to pacify her, and was of the opinion that they had better remain because he had emphatically requested it.

"No, no," said Eliza, wringing her hands, "I must follow him, I cannot remain behind."

She would have followed him, but Octavia held her back, looking attentively and with astonishment into her face. Eliza, however, could not restrain herself; and her fear in consequence of the accident that had befallen Orson increased so much every moment, that at length the mother herself resolved to look after him. The discovery, moreover, of Eliza's strong attachment to the young man shocked her and she left her with a sigh of regret. Before the girl had time to follow her, the young man sent back his servant with the information that the bandage had been misplaced by a sudden and unskilful movement of the arm, but that no injury had resulted from the accident, and that he would be back in the evening by supper time.

The excited girl hurried off to work in the garden, and did not allow herself to be seen again by her mother till evening. In the mean time, her guest had sent several letters by a messenger to the nearest post office. He asserted that he was perfectly well, but his countenance was a little pale.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Immediately after supper the captain commenced conversation, addressing himself, with some earnestness, to the mourning mother.

"When I have related to you a certain story," said he, "then, honored lady, you will join with me in praising God's providence. His hand only has brought a man to you—perhaps the only one on

earth—who can give you some reason to hope, and even some probability, that your beloved child does not wander amid the shadows of death, but may live somewhere on the earth.”

Octavio looked at him earnestly. Eliza walked toward him in the greatest anxiety, and sat down beside her mother and wept. Orson made no attempts to conceal his emotions.

“O, my friend!” exclaimed Octavia, “that you may make good your words!—but be not so cruel as to encourage hopes that never can be realized.”

“I will be brief,” said Orson, “in the relation of my story, and first of all, read to you a paper from the diary of a friend, who, a seaman like myself, was my companion during many a voyage. It contains some of the events of a life which—oh, how wonderful!—have come to no one’s knowledge but my own, and are a singular example of the mysterious course of human destiny.”

With these words he drew from his pocket some papers and read as follows: “It was on the deck of a large and beautiful ship, in the midst of the open sea, where the unclouded sun shone on me, that I became, for the first time, conscious of my existence; and while I sat there among beds and mattresses, I felt a slight rolling in my head, which, as seemed to me, might have been caused by the noise of some laborers around me, but it was not a very severe pain.”

“After this I lost my consciousness again, perhaps for a long time.

“The second awakening of my soul, which I remember distinctly, was, becoming sensible of the noise of a sea-storm, and I fully recollect being taken to the hospital in Trieste, where I regained my full health. As soon as I was able to understand the overseer, who was a German, this honest man gave me a parcel of clothes, amongst which was a particularly fine boy’s tunic; but when I attempted to put it on, I found it too small for me.

The overseer of the hospital judged me to be eight years old, and thought that I might be one year in advance of these garments. This bundle was all that I possessed. A passenger, who had landed

from an English ship, ordered me, with my parcel, to be placed in the hospital, and at the same time, procured a check from a local banker, sufficient to pay the expenses of my sickness till I fully recovered. He subsequently went to Venice to transact some business, and intended, after four weeks had elapsed, to remove me to Sicily. But the little vessel in which he intended to sail to Venice, was, soon after its arrival, wrecked, in sight of the harbor, and he, with every soul on board, went down. This man, now so unfortunately lost, had not taken me directly to the hospital, but placed me under the private care of the overseer. He appeared to be a Frenchman, at least, he did not understand the German language. The overseer knew nothing more of him, and believed me to be the son of this drowned man; and the surgeon of the ship had given him only this brief description of my sickness, that I had fallen from the rigging, and was afterward, three times trepanned.

I had certainly lost all recollection of my former life. Those dear remembrances, which constitute the only treasures that we garner up in youth, had vanished like the dews of morning. During half a year, I was troubled with some physical weakness, and waited in vain the return of my lost memory. But I found in the meanwhile, that I was expert in learning some of the modern languages, especially the French; and my mind manifested in general much power of comprehension, which had often astonished the Frenchman who brought me to the hospital, and which led us to conclude that my early education must have been considerably advanced. I was not acquainted, when I first awoke from insensibility, with a single human tone or letter, and yet I soon found myself familiar with everything. The benevolent overseer, who, though the money deposited for my cure had long been exhausted, still provided me with food and instruction; and as my element seemed to be the sea, he recommended me to one of his friends, who was a good sailor, and whose honest endeavors in my behalf laid the foundation for a good fortune, which

was, through several early voyages, a good deal increased.

"That is all," continued the captain, as he folded up the papers, that I can now communicate to you about this matter, from the papers of my friend. For further information I have written to-day. It may soon be here. But the principal point is this: My friend, of whom I have been reading, would never make up his mind to establish a permanent home; yet he remarked that, besides his strong inclination for the French language, whenever he passed by the mouth of the Rhone on his voyages, he felt an attraction toward that locality. As soon as he came near it, his heart beat more rapidly, and he would look at the river with sad pleasure for hours, and to him, the curiously formed mountains, and deep landscapes, had a particularly home-like appearance. Oh! what sweet, inviting pictures he saw upon its shores! What enchanting tones he heard in the distance! He resolved to visit this beautiful country as soon as the circumstances of his life would permit."

The emotions which these words of the captain caused in the hearts of the mother and daughter cannot be described. They eagerly asked Orson many singular questions, but he felt obliged to decline answering them.

"Why should I strive to make this matter more probable," said he, "for on further investigation, it may end in nothing."

He informed the ladies, however, that the friend whose history he now related, was not he, whom he deemed the son of the house, but quite another man, the story of whose life however, was strikingly similar to the foregoing. He also requested them, in order that all fraud might be rendered impossible, not to give him a description of the garments which the lost child wore on the day of his disappearance. Then he implored the ladies to quiet themselves, till he might be able to give them more definite information; and the former deep silence between them was resumed again.

Orson had not read to the ladies in that pretended diary, the history of his

friend, but of himself. *He* was in fact the unfortunate boy who came to his consciousness in Trieste. He believed, however, that he must keep silent about this, and another certain matter, to prevent their suspicions resting on his own person—deeming it prudent to remain himself, entirely out of the play. Soon after his recovery in Trieste, a man came to the overseer of the hospital, accompanied by a little boy who was about Orson's age. The overseer remembered that he had seen the striking face of this man among those who previously brought the sick Orson to the hospital. By the presentation of certificates, this man proved that he found the lad that was with him, some time before, in the woods, on the French coast, badly wounded, and in the hands of pirates, and had rescued him. Then he requested the overseer to give him again, a certain scarlet garment, which must be among Orson's things; claiming, that it belonged to his boy, instead of Orson, it being the same which he wore when he rescued him on the French coast. He described the garment so distinctly, and his statements were so consistent, that it could not be doubted that he was with Orson on the same English ship, and, when they went ashore at Trieste, a mistake must have been made, by which the garments were exchanged. For the scarlet coat, Orson received a blue garment of inferior quality. Orson, however, remembered neither the face of the strange boy, or the Frenchman who placed him at the hospital, but the man who came for the scarlet coat, said that the English ship had taken Orson on board at Naples, and, soon after sailing, the unfortunate youth fell from the rigging. Of the drowned Frenchman he only knew his name, and that he followed mercantile pursuits; and that on the vessel, he appeared melancholy and reserved. The boy, however, who came with the stranger to the hospital, knew Orson the moment he fixed his eye on him, and manifested great joy. He remembered that he had been with Orson on the ship, had there played with him—and he felt such an affection for the suffering invalid, that he wept when they parted.

The stranger boy's name was Saligny. Several years afterward, Orson accidentally found him again in New York. They had both grown to be young men. Saligny was engaged in a profitable business. The two renewed their acquaintance, and in time, became very intimate. But neither gave the other any information about his origin. Both, however were favored by fortune; and in all their voyages they each carried along those little garments, which only, perhaps, could guide them to the arms of their relatives. Saligny, (whose early history resembles Orson's, though it need not be written here,) soon after his meeting with Orson, in the hospital at Trieste, had sailed for France; but on his way thither, he had the great misfortune to lose his guardian, who was unfortunately shot in a contest with a pirate. This sad blow to the poor boy, left him alone; only to be reckoned as a citizen of the world.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was to this friend Saligny, that Orson hastily wrote, concerning the discovery he had made at the castle. He directed his letter to Bordeaux, believing that his correspondent was there.

Only a few weeks before, had Orsan returned from the West Indies to Europe, and landed at Toulon, to take his long desired journey, among the hills, forests, and valleys, on the banks of the Rhone.

It was somehow natural for the thought to occasionally arise in his mind, whether in the exchange of the boy's garments a fraud had not been practiced. But the sincere love of Saligny for him, which had revealed itself so early, and had grown stronger and stronger, as years passed away, and been faithfully tested amid so many trials, forbade his harboring such an idea. Saligny, who had in his possession the red tunic which the overseer of the hospital had decided was his, had been his true friend from childhood, and if he entertained in his heart a suspicion that fraud had been practised, he certainly would have revealed it. So, at least, judged Orson.

Orson, too, had another and more important reason for believing that Saligny

instead of himself, might be the lost Montignon. It arose from the attachment which had reciprocally sprung up between himself and Eliza, and which was secretly developing itself in the hearts of both. This man, who had never known brother or sister, and who sometimes cherished a hope that he might find such, discovered that the nature of the attachment between him and Eliza, was like that existing between husband and wife. Eliza his Sister! She, whose every motion and glance of the eye, awoke in his heart a strong desire for an eternal union with her! She, whose touch quickened all the pulses of his being, whose every look appeared to speak the secret language of affection and love! Was there to be seen here any remnant of that prosaic friendship, or affection, which brothers and sisters feel for each other? Do the instincts of human nature lie? Can an innocent heart lead us wrong? Sometimes, when the shadows of such thoughts arose in his soul, he laughed disdainfully, and refused to harbor them.

Eliza's susceptible young heart, was evidently wounded. Her prudent mother did everything in her power to regain her confidence. This she had fully possessed until Orson's appearance, but now it had apparently vanished. Whenever the mother mentioned the matter, the girl blushed, and immediately implored her not to doubt her child-like affection, but to speak no more. Eliza would sometimes fall on her knees, hide her face in her mother's lap, and pray that patience might be exercised toward her weakness. At other times, she would escape from her mother into the solitude of the garden, and wound her soul the deeper by seeing her friend again.

One day the girl sat among the flowers on the banks of the Rhone, looking serenely on the flowing water, and refreshing her eyes in the glittering, silvery foam. On the opposite shore were her mother and Orson, near the melancholy oak into whose darkness the beloved son had years before vanished. That spot had become a favorite place to the captain. There, whither all the glances and desires of mother and daughter had been

turned for years, as though they expected to see the return of the lost boy, and which seemed to them more like home than the castle itself,—there, whither the tender girl, if she was not able to be with Orson, sent many thousand greetings over to him, he spent the most of the hours he could not while away in the society of her he most loved. When evening approached, Orson and the mother returned. The river seemed to flow more silently than usual, and Eliza heard conversation between them. Her mother seemed happier than common. As they came near the shore, Eliza heard her name twice mentioned, and, when crossing the river, she distinctly heard these words, “he had blue eyes.” They landed, and the mother, who had been softly weeping, pressed her daughter tenderly to her heart.

Though Octavia remained the rest of the evening as quiet as usual, she was evidently more cheerful. She had been that day able to lighten her heart by shedding tears, and she thanked God for it.

The next morning Orson met Eliza at the arbor. She appeared timid—more so when she saw his downcast look. The mention of her name, the evening before, had made her restless; and the assertion of Octavia that the lost boy had blue eyes, made the captain uneasy. When in his room, the night before, he distinctly remembered that Saligny never was a lad with blue eyes. He had himself, as the overseer of the hospital in Trieste once told him, beautiful blue eyes when brought to that institution, but during his sickness they grew darker.

The consequence of this new discovery,—rendering it possible that he might be the lost son—was to make his heart tremble. Another circumstance connected with the foregoing, increased his expectations to the utmost. He had found, that very morning, in an old journal published the year previous, a notice, in which his old friend Saligny, at Bordeaux, had requested Orson to come immediately to him, if he landed any time before the following Christmas, for he had very important news to communicate to him. Thus excited and restless, with deep feel-

ings in his soul, he stood now in the presence of Eliza, who trembled during his long silence.

“O, my friend!” she exclaimed, in a low voice, “my heart tells me loudly that it is with us all no more as it has been.”

“What have you to say to me, Eliza?” asked Orson, anxiously, turning aside his face.

“I have only one question to ask,” said the girl. “Say, is the lost man, whom God will give us again through your hand—though we have mutually promised not to speak of him—but I implore you to tell me if he is your true and intimate friend?”

“He is, and God’s friend, likewise. If there is any truth or virtue yet to be found on God’s earth, he possesses those qualities.”

“O, then—” whispered she and looked to heaven.

Orson lost control of himself. “This brother,” said he with a wild voice, “will soon appear and stand before you. Do you know, Eliza, who he is, and what will afterward become of me, your friend?”

“God only knows,” said Eliza, almost in despair. “My mother told you everything yesterday.”

“Why, what?” said Orson, nervously. “She said nothing to me. What *could* she say?”

“O, say to your friend that neither he nor my mother, nor myself, can any longer have the control of my poor heart—only God can lead it, and He has led it—for a long time it has been no longer mine.”

Tears started suddenly into her eyes, and she disappeared.

At this moment, Orson’s servant brought him a package from the Post Office. He hastily opened a letter it contained. It was from Saligny. He seated himself, looked at it, opened it, read it; then sat musing and motionless. Saligny had written to him from among his relations. Saligny had found his parents—poor but honest country people in the vicinity of Bordeaux—whom he could now make comfortable and happy with his wealth. The red tunic did not belong to Saligny, but the blue one; and therefore he asked



of Orson the latter, and sent him the former; for he needed it no more, his parents having recognized him as their son by some marks upon his body. Several circumstances, which Saligny had kept secret out of respect to his rescuer, made it now quite evident to him and to every sensible man, that he who came to the hospital to exchange garments, might have been a deceiver, either from selfishness or out of love for Saligny, and that he had, perhaps, intended to make the advertisement which appeared in the newspapers concerning Orson, beneficial to his own interests. Saligny had also, as he now confessed, taken in Trieste, not by his own inclination, but with bitter tears, by the persuasion and command of his rescuer, the red tunic instead of his own. Out of gratitude to a man who had formerly taken him from the hands of pirates, he had kept more secret than friendship requires, but he afterwards intended to remain in life-long connection with Orson, and reveal the facts to him if circumstances demanded. No more doubts now remained. Orson was the lost Montignon.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Long sat the agitated man in the arbor in a wild struggle with himself. The impulses of his nature, however, attracted him to the arms of his mother. He imagined that his sister would sink under this discovery as if touched by the finger of Death; and it seemed to him as if the blessings of his first acquaintance with Eliza sounded through his heart like the first tones of a harp, and he must flee into some lonely desert.

"O God!" he exclaimed despondently, "great, Almighty Leader of the world! how rich and how poor, how happy and how miserable, permittest thou thine earthly child in the twinkling of an eye to become. But alas! what is this proud being made in thine own immortal image, man, whom I have extolled during the years of my life, who seemed to be an angel in beauty of education, conscience, and affection—whom I believed to be capable of judging between right and wrong? What has he, except his intelli-

gence, above all beings who have life? The frightful, romantic stories of poets, of the flame of love springing up between brothers and sisters, and which I always laughed at and decried as vulgar fictions, are they, nevertheless, true? Is man so unendowed and poor, in every god-like presentiment, and does he understand so little his real relation to woman—a relation which God himself has made holy? Is man to be compared to a miserable dog which knows neither mother, sister, nor daughter? Is not the corrupt man, who follows every animal inclination, as worthy as the pure in heart, who despises wrong doing? Are not both equally unhappy and liable to be led astray? Neither has aught in himself of that holy voice which speaks of a resemblance to godliness, and which I have thought to be the last thing in the world a man should yield up, and under the guidance of which I had always believed my life secure. Great God! I love her this moment as tenderly as ever—and she —"

Just here a consolatory thought occurred to him. Her words to him, "My heart has long been given away," it now appeared to him, pointed to a secret. Perhaps Eliza loved some one else as well as himself; and she would marry him, but the mother objected because his standing in society did not equal that of the family; and perhaps she thought within herself that in case the brother returned, she would secure him as a friend and intercessor to obtain the consent of her mother. This thought relieved his mind somewhat. Eliza might be made happy, though it proved otherwise with himself.

A new contest arose in his soul, however, just now, as he saw Eliza coming, with feeble steps, into the arbor. He thought it best, by all means, to still keep silent about his being the lost Montignon. A sudden discovery of the secret might kill his mother. All must first be prepared. And he himself—how could he enter into their presence?

Every movement of Eliza manifested bashfulness and love. She had never appeared to him so beautiful before. He stood in her presence with a motionless eye. But Eliza soon became mistress of

herself and began to speak, though her voice trembled a little.

"Do not be surprised that I now come again, as I promised. O, my friend — when the dearest of life is at stake with a girl, she knows nothing but her affections, and ventures everything without hesitation. The anxiety I have, the alarming fear that you might have misunderstood me, urges me to say what I am about to say. Though eternally misunderstood by all others, I hope neither my actions nor words will be misinterpreted by you. Orson, whatever my mother may have said to you, whatever she may have requested of you, be not more generous to your friend than to a harmless girl, whose heart is almost breaking."

"Your heart is given away, Eliza," said Orson. "Whom do you love?"

"O cruel question!" whispered the girl with a trembling voice, turning pale and seating herself. The pathetic glances of her eye convinced him that he had made a mistake in putting this question to her, and left not the shadow of a doubt in his mind of her deep love for himself. He turned away from her.

The girl recovered her strength and said with great earnestness, "Listen to me; I can die, but truth and liberty shall not be wrested from me till I reach the grave."

"Tell me no more," said he; "disclose no secrets. I am —"

He threw himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

The innocent girl wrung her delicate hands, looked up to heaven, and mentally prayed:

"Only Thou, O God, knowest my pained heart. If I become miserable, my doom is ordered by Thee. If I wander in the ways of error, Thou canst lead me out of them; and how can I ever fall if Thy holy voice speaks in my soul? Thou art Thyself love; and I will only patiently and quietly follow that love which Thou hast planted in my soul. But take away, O Father, take away from my friend the sorrow that crushes him to the dust. Open to me his confidence, and let me share his sorrows, or let me die with him whom my soul loves."

The young girl now turned towards him. She felt no other pain but sympathy. At this moment, however, a servant appeared and suddenly interrupted the scene.

"Lady," said the servant, "your mother is just now alighting from her carriage in the castle yard."

"My mother!" exclaimed Eliza, joyfully, while Orson, astonished, became more nervous and abashed. "Good God!" said the girl, "this blessing comes from Thee. Thou sendest to me the only person that can sympathize with my tears. Follow me soon, dear friend, I implore you. All must, and will, come out right in the end."

She hastened away. Orson's mental agitation was so great that he hardly had strength to call back the servant.

"Who's come?" he stammered.

"The mother of Miss Eliza, the Marchioness of Villiers, from Marseilles. But do not expose me, my lord. Our lady is not at all fond of gossips."

Orson hastened to the castle without asking any more questions.

The Marchioness was an elderly, but uncommonly pleasant and interesting, widow, with whom Orson was acquainted. He had frequently met her at the residence of a friend in the vicinity of Marseilles; and now, greatly astonished, he recollected that she was owing him the solution of a certain riddle which she had promised. He had asked her if she had children. She gave him as an answer,

"I have one daughter, whom you may sometime meet, perhaps, and find her a nice, good girl; but I am not permitted to have her with me — nay, I can no more call her my own child, or my daughter, lest I should kill an unfortunate relative who has taken her, calls her hers, and desires her to be her daughter-in-law, even though there is no bridegroom for her. At a proper time I will explain this riddle to you."

At the mention of the name of the Marchioness, the whole secret became plain to Orson in a moment. Octavia's condition of mind was such, and she had such an unhappy temper, no one had dared to call Eliza otherwise than the daughter of the

house. Eliza herself had no idea that he might be the lost son, and she feared the return of the missing one ever after becoming attached to himself. The mother had, perhaps, seen on whom the girl was placing her affections, and reminded her of her promise to become the bride of her lost darling whenever he returned. From the day previous, Eliza had believed that her mother, relying on Orson's word and honor, had disclosed to him everything, and now he stood striving between his affections and his duty to his friend.

Who can measure the relief and hope which this unexpected discovery brought at once to the happy young man. Orson fell upon his knees and prayed the great God to forgive all his doubts, and praised anew the wise Creator for the high and happy gift of human love and holy presentiment.

The sun shone pleasantly into the vine-covered arbor, and with his morning beams streamed the everlasting light of faith into the heart of him who prayed. Deep in Orson's soul vibrated the words of Eliza's melodious prayer, offered to God but a short time previously, an innocent invocation falling from the lips of a pure, devotional girl.

"Thou alone," said he at last in the ear of the Eternal, "Thou God in heaven, thou God of man, thou alone guidest aright, and from Thee I never will swerve."

What could keep Orson any longer in the arbor? With the small bundle of his childhood in his hand, he hurried to the castle where his friends were.

"O, a happy messenger!" Octavia exclaimed as soon as she saw him. She knew from his countenance that there was joy in his heart. The new-born bliss of the house beamed from his soul through his eyes, like the glimmering light of morning.

"Yes, happy mother," said he, with a trembling voice, "I have not deceived myself. God has answered our prayers; the son is found — yes, he is already near — after a moment he will be in your arms! Here, dear mother, here is the garment; see whether it is thy Joseph's coat of many colors."

Tears fell from his eyes while he opened the bundle, and handed the well-known garment to the mother. Octavia could not speak. She only pressed the dear garment to her heart.

Thinking in a moment that *he* might be the lost boy, she quickly put her hand upon the head of Orson; for there was a scar there which he had in boyhood, which, as good fortune would have it, was still there.

"I am your son," he whispered.

"You are my Robert!" she exclaimed, and sunk, as if struck by lightning, into his arms.

But he kissed her and kept her from fainting, and the beatings of his heart strengthened her weakness, in this, the happiest moment of her life; whilst Eliza, in the arms of her real mother, struggled with her emotions, and whispered in that mother's ear, "I am his forever."

There was a long pause. All silently looked at the little garment, and petted it as though it were a living thing, and wet it with sweet, melancholy tears.

The mother then led her son to the picture of her husband, on the lips of which now, from better regions, the descended spirit of the father seemed to smile.

Robert took Eliza by the hand, and they fell upon their knees before the picture, and then and there received the blessing of the mother on their everlasting union.

Figurative language, when not carried to excess, is highly agreeable to taste and imagination; it gives splendor to poetry, lustre to eloquence, expression to passion, dignity to sentiment, and poignancy to wit; the elegant mantle which delicacy throws over all that is gross, vulgar or deformed; and is the graceful dress of the muses.

How much better it is to go round among the destitute, the sick and the infirm, and assist by our aid and counsels, than to spend our means in debauchery and idleness.

Count your blessings. If you think you have few, count them. They will multiply.

TWILIGHT VISIONS.

By Caroline M. Sawyer.

Leave me alone !

The hand of MEMORY slowly back is fetching  
The lost and gone  
Of other years;—her fingers faintly sketching  
In dusky colors on the firelit floor  
Forms I shall see no more !

Leave me to catch,  
While yet I may, each vague and fitful gleam-  
ing;

Perchance to snatch  
The mirrored reflex of some girlish dreaming  
That, unfulfilled, slow faded day by day  
And died at last away.

Hush ! how it grows !  
Form after form is added to the painting,  
Until it shows  
A phantom troop, in numbers still augmenting,  
Whose every attitude, expression, face,  
Wears some familiar grace.

Where have they lain  
So long? In what dark cenotaph been buried?  
From what domain,  
Unknown and far, thus uncalled are they hur-  
ried,  
By their vague meanings to disturb my breast,  
Long placid and at rest ?

The vision clears.  
A slender youth across a flowery pasture  
A small child bears—  
A dainty girl—who only weeps the faster  
The more he tries by kind word and caress  
To lessen her distress.

But now they thread  
The well-known garden alley, and together—  
Her tears all shed—  
Cross the low threshold, she all wondering  
whether  
Earth holds another world so kindly come  
To lead a lost child home !

Fade, fade away,  
Remembered scene, so tender and so touching !  
Methinks to-day  
Thou comest back, a smiling witness, vouching  
That the trained heart still keeps the simple  
truth  
Plighted in early youth.

But who art thou  
With thy dark eyes and gaze so soft and earn-  
nest ?

Thy broad, clear brow,  
Thy clustering curls, which, as thou on me turn-  
est  
Thy sweet regards, like some dear dream of  
home  
To meet me come ?

I know thee now!  
The flowers of thirce ten years have bloomed  
and faded

Above thy brow,  
Thou lying moveless; Since thy locks I braided  
With violets, we sitting on the grass  
To watch the sweet hours pass.

Alas the world  
That could no more allure thee by its splendors,  
Thine idols hurled  
To ruin!—Oh, how oft the young heart renders  
Fidelity at altars which at last it finds  
False as the roving winds!

She fades away!  
She leaves me here, my one beloved sister!—  
Yet as I lay  
My arms around her fair, white neck, and  
kiss her,  
In old, old times upon her cheek and brow  
Methought I kissed her now.

And who are these  
Two little faces, with an angel's sweetness,  
Beside my knees?  
These large blue eyes turned up, whose rich  
repleteness  
Of love and beauty, thrill me with a power  
I knew in days of yore ?

My pretty ones!  
Many the years since you from me departed,  
And still life runs  
Its old, swift course with me as when gay-  
hearted  
And full of radiant health, you laughed and  
played  
'Neath the old roof-tree's shade.

Ah, leave me now!  
Linger not here with your young seraph beau-  
ty;  
Your brow of snow;  
Your eyes that make the heart forget its duty  
To living loves, so yearning is the gaze  
That to mine own you raise!

Another form,  
Aged but bright, transfigured, comes before me—  
My heart grows warm;  
I feel the rush of spirit wings sweep o'er me,  
As she who bore me, by her presence, now  
Fulfills her dying vow!

It is the last!  
The vision fades, like radiant clouds slow wan-  
ing,  
When day is past.  
The firelit floor grows dim, no trace retaining  
Of the fair picture Memory's magic power  
Lent the still twilight hour.

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**GAIN AND GOLD.**

By Miss M. Remick.

CHAPTER I.

"In Alstead, May 16th, by the Rev. Mr. Lawson, Frederick Alliston, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late William Leslie, Esq."

A GOOD match for Anne," said one of the bride's friends, taking up the morning paper while lounging over the late breakfast table. "Rather sudden, though; why it was only a week ago I first heard they were engaged."

"Yes," said her companion, very quietly; "but after all Mr. Alliston is nothing but a clerk. It's a good match for Anne now, but not what she might have expected once."

"Didn't I tell you," said the other, attending only to the first part of this remark, "Clement has taken him as a partner, a junior partner in the firm. To be sure Alliston hadn't much capital to bring, but he has a thorough knowledge of business, capacity, enterprise,—Clement is charmed with him."

The lady made no reply; her eyes fell, the roses went out of her cheek; a sudden thought, too, seemed to strike her companion; they sat silent. Presently Mrs. Houghton took up the paper again, and read aloud two or three paragraphs, while Alice Bernard leaned back in her chair while her fingers busied themselves with the silken tassels of her morning gown. Mrs. Houghton might have read on for an hour and not a sentence would have reached her preoccupied mind—she thought only of the little notice which had

just passed before her eyes. Frederick Alliston and Anne Leslie. Had he acted unworthily? she could not say. His attentions to herself had been frequent, but she had never settled herself to her own mind that they contained a distinct meaning, she had never felt sure. Circumstances, the close intimacy existing between their families, had drawn them much together. On her own part she had been for some time aware of the existence of a preference, a preference most cautiously guarded, not alone because she was not sure of her lover, but because his circumstances were not such as to make a marriage at present desirable. This partnership with Clement Houghton had removed this last obstacle. Alas, if she had entertained any such dreams she had deceived herself, he had never cared for her. I must get over this, said Alice, mentally; how very foolish I have been.

Many congratulant and good wishes were showered upon the newly wedded pair as they turned from the altar. If any one might believe from appearances their path would be one of roses. Such it never is in this every-day world. Anne was just eighteen, a gay, light-hearted creature, who yet had tasted sorrow, her father's sudden death, the heavy involvements of his property which had necessitated his family's retirement to this little country village; and last, not least of all, her mother's constant repinings under her troubles. Poor Anne! I fear she listened to Frederick Alliston's suit as much for the home he could give her as for any real attachment for himself, but if she did so the end was bitter enough. Still, with all that, she loved him in her way, she had no other love to come between her and what would be henceforth her duty; she was gratefully sensible of the preference which had remembered and sought her out in her lonely home, and if he was rather too grave and reserved for her liking, if he did not answer much to the picture in her girlish fancy, why she should honor and respect him so much the more.

Alliston took his bride to a pleasant cottage in one of the quiet suburbs of New York. His mother had superintend-

ed its furnishing and nothing was omitted for taste and comfort. Anne took possession of it with girlish pleasure, and Alliston was pleased with her satisfaction. He had married well, he was satisfied with his choice, his mother had signified her approval, and his friends, though in a less direct way, their admiration and interest. His mother remained with them a few days, and then went back to her home in the far West. The bridal calls came to an end, the soft May deepened into the flowering June, and the honeymoon waned to a close.

Mr. Allison went back from the temporary pause in his busy life to wrap himself again absorbingly in business, and Anne—well, she began to feel rather lonely at times in her quiet home. In her old life she had had her mother and an elder sister, her garden, her birds and books, the latter she had still, but she wanted something more, she felt the need of companionship—in her ignorance she had thought that this want of course her husband would supply. He came home late, wearied from the overtaking of business, heedless of her little cares for his comfort, and when the evening meal was over, the glittering tea-service removed by the maid's busy hands, would sit absorbed over his paper, devouring the long list of stock and exchange, locked from her in an unknown tongue, or threading the dry debates of Congress, in which few young wives are supposed to take an interest. No wonder Anne felt lonely; the lover had vanished too suddenly, and the every-day husband taken his place. She tried to interest him in conversation—he responded politely, but with little effort; it began to appear that they had few topics in common. Why was it? Anne had not the discernment to discover. She felt like one awakening from a beautiful dream to the life of a dull, gray morning. Was this the future which had stretched out so delightfully to her gaze a little way back? Were the gold and crimson, outlined through the mist, nothing but this gray, chill atmosphere which pressed heavily around her?

Mr. Allison, on his part, was contented. From his long bachelorhood, used to

the discomforts of a boarding house, he was fully prepared to appreciate the luxurious quiet and order of his home; he did not consider that he made no return to the gentle hand from which this harmony and beauty came, or that any return was expected. Anne was not sentimental, he would have laughed at the idea of a sentimental wife for him; it was her innocent gaiety and light-heartedness rather than her really pretty face, which had first attracted him; he had shown the sincerity of his love by making her his wife; he had placed her in a home such as his means would permit, and his purse to all reasonable calls was at her disposal; what could she ask more?

"I am about to write to Nellie," said Anne, one morning, some six months after her marriage, "I should like," she added, a little timidly, "to ask her down to spend a fortnight, if you approve."

"Certainly," said Mr. Allison, a little surprised at the tone in which this request was put, "it would afford me pleasure, and if your mother can quit her home at the same time, put her in the invitation."

"Thank you," said Anne, warmly, her eyes speaking more than her lips. He is kind, thought the young wife, as his hurried step went out in the hall, and the outer door swung after him, he is very kind. I know he has a great deal of business on his mind, I ought not to think—she stopped without finishing the sentence, touched the bell for the girl to remove the breakfast things, and ran up stairs for her pen and paper.

It was really a great pleasure to receive her mother and sister in her new home, to hear with a young wife's pride their praises of its pretty appointments, and to relate and receive, when the first bustle of their coming was over, the hundred little incidents which had transpired in their separation, and which had escaped the short details of letters. Mr. Allison appeared to advantage in the character of a host, and Mrs. Leslie looked with much satisfaction on her daughter's matrimonial establishment. If Nellie were only married so well, poor Nellie, who was three years Anne's senior. Anne said nothing; she had an uncomfortable con-

sciousness of smothering a little sigh. Certainly Mr. Alliston was very kind and indulgent as her mother felt; it was very wrong in her to expect so much; every honeymoon came to an end; hers had been very pleasant while it lasted, she would really try hard to be more reasonable.

They went away, after a stay prolonged to nearly a month, and their departure seemed to take light and sunshine with it. Mr. Alliston fell back on his paper which still absorbed much of his attention through the now long evenings, and Anne bent over her embroideries, working away busily from the little box of bright colored silks upon her work stand. Now and then a visitor came in, and Mr. Alliston unbent from his dry replies to his wife's remarks to a genial socialty, and twice or thrice, events of themselves in this monotonous life, they went out to to some musical concert, of which, in her free, girlish days, Anne had been exceedingly fond. So the winter wore away, the spring broke, and the first anniversary of their wedded life came round.

#### CHAPTER II.

Five years; the cottage has given place to a handsome establishment in the city, Mr. Alliston's means can well afford this, he is a prosperous and successful man. Wealth seems to be flowing in upon him from every channel; the demise of a distant relative has bestowed upon him a large inheritance. Anne is the mistress of a palatial mansion in fifth avenue. What a fine match! the world will say over again. One of Mr. Leslie's daughters, at least, has done well. Anne has greatly changed; she looks pale and sad; that is strange when one has everything to make them happy; but the Leslies were a consumptive family; that was her father's disease, perhaps the taint is in her blood. It would be very sad if she should be called away from a world of so much enjoyment. Two pretty children have blessed Anne's marriage, two little girls. She is very fond and proud of them, but unlike some women, she is not one to whom these treasures can make up for another want. Her husband stands

as far apart from her as of old; farther, if that could be. He has no understanding or appreciation of the life which flows on at his side day after day. His wife has faded early, she is not so pretty as as she used to be, she has lost her gay spirits too; the old musical laugh is hushed upon her lips; he does not know why it is; but then American women fade so early; they are brought up in hot-houses, and have no constitution to bear the cares of a family, and the confinements of housekeeping. He is himself glowing with ruddy health; his incessant application seems to agree with him, though just now he has had a fortnight's relaxation at the seashore. He went down to take Anne, for the benefit of the bracing air; her delicate health is beginning to give him some uneasiness. She was never strong; he has always noticed her fragility, and he remembers now, that there is a taint of consumption in the Leslie family. What if she should die? she has spoken of it herself once, but no; women are always fanciful when they are sick. He chides her gently for her low spirits, and she is silent.

It was on the morning but one after their return, that Anne expressed to her husband a desire to go to Alstead, where her mother and Nellie still resided for a few weeks. Anne was seated in her dressing-room, opening out of her chamber, wrapped in her morning gown, while her maid stood behind her chair, busied in arranging the smooth bands of brown hair; she now seldom rose at the early hour of breakfast—her husband had looked in to bid her good-bye, as he went out, a new attention for him.

"I think the quiet and stillness of the place would do me good," she said, "and I will take Lucy with me. If you have no objections to make, I will write mamma this morning."

"I do not know my dear," said Mr. Alliston, rather impatiently, "it seems to me the best plan would be, to invite your mother here. As to the quiet and stillness, that can be commanded anywhere."

Anne gave up her plan with a little sigh; she was accustomed to submission.

Invalid's fancies, thought Mr. Alliston,

as he trod out with his strong, elastic step; but Anne is looking really ill. I must call in a physician.

The invitation was written and sent; but Mrs. Leslie was herself indisposed, and consequently unable to accept it. Mr. Alliston might then have reconsidered his opposition, but the subject seemed to have quite escaped his recollection, in the renewed absorption of business, and Anne was too proud to recall it to his remembrance.

The sultry August wore away, and the opening of September found her confined to her chamber. The physician made his daily visits; he shook his head doubtfully, yet he said there was no disease; for once his skill was at fault, it was a silent, painless, sinking away.

October—November—with the first fall of the leaves Anne Alliston passed to a better world. Her husband, her mother, and sister, were with her in those last hours; she knew none of them; she lay in a deep sleep which lapsed almost imperceptibly into the deeper sleep of death. The children had been brought in, little Frances of four years, and little Lucy of two; it was sad to see them standing there, supported by their weeping nurse, in the hush of that death chamber.

"It is all over," murmured the husband rising from his seat by the pillow, "take them back to the nursery, Jane,"—hastily averting his eyes from the children—the sight of them struck him painfully; he had thought only of himself. He passed into his own chamber, and shut the door; he was alone with his thoughts, at that hour but comfortless companions. She was gone from him; she was dead; the tie of habit is strong, and he had loved her too, in his way, and he felt his bereavement deeply. I think if he had known her better, had loved her more, his loss would have been less, strange as that seems, for the love of soul for soul will bridge the awful chasm; but his had been a love founded upon the mere outer life that we see, and when that was gone all was at an end.

He sat down by the window, his hands locked in abstraction on his knee, the gray November sun lit up the pavement

below, and glimmered over two or three ladies in showy dresses, passers on the quiet street. He dropped the curtain with a sick feeling. The warm light and the busy life were too much. Where had she gone? He went to church Sabbath after Sabbath, he turned over the leaves of his Bible sometimes, but as for the beautiful world lying beyond the precincts of this, he had less knowledge of it, than the little child whose unquestioning faith takes in all it learns at its mother's knee. Death! O, what a blank, still world! what a change!

The funeral came and passed. People said, how wan and haggard Mr. Alliston looked, how deeply he felt his wife's loss; strange, he should be so much attached to her when she was such a sickly woman, with little life or spirit, always so still and cold.

The mournful procession returned; they had laid all that was left of her in the beautiful shades of Greenwood, and the husband re-entered his lonely home. There was the old splendor, but the rooms wore a changed look; the slight form which had held its place in them, the gentle woman whose taste had ordered and directed, whose blue eyes and sunny hair, and thousand acts of kindness, now rose up in vivid recollection, had gone out from them for the last time.

The mother and sister had gone up to their own rooms, perhaps to weep alone. He passed into the lonely drawing-rooms. The soft Turkey carpet buried his heavy footfalls; a pale light poured in through the folds of the close drawn curtains, and shimmered over the delicate rosewood furniture. He sat down in a fauteuil by the window and leaned his head wearily upon his hand. A few drops of rain pattered against the glass, the gloom without was in unison with his feelings. He recalled his wife as he had first seen her in her blooming youth, roses in her cheeks, her laugh full of melody and music, her step winged with lightness. Side by side with this, as in a mirror, stood the pale, languid face which he had looked upon for the last years at his side. Could they be one? How sickness changes! Well, he had always been kind to her; he had



nothing to reflect upon; in looking back, he could not recall one harsh word that had ever passed his lips toward her. He lingered over the last thought complacently, but it did not seem to give him much comfort. Why, indeed, did such thoughts come at all? why, if not far down in his heart, under all its weight of selfishness, conscience did not still hold her place? He had provided for all his wife's physical comforts freely and lavishly, and what room had there been for harshness where he had received always submission? But had he fulfilled his part of their vows *to love and cherish*?

### CHAPTER III.

The first year of Mr. Alliston's widowhood is completed, and we find him on the eve of a second marriage. He has found his time so lonely, this step is not to be wondered at. His hired housekeeper has proved inefficient, and what are servants without a mistress? and beside, it is his duty to give a mother to his young children.

Accident, seemingly, has guided his second choice. It has fallen on an old friend whom he knew prior to his marriage, and who, even at that time excited his interest and admiration; in his secret heart, indeed, contested the palm with pretty Anne Leslie, but Anne's grace and joyousness won. It is strange that this should have come about now. I wonder if there is anything which really happens by accident in the world! I believe not. Alice Bernard has remained single all these six long years, not for want of offers, but because her heart did not go out to any of them; she never thought this would have come to pass; she is as much surprised as anybody else.

Mr. Alliston is happy again. His second choice is even better than his first, he thinks, as he ushers his tall, queenly looking bride into his sumptuous home, but a shadow comes over his brow, a thoughtful shadow to the memory of poor Anne, the fair, fragile girl who faded away so early.

"Here are the children, Alice." They are in the dining-room; the bride has given her dusty travelling wrapper into

the hands of her maid, and leans back in the luxurious arm-chair, her eyes wandering abstractedly to the beautiful face hung opposite in its frame. Mr. Alliston catches the direction of her glance, and an uneasy expression flits over his cold face. "My dear, I wrote Jane to have that removed up stairs. She must have quite forgotten it in the hurry of other things."

"Let it remain," said Alice, quietly. "I should prefer it so. I would not have it removed on any account."

She turned to speak to the children who approached her shyly. They seemed to have nearly forgotten their father, and regarded her own overtures to an acquaintance with doubt and timidity. Alice's quick eyes glanced from one to the other.

"They seem ill at ease with you, Frederick," she said, thoughtfully. "I incline to think they are not frequent visitors to these rooms."

"They have been very much neglected since their mother's death," said Mr. Alliston, in a low voice, "left entirely to the care of servants."

Alice flashed up a bright glance; it was not one of approval, hardly of pleasure; what did it mean? Mr. Alliston, who was not well versed in the language of looks, was unable to determine.

The children stayed awhile; Alice coaxed the youngest into her lap, and shortly the nursery maid came to take them.

Alice rose to go up to her chamber to make some alterations in her toilet for dinner. She paused again before the portrait on the wall, her gaze drawn towards it by its loveliness and the inexpressible sadness which seemed to breathe from it.

"When was this taken?" she asked her husband, who lingered behind her.

"Two years before her death," he replied.

"She was ill then?"

"No; I think not."

Alice withdrew her eyes and passed on. She remembered Anne Leslie. She had met her a few times in public assemblies in the months preceding her father's

death, which, though he had been long complaining, had taken place rather suddenly, and she had been deeply impressed by the sunny character of her beauty, an impression the memory of which had been by no means lessened by what had followed, the crossing of her own lot by this beautiful girl. During the whole of her short married life they had not met, for Alice had been absent in Europe, where her father's health had led him to travel, part of the time, and on her return she found herself in mourning for his loss, and consequently went little into society. Strangely enough it was on the very day of Anne's death that she had first put off these habiliments of grief, and her first rencontre with Frederick Alliston had taken place a few weeks after his bereavement.

What sorrows could her fortunate predecessor have known in the short years of her marriage? Alice found herself wondering as her maid drew her mistress' long raven tresses through her hands, wondering at their rich gloss and thickness. Certainly everything around her was of a character to promote happiness: a devoted husband, two beautiful children, a home of luxury and abundance. She cast her eyes around the room—it had been Anne's dressing-room, too. Very little change had taken place in its appointments; her favorite books lay heaped upon the shelves of the what-not, a vase of half-blown roses thrust among them to-day by some thoughtful hand, a welcome to the new bride.

Alice drew a little sigh. There was something sad to her quick fancy in thus taking another's place. She thought of the little low grave in Greenwood, hedged with odorous shrubs and blossoms—she had seen it once—over which the cold white marble said, "Sacred to the memory of Anne, wife of Frederick Alliston." Was it possible he had not loved her after all? that their marriage had turned out a mutual disappointment—one of those mysterious unions which are repented too late? Alice caught herself blushing at the thought. No; the world had commented on Mr. Alliston's deep grief over his wife; it had struck the most casual observer.

"I am going down town, Alice," said her husband as they quitted the dinner-table. "I must present myself at the store and see how things are getting on. We merchants have a hard life, nothing but work."

He went out without the ceremony of a good-bye, and Alice stepped into the drawing-room. The appointments of her new home were much to her taste. She had a quick perception of the beautiful, and was one of those who seem born to wealth, so easily do they glide into its enjoyment, for her own life, fair as was the position of her family, had been by no means without its cares and straitnesses. The large rooms wore a lonely air, and she went up again to her dressing-room. She busied herself in assisting her maid to unpack her wardrobe. That finished, some time yet remained in the long spring twilight to her husband's return, and she drew a chair to the what-not, and began to leisurely turn over the books. Some of them were her favorite authors, and here and there a verse or sentence with a light tracery of pencil marks around it drew her attention. The passages so interlined were mostly sad; they breathed of disappointment and sorrow, grave truths, and here and there the recompense of a better world. Alice stopped at one of these places with a mute glance of surprise. A closely written leaf, evidently torn from a diary, which the writer had probably destroyed, fell from between the leaves and rustled into her lap. She picked it up; she hesitated to read it; she had a very distinct idea to whom the delicate feminine characters of the handwriting had belonged. She hesitated; the ring at the door, her husband's voice in the hall, decided her; she put it back in its place and rose to go down.

It was a pleasant home evening which spread before her; she had the children in the drawing-room until the nurse came to take them to their chamber at their usual hour of retiring, and then she seated herself at the piano and sang and played cheerful songs, laughing at her husband for his lack of praise when the performance ended.

"I like music," he said pleasantly, "but," he added frankly, "I am no judge of its execution. One tune, to me, is the same as another."

Alice looked disappointed, but the look quickly vanished, and she said cheerfully,

"You men are so lost in business! You do not know what you lose when you cultivate only one sense in this beautiful world."

She spoke half in jest. She did not know the full truth of her words that he who sat by her side was indeed wrapped in gain and gold, selfishly dead to all the tender sympathies which made life so beautiful to her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Alliston's second honeymoon waned, and again the lover was merged into the husband. Alice did not take this change with the timid acquiescence which had marked the character of the first wife. First, she opened her eyes upon it with a kind of blank wonder; was this the genial, attractive Mr. Alliston? Next, she tried to interest him, to join in his tastes, and draw him into sympathy with hers, to discover some fault on her own part, and these failing, she found herself fast passing under the influence of resentment. This is saying little for Alice, but she was very human; she had not the disposition to sit down tamely under what she felt to be an injustice, nor the fine perception to feel out a way which might mark a truer state of things. She turned, as many a woman has done before her, to the outer world for happiness.

Alice was still young, fairer, perhaps, in her ripe womanhood than she had been in her girlhood, and her husband's unquestioned wealth of course opened wide the entree of society. She entered upon this new life with hesitating steps at first; it would never have been her choice, but the excitement, the murmur of admiration, the pride of rivalry, — and most of all, the lonely home behind — drew her on deeper and deeper, till she went farther and farther into the glittering maze. The opera, the ball-room, the theatre, mornings crowded with callers, — there soon came a time when her whole life

flowed on in a whirl of ceaseless excitement.

It was a shock to Mr. Alliston, a most unpleasant breaking in upon his tranquillity. Who would have thought Alice Bernard would have turned out so strangely? He did not blame himself in the least; he felt surprised and dissatisfied.

"It is so dull here," said Alice, pleasantly, in answer to his remonstrances. "If I were to confine myself in-doors, I shouldn't live out half my days —" she stopped, with a shudder, for a pale spectral face seemed to rise out of the past before her. "My escort, Mr. Mourdant, is perfectly unexceptionable, you know, and indeed, if that troubles you, come with me yourself. I should only be too glad to receive some attention from you."

"As to my accompanying you, that is absurd," said Mr. Alliston, coldly; "but, Alice, I must say I do not like these constant dissipations. Such a course is not becoming to any married woman."

"Show me first," said Alice, with unabated good nature, "that any of my duties are left out; as to the impropriety — and also the extravagance, to which you alluded the other day — your position and means amply cover them. I lead precisely the same life as others in our standing."

"Others' follies are no excuse for yours," said her husband.

"I cannot stop to debate the matter with you," said Alice — her quick ear had caught the ring of the bell — "Mr. Mourdant is waiting for me in the hall; I must not task his patience longer," and she glided out with a smiling adieu upon her lips.

Mr. Alliston soon followed — this short conversation had taken place in his wife's dressing-room — and entering the dining-room, took up his evening paper. Somehow the room looked comfortless and lonely. There was a summer warmth flowing up through the grate, everything was in its place, but he missed the face he had once been wont to see opposite, bending over the little work-table, Anne's work-table, now set aside, and no longer littered with skeins of bright silks and pretty patterns. After all, he had acted

rather foolishly in this matter of a second choice, and he began to see it. Why had he married again at all? Poor Anne!

Light as was Alice's smile when she quitted her husband, her heart was not so buoyant beneath the surface. She was beginning at last to realize the heavy penalty which is attached, with most women of sensibility and feeling, to the indulgence of such a career. She was beginning to find that her husband was already superseded in her thoughts by another, or at least that the first preparatory steps in this transfer of feeling had been taken. You will pause with horror at this announcement and say, what! did she trifle with temptation? but let us reflect. If she withdrew from her now accustomed life, from these dangerous scenes, dangerous to her, what had she to go back to? A lonely, cheerless home, a pre-occupied, unsympathizing husband, hours crowded with dreary retrospections and regrets. She thought herself strong, we all do. They who have fallen, in many and many an instance, had as much faith in themselves as we have to-day.

Alice made her appearance in the ball-room, her dark hair wreathed with diamonds, her lips parted with smiles. She danced, she lingered in the gay knots who stood mere lookers-on, exchanging pleasant nothings, and by and by took Mr. Mourdant's arm for a stroll through the blooming conservatory, and loitered, dangerous pastime, in its fragrant walks, listening to his delicate flatteries. If she had waited a little longer, if she had listened to the resentful voice, her good genius, O how unheeded, which had told her to remember past times, and turn her ear from Frederick Alliston's tardy suit! O, vain thought! worse than vain!

"What a flirtation!" said some one. "Mourdant is really enchanted. How I dislike married belles!"

The speaker was a mother, with two promising daughters just introduced. Her companion smiled.

"I wonder at Mr. Alliston," she said. "I think he does not know Mr. Mourdant's character, or he would not accept him quite so freely as an escort for his wife."

"Ah! indeed, you surprise me."

"Yes, I have heard him tasked very severely, something worse even than a little wild."

"Then it would be a kindness in some one of Mrs. Alliston's friends to open her eyes."

"I don't know about that. I, for one, shouldn't want to make trouble. She would be sure not to believe it."

"But such intimacy, if this be true, will give rise to comment."

"That is her lookout; fortunate if it don't go any farther."

Misguided Alice! In all that throng had she not one to warn her?

#### CHAPTER V.

The new cloud which had risen up over Alice's married life was steadily assuming form. Curious eyes began to meet hers, whispers gathered from lip to lip. Mourdant's attentions were growing too marked to escape observation. True, it was nothing but a flirtation, but flirtations even with married belles have sometimes serious results, especially where the character on the one side has no very favorable reputation. This gossip at last reached Mr. Alliston. It came upon him very unexpectedly. He had taken his seat in the car on his way up to his home. It was twilight, earlier than the usual hour for the return of business men, and for the length of the first street he found himself quite alone. Presently two gentlemen entered. They took their places at some distance from him, and in the growing dusk his figure probably escaped their observation in its corner, at least a recognition. They spoke of a companion from whom they had just separated, the name was not mentioned between them, and Mr. Alliston gave his ear to the conversation more because from its proximity he could not escape hearing it, than from any interest. Suddenly his own name drew his attention.

"It's only a flirtation," said the second speaker. "I don't believe Mourdant's boasts. He's been taking wine pretty freely, that's plain enough, and don't know what he's saying."

"It's bad enough any way," responded

the other. "What a fool a woman is to throw away her good name and self-respect for such a wretch."

The bell rang, the car stopped, new comers. Mr. Alliston drew himself farther back in his corner, and tried to muffle his face in his cloak. He got out at the next street, when the car stopped again.

Alice was in the drawing-room when he got home. He heard the notes of the piano as he stepped into the hall. She was singing a low, plaintive song. Alliston stopped; he had a hard struggle for self-control, but he was himself again in a moment and went in. Alice went on playing; perhaps she did not hear her husband's step, the opening of the door, but if she had, it might have made little difference, for she was not wont to give Mr. Alliston a very demonstrative reception. He came up and laid his hand heavily on the leaves of the music-book. She looked up at him, gave a little start, and stopped in her song, but went on playing.

Mr. Alliston was naturally a cool man; aroused as he was now he still felt the necessity of self-control.

"Alice," he said, presently, in a voice which he tried to render gentle, but which had a touch of asperity in it, "will you stop playing?"

"Certainly," she answered, pleasantly, pausing with her fingers on the ivory keys, "if you have anything to say."

Alliston took a chair and drew it opposite to her. His face was very pale; the veins stood out in cords upon his forehead. Alice looked at him; she saw something of his agitation, but was quite ignorant of the cause. It aroused her attention, however.

"Alice," he said, clearing his voice and speaking with resolute sternness, "I told you some months ago, my opinion of your present conduct. You saw fit to disregard my wishes; I must now urge them with more positiveness."

"I am at a loss," said Alice, coldly. "Will you please to be more explicit, Mr. Alliston?"

"You must be aware," he said, keeping down the anger which her answer ex-

cited by a strong effort, "that no woman in society can receive, night after night, the marked attentions of any man, whatever he may be, without comment, much less if his character be that of a libertine and a scoundrel."

A deep blush flitted over Alice's face; it was gone in a moment; her eyes dropped.

"If you refer to Mr. Mourdant," she said, "You are in error. I, at least, know nothing to his disadvantage. As to the remarks you speak of, they are the penalty attached to any moderate share of beauty and fashion."

"But not with my wife," said Mr. Alliston, hotly. "I will have her name kept unspotted." He rose. "I have told you my wishes, Alice; you have only to obey them. He went out; the door swung heavily after him.

Her face dropped upon her hands as she leaned forward upon the music-book. "Only to obey!" Yes, she was his wife, she did not need to be told that. She knew he was right, knew it even better than he knew himself. But *could she go back?* O, Anne Leslie, was there ever such a dark hour in your sorrowful lot? you whose grave lies so still and green to-day under the last spring snows.

The height of the party-giving season was over, and Alice had already a few quiet evenings at home. This which followed the scene we have recorded was one of them, and she sat with a new volume in her hand, wearing away the hours, while her husband opposite, more taciturn than ever in his sullen resentment, threaded the long columns of his evening paper. It was their first open quarrel. Both felt it, but neither was inclined to take the first step which might restore harmony between them. Alice knew that she had done wrong, but she remembered bitterly that it was her husband who had left her to temptation.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Weeks went by. The season of balls was over, the opera was closed, May had come, a few long bright days the sun lay hot upon the pavements, the atmosphere grew oppressive, people began to talk of

watering-places. Alice thought she would like Saratoga. She wondered what would be Mr. Alliston's decision. Their old state of harmony, such as it was, had not yet been restored.

She had met Mr. Mourdant a few times by accidental encounter in these weeks; twice or thrice in her own home, and on one of these occasions under the watchful eyes of her husband. She saw plainly that he was about to demand the cessation of their acquaintance, a demand with which she felt very unwilling to comply. Events, however, were approaching a climax.

She was returning home from shopping one evening at dusk, and on taking her place in the car found herself seated by Mr. Mourdant. The encounter was not altogether an unwelcome accident to her, and it evidently afforded much pleasure to the gentleman. Alice was pure, too pure to readily believe evil of others, especially where her favor was already enlisted; and knowing, as she had herself asserted, nothing ill of Mr. Mourdant, she believed her husband's aspersions to be the mere utterance of his indignant feelings. She met him then cordially, very nearly with the same kindness as of old. Could they have received a glimpse of the muffled figure in the corner of the car, perhaps their conversation would have flowed less freely.

Alliston listened until he could endure no more—the seats next him had become vacant by the dropping of passengers—he leaned forward and touched his wife's arm. He did not mean that his grasp should be so strong, but his fingers buried themselves in her flesh.

"Mrs. Alliston," he said, hoarsely, "here is a vacant seat."

Alice looked up, with difficulty repressing a cry of pain. She moved, bowed to her companion, and took the place to which her husband had directed her attention, without a word.

Alliston felt that he had been hasty, but his passion was too strong for control. To be braved thus before his face!

They got out in silence. Alice went up to her room. Her face was ashy white as she stood before her mirror; she start-

ed back herself at the reflection of her kindling eyes and the marble compression of her lips. She sat down in a chair and began to loosen her bonnet strings. A storm of passion shook her from head to foot. She trembled at herself.

"A letter for you, ma'am. A boy brought it." It was an hour later. She sat there still when her maid put it into her hand. The supper bell rang at the instant.

"I shall not go down, Ellen," she said. "Tell Mr. Alliston I have a headache and beg he will excuse me."

The girl went out and she opened her letter. It was from Mourdant, as she had expected, a speciously written, outwardly guarded epistle, but begging her to fly, to place herself under his care, and trust all her world to him. He spoke of the unhappiness of her home, which he had seen before, but of which he had kept silent. He had friends who would receive her for his sake, her husband would sue for a divorce, and then their marriage should take place.

The sheet fell from Alice's hand. In that moment she found herself struggling with a terrible temptation. Two paths stretched before her, the one of duty, the other of love. How could she go on living this lonely, dreary life? Her wavering love was shifting into hatred and contempt. She thought of her husband's violence that evening with a pang of fierce indignation. Yes, she would go—no.

Do angels watch over the living—they who were near us once—in our sorrowing and trial-wrung hours? There came a patter of little feet, a child with sunny blue eyes and rosy cheeks came gliding softly into the room. She drew near to Alice timidly, but with inquiring eyes. Alice started.

"Why, Lucy," she said, "what has brought you here, child?" She took her up in her lap and laid her cheek against her soft brown curls.

"I crept down stairs," said the child. "Jane was gone out. I thought you were here."

A new feeling crept over Alice; tears came into her eyes. She kissed the child and put her down.

"My head aches, Lucy," she said, "and I want to be alone."

The child understood her. She gave back her kiss and went out.

Alice rose and paced the room. She drew back the curtains and looked out. The stars shone down radiantly and clear. She sat down by the what-not and began to turn over the books with idle fingers. A paper fluttered from between the leaves of one as she toyed restlessly with it, and lighted on the floor. She stooped to pick it up. It was the fragment of the diary upon which she had come on the first day of her entrance into her new home. Mechanically, or perhaps to turn the current of her thoughts, she suffered her eyes to become riveted upon the graceful characters. She read:

"*Aug 29th.* I have just told Frederick I shall not get well. He cannot hear it, he will not believe me. It is hard parting from them all, hard going from my little ones. God give them a mother who will doubly make up my loss. If it be His will, I will be often with her in the old life I used to live, to guide, to watch over and help her. I think sometimes of what she may be, stronger and better than I, I hope, who have failed in everything."

The leaf dropped from Alice's hand, a strange, unutterable feeling came over her, a sense of the nearness of the dead, a glory brightening and surrounding everything.

She knew not how long she sat there, present in life, yet absent in her abstraction. Her husband's step aroused her. He had entered the room, and paused near the threshold. She looked up; had he come to apologize? The stern expression of his face answered that question.

"Alice," he said, "after what I saw to-night, I may well be prepared for almost anything." The open letter on the floor caught his eye, he stopped in his speech and stooped to pick it up with a quick suspicion.

Alice saw the movement but made no effort to arrest it.

He read it through, his face kindling with passion.

"Madam," he said, sternly crushing it

in his hand, "you remain in the limits of your room for the present, be so good as to remember."

"Listen, Frederick," said Alice in a voice whose strange serenity arrested his turning step, "I have something to say. As to that letter, I owe it to you, to your shameful violence this evening,—but for that such words would never have been breathed to me."

"And you affect —"

"I affect nothing," said Alice, interrupting him. "I have been wrong, I see, but there is another side to the matter, and that is yours."

Mr. Alliston stood silent, his wife's calmness seemed to fall upon him like a spell. He had expected taunts, disdain, weeping, perhaps, this unexpected serenity took him at a loss.

"First," said Alice, steadying her voice, "when I married you I loved you, and took upon myself the obligations of our lot in full sincerity; your wealth was nothing to me, I had rejected wealth before."

Mr. Alliston drew a sudden breath; in these last months he had begun to doubt this fact.

"A shadow," pursued Alice, "came over me almost on the first day in which I entered your home, when I stood before your late wife's portrait. I wondered at its sadness. I had known Anne Leslie as the gayest and most light-hearted of creatures."

Mr. Alliston's eyes rested on hers with a cold and wondering expression.

"I soon ceased to wonder," resumed Alice; "the path that was hers was opened again for me. I found that in marrying, you were actuated by the desire of securing a home of comfort and order, a house-keeper—not a companion—that, in short, we had nothing in common. I tried to interest myself in your pursuits, to discover what you liked, and happily in the end to draw you into some sympathy with mine. I know how utterly I failed; the genial Mr. Alliston whom I had admired in the old times as a visitor in my father's home, in a home of his own was another man."

Mr. Alliston sneered. "Sentiment!"

he muttered. "I judged you, of all others, Alice, to be a sensible woman."

"No," she repeated firmly; "imagine yourself in my place. What do we women have in our quiet homes for excitement or novelty? My conversation pleased you before our marriage—how was I changed afterwards?"

"The old story!" he retorted. "The honeymoon cannot last forever."

"Yes," she returned, "but what should fill its place? neglect? silence? Anne Leslie grieved herself into her grave, yes, you may start and turn a disbelieving glance on me; I was of a different mold, one of those women who never die of a broken heart. I sought for happiness where thousands of others, like myself, go to find it. If I had found appreciation in my home, such places would have held no temptation for me, and you would have been spared the mortification of to-night. I think our marriage was a mistake."

Mr. Alliston laid his hand upon the arm of a chair which stood near him, almost as if for support; the truth was striking home upon him, but he would not see it. For an instant it left him without reply.

"I give up my acquaintance with Mr. Mourdant," resumed Alice. "After this letter, I should owe it to myself if you did not demand it. As for our life together, I despair of any change; young as you yet are, your heart is wedded to gain, and nothing else. I can only make the best of our mistake."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Alliston, at last finding his voice. "I never could understand woman. I am glad, however, Alice, to find that you have come in part, to your senses. I have only to hope that you will carry out your reformation by ceasing to expect a state of things which never exists in this hard, busy world."

He went out, and closed the door. Alice was again alone. Her head sunk dejectedly on her hand. At that instant, the path that spread before her looked dreary and long. She took up the torn leaf again; "Stronger and better than I, I hope,"—a tear dropped upon it. She began to see dimly where she must look for strength.

When she went down to join Mr. Alliston in the morning, her face wore a cheerful look; there was only its unwonted pallor to show the last night's vigils. He treated her with more kindness than had marked his manner of late, and no allusion was made to their late conversation.

After all, Alice's words were not quite sown upon the sand; they led to reflection, and Mr. Alliston recognized dimly a part of their truth. His old habits were now too much confirmed for much change, but he no longer stood in his own eyes as faultless as he had once been.

Alice took up her lot again bravely; the dark ways through which she had herself passed awoke sympathy for others, her charities began to flow freely, the pain and sorrow of others' lives awoke gratitude for the blessings which, after all, were left to her own, and she grew in time to be a contented if not a happy woman. Her husband gave her respect and kindness, her step-daughters grew up loving and honoring her.

How different would it all have been had she yielded to that one wild temptation, and gone out to a life of ruin and wretchedness! Was it not an invisible angel who saved her?

### THE MIDNIGHT WALK.

*From the German of George Herwegh.*

*By Caroline M. Sawyer.*

[George Herwegh, known among his worshippers, the people, as "The Liberty Poet," after being for a long time imprisoned on account of the bold political tone of his writings, was a few years since, banished from Germany for life. His poetry, of which he has been quite prolific, is all characterized by the same daring devotion to Liberty which procured him his sentence of exile. The following article, though unavoidably losing somewhat of its strength in its translation from one language to another, will, nevertheless, give the reader a tolerably correct idea of his peculiar spirit.]

With the stern spirit of the deep midnight,

Through silent streets I wander to and fro;

All round me, helpless dreamers meet my sight.

That wept or laughed a single hour ago!

Pleasure lies drooping, like a withered flower;

The sparkling cup has lost its treacherous gleam;

Sorrow departed with the waking hour;

The world is weary—let it, let it dream!



How all my hate and anger take their flight,  
 Like summer tempests, furious but brief!—  
 The moon pours down her soft, impartial light  
 E'en on the withered rose, or worthless leaf.  
 Light as a tone, inaudible as a star,  
 My spirit hovers 'mid the moon's pale beam,  
 And seeks to send its vision, keen and far,  
 Through every heart's most deeply hidden  
 dream!

My stealthy shadow, like a spy, glides on;  
 I stand before a prison's grated cells;  
 O, Fatherland, thine all too-faithful son  
 Deep was his love for thee— and *here* he  
 dwells!  
 He sleeps—what mem'ries now are o'er him  
 shed!  
 Dreams he, perchance, of his own oaks or  
 stream?  
 Dreams he a victor-crown enwreaths his head?  
 O, God of Liberty! still let him dream!

Before me now a lofty palace stands;  
 I pause, and gaze, through crimson draperies  
 in;  
 A sleeper clutches for his sword, with hands,  
 All red with guilt, and pale, disordered mien:  
 His face is sallow as his crown, while dead,  
 Routed, dispersed, his thousand horse are  
 gone;  
 Down to the dust a foeman bears his head—  
 O, God of vengeance! let him still dream on!

Yon cabin by the brook, so small and riven—  
 Hunger and innocence there share a bed;  
 Yet, to the peasant, God a dream has given;  
 To banish care, and gladness o'er him shed,  
 With every seed that Morpheus' hand has  
 strewn,  
 He sees a field with golden harvests beam;  
 His narrow cabin to a world has grown—  
 God of the poor! still let the poor man dream!

By the last dwelling on the bank of stone,  
 Imploring blessings let me kneel for thee;  
 I love thee true, my child, yet not alone.—  
 My love must ne'er be shared by Liberty!  
 'Mid golden zephyrs, does *thy* spirit rock;  
 Wild battle-charges only on *me* gleam;  
 Thou dream'st of sweet birds—I of battle-  
 shock—  
 O, God of love! still let my maiden dream!

Thou star, that now thy cloudy veil dost break;  
 Thou brooding night, with thy deep, silent  
 blue;  
 Let not the sleeping world too soon awake,  
 My anguish-stricken countenance to view!

On gushing tears, the sun's first rays must  
 steel,  
 Freedom shrinks back—'tis day's forbidden  
 theme;  
 Once more the tyrant grasps his bloody steel—  
 O, God of dreamers! let us still dream.

### THE VOLUNTEER.

By J. Kenrick Fisher.

ALL have heard that truth is stranger  
 than fiction. Some believe so; especially after much reading of fiction and becoming so familiar with its plots that they cease to be strange. But novelty is absolutely wanted in all writing; and those who have not tried both ways, fancy that they can best satisfy the craving for novelty by continuing fictions rather than by looking out for facts. They are mistaken, as should be evident to them if they would observe that only young people read their fictions, while the wisdom of age prefers facts. By this hint it will be understood that this story is written for old folks, and for those who by improved means of education have become wise before they are old. If others read it, and find that the events do not conform to the principles established in novels, and are, therefore, displeased, let them consider that old and wise people should sometimes be indulged.

A gentleman well known and esteemed in the commercial world, whom I shall call Joseph Wirt, fared as many did at the commencement of this civil war: he lost his capital. After fifteen years of industry and economy he had become chief clerk and special partner in a respectable mercantile house; his accumulated earnings, which from the first he had invested in the house, had become so considerable that he could venture to better his condition. Accordingly, a year before the troubles commenced, he confessed—what always had been suspected, from his early youth upward—that he could find no one like Ellen Trevithick, his neighbor, playmate, and schoolmate, in childhood; his partner at s'cigh-iles and dances; his constant friend at all times. She was more glad than surprised by the confession; made no uncomplimentary hesita-

tion; was satisfied with his explanation that he was not sooner able to offer her a comfortable home and all that; so they were married.

This way of beginning a story is contrary to the rules of art. The marriage should have been the end of it, the young reader may think. All the old ladies thought otherwise; and would not have delayed it another day; in fact, they agreed that it should have been sooner. What was the use of their putting it off for ten mortal years, when their minds were always made up, and they could have been just as happy with five hundred a year as with five thousand? happier, too; no comparison; what was the use of waiting to be rich, and sacrificing happiness to style?

People who do not become much acquainted with each other, until after their marriage, may for a time get up more agreeable surprises than Joe and Ellen did, and so be more excitedly in love; but, as one experienced neighbor said at the wedding, "it is a good sign to see old neighbors marry; I've seen a deal of it, and I've never seen such matches turn out unhappily; and I'm not afraid this one will. Where love begins in childhood it becomes deep-rooted."

When Williams & Co. failed and Wirt was ruined, the kind old ladies moralized on the event; and agreed that it would have been better had he sooner conformed to his destiny and spent his salary as he earned it, instead of piling it up, to have it sequestered by Jeff. Davis & Co. until the war is ended. "Ten years of felicity had been sacrificed for the sake of assurance against Providence; and the assurance was gone in a year. Heigh ho!" Williams & Co. had gone all to pieces; Joe was without employment; and, to complete the disaster, Ellen's father had failed beyond all hope of recovery.

By the liberality of one of his creditors, an old friend, Williams was provided with means to keep his establishment in a position to recover, if debts were collected that seemed extremely unpromising. Wirt's interest was bought out for a very small sum; and even that was more than he deemed it worth. Ellen was thus en-

abled to return to her parents without burdening them; and Joe became a captain of volunteers.

When Williams and his liberal friend shook hands with Joe as his regiment was departing, they said to him, "Don't be uneasy on account of your wife. We have agreed that she shall never want while either of us can help her. Just settle accounts with the rebels; make it all right with them; and we'll make it all right with yours if you don't come back. Good bye, Joe! I don't exhort you to be foremost as a patriotic soldier; after fifteen years of more faithful service than I ever saw from any other man, I won't hurt your feelings by such stuff: but, Joe, you're good-natured; don't yield to your feelings; put it to 'em; they're intense knaves and intense fools; and nothing will bring them to common sense and decency but a consciousness that they are the weaker party. Don't fail to convince 'em of that."

There was no definite account of Captain Wirt after the first battle of Bull Run. He was seen to fall, apparently dead; but his body was not recognized, and not recovered by Mr. Williams, who made a thorough search for it. His name was printed in newspapers, the papers were torn up; and that is all the public knew about him. But private friends did not forget him, nor those who were dear to him.

It was a cause of additional grief to the neighbors who had known him and his wife from childhood, that they could not recover his mortal remains, and lay them with those of his progenitors, who for two centuries had been buried together in the rural burial ground. But such is the fate we may be subject to, for the inscrutable purposes of those who shape our political destinies. They were deeply affected by their memory of his amiable childhood, his ambitious youth, his struggle for fortune, his devotion to one to whom he seemed to have been in heart united from infancy; and the failure of hopes so well founded, and the anguish of one thus bereaved, were not without deeper sympathy than is felt for acquaintance-

formed in years when mutual services rather than congenial dispositions influence our choice.

It was a source of inexpressible satisfaction to Mr. Williams that he was able to fulfil his promise to his friend, so far, at least, as to provide all that was necessary for the comfortable support of his wife, and those who in their old age had lost all other support than what she was thus enabled to give them. Although the interest of Wirt had been purchased without reserve, and at a price that at the time appeared extremely liberal, Williams was not the man to deem himself released from the obligation to do more than might have been implied in his voluntary promise. He had been more successful than others in collecting debts that had been sequestered; probably because, being himself honest, he had attracted honest customers, who paid him in spite of the powers that be. With the natural feeling and earnestness of one who is honest in something higher than the ordinary sense of the word, he insisted that she should receive the share that would have been due to her husband had the failure not occurred.

An army contractor had purchased Mr. Trevithick's patrimonial estate, and was in haste to new-fangle it; so he removed to a summer cottage that Williams owned, but had not occupied since his mother's death, some years before. Williams had an attachment to it, yet could not bear to live in it. But his sense of duty and sympathy for his friend's wife, and her truly amiable and refined family, made him a weekly visitor. Of course he was urged to make it his home; the invitation was accepted so far as Sundays were concerned. The hotel and the city saw nothing of him from four o'clock on Saturdays until nine on Mondays.

Williams, like his pupil Wirt, disapproved of marriages without a reasonable assurance of support in any event likely to occur. Consequently he had delayed marriage; become a domestic bachelor, with his mother for housekeeper; and did not happen to meet or rather to become acquainted with any one who seemed likely to be the companion he wanted.

And since his failure the old obstacle returned: he could not think of sharing so precarious a lot with any one for whose welfare he was concerned. Since his mother's death he had been homeless, and since his failure he had been penniless, but for the noble liberality of a single creditor. He had, indeed, recovered so far as to have no apprehension of poverty, but that was all.

A man whose tastes and habits do not lead him into society, wants a home. It may also be said that one who has a pleasant home is not drawn into society; especially if he be constantly occupied and fatigued with business. Williams, from all these causes, had been kept in social retirement; dreaming of a future when he might enjoy the fruits of his present labors. He was just in the condition to appreciate the retirement he had formerly enjoyed in his old rooms; if there were sad remembrances, there were most assiduous and delicate efforts to make his old home agreeable.

Summer had passed. The Trevithick family feared that Saturday evening would not always bring the friend who had solaced them in their bereavement and misfortune. But if their happiness had been greatly increased by his company, his also had been perhaps even more increased. The yellow leaves had fallen, but his weekly visits continued; and it was understood that he had no inclination to remain in the city when business would allow him to enjoy their society.

It was a blessed providence, the old ladies said, that sent such a friend to the Trevithicks in their need. He was like a brother. There were but few such men, and so delicate and kind in his way of befriending them.

"True, true! He must have had a strong friendship for his old clerk. His partner, too, in reality, though his name was not known in the business."

"Yes; and a good man he was. I never felt so badly for the death of any acquaintance as I did for his. Well, they're a good set of people, all around; and they'll help each other all they can. And that's the way to be happy, whatever the war may do."

"And he's so constant in his visits; every six o'clock train of a Saturday; always there; and always some nice little comforts, just as he used to bring when his mother was living."

"I wonder he never married. He could have had anybody for asking — anybody that knew him, as the people about here do."

"Surely, yes; he ought to have made some one happy, and himself, too. But he's just the sort of man that's always a-getting ready, and never quite ready; and when he's ready, comes a crash o' some sort; and then, he must make another fortune; and so on."

"Well, poor fellow, I can't be angry with him, because he's so good; but I should like to know what upon earth should prevent his marrying Ellen."

"Oh! why, Mrs. Jones! you wouldn't have her *think* about marrying *anybody*, so soon after poor Joe's death?"

"Well, maybe not quite so soon. But there's reason in all things. I think it right to wait a year, or about a year, but I don't think, in this case, she ought to be blamed if she should make some allowance for such a constant, kind, friendly, generous, good sort of man. If I were she, I should think it rather ungrateful not to marry him, for his own sake, a little before the fashionable time, if I had made up my mind to have him."

"But, Mrs. Jones, only think! shouldn't she pay more respect to the departed?"

"That's just it. But what sort of respect? fashionable respect, or such as he would have desired? Suppose he had said to her, when going away, 'Now I may be killed; if I am, Williams will do what he can for you. Perhaps he may wish to marry you; if he does, I hope you will wait a reasonable time, out of respect for my memory.' Now do you suppose he would have said that, or thought it? Not he. What he would have said, if such matters were to be uttered at all, would have been: 'I wish you to believe that my love for you is something more than a desire of my own advantage. I truly desire your happiness; and as I know you regard him as one of the best and most amiable of men, I wish you to

reason, rather than to yield to mere feeling, and marry him as soon as you think your mutual happiness will be promoted by it.'"

The opposition was silenced by this sensible speech of a strong-minded woman. It was understood that ambition should give up its victim, and the good man should have a happy home. When the event was to take place was not certain; but as it need not be published, it was agreed that there need not be much farther delay.

Meantime the snows did not interrupt the weekly visits, although in some instances they lengthened them until Tuesday, to give time for clearing the railway.

Still it was not whispered from the cottage when the event was to come.

Moreover, one Saturday, instead of Mr. Williams, his excellent friend and creditor, Mr. Green, came to the cottage. Next week no one came. What was the matter? They guessed everything, but could not agree. Mrs. Jones would *know*. So she went and asked. All they could tell her was, that Mr. Williams had received a letter which required him to go immediately to the South. He had written, and was quite well, but did not know when he could return.

A cottage, though familiar faces may no more be seen in it, is dear to those who remain. A war prison is widely different. Williams had to witness the contrast.

The letter he had received, written in a rude hand and style, ran nearly as follows:—

"SIR: There is a poor fellow here in this prison that has mentioned your name when he has been in his right mind for a minute. We don't know his name. He is never right for more than a few minutes at a time. When he is right he always asks some one to write to James Williams, New York. We have written a great many times; but no answer. He has just asked again if we have heard from *James Williams & Co.* So suppose the reason is that the letters ought to have been directed to the company, and that's why they have not been answered. This poor

fellow is all right in body; but his head isn't recovered. It is over six months since he was wounded, at Bull Run. The wound isn't healed, and he doesn't know anybody, and can't tell his own name and regiment, and his eyes are hardly ever open for more than a minute at a time. He was naked when he was picked up except his shirt and drawers, which were fine. He was probably an officer from his looks. Shirt marked J. W., which may be Williams. If he is your relative, pray have him in better hands; not but we do all we can for him; but the doctors in this place are not the best; and he may die soon, or never get his senses, if he is left much longer. J. T.

Williams lost no time. This letter and his appearance promised him leave to pass the lines; and he soon arrived at the prison in Richmond and found the writer. He was conducted to a corner, in which, with as much accommodation as the room could supply, a strong but seemingly unconscious man was reclining. His head was bandaged, and the bandage showed that the wound was far from having healed.

It was his friend Wirt. But the unfortunate man did not recognize him. When aroused he would look around, obey any directions given to him, and again relapse into torpor.

Williams knew merchants in Richmond. With their help, he got leave to remove Wirt. He succeeded in getting him into the house of the best surgeon in the city, and in obtaining the aid of other surgeons of high reputation. An examination at once showed that there had been a fracture of the skull, which had not been attended to, probably not noticed, at the time he was removed from the field, or since. The condition of his system generally was such as to encourage the hope that he might survive the operation of trepanning, even after the long delay. It was at once performed.

It was found that the wound had been made by the fragment of a shell, which cut the scalp, and made a fracture which, on the outside did not appear dangerous; but inside a splinter of bone had been

raised, and protruded so as to keep up a constant irritation of the brain; and this was the cause of a suspension of the reasoning faculties.

It is one of the mitigations of the deplorable condition brought upon us by rulers who practice without study or apprenticeship, that suffering is alleviated, even where it is inflicted, and they who alleviate it are allowed all the facilities consistent with the precautions usually taken by enemies. All that could be desired was done for the patient; and a few weeks gave assurance that the organic derangement would yield to the slow but unerring action of nature, since the irritating cause had been removed.

Williams had until then deemed it prudent not to inform Mrs. Wirt or any one else who could tell her, of the nature of his errand, or the existence of her husband; but being assured of the prospect of recovery, he wrote to prepare her for the happy return which he anticipated within a few weeks.

It was necessary to keep Wirt free from excitement. On that account his wife was required to remain at home. But Williams, and indeed the surgeon, took the best care of him. His recovery was steady but slow. A trial of a few miles on a railway showed that it would be hazardous to subject his nervous system to a journey; and his removal homeward was delayed two months after he seemed fully recovered. As the warm weather approached another trial was made, with preventives against the effect of railway jolting and vibrations. A well-suspended private carriage was placed upon a railway platform car, and this rendered a journey harmless and comfortable to him. By travelling fifty miles a day, he was got home without harm.

He is now fully recovered and engaged in business; but Williams enforces a reform of his old habits of excessive application, and wont allow a relapse to be brought on. Williams goes home several times a week when the weather is good, and they all seem comfortably at home together.

The rich army contractor has become so much richer that he wishes to sell the

old Trevithick property, which he has not had time to new-fangle. It is expected that he will allow all the time desired for payment if Williams & Wirt will be sureties.

"Now, Mrs. Jones, I'm sure I don't like to say 'I told you so:' I despise it; but what if your ideas had prevailed in another quarter?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith, I'll give it up, if you'll say no more about it."

"And yet it seems a pity that such a man as Mr. Williams should not have just such a wife as Ellen."

"Eh? Oh ho! perhaps you don't know what's up?"

{ "No! What is it?" }  
{ "No! What is it?" } in unison.  
{ "No! What is it?" }

"There's a cousin — been here all the week. Williams has been home every night. She's pretty much like Ellen, and doesn't scruple to talk what I call intense moonshine about the noble devotion of Williams."

"She's right, no doubt of that; but wont he be for making a fortune worthy of her acceptance, before he gives her a chance to have a say in the case?"

"That's the trouble. How can we prevent such bad economy of the affections?"

"Why, Mrs. Jones, *can* we prevent it?"

"That's what I ask."

"Well, why can't we? Let's try. All agreed. Well, to begin with, let's each give a little party; that's four; then they'll have to give one; that's five; we'll manage to have him at all of them. And then let every one do her part, to convey the idea to him, as slyly as possible, that she is just the woman to be happy in that snug cottage, with much or little, as may happen, if she has a man she can admire for his devotion to his friends. He's blind if he doesn't see that she knows all about him, and would rather have him than a heap of gold. And he loves her; that I can see. It is only this worship of style that stands in the way."

Perhaps it wont do to tell the whole truth. And yet if we trim and curtail it,

there are some who will not think it true at all. Discretion must be exercised.

As to age, if you measure both ways you will find some young who were born long before you, and some old who were born long after you. One whose life is half-spent is getting old: one whose life is two-thirds before him is young. He is young at thirty who will live to ninety; and he is old at twenty who will die at forty. And yet writers of fiction dread that they may be laughed at if they attempt to excite an interest in the love affairs of those who are old by the parish record, but full of years to come.

All things considered, our friend Williams was fairly about thirty-two; and Miss Trevithick was about twenty-seven. If it seemed that they had more refinement and gentleness of manner than is usual at such ages, that should have been attributed to the influences under which they were bred. Children who are trained by their mothers and grandmothers and aunts, become more decorous and refined than those who are trained by vulgar nurses, or not trained at all, but grow up wild in schools and play grounds. Though it is not natural, and therefore not satisfactory, to see the manners of age grafted upon childhood, to grow up in an artificial youth, yet civilized nature is better than rude nature, and the refinements of age become youth better than the exuberant vivacities of youth become age. It follows that our friends were still within the limits of interest, at least in a story written for those who have ceased to look exclusively to the objects that are treated of in fictions. But whether I am right or wrong in these general reflections, it was the opinion of the affectionate ladies who strategised this affair, that Mr. Williams was by no means a sour old bachelor, but cheerful, agreeable, amiable, refined, and quite young; and Miss Trevithick was just in the splendor of womanhood. Mrs. Jones would warrant more happiness than ever could be expected by a half-educated girl, who had yet to become a lady in principle and feeling.

Had you seen her at Mrs. Jones' party, as she entered the parlor with Mr. Williams, both unconscious of the destiny got

up for them, you would have been struck with their fine appearance and evident congeniality, and would hardly have supposed there was a necessity for all the parade designed to link them together. You would have been partly right. They knew each other's records, and had been visitors together all the time for a month — excepting business hours — and were charmed with each other. What, then, was in the way? You may guess from a conversation that occurred next morning.

"Your cousin is a most lovely woman."

"I agree with you. I have seen her, more or less, since we were children, and I never knew her to be unkind or rude. Ellen always loved her; that is evidence enough for me that she is one of the best."

"She is much like your wife. I think that is an assurance of her excellence. You are a happy man to have such a wife."

"I am. There is but one thought that prevents my happiness from being complete, and yet I believe it is prejudice rather than reason. She merits a better lot than I have given her. And yet she never in the least appears discontented with our humble condition."

"I do not in the least believe that she is discontented. On the contrary, she is glad to do for you, with her own hands, what you would wish her to do by the hands of hirelings. I know her in some respects better than you do; when we believed you dead, and I did my duty in trying to comfort her, I could not but see that her love is wholly above selfishness. You cannot have seen this from the same view; it is therefore right for me to assure you that she has more satisfaction in ministering to your happiness than would be possible in merely sharing with you what you had provided, or what had come from fortune."

"God bless her! and God bless you, my friend and preserver! In return for an assurance so much desired, it is but a debt of gratitude for me to assure you that a sister could not love you more than she does, even if you had done as much for that sister as you have done for her and her good parents, and still more for your friend in his extreme misery."

And what could I have done better for myself? I was won to it by her merit; and I have made myself happy by it. I had hoped for happiness before, but never had a full conception of it. If she repays me by such affection, as I have always believed she does, I don't see how I could have done half so well for myself in any other way."

"You were speaking of Miss Trevithick."

"Yes; and I was wishing that I could exchange my wasted years for the merit I should have acquired, so that I might honestly aspire to her hand. I did once believe that if I had a competency, I might ask one whom I loved to marry me. My competency has fallen to a mere subsistence, with little hope of much more; but I have learned to deem that sufficient for happiness and for duty. Your wife has shown me that. But I have neglected mental and social cultivation, and subjugated myself to the slavery of fortune; and now, too late, I feel the incongruity between myself and one so refined and accomplished as she is."

"At least you have modesty: that she cannot fail to appreciate. At least you have charity, and honor, and fraternal generosity: these qualities she appreciates more than any one I ever knew who had not been relieved by them. As for mental cultivation, I fear there is little of it among us men of trade, and all is trade with us. Women are more cultivated in this sense; and no doubt they would be happier if we were better able to satisfy their more elevated tastes; but they are charitable as well as refined."

"Still, when one knows the disparity between himself and another, he cannot honestly seek an exchange that in a moment of more charity than prudence might not be declined. I judge by myself how one must suffer with a companion who has not power to please, to excite esteem and some degree of admiration, and to avoid frequent offences against taste. Mutual kindness and services may be sufficient for those who have not looked much above them; but to one who is highly cultivated, it is a necessity that there should be cultivation in a companion. Without it there

cannot be felicity, and may not be contentment."

"True; but where is such refinement to be got? and what degree of it may a lady hope for? and how long may she expect to wait for it? and how much less than she merits may she accept, and not indulge discontent? These questions we cannot answer. It is not wrong to leave her to judge and decide; nay, it is rather wrong not to leave them to her decision, if, on our own part we are satisfied."

"And you would counsel me to act on this suggestion?"

"Yes, and my wife would so counsel you."

Whether she did so counsel him is not said. If she did, I believe it would have had the effect to encourage him. If she did not, she at least kept her cousin so well contented that her visit lasted long enough for all the pre-arranged parties, and a dozen more. Williams was at all of them. Miss Trevithick became a favorite, and all hoped she would not think of going home.

I have often questioned my married friends as to their experience and practice in the final intimations by which they explained their wishes. I never could learn much from them. It seemed as if they didn't care much how it was done, so it was done quickly and not unexpectedly. I never could find out how it was done in this case, but it was done before these parties were ended; for both were openly and very joyfully congratulated on the prospect of their being agreeably situated and surrounded by neighbors who would be exceedingly glad of their company. Both blushed, looked pleased, expressed their gratification at the compliments, and so the matter was settled.

One word more, if thou hast a grain more patience, wise reader. The army contractor has become a millionaire, and a jolly good fellow. Mr. Trevithick has gone to his old homestead, and is to pay for it just as he finds it convenient. Mr. and Mrs. Wirt live with them in the summer, and in the winter they all live together in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Williams live all the year at the cottage, but visit much in town. The business is well

up again, and there is no apprehension of poverty.

Mrs. Jones declares that she never did a better deed than the making of that match; it was made in heaven.

### MOTHER'S WITH US.

By Mrs. O. S. Matteson.

Childhood's days are gone forever,  
Passed away like morning dew,  
Faded like the sunset glimmer,  
Stealing hearts so fond and true.  
Moments which were sadly wasted,  
Days and years of joy and pain,  
All, alas, are gone forever,  
Ne'er to us to come again.

Years have fled in joy and weeping,  
Dimming all the scenes of yore;  
Yet fond memory calls from distance,  
Forms and faces seen no more.  
Voices hushed in death's embraces,  
Oft we seem to hear again;  
Oh, we miss them, loved and loving,  
Yet regrets are all in vain!

Yes, we miss them; miss their voices,  
Miss their kind and loving smile,  
Which in childhood's dreamy morning  
Served the moments to beguile.  
Yet, oh yet, of all our loved ones  
God has not our hearts bereft,  
Though our band is sadly parted,  
Darling mother still is left.

### A THOUSAND A YEAR.

By —

**T**WENTY years since Nell and I were married, and a long story of patient struggle they have been. The silver hairs have begun to weave their crown of honor round Nell's brow, and I watch them with pleasure, saying to myself, "Tis heaven's benediction given here, for a life well spent."

We have not outgrown our early love in these long years. The friction of our active, struggling life, and the sorrows we have passed together, have kept our hearts warm and tender. The touch of her soft hand works on me all the magic of days gone by. We love the Summer twilights; and the mystery of the moonlight has not been solved for our hearts, though many



changes have been wrought in our outward circumstances since first we learned how beautiful God's world becomes, to those who truly love.

A simple life ours has been ; made up, as every life, of joy and sorrow ; not fuller of care, perhaps, than the life of any country clergyman and his family.

We have lengthened our table, and made room in our hearts, and at our hearth-stone, for the little ones God has given, and, though our salary has not been increased with our increasing expenses, Nell has always managed by her wonderful prudence and skill, to make the year begin and end with our reputation standing honorably before the world.

Judge of my surprise, when, one winter night as I sat writing at my table, with Nell opposite me engaged in her usual employment, viz., mending the childrens' clothes : she turned suddenly from her sewing, and burst into tears.

I was astounded. Nell was usually so quiet and patient, that I knew it was no trifle which could bring her tears, and I said tenderly,

"What has happened, Nell?"

"Nothing new," she replied. "But an overdrawn bow must break sometime. I am worn out trying to make something out of nothing. We cannot live any longer in this way."

I was dumb with amazement. I knew that what my patient wife had said, was true. The winter was before us. The last quarter's salary was exhausted, and we had neither food nor clothing sufficient to make us comfortable till our next money was due.

But what could I do? When I enlisted as a minister of Christ, I resolved to be true to my Master; to do his work, and bear his burdens; be the consequences what they might.

So far I had kept my resolution, though by the hardest struggle. I had continued in charge of the first pastorate that I took until it seemed as if I was a part of it, and my work there a part of me. I had thought that I should work on there until my summons came, and go to my rest in the quiet church yard which stretched away from the church, where my life work had begun, and my life labor been done.

I had had several invitations to settle over larger parishes, and the worldly wise looked with surprise on my quiet determination, to remain in my humble field of labor. On the night of which I have written, was my resolution for the first time shaken.

"Nell," said I, "what would you have me do?"

"I don't know," she replied, "which way we *can* turn, but surely we must do something. How are all this winter's bills to be met without money?"

Then she proceeded to show me, item by item, what was going to be absolutely necessary to keep us from suffering, and truly they looked appalling. While we were thus engaged, our oldest son returning from his work, entered the room and handed me a letter. I opened it, and read,

*Rev. Mr. —*

*Dear Sir,*—We, the Committee of the First Congregational Society of Speedwell, having known you long and favorably, earnestly desire to secure your services as pastor of our church, in the place made vacant by the death of our lamented brother, Rev. ——. Our church is in a very prosperous condition. We are united in our desire to receive you as a spiritual leader and guide, and if you decide to accept our invitation, will do all in our power to make your home with us a happy one. Your salary will be \$1000, on which sum you will be able to live here much more comfortably, than in many places on the same amount. Hoping that you may think favorably of our proposition we are

Very truly yours,

BENJAMIN JONES,

EBEN STONE,

PETER JOHNSON.

When I had finished reading, I passed the letter over to Nell, saying,

"What do you think of this, wife? A mine seems to have opened at our very feet, in the time when we most needed it."

She read the letter carefully, and when she had finished it, looked up with a smile, saying,

"I think that we will go."

These words were few and simple ; but coming at such a moment they moved me. As I have said, I had never thought of changing my place before. But now, without plotting, or previous planning, in a half hour, the quiet of years was broken, and I was like a boat unmoored, ready to drift with the advancing tide.

Our son Thomas sat looking at me all of this time, in mute surprise. At length not able longer to restrain his curiosity, he asked—

“Are you going away father? Where?”

“Yes,” I replied, “we are going to Speedwell, to try a city pastorate, and a thousand a year; and thus we spoke of it as settled; that we were to leave the old home, hallowed by so many dear associations, and so many cares, and take up the new line of duties, in the new home, which seemed almost a fairy land with a fabulous amount of comfort in store for us.

A thousand a year. Had we not been living on less than half that sum, and were we not like thirsty invalids long deprived of cold water? Did we not feel, and justly, that the day of relief from our long self-denial would be a happy one.

Do not, dear reader, think that we were foolish enough to dream that Speedwell was Paradise; that going there, we were to escape all future trials. No, far from it. We had not so foolishly wasted life's experiences, as not to have learned, that the sunniest summer must have its storms; the happiest lot of life its sorrows; but we felt that there would be relief if we could shift the burden from one shoulder to the other, or in other words, do and bear new duties, and untried cares, while we rested from the old anxieties and burdens, and took our meals for a twelve-month, without thinking where the next one was to come from.

Let me pass over as lightly and with as few words as possible, the month which followed the reception of the letter from Speedwell. It was full of heart-aches, caused by the sundering of old ties, and the tender regrets of those we left behind.

Many times during that thirty days, were we tempted to say when we saw old men weep, and children cling to us fondly, “we will not go.” But ever at such

moments appeared the pale, care-worn face of Nell before our eyes, and we said, “For her sake we will make this sacrifice, though for our own comfort, never.”

There were great anxieties too attending our preparations for moving. Many a troubled council of the family was called, as the propriety of carrying one and another of the worn out articles of furniture to our new home suggested itself. At last, we reluctantly concluded to part with some of them that were most unsightly from age, though they had served us long and faithfully, and seemed to express a mute condemnation of our pride, as we set them aside for sale.

Never shall I forget the trials which attended the day of the sale. When the time appointed was nearly come, I went unobserved into the front room where the rejected articles were stored, to look upon them for the last time, and my heart was appalled with sorrow. There, before me, stood the gathered riches of our happy wedded life. Every article had been purchased by some act of sacrifice on our part, which had rendered it doubly dear; and then by the thousand hours of happy life we had led with them, how they were grown into our hearts. Surely we could not cast them thus carelessly from us. The act seemed traitorous to our holiest instincts. There was the old rocking chair that had been my grandfather's, and my father's before it came into my possession. How many sorrows in these three struggling generations it had lulled, how many heart-aches and anxieties had been soothed by its gentle motion. Should it pass into the hands of strangers? No. My heart repeated, a thousand times, no. How, I asked myself had we ever consented for a moment, that it should find a place among the rejected articles? Memory answered the question, by bringing up before me a letter which I had received from one of the committee of my new Society, in which he had intimated, as gently perhaps, as a man of the world could, that, as furniture could be bought reasonably at Speedwell, we had better sell what we had, and set up our new house in a style befitting our new situation. That letter had decided the fate of the chair, and drawn its cobweb of pride

between me and the sacred past, dimming all its hallowed memories, till I had been brought to say the chair should be sold. But how changed was all the current of my thought in an hour like this. Now like a mute messenger of humility it stood, rebuking the wicked worldliness that had prompted me to reject it, and whispering to that better nature within me, which recognized the right and the beautiful, not as the world recognizes, but sees the highest type of beauty only in that which makes the heart truly happy. To me, at that moment, a home, either in city or country, could have had no higher adornment, than the old arm chair, and I decided that it should be rescued from the sale, and go with us to our new home.

This question decided, my eye fell next on the cradle which had been ours since the year after our marriage, and which was hallowed in our hearts by some of the most sacred events of our life. Had we not trusted to its keeping, our first born child, the richest blessing we had ever received from the hand of God, and one after another, as the little ones from the skies came to begin their earth life with us, had found a hospitable home, every one of them, in the old cradle? And then the little one that visited us only for a season, and returned skyward; did not that spirit take its flight from earth, and breathe its last farewell from out this cradle? bending over it, we had felt our deepest thankfulness, our holiest trust, and in affliction our best lessons of submission had been learned beside it. Surely it was sacrilege to part with it. My better heart would not consent to such a sacrifice, and the cradle was set in the reserved corner with the chair.

Next, before me, lay a carpet, plain, and what the world calls homely. Yet notwithstanding my appreciation of the popular judgment, it was in my eyes a thing of beauty. Perhaps my common sense reader may smile, that I could have found room for sentiment over a rag carpet, but my heart was full, and my eyes wet when I thought of leaving it behind. Every particle of its fabric was hallowed; having once been the garment of some one dear to me. And how many winter evenings had I watched Nell's nim-

ble fingers as she prepared it for the weaver, while I read aloud to her from some favorite author.

Gladly would I have added this and many other equally prized articles to my list of treasures to be carried, but when my plan was communicated to Nell, she showed me the impossibility, as we were obliged to sell these things to get money for clothing, to make our family presentable among strangers.

Were we not going to have a thousand a year, I argued, and could not this, almost fabulous sum, enable us to retain our old furniture which had so grown into our hearts, and which at the moment I felt was so necessary to our future happiness.

"Truly," Nell replied, "our future wants would all be well supplied, but these are *present* necessities, and must be met by present supplies.

I knew that her words were true, and striving to substitute hope in my heart for present joy, I yielded to our condition of need, and the furniture was sold.

When the sale took place, it was a comfort to me that my treasures most of them fell into the hands of friends true and tried. I knew they would be loved for our sake, and I was much better reconciled to parting with them, than I could have been, had they fallen into the possession of strangers. Many of them were purchased by a young girl, whose position had been for many months understood by our family as being more than ordinarily near to us. She was an orphan, and the little money that she thus invested in household articles had been earned by her own patient industry.

Did I understand why she thus exchanged the prospect of accumulating interest on her money, for the possession of goods which would lie useless for years, perhaps before she would need them? If I did not at first, I read my answer in the happy lovelight of her eye when John smiled upon her pretty sacrifice.

There was a long, happy romance wrapped up in her heart which the future was to unravel, but a sunny page of it stole out and became written history on this last afternoon of our stay in the dear old home.—(*To be continued.*)

**"MAN HATH SOUGHT OUT MANY INVENTIONS."**

By Frederick Wright.

As gazing on the scroll of Time,  
 I see indented deeply there,  
 Full many a wondrous truth sublime,  
 And visions glorious, bright and fair,  
 I learn how feebly man has tried  
 To wrest the truth from Wisdom's way—  
 How vainly too, he seeks to hide  
 His follies from her piercing ray!

Deprived of all his high emprise,  
 The mimic monarch sinks amain;  
 While fairer than the morn arise  
 The truths he counted all but slain.  
 The Past and Present both combine  
 Man's future destiny to show,  
 No matter how his thoughts incline,  
 Heaven's holy will must reign below.

Then let the creature form his plans,  
 The worldly wise in council sit;  
 One glorious Purpose leads the van,  
 And that is shown in Holy Writ.  
 The mightiest monarch on his throne—  
 The humblest peasant of the plain—  
 The smallest herb mid deserts grown,  
 Confess how sweet the "drops of rain."

O, then that man would doff his pride  
 Lay by his casque of self-esteem,  
 And cast his cloister cloak aside,  
 Nor longer feed his fancy's dream.  
 The truth alone would then pervade  
 His soul—one life long aim be his—  
 God for his counsel—Life displayed  
 The summit of his happiness!

How rich that Mercy, and how great  
 That changeless Love so infinite!  
 That gazing on our fallen estate,  
 In midst of darkness gave us light!  
 Born of the earth, what else are we,  
 Death doomed our portion here but strife,  
 God saw—Christ came and set us free  
 To claim the Heritage of Life!

What tho' the Spoiler strike, his arm  
 Is puny as a wither'd reed—  
 His angry shaft can work no harm—  
 The free in Faith are free indeed!  
 Else were those strifes in vain bestowed,  
 The pond'rous Cross was borne in vain!  
 Not so—proclaims the Truth of God,  
 The dead in Christ shall live again!

**LITTLE CHARLIE AND THE DEACON.**

ILLUSTRATING THE POWER OF GOD'S LOVE.

By Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
 All things, both great and small;  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all."

"Hallo, Charlie! I am really very glad to meet you. I have been looking this half hour for somebody to go fishing with me to-morrow morning; you are just the boy. Wont we have a nice time? We will start an hour before sunrise, and then we shall have time to catch some fish before breakfast. The day will be fine, I know, and these cold mornings the fish bite ravenously."

"Don't be too fast, Will. I can't go fishing with you. Mother never permits me to go on the water. I have not been in a boat since father was drowned, and that, you remember, was five years ago,"

"O, nonsense, Charlie, you are not going to be so foolish as to forever deny yourself the pleasure of boating, because an unfortunate wind once upset a vessel in the gulf-stream."

"I did not speak of it as a matter of self-denial. I do not go because it is mother's wish that I should not."

"Then you are always going to be tied to your mother's apron-strings, are you?"

"Don't speak so harshly, Will. I have no doubt but that I feel as independent as you, but you know I am peculiarly situated. Mother has no one to look to but me, and she of course needs more attention from me on that account; and then I don't think disobeying one's mother is always a sign of smartness."

"I don't care to dispute with you. Go your own way. My mother don't allow me to go on the water, but I guess she will get up early in the morning before she'll get Young America to yield to all her old-fashioned whims."

Will walked on a few steps haughtily, and then seeming to think better of the matter, he came back and said, "O, well, Charlie, it is no use for us to quarrel about this matter. I guess you will go fishing with me in the morning. I know you want to go, and as for your mother's feel-

ing bad about it, we can soon settle the matter about her. We will go and get back before she is up. Then she will never be the wiser or feel the worse for your having gone. You will have some nice fresh fish for breakfast, and you can tell your mother that you bought them."

"That would be a falsehood. I have never spoken anything but the truth to my mother, and I think I will not begin now; doing two wrong actions at once—running away, and then telling a lie to conceal it."

"O, well, if you are so very particular, we can exchange fishes after we have caught them, and you can tell your mother that I gave you the fish for your breakfast. That will be no lie. A little cheating once in a while don't do any harm, if you can have some fun by the means."

"It is no use talking to me, Will; I cannot go. It would be disobeying God's command. He says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,' and you know as well as I do that God's eye is never closed. He would see me and be conscious of this double disobedience on my part. I would not be a rebellious child to Him for all the fishes that swim in the sea."

"You are not such a fool as to believe that you will live any longer for staying at home to-morrow morning, are you? I tell you, you'll lose by it, if you don't go. I shall think you a coward as long as I live, and I guess it won't improve your reputation much among your other young friends."

"I would rather have the friendship of God and my mother than all the world beside. You must think what you will of me, I cannot go."

The boys parted, each to his own home, to fulfil his own purposes. The morning came, very clear and bright, but bitter cold, as late November mornings often are. Will was up very early, crept out of bed softly, making as little noise as possible, for fear of waking his mother. As he passed her chamber door, he paused a moment. The door was standing open, and as he looked on her care-worn face,

he thought that a good many of the wrinkles which furrowed her once fair brow had been made there by anxious thought about him. He was shaken a little in his purpose of adding another act of disobedience to his already abundant store of bad deeds.

He was about to turn back and creep into his bed again, when he remembered that he had engaged "Tom Marshall" to go with him on the water, and he thought how Tom would laugh at him if he had no other reason to give for disappointing him, than the one which was moving his heart at that moment. And then perhaps Tom would be angry with him if he failed to keep his engagement; and he thought that he could not afford to lose Tom's friendship. While he stood hesitating, he remembered Charlie's words of the night before, "I would rather have the friendship of God and my mother than of all the world beside." But he said within himself, my heart isn't Charlie's heart. I never have been friends with God. He is angry with me, and Deacon Tripp says God will send me to hell forever, so what's the use trying to begin to make friends with Him!

Poor boy! No one had ever told him how much God loved him, and how willing He is to forgive all little ones who would like to be good, and thus show themselves friends of Him.

So that Satan who tempted Christ in the wilderness, saw him wavering, and whispered to him to go on, and he yielded, and opened the door softly and stepped out. The morning was beautiful, and as he looked up to the stars which were looking so calmly down with their gentle eyes, he thought within himself, "God can't hate me very badly, or he wouldn't have given me this beautiful morning." Then he asked himself why he didn't feel happy when everything was so bright around him. He had that heavy feeling at his heart which children, and grown people, too, always have when they do wrong. Something said to him, a *good* boy would be happy this morning, and he almost promised himself, I will try being good, and see. He stepped back on to the door-step, and put his hand on the door-latch

to open it, but Satan whispered in his ear, "What of Tom?" and he turned back and ran down the street as fast as he could, as if he could run away from his unhappiness.

Did ever you think, my dear little friends, when you have felt afraid of Satan, that you were inviting him to stay with you and keep you company, when you are naughty? But Will didn't know this, and so we shall have to leave him in this bad companionship while we see what our little friend Charlie is doing this fine morning. Charlie is an early riser. He is always up a long time before the sun. When he awoke this morning, the first thought that he had was, how glad he was that he had resisted the temptation to disobey his mother, and how happy he was, that his heart was as peaceful as the beautiful stars, and all the fair things of that fair morning.

He thanked God that he was still living and still happy; and then sprang up and dressed himself quickly to make ready for his morning work. Down to the wood-house he ran, and commenced chopping away with all his might to see how much wood he could get chopped before his mother was up. Peck, peck, went the axe almost as fast as his heart throbs, and his heart-beats were very much faster than when he began to work. Pretty soon he began to think about Will. The wind was rising; he could hear, at the pauses in his chopping, that it was blowing quite hard out of doors.

He began to be afraid that some accident might happen to him, as he knew very little about managing a boat. So he worked the faster, thinking all of the time to himself that he would get a nice pile of wood cut before his mother got up, and then he would ask her to let him go down to the water and see if he could see anything of the boat. It was not yet time for his mother to wake, as she was in feeble health, and did not get up early in the morning, but he went into the kitchen to build a fire and put over the tea-kettle, as his habit was. He stepped very lightly that he might not wake his mother, but just as he had got the fire nicely going, and was shutting the stove

door, he felt her hand upon his shoulder, and her kiss upon his cheek, as she said, "Good morning, my son; I am glad to see your smiling face this morning."

Charlie returned the kiss and the good morning, but as quick as he looked in his mother's face, he saw that she was looking very pale, and he asked kindly, "If she was not as well as usual, or what was the reason of her looking so pale, and being up so much earlier than she was accustomed to rise?"

She said that she was as well as usual, but she had dreamed a very bad dream, and when she woke from it she could not sleep any more. Of course he felt curious to know what dream had startled her so. She laughed and said she didn't believe in telling dreams, but she was so glad to find this was not a reality, that she would tell him what it was. She had dreamed that he had gone to sail on the water, and was drowned by the boat tipping over. She had seen him go down twice, and just as he was sinking the last time, her distress was so great that it woke her. When she was done telling her dream, what a glow of happiness he felt in his heart that he was not away from her at that moment, to make her dream seem so much more terrible.

If he had gone, as Will proposed, to fish, his mother's getting up so much earlier would certainly have defeated the plot of their getting back before she woke, and then what would have become of the story Will proposed to have told about the fish? All these things ran through his mind while his mother was speaking. As soon as she was done, another howl of the wind without reminded him of Will's danger, and he asked her to let her breakfast wait a little longer than usual that morning, and give him time to go down to the wharf and see what had become of Will.

She consented and he ran as fast as he could to the water's edge. He hardly dared to look when he came near the shore. The twilight did not permit him to see very far, but when he was near enough so that he thought he should surely see the white sail if the boat was out on the water, and saw nothing of it, he began to comfort himself with the thought that

Will had changed his mind and concluded to be a better boy and not go out that morning.

He was about turning to go home, with a thankful heart that his fears were without foundation, when away in the distance, a long way out from shore, he saw something which looked like a boat turned bottom upward, and some one clinging to it. There was a "sail loft" close to the water's edge, and he thought he heard some one stirring up there, so he ran up the stairs and told the man, who was just building a fire, what he had seen, and who he feared it was with the boat. The man took down from the shelf a small spy-glass and looked off in the direction where Charlie thought he saw the boat. The glass made everything look much larger than it did with the naked eye, and as he caught sight of the boat, he could see the boy plain enough to tell who it was. He raised a great cry, and in a few minutes there were several persons at the water's edge. A boat was put in motion as soon as possible, and six brave men were on their way to the place where the unfortunate boy was clinging for his life.

Will's poor mother was among the first who came, and with broken-hearted cries, she wrung her hands, refusing to be comforted in this great affliction. Charlie's mother was also among the crowd, and she, with all the rest of the kind-hearted neighbors, tried to do all that they could in the way of kind, hopeful words, to make the poor woman's trouble seem lighter.

At length, though it seemed a long time to those watching on the shore, the boat reached the little sufferer. It had been a long time going, though the men had made all the speed possible. They had both wind and tide against them, and though they were all strong expert rowers, they could not, of course, get along very fast. When they reached the poor boy, he was so much exhausted that he could not speak. They took him from the water, which was very cold, and laid him in the bottom of the boat, then they put up the sail to their boat, and in a few minutes they were back again at the wharf. They carried Will home immediately, and

the doctors did everything they could for him, but it was a long time before he came to his senses, so as to know any of those who were about him. He was so nearly chilled through, being in the water so long, that it seemed for a long time that he must certainly die, but at length he opened his eyes once more. As soon as he could speak he asked about Tom, and this was the first that anybody knew that Tom had been with him on the water. Tom's father and mother lived a long way off, and had sent him to this place to attend "Mr. Culver's" school. He had only been at the school for a few months; it was now near Thanksgiving, and he was about to go home for a visit; but alas for yielding to this one temptation! all his own hopes for life and all those of his friends for him, were departed.

He had gone home now; not to his earthly home, but to that blessed home in heaven where there is no more disobedience, and the Thanksgiving is not of a day, but forever and ever.

Tom was usually a very good boy, but Will had represented to him the pleasure of the sail so strongly, that he had put aside the injunction of father and mother, and the express command of his teacher, and gone just for this once to try fishing. As soon as they told Will that no trace had been seen of Tom, he groaned heavily, and shut his eyes again. He did not know anything more for several weeks. A high fever set in, and many days and nights they expected every hour to be his last. While he was lying in this condition, unconscious of everything that was passing, the body of poor Tom was hooked up from the deep waters where he sank, and his parents came and carried it home; and O, how sad were all the people in the little town, when they saw these poor broken-hearted parents mourning for their only child. It was well that Will was spared this sight; he had enough to make him sad without this.

By and by, after many weeks of this unconsciousness, he began to know the persons who were about him, and now came the greatest trial for him. He suffered very severe pain all of the time, and then he was thinking continually of the

past. He remembered what he had been told about God being so angry with him, and he thought He must be a great deal more angry with him now, since he had tempted Tom to disobedience, and thus been the means of his death. He hardly dared close his eyes to sleep, because he was afraid that he might wake up in hell. So he lay awake a great many nights in dreadful agony of mind, when if he had been a good boy and had right ideas of God, he might have been sleeping sweetly.

Of course he could not get well while he was feeling that way. He grew worse and worse every day. The doctors thought he would never be well again. They told his mother that they were afraid Will must die. She thought it her duty to tell him so, though it was a terrible thing for her to do.

One evening she was alone in the sick-room. Will had been much worse than usual that day, and it seemed as if his time of departure was near at hand. Her minister, Mr. B., had called to see the sick boy that afternoon, but Will would not consent to his coming into the room. He remembered what terrible threatenings he had heard from him at the church, and he said,

"No, mother, I am in misery enough now. I will not have any more added when I am so little able to bear it."

This refusal, of course, was thought to be another sign of a wicked heart by the minister, and he talked a long time to his mother, trying to make her realize the danger that the boy's soul was in, and presented to her in the strongest words he was capable of using, her duty to talk with him and prepare him to meet "that dreadful change," as he called death. If he had known more about God, he would have remembered that "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," and he might have spoken cheering words to the poor little sick boy, who was so unable to ask for himself. As it was, he charged his poor mother to talk with him faithfully, and prepare him for the future, and said he would call again himself the next day and see him. So she took this, the first opportunity that she had had to be alone with him,

and all trembling and tearful she came near his bed, and said,

"Will, the minister says you must prepare to meet God."

He turned his face away from her and said,

"O, mother, don't talk to me about that. I don't want to see God, or talk, or think about him."

"But you must talk and think about him, and very soon, I am afraid, you must go to meet him."

"How can I, mother, when he hates me, and is going to make me miserable forever?"

"But you must try to love him, and pray to him to save your soul in heaven when you die."

"How can I, poor little wicked boy, be better than God is? He don't love me — how can I love him? and why do I want to pray him to take me to heaven where he lives? I wouldn't live with you, mother, if you hated me all the time — don't talk to me about going to live with God unless he will be as good to me as you are. I don't want to talk any more about it."

"Do try to prepare your mind, Will. The minister is coming to-morrow to see you, and I do want him to find you better prepared than you was to-day."

"I don't want to see him, mother. He don't love me any better than God does, and I am so weak I do want to rest. Don't say any more to me about your God or your minister."

"What will he say when he comes to-morrow?"

"Don't talk to me any more; I can't see him."

There was a long silence, broken only by the poor mother's sobs, which Will heard, though she tried to be as quiet as she could. He felt very, very sad. He knew himself that he couldn't live many days unless he could get better than he was to-night. He wanted to be a good boy now, and love God, but he did not know how to begin. He thought over everything that he could remember to have heard of God, but these thoughts gave him but little comfort. By and by his mind rested on the Lord's Prayer, which he



had learned when a little child, but had not repeated for a great many years, and it seemed very pleasant to him now. He said it over slowly to himself, and it seemed to give him more comfort than anything else he had done.

"Our Father which art in Heaven," he began, and then he stopped and thought. *Our Father?* Surely he must be my Father, for Christ gave us this prayer to repeat, and he knew what he commanded when he told us to say *our* Father. Then if God is my Father, he wont be so bad to me as they say, I know he wont; how can he be when I am so weak and helpless? The wickedest man couldn't find it in his heart to make me any more wretched than I am now, and God can't be worse than they are.

Then he went on repeating: "Hallowed be Thy name: Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven," and here he stopped again, and said this over, and tried to think of heaven and of all he had heard about it. He had always been told that everybody in heaven was very happy and peaceful.

Now he thought to himself this is God's will in heaven that there should not be any unhappiness there. How beautiful it is that I can pray that it may be done the same on the earth. If his will could be done on the earth, I should be as happy as the angels are, and this seemed to be just what he needed, so he couldnt go any farther with the prayer that night, and he kept saying over and over, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and the good Father heard his prayer and sent him peace; and pretty soon his heart was quiet enough so that he went to sleep, and rested better than he had done in many weeks before. He did not wake again until late in the night; then he turned his face toward the light, and one of the men who was watching with him, saw that he was awake, and came to the bed to see if he wanted anything. Will looked up at him as he came near, and said, "Sir, the will of the Lord has been done on earth as it is done in heaven." Deacon Tripp, (for he it was who stood by his bed) turned to the other watcher and said, "The boy is wandering in his

mind again, I am afraid he is worse. We will call his mother."

"No," Will says, "please don't disturb anybody. I am not worse, only let me be still."

He turned his face toward the wall again, saying gently,

"The deacon don't understand me but that don't make any difference, I am God's boy now; He will understand me I know, for he is my Father." He was just shutting his eyes and saying over his prayer again, when he heard Deacon Tripp say to the other watcher,

"What a pity, and shame, I had almost said it is, that this boy's scul is to be lost forever and nobody is allowed to snatch him as a brand from the burning. His father, you remember, died without a hope, and, notwithstanding this fearful warning, his mother seems insanely determined that no one shall talk with her son to warn him to flee from the wrath to come. Our minister called to see him yesterday afternoon but was not allowed to come into his room; and when I came, proposed to spend the night laboring for his soul's salvation, but she said he was asleep, and we had better let him rest all he could."

"Well, thee knowest friend Tripp, said the good old Quaker who was keeping him company, that it was the boy, and not the mother who denied the minister last night, and equally well thee knowest that this is the first undisturbed sleep that the poor child has had for a long time and his life depends on his being left quiet. Thee remembers the Dr. said that, the last thing before he left here last evening."

"Of what importanse is a Doctor's opinion when the jaws of hell are yawning wide open to swallow up his wicked soul? If he were my boy I would not cease laboring with him until I had made the picture of hell so vivid that he could see its burning billows heave, and hear the cries of the poor wretches writhing there. Especially should he be made to feel these things, since he has been the means of sending Tom Marshall to that awful place."

(To be continued.)

## Editor's Table.

READERS AND FRIENDS :—Another year of the Repository has gone by, and our Magazine with the present number enters upon the thirty-second year of its existence. Editors and publishers, we greet you, tried and true as we have found you, with many a kind and heartfelt wish for your health and happiness, and many a prayer that, if your pathway of the past has been pleasant, that of the future may be pleasanter still. If it has been rugged and painful, that the coming year may soften and smooth, and scatter flowers around it.

It is usual in commencing a new volume of a periodical like ours, to announce the programme of its management, to tell what improvements are to be made, what new talent has been enlisted, and what new efforts are to be put forth by Editor and publisher for the gratification of its readers. It may, perhaps, be expected that we also shall conform to this time-honored rule and, as the politicians phrase is, “define our position.”

By referring to the prospectus of the publishers, you will find in concise form what we have to promise you. With a liberality scarcely to be expected in times like these, when war and its attendant waste and want is making immense drafts upon each man's means, rendering everything uncertain, they have made arrangements which will demand a very considerable outlay, with a number of our best writers, to aid in making the Repository better, we hope, than it has ever before been. With such aid we hope to deserve and receive an extended patronage from our denomination. It is our only literary Magazine, and a just pride in it and in our denominational reputation, should lead all who are identified with us to lend their influence and means to sustain it well. How easy it would be for those who are now its patrons, to spend a few hours in the attempt, which would surely in more than a moiety of the cases be successful, to procure, at least, *one more* subscriber. I have been meditating on this matter, and asking myself how far the fact of my own connection as editor with the Magazine should operate to withhold me from saying these things, and

urging this matter upon its readers. Does delicacy require me to refrain from pushing my wares upon the market? But they are not *my* wares. They are yours; they were produced by many and for your sakes, that you may be able to feel and say, “Here are papers which were written for us. Not for the community at large, but for our own communion first, and through that for others. Let us show that we appreciate them, and are proud that our denomination can present its readers with a magazine so good; that has stood that test so sure—the test of time.”

Is that, has that been the feeling and the motive of our denominational readers? Not only in reference to the Repository, but our other papers? Alas! I fear not. We lack that *esprit du corps* which is a strong shoulder at the wheel of prosperity and success in other denominations, and have felt it of little consequence whether our denominational enterprises succeed or not. This, my friends, believe me, is a most fatal mistake, and one that lies at the root of many of the difficulties under which, as a denomination, we at this day groan and sink in sluggish waters. We do not love our cause as we ought, and the world has a right to call us lukewarm. O for a tithe of that generous zeal, that self-surrendering, that willingness to work, and to spend, and to suffer, that animated the hearts and nerved the hands of the bold Covenanters of Scotland, the Albequires of France, the early patrons of our own cause. Will those days ever return? Will the fiery ordeal through which our beloved land is now passing have the effect to diminish our worldliness, and awaken a love and zeal for something better and truer than these things which have so long been our idols? Saviour and Guide and Teacher, let it be so! Let us no longer feel that to win worldly treasures is to win all things! If, as a people, we are yet to walk through the “Valley of Humiliation,” may it be but to ascend the Beautiful Mountains of Holiness beyond!

As members of our own beloved communion, let us try to do our duty *within* our borders and *beyond* them, beginning first at home! My

friends, I could say much more; I could remind you of him who was the founder of this Magazine, who sustained it through discouragements and many losses, because *he* pre-eminently loved his denomination, and had indeed, what so many of us lack, an honorable pride in seeing it stand on a high platform and working a great work. To this end for thirty years he carried it on. To this end he bade his son and successor "keep the Repository alive." For his sake, then, as well as for his successors and ourselves, *Keep the Repository alive!*

"Another volume is now commencing." How short the period since that phrase was written one year ago.

"The years, like birds of passage come and go  
To that eternal clime, the past."

The flight of the swallows, the vanishing of a sunbeam, the passage of a meteor — is there one of these too swift to be compared to the flight of the years whose cycles are now upon us? The fierce excitements, the alternate victories and defeats, the breathless anxiety for news, the jubilation and miseries — amid all these, from midsummer to midsummer, how swiftly has the period fled, and what changes to many of us individually have marked it! Some may ask, in times like these of great public interest and successes and failures, who thinks of private chances and changes? Yet the mass is made up of individuals, and separate life surrounded each by its own little system of joys and sorrows, of faults and virtues, and therefore of importance. We may then as individuals, look behind and before, and how different the retrospect from the prospect! How many bleak and barren wastes lie behind us, but what palaces on the hills of air gleam bright and beautiful before us! What plans defeated and hopes frustrated, how many on whom reliance for more than life has been placed, at a ripe age perhaps, has been laid low in the dust since last midsummer! How many in fair and early manhood or womanhood have been cut off untimely, fading, perhaps, on the love-tended pallet of home, or stricken suddenly on the fatal field of battle, and nothing remains but the memory of their love, their deeds and their virtues. How dear yet sad is memory!

"Some say the morn of memory  
Is ever dropping tender dew;  
I know not if the thought be true,  
But yet some sadness falls on me.  
O, few look back on vanished days,  
However bright their suns have set,  
And say, I see but cause to praise,  
And find no reasons for regret."

The way the best of us have trodden is marked by milestones of mistakes, broken resolutions, and wasted opportunities; melancholy mementoes to teach us watchfulness towards ourselves, and indulgence towards others. What right have we who have thus dotted our way, to regard with too scrutinizing and severe an eye the short comings of others? Even the generals, commanders of our armies, ought, perhaps, to be not too harshly judged for their many fatal mistakes, only that they are so frightfully wide spread and cruelly disastrous in their influences. Ours affect only a narrow circle, theirs wring the heart of the nation.

But "gone is gone," and the wisdom of allowing our minds to dwell too frequently or too long on mistakes that cannot be recalled or remedied, is more than doubtful. To borrow trouble from the past is as idle as to borrow it from the future, yet how apt we are to do this. Who is there that does not often look forward through coming years, that vista so dim and lengthened when stretching away before us, so short when lying behind us, and wonder how it is to be gotten through; how this possible obstacle is to be surmounted, how that probable burden is to be borne? The obstacle may never be encountered, and the burden never fall upon our shoulders. I have heard of a great man who never saw a flower or heard a strain of music, that it did not suggest sorrow in the future. The "Country Parson" tells us that John Foster would say, "I have seen a fearful sight to-day—I have seen a buttercup." To understand the significance of this, it is necessary to know that the buttercup of July, to him whose mind always travelled forward to the future, suggested the snows of December. This seems strange and unaccountable, but I have known idiosyncracies as great and as painful. I have known many who attached a "bad sign" to a thousand little occurrences of the most simple and harmless nature, and who groaned in spirit at the fearful prospect of coming misfortune because they had dropped a fork or upset a salt cellar.

Building "castles in the air," is stamped by wise and serious people as a vain business and most flagrant waste of time. But it is far wiser looking into the future than anticipating trouble, and many a one who never has owned the humblest cottage of shingles has revelled in a "royal palace in the air" whose crystal sheen is resplendent as that of Aladdin. But I am spinning and weaving a lengthened woof and you will weary.

Among all the subjects chosen by the poets around which to weave their beautiful thoughts none has ever inspired more charming and delicious gems than

#### LITTLE CHILDREN.

The poet who writes well on other subjects, excels in this. The most delicate fancies, the most tender imagery, the most loving epithets, mark and glorify the poems on Little Children. Here is a charming specimen by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the delightful author of *Babie Bell*, which everybody has read and loved. It is entitled

#### LITTLE MAUD.

O, where is our dainty, our darling,  
The daintiest darling of all?  
O, where is the voice on the stairway—  
O, where is the voice in the hall?  
The little short steps in the entry—  
The silvery laugh in the hall?  
O, where is the dainty, our darling,  
The daintiest darling of all?  
Little Maud!

The peaches are ripe in the garden,  
The apricots ready to fall;  
The blue grapes are dripping their honey  
In sunshine upon the white wall:  
O, where are the lips full and melting,  
That looked up so pouting and red,  
When we dangled the sun-purpled bunches  
Of Isabella over my head?  
O Maud! little Maud! say, where are you?  
(She never replies to our call!)  
O, where is our dainty, our darling,  
The daintiest darling of all?  
Little Maud!

This is very sweet and very touching, shadowing forth in its sweetness something as sad. In vain you ask for

“— the voice on the stairway,  
The silvery voice in the hall,  
The little short steps in the entry.”

However fondly called upon, though you offer her the peaches that are “ripe in the garden,” and the apricots that are “ready to fall,” “the dainty, the darling,” the little Maud,

“— never replies to your call.”

It requires a peculiar talent and a peculiar appreciation of and love for little children, to write thus sweetly concerning them. Of another character is the pleasant picture of William Oland Bourne.

#### HELEN KNITTING.

Little Helen on her chair—  
Patiently at work was she;  
And in ringlets fell her hair,  
Lovely did she seem to me;  
She was sitting,  
Knitting, knitting.

Busy little girl! thought I,  
How I love to see your skill!  
I am half inclined to try—  
And I most believe I will!  
She was sitting,  
Knitting, knitting.

In a whirl the fingers fly,  
First one needle, then the next;  
She might with her mother vie,  
But for me, I am perplexed.  
She was sitting,  
Knitting, knitting.

Then a zigzag, crosses this way,  
Then a curious whirl again—  
How she makes the fingers play;  
It's no business for the men!  
She was sitting,  
Knitting, knitting.

Now the curious seam is made;  
How to do it I can't tell;  
But the skill she has displayed,  
Makes me think she does it well.  
She was sitting,  
Knitting, knitting.

Now the toe is closed and done—  
What a pretty sock is this!  
It is knitting number one!  
Go and get your mother's kiss!  
She was sitting,  
Knitting, knitting.

Busy little girl! thought I,  
How I love to see your skill!  
And the pleasure in her eye  
Made my heart with pleasure fill;  
Helen sitting  
At her knitting.

But one of the most charming word pictures of children is Mrs. Barrett Browning's

#### ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

Little Ellie sits alone  
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,  
By a stream-side, on the grass:  
And the trees are showering down  
Doubles of themselves in shadow,  
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,  
And her feet she has been dipping  
In the shallow water's flow—  
Now she holds them nakedly  
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,  
While she rocketh to and fro.”

How many of us can remember making just such a picture in our childhood's day, when the brookside under the shadows of the trees seemed the most delightful spot of earth. Little Ellie builds air-castles as we all have done. She dreams and chooseth.

“I will have a lover  
Riding on a steed of steeds!  
He shall love me without guile;  
And to him I will discover  
That swan's nest among the reeds.”

She has already made up her little mind that to him shall be entrusted the great secret kept from all others. She goes on to describe the magnificence of his steed and accoutrements.

“ — Shod  
All in silver, harness'd in azure,  
And the mane shall swim the wind.”

A royal steed in sooth, but nothing to the splendor and power of his rider, who shall

“ — be noble,  
With an eye that takes the breath,—  
And the lute he plays upon  
Shall strike ladies into trouble.  
As his sword strikes men to death.”

But with all his glory he will prize none of it, when he gazes in her face, but will kneel to her and say,

“(O, Love, thine eyes  
Build the shrine my soul abides in,  
And I kneel here for thy grace.”

But she, O she will put on her great dignity, and though her lips are trembling with the “yes” she must not say, will bid him rise and go, and earn her love by his valor and goodness.

“Then he will ride through the hills,  
To the wide world past the river,  
There to put away all wrong,  
To make straight distorted wills”—

and all other heroic deeds possible to so valiant a knight, and then

“Three times shall a young foot page  
Swim the stream and climb the mountain,  
And kneel down beside my feet—  
Lo! my master sends this gage,  
Lady, for thy pity's country!  
What wilt thou exchange for it?”

The first time she will send him a white rosebud; the second time a glove, and the third—  
O, she will bend from her pride and answer

“Pardon  
If he comes to take my love.”

Then of course he will come with all the fleetness with which his fleet “red roan steed” can bear him, and kneeling at her knee,

“I am a duke's eldest son!  
Thousand serfs do call me master,  
But O, Love, I love but thee.”

Then he will kiss her on the mouth and lead her through the crowds of worshipping adorers, and they will be married, and then as a crowning favor, a well-earned grace, the some of trust and honorable yielding,

“Unto him I will discover  
That swan's nest among the reeds.”

“Little Ellie with her smile  
Not yet ended, rose up gayly—  
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—  
And went homeward, round a mile,  
Just to see as she did daily,  
What more eggs were with the two.”

But alack! for the magnificent plans of little Ellie. Stooping down, she stops;

“Lo! the wild swan had deserted—  
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.”

Ignoble ending to a fair and royal dream. We imagine her trailing slowly and sadly homeward, musing, perhaps, over the first ruins that were to fall around her heart, and wondering, in her innocent simplicity, if the lover with his “red roan steed” were to disappear forever like “the swan's nest among the reeds.”

A correspondent, one whose initials will be recognized as those of an old and favorite writer for the Repository, sends the following for the Editor's Table. We are glad to chronicle what is well known, the added circumference of the bonnet as well as the diminution of the hoop.

*Dear Mrs. Sawyer:*—If this epistle, written some years ago, (but never published to my knowledge,) while the hoop mania was at its height, and when there was a report (which proved unfounded) that the fashion was about to change, will answer to diversify the dishes upon your table, please serve it up.

M. A. H. S.

#### THE FASHIONS.

TO FANNY.

You inquire about “the fashions,”  
Dearest Fan, my “loving friend,”  
And in answer to your query,  
All the “latest news” I send.

I have made my observations,  
Promenading on Broadway,  
And, my love, you may be certain,  
“Dusters” there have had their day.

Spread it all about “the country,”  
Let it soon be widely known,  
That those hateful things which followed,  
“Raglans,” too, are ragged grown.

But, my Fan, the little bonnets,  
Still slope backward from the head.  
Like the eaves projecting over  
Farmer Filley's old brown shed.

Something more I have to tell you,  
It is true beyond a doubt;  
Ladies now are growing slender,  
Hoops are really “going out.”

It is said "Old Nick" went crying,  
Sobbin' up and down the land,  
With a useless pair of "scissors,"  
And some "muslin" in his hand.

Some one asked him, "what's the matter?"  
Sorely pitying his distress,—  
Some too tender hearted mortal,  
Feeling he could do no less.

Nick, then, blubbering like a baby,  
To the querist sadly said,  
"There's a stand-still in the business  
That procures my 'daily bread.'"

"As you know, I set 'the fashions,'  
For the daughters of the earth;  
Sorely taxing my invention,  
That there ne'er may be a dearth.

"With a skill beyond a cooper's,  
I completely hooped them round,  
Hoping, for my grandest triumph,  
They would long be grateful found.

"Even hoops they are discarding,  
It is true, upon my word!  
How am I to meet 'the crisis'  
With a fashion *more* absurd?

"With my useless cloth and scissors,  
Without 'patterns' I am found;  
'Something new' must be forthcoming,  
Yet I wander weeping round!"

Poor old Satan! I don't wonder  
That he cried and took on so,  
For his wit had reached a climax,  
After *hoops*: what could he do?

M. A. H. S.

Also this anecdote, which is "original" and true, as I had it from an ear-witness.

During a revival in the town of W., in "the land of steady habits," a minister of the orthodox persuasion wound up a prayer at an anxious meeting with the following touch of eloquence. He prayed that the gospel might extend to unknown regions, where human foot never trod; to the briny ocean and scaly fish therein, and also to the serpentine race.

M. A. H. S.

An addenda from our Western Associate will give pleasure to her many friends. We hope, as they all will, that the blossoms are but the precursors of an abundant harvest of fruit, which may increase in quantity and delicious flavor every year.

## A PROMISE.

There was a great excitement in our cabin last night. It was not a wedding, nor a funeral, nor a birth, nor an accident—you wouldn't guess the cause indeed in a hundred years, yet eyes brightened, brows cleared up, cheeks dim-

pled and lips smiled. The wherefore! *An apple tree has blossomed!* Yes, after four springs of weary, patient waiting and watching for some sign of promise in that little orchard on the prairie, one tree has blossomed. How my heart bounded when husband came in with the announcement! How quickly I donned my sun-bonnet and ran out in the rain and cold to see with my own eyes the precious buds. There they were, sure enough, thirty blossoms, with tints such as you see on the cheek of beauty, white and pink. I touched them, (gently,) to feel assured they were no visions, I smelt of them, I—kissed them, and I felt like dropping on my knees and saying a vesper prayer. Think of it! I, a poor emigrant, I, a poor editor, I, even I, own an apple tree that has blossoms on its boughs! I don't calculate on the fruit—my mouth don't water a bit with fancies of apple-pies, apple-dumplings, apple sauce, apple butter and the like. No; I am satisfied—satisfied—I have seen apple blossoms on my own tree!

C. A. S.

May 20th.

## THE TRUE SAYING.

My Soul is a soldier in storm or in calm,  
I strike in the might of the Master's strong arm.  
Behold how the vintage of blood has been  
poured,

I have fought a good fight in the name of the Lord—

"Not so," saith the angel,  
"Give glory to God."

My Soul is a reaper, as ruthless as Death,  
I cut down the wheat and the tares in a breath.  
My good and my evil I reaped as they grew,  
Let God, the great Husbandman, judge of the  
two—

"Not so!" saith the Angel,  
"What work did'st thou do?"

My soul is a nun, whose garment of brown—  
But keep the white wings of the saint folded  
down;

Whose fingers the rosary never can tire,  
Whose oras and aves to heaven aspire—

"Not so!" saith the Angel,  
"Thy soul is yet higher."

My Soul is a martyr, for God and his Son,  
I fused the divine and the human in one;  
On His altar I saw every passion expire,  
And whitened my life with baptism by fire—

"Not so!" saith the Angel,  
"Thy soul is yet higher."

My Soul is a sinner; but out of his grace  
He raised me to life by the light of his face.  
No praise for my strength or devotion is due  
I conquered through Christ, I shall reign  
with him too.

"Yes, at last," saith the Angel,  
"Thy saying is true."

Digitized by Google M. C. P.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

UP THE LADDER; OR, Striving and Thriving.  
By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. 256 pages 16mo  
Boston: Graves & Young.

A neatly made volume with pretty illustrations. The life-story of a lad who was reared by a Christian mother, whose early teachings led him from poverty to affluence, through strict integrity and constant labor. Could the false theology be sifted out of it, it would have a better moral effect on the minds of the young readers. As a whole, it is not a safe book for children to read. c.

A NEW SERIES OF DOCTRINAL TEXT BOOKS FOR  
UNIVERSALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS. BOSTON :  
Tompkins & Co., 25 Cornhill.

The want of a good series of Text Books, graduating from the Infant to the Bible Class, has long been felt by the Superintendents and Teachers of our Sunday Schools. Always ready and prompt to supply whatever is needed, Messrs. Tompkins & Co. are about to publish a series of six Books, especially adapted for Universalist Sunday Schools. *Number one* is entitled *The INFANT SCHOOL*, and is intended for use where there is a separate Infant Department, each Lesson comprising service and instruction of such a character as to interest and benefit the youngest minds; *number two* is designed to take the place of number one in schools where there is not a separate Infant School, but where the scholars are all assembled in one room; it is entitled *FIRST IMPRESSIONS*.

The *third* of the Series is *THE KEY TO THE YOUNG HEART*, and contains twenty Lessons on moral and religious topics, inculcating the principles of Universalism.

*Number four* is *THE GUIDE TO SALVATION*, or the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. This is a most valuable catechism, and will do much to strengthen the young minds in the efficiency of Divine love, and in a firm belief in the final holiness and happiness of all mankind.

The above works are just published, and samples can be had by application to the publisher.

The remaining books of the Series will be published as soon as they can possibly be completed. The fifth book will be put to press early in September. It will be the *LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF THE APOSTLES*.

The sixth and last will be a thorough exposition of the views held by Universalists — with the pro and con thereof — making the whole a

*complete system of Sunday School Instruction.* We predict for them a ready sale and a cordial welcome in all our schools where Lesson Books are used. The prices of the four already issued are as follows :

No. 1—The Infant School.....\$1.00 per doz.  
No. 2—First Impressions..... 1 00 “ “  
No. 3—Key to the Young Heart.. 1 00 “ “  
No. 4—Guide to Salvation..... 2 50 “ “

Samples of these will be sent by mail post paid, for 50 cts., on application to the Publishers, Tompkins & Co., 25 Cornhill, Boston.

THE LIFE OF CHAPLAIN FULLER. Memoirs of Arthur B. Fuller, Chaplain 16th Mass. Volunteers. By Richard F. Fuller. 12mo., 342 pages. Boston : Walker, Wise & Co.

The lives of such men as Mr. Fuller are worthy of more than a passing notice; they are worthy of a place in the history of their country that they served so faithfully. The Biographer has done his work well, and in this record of a faithful patriot's life, we find much to interest and instruct the mind. It possesses the interest of a romance, while it serves to inspire one with higher and nobler purposes of life.

AN HISTORICAL RESEARCH Respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers. Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, Aug. 24, 1862. By George Livermore. One volume, octavo, paper cover. Price 50 cts. Boston : For sale by Tompkins & Co.

The subject treated upon in this volume will probably be of little interest to the lady readers of our Magazine, yet in the many homes where our Repository is a welcome visitor, there are those, doubtless, who cannot but feel a deep interest in a subject that is agitating the public mind, and upon which the Nation's destiny depends to a greater or less degree. It is not our wish to enter into the merits of the question, but to advise all who wish to possess a knowledge of the merits of the Negro in the capacity of Soldiers, to buy this work. The American mind has for years been almost blind upon this subject, and to no better volume can we look for a collection of facts that will at once open our eyes and surprise alike the friend and foe of the negro race. As a historical work it is of great value, and the numerous facts culled from the pages of history and collected in this volume, must have cost the author no small amount of time and labor. The work is nobly done, and should be read by every thinking man. Read it, judge for yourself whether negroes are capable of being citizens and soldiers.

THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

## THREADS OF MEMORY.

By Mrs. Caroline A. Soule.

I WAS an odd one in the family, so everybody said. I resembled neither father nor mother, sisters or brothers. My father was a tall, broad-shouldered, sinewy, brown-faced farmer, and his three boys were the very image of him in looks, and in habits, too, active, industrious, driving fellows, who only wanted comfortable clothes and plenty to eat and drink, to make them contented and happy. My mother was a spare-built, thin-faced, light-complexioned woman, whose chief object in life seemed to be to surpass all her neighbors in frugality, neatness and industry. Her four elder girls "took after her" in every respect. Her portrait, painted the year she became my father's wife, would have answered for either Sally or Hannah, Abigail or Polly, at the same time of life. There was the same straight yellow hair, narrow forehead, gray eyes, thin cheeks, irregular teeth, and prim contour. Like her, they were untiring workers, laying up every year almost fabulous amounts of home-spun linen and flannel, and numberless quilted bed-spreads and woven coverlets. Neat, too, as pinks, the kitchen floor white enough to eat off from, and the very wood shed so swept and garnished that you could never find a chip in it to kindle with.

The old red cradle had been gathering

dust — nay, that is a libel on my mother and her daughters, nothing ever gathered dust under their roof — the old red cradle had stood unused for fifteen years up in the garret, when on a bright day in mid-summer, it was brought down to the kitchen and made ready to receive the last baby, the child of old age, no less a person than myself, though indeed it could hardly have been a less one, saving it were the first-born of Tom Thumb, for I weighed under five pounds, and when dressed, resembled, I have been told, a waxen doll more than a mortal girl.

Perhaps it was because I was so very little, perhaps because there had been no baby in the house for so long a time, perhaps because I was so quiet—at any rate, let the reason be what it would, I was a pet from the beginning of my life. My father never came into the house without peeping under the fly net that was spread over me, to see "if the little tent-man grew;" my brothers, great, awkward louts as they were, tip-toed over the kitchen floor for fear of waking me up; while my mother and sisters never murmured if the spinning-wheel or loom or churn or wash-tub had to be forsaken for the care of me. Whatever else might be neglected, the baby was well cared for.

The seven others had been clothed in the homespun stuffs which my mother fabricated at home, but I was robed in fine, soft, snowy flannels and dainty cam-



brics from the store; while a pink silk hood and a crimson merino cloak were sent for from the city, and the gingham sun-bonnet and linsey blanket which the others had worn at their christening, left undisturbed in the old red chest.

They called me Lily, too, instead of some old-fashioned Bible or family name, though that was the doings of our minister's wife.

"She is so tiny, so fair," she said, "I can think of nothing but a lily-bell."

My baby-life, my childhood, aye, and my girlhood too, was as bright and beautiful as if my birth had been in the splendid home of a merchant prince, instead of the low, brown dwelling of a hard-working farmer. I was verily a lily, for I toiled not, neither did I spin. At an age when my mother had thought the other girls quite old enough to card and spin and weave, milk and churn and scrub, I was thought too young to put to work. Not that I was often idle, but then my employments were such as suited my fancy. I always hunted the eggs: there wasn't a nest in the old barn or the straggling sheds or the tall weeds that escaped my eyes. I was the first to tell of every new brood of chickens, and when Ben, the youngest boy, and my favorite brother, had cooped them up, I took the whole care of them, and nicer ones never thrive. I nursed the weakly goslings and the puny turkeys and the lame ducks and the half-dead lambs, and I had always a cosset calf and a pet pony. I knew the haunts of all the wild flowers, and have been known to bring in a handful of liverwort, while my hardy brothers toasted their toes over a roaring fire. I knew where the berries grew, too; we were always the first in the neighborhood to have wild strawberries on the table, and the first, too, to have ripe cranberries. I was famous at nutting, also; before other children of my own age had crawled out of their beds of a frosty morning, I would be "over the hills and far away," with my bag of chestnuts or walnuts. I followed my father and brothers at their toil in the fields or woods, knew when every kind of grain should be sowed and cut and could call every tree by its name.

Do you fancy me now a great, brown-faced, sturdy tom-boy of a girl? I was no such thing. Healthy I was; I had never a pain or an ache; but I was at sixteen one of the slightest and most delicate-looking of girls — fair as my pet flower, the lily whose name I bore, with long, brown curls, that were ever tangling themselves over my white shoulders; with eyes that were like the spring in the forest, sparkling and clear, with cheeks like the heart of a rose-bud, and lips like my wild strawberries. My voice, too, was sweet as a bird's, and I could sing old songs and quaint psalm tunes by the hour.

I was not a little ignoramus, either, though I never would be confined in the district school-house for an hour. But I had always been a pet and constant visitor at the parsonage, and the minister's wife had contrived some way to teach me reading and writing, which she told my parents was all I needed to be taught; I had genius enough to pick up the rest. And I did so. I learned arithmetic from listening to my father's and brothers' market stories; grammar, from contrasting the talk of the neighborhood with that I heard from the visitors at the parsonage; geography, from the globe and maps in the minister's study; history from a curious desire to know where we all come from, and why some countries had kings and queens and our own a president. My gipseying life had made me acquainted with the phenomena of nature, and so I took naturally to botany, geology, mineralogy, astronomy and philosophy. A seminary teacher would hardly have known where to class me, perhaps, but there were few questions she would have been likely to ask which I could not answer. I was a great reader, too; every stormy day found me nestled on the lounge in the minister's study, poring over books. It was well for me that his library had been judiciously selected, else serious harm might have been done to my restless mind. But, except Scott's, there were no novels to give me haleyon views of life; so I pored contentedly over musty histories and puzzling metaphysics — contentedly, except when I was devouring, literally

devouring the poets. Yet here I was fastidious. Some of them I could not like, in spite of Mr. Moore's repeated assertion that they were famous names. Milton, especially, I hated, and since I have grown older, my hate is intensified. I never now-a-days hear an out and out orthodox sermon, but I say to myself, "You are not preaching the theology of the Bible, you are preaching old John Milton's *Paradise Lost*."

Shakespeare, I worshipped. Some of his plays I could, at sixteen, repeat word for word. But it was Burns, the plough-poet, whom I loved. After I had once read him, I gave my brother Ben no peace till he bought me a copy, the first book beside the Bible, I ever owned, and the two I kept under my pillow, side by side, for years.

And so like a tale that is told, passed away my life, till I was on the verge of womanhood. At the close of that summer, my youngest sister married and went away. She was not very young, either, being past thirty, but none of the girls seemed disposed to marry very young. Brother Ben said once in sport, they couldn't take time. As I stood by the gate, watching the heavily laden farm wagons start off with Polly's accumulated boards, bed and table linen, flannel sheets, blankets, coverlets, quilts, feather beds, bolsters and pillows, rag and wool carpets, tin, iron, and wooden ware, with all the other etceteras, it would take me half a day to name, not to speak of the span of young mares, the yoke of young cattle, the two sleek cows with their glossy calves, the sheep, pigs and fowls—as I stood watching them, and thinking father after all, must be quite a rich man, for each of the other three girls had carried away as much, an old neighbor-woman laid her broad palm heavily on my shoulders and said to me,

"And now, I reckon, the little lady'll have to go to work. No Polly now to save her hands. It'll come mighty hard, too, now you are so old. But your father and mother spoilt you in the beginning."

I did not answer her, but I pondered her words till night-time. Then I sought out Ben—he wasn't married yet—and I said,

"Ben, will I have to work now? card and spin and weave and sew carpet-rags and scrub?"

"You, Lily? Not by a darned sight!" Ben was always more emphatic than polite in his language. "I reckon we can afford to have one lady in the family. No, no, Lily. Don't you fret yourself." And then he drew me out under the shadow of the plum trees, and told me a secret: that he, too, was going to be married, and father was going to make over the farm to him, and we, that is, father and mother and I, were to have the east half of the house, and board with him, and none of us were to work except when we pleased. I thought it a good arrangement, for father was nearly seventy and mother past sixty, and both broken down with hard work.

In a few weeks the arrangement was completed. We took possession of our rooms, and Ben brought home his pretty wife, who proved to be as active, neat and industrious as ever my sisters had been, but with a spice of romance in her nature which took from the old house all its primness. She and I were good friends at once, and between us we brought Ben over to all our notions, and in a year from the time she came, you would hardly have known the place. We had the house painted, not a glaring white, but a soft neutral tint that harmonized well with the old elms and oaks that clustered about it. We had a flower garden laid out and the waters of the orchard turned from their course to run through its centre, and then we piled up rocks and made a miniature cascade, whose musical flow sung me to sleep each midnight. We planted vines beside the old straggling sheds that were at the west side, running clean from the woodshed to the barn, and we trained them so deftly that at a distance you would have thought them artistic summer-houses, whereas they were only ugly-looking hovels, in which the wool was carded and spun and wove, and where the washing and butchering and soap-making were done.

Nor did we stop out doors. We papered and painted and furnished within. But we had taste enough to remember the fitness of things. Oak-hues harmonized

well with the low ceilings and old-fashioned panelling, while the rich dark carpeting and heavy, antique mahogany furniture, which we purchased in town, seemed to have grown old with the house.

Of course such innovations made a talk in the neighborhood, and some of the gray-haired men and women remonstrated boldly with my parents. But my father and mother only answered quietly,

"Lily isn't like the rest, and if Ben and his wife have a mind to humor her, why, they've a right." And then my mother would drop her knitting work and look steadily at her calloused palms, and my father would put up his newspaper and slip his spectacles into their case, and lean back in his arm-chair and close his eyes.

What they thought, those two old people, at those times, I never knew; but I always fancied by the tenderness with which they spoke to each other afterwards, that they realized now, when the frost of years was on them, that they had left ungathered many and many a flower in spring and summer—that "it is not all of life" *to work and save*.

. . . . In my eighteenth year, young, fair, and not in love! I had been sought time and again by the spruce farmers of the place, but I had turned from them all, not coldly, haughtily, but kindly, tenderly, retaining them as friends, though I could not own them lovers.

"Why don't you persuade her to have young Jim Stearns?" asked a neighbor of Ben. "Such a likely young fellow, farm all paid for, best team in town and money in the bank. She'll be an old maid yet."

"Well, let her, then," said Ben. "She aint obleeged to marry for a home. Jim can find lots of gals good enough for him, without coming here arter our Lily. *She's* a lady—a nat'ral born lady, and she sha'n't marry till she's suited," and he stamped his broad feet till the kitchen shook.

Our minister's sister had married a wealthy merchant in a distant city, and while his nieces were little, they had been sent every summer to rusticate at the parsonage. Of course I was intimate

with them, and indeed twice while yet a mere child, I had visited them in their stately home, going as the companion of Mrs. Moore. For four or five years I had seen and heard little of them, the eldest being in Paris attending school, and the two younger at a famous seminary in a neighboring State. But this summer our friendship was renewed. Belle, the eldest, spent four months with her uncle, and Mary and Nell came on in August, and tarried till the fall term commenced. Belle had not been with us a week before she began to tease me to go home with her in the fall and spend the winter. She was to come out, and she wanted some young lady in the house with her to accompany her to the various balls and parties that had already been planned; some one to open her heart to, a gossip, companion, friend. I refused, at first. I knew she loved me and I reciprocated the affection, and I knew I would be a welcome guest, for her mother had been born and brought up within a stone's throw of our house, and appreciated the sterling worth of my old-fashioned family. But I had already my plans for the winter. Ben had promised to buy me a piano; I had already been taking lessons of Mrs. Moore for a year, and with my fine ear, my rare taste and my constant practice, became almost as excellent a performer as Belle, notwithstanding her Parisian masters.

I meant to make the old house gay with my music the next winter. And then—a baby was looked for—the first grandchild, and besides being in a solemn state of expectancy, I felt it to be my duty to remain at home and assist Mary in the new cares that would of a necessity devolve on her with the advent of the little one. And, lastly, the expense of the visit occurred to me.

Young ladies were not, it is true, as extravagant in their dress as they are now; yet I knew one could not be out either at balls, parties, theatre or concerts almost every evening without involving a large outlay. I had a good wardrobe, to be sure, a handsome one, rich silks, fine cashmeres, delicate muslins, and so on through all the paraphernalia of female attire, for I had never dressed like a

country girl, and since brother Ben had had the farm, my clothing had been nicer than heretofore. He would as soon have gone to church himself in home-made linsay as in fine broadcloth, but his little sister, his little lady, must ever be dressed in rare and beautiful clothes.

So I refused Belle, but undaunted, she then went to my mother and Ben, and between the three, I was obliged to yield. Ben said he could buy the piano if I wasn't there to play on it; he would buy it and it would be ready for me in the spring; have one, he was determined, they made such ternal sweet music, not quite up to the birds to be sure, but the birds didn't sing in winter, or at night, which was the only time he could get a chance to stop and listen.

Mother said it was nonsense for me to think of stopping at home to help tend baby. What did I know about tending babies, she wondered. I was only a baby myself. No, I must go. She was going to tend baby herself. It was all she was good for now.

As to the expense, Ben said, "he reckoned their 'Lil' had always gone dressed as well as anybody about her, and it'd be managed somehow now. There was that yoke of cattle, great, fat, lazy critters, no kind of use to keep 'em any longer; they'd bring a pile of bank bills that'd dress a queen. As for *dimuns* and *purls* and such like, 'Lil' don't need 'em; she looks a darned sight better without 'em than any of the fine ladies I ever see did with 'em, shine ever so much."

So it was settled between them that I should spend the winter in the city, I stipulating, though, that the cattle shouldn't be sold, but instead, my gray pony, a splendid saddle horse, which I had brought up myself. I would break one of the colts next spring, when I returned, I told them. Ben demurred, but I was firm and he finally yielded; and with the price of "Sultan" in my purse, and three well packed trunks, I took my departure about the first of November, having witnessed, the day before, the christening of my little nephew, myself giving the name, Walter, after the novelist whose pages had bewitched so many of my hours.

I was received by Mr. and Mrs. Langdon with the greatest possible kindness, more as a dear child after a long absence than a comparative stranger.

A handsome suite on the second floor, consisting of parlor, dressing-room and chamber, had been splendidly furnished for Belle, and I was to share them with her. We were not to go into company until December, but spend the month in preparing our wardrobe and seeing the lions of the city.

A week swept by almost like one brief day; there was so much to see, so much to do. It was like fairy life to me, and I said to myself each hour, I am glad I came.

On the ninth day, Belle and I went out for the first time alone. Mrs. Langdon had a headache, and as the dress-maker was coming the next day, was obliged to entrust us with the purchase of some trimmings. We had selected them and started on our way home, when Belle suddenly recollected some trifle for her toilet; would I go back with her a block or two or wait there and look at the new painting in "M——'s" window?

"I'll wait here," said I. "I hate the smell of those drug stores. Don't hurry, either, Belle. I could look for hours on this sweet thing."

So she retraced her steps and I stood still before the plate glass window. It was a simple picture, the one that chained me there, but it had associations for me that thrilled my heart. A little girl lay asleep on a bank of violets, one dimpled hand under her head, which was golden with curly hair, and the other clasping a wreath of wild roses. A basket of strawberries leaned at her side, and the luscious, scarlet fruit seemed running over the wicker handle. Then there were green trees, a shimmer of sunlight and a gleam of water—a mere thread of a brook that rippled almost to the little feet of the tired child.

Shrill cries of "out of the way," "clear the track," startled me from my trance, and hastily looking up, I saw in the distance a horse running as for life, with the wreck of a light carriage clattering after him. One glance, and I darted off the



pavement. I felt a strong hand thrust on my shoulder to draw me back. I wrested myself from its grasp, and perching on the edge of the curb stone, I whistled—not a low, silvery note, such as one would expect to hear from a young girl's lips, but a sharp, clear, ringing tone. The street had stilled almost in an instant; draymen had reined their horses into the gutters, omnibusses had turned corners, private carriages had driven on to the pavement, men, women and children had hurried into stores, or leaped upon boxes, or rushed into alleys. My voice rung out like a trumpet. As the first note drifted off, the infuriated animal checked his mad pace; at the second, he stood stock still, and his glaring eyes ranged the distance; at the third, he set in a trot and came directly up to me and whinnied. I drew his head down to me and patted it tenderly, saying softly, "My own Sultan! my own, my own."

How many minutes passed, I do not know, but chancing to look up, I saw racing down the street a rowdyish-looking young man, snapping a whip at every step, and swearing oaths that seemed red hot from hell. As he came up, he jostled me rudely, and jerked at the bridle. My blood was up.

"Let him alone," I said fiercely. "You're not fit to touch him. He's gentle as a lamb with fair treatment."

"What do *you* know of him?" he thundered out, a volley of curses pouring down afterward.

"I raised him from a colt," I answered proudly, "and I should not be afraid to mount him now; I could ride him anywhere without saddle or bridle."

"He's played the d—l with me every time I've drove him—seems bound to send me to perdition. I'll break his ribs when I get him home," and another volley of oaths rolled from his coarse lips.

"Will you sell him?" asked a clear, rich voice just at my side.

"Sell him! Who the d—l 'll buy him?"

"I will—now. Set your price."

I turned with a quick motion. A gentleman whom I now remembered to have seen standing beside the window, gazing

at the new painting, was holding in his hands a plethoric looking pocket-book. I gave him a grateful glance. He bowed slightly, a smile rippling for a second about his lips.

"Three hundred; not a cent less, curse him. Look at my new buggy!"

The silver clasp was unsnapped, and from the silken folds a roll of bank bills was taken and looked over.

"Count them," said the stranger as he passed them over.

I heard the numbers, "fifty, fifty, twenty, twenty, twenty, fifty, twenty, ten, ten, ten, twenty, ten, ten," growled out; then they were rolled up again, and with the words, "it's a bargain, I'll throw in the wreck," he turned on his heel and walked off.

"What did you call him?" asked the stranger, as he laid his hand gently on the bridle.

"Sultan, sir," and then in my impulsive way, I grasped his hand and poured out my thanks.

"I shall ever think it a providence," he said gently, "this sudden bargain of mine, for I was about to look me up a good saddle horse this very day."

He drew from his pocket a card, and passing it to me, said in a brotherly sort of a way,

"It is but right you should know the name of the new owner, and—" he hesitated, "I would like to exchange."

Perhaps it was not according to etiquette, I didn't stop to think or care, but at once opened my case and handed him a card. He took it with a gratified look, and bowing, passed on, leading my—his—pony.

The whole incident had occupied but a very few moments, and as I turned again to the window, the street resumed its usual bustle. But the picture, if I saw it, had no longer a charm. I thought only of those dark eyes that had flashed on me so suddenly, of those handsome lips that had smiled on me so sweetly, of that rich voice that rung yet in my ears, drowning out the jar and discord of the busy spot. Strange to say, I did not glance at the card—my mind's eyes were wide awake, my physical vision as in a night

"Tired out, Lily?" and a little gloved hand was dropped lightly on my arm. "I must ask you to excuse me, but I met an old school friend, just from Paris, and what I meant should be a few words lengthened into many. We will go now, if you are ready."

I turned without a word, and we went home. I did not mention the incident to her. I could not analyze my feelings, but somehow I did not want any one to talk to me about it, and so I rattled on, as young girls can, even when their heart is full.

We were late and had hardly time to dress for dinner. As I drew off my gloves I glanced for the first time at the card. "Albert Granville" was inscribed upon it in bold autograph characters.

As the dessert was coming on, Mr. Langdon looked up and observed hastily, as though he had just remembered it,

"By the way, wife, who do you think I met on the street this morning?" and before she could reply, added, "Granville."

"What, Albert? When did he return?"

"Last week, in the Europa."

"And not called here yet."

"He apologized for his tardiness, but the friend who accompanied him was taken ill before they left the steamer, and he has been in constant attendance upon him. He will call this evening."

"How was he looking?"

"Finely. You must look out for your hearts now, girls," turning to Belle and me, "he's just the fellow to set them beating."

"I used to be a pet of his when I was a mere baby," said Belle archly, and then she nodded her little Grecian head, as if to insinuate, "if he liked me then, he'll certainly be captivated with me now."

As for me, I said nothing, but my cheeks burned, and my fingers quivered so that I could scarcely pinch the grapes from off their stem.

"You look feverish, dear," said Mrs. Langdon, kindly, as we passed in to the parlor, "are you quite well?"

"Quite, only a little tired."

"Go and lie down awhile. Go," as I

hesitated, "I want you to make a conquest to-night, and you must look your prettiest, as we used to say in the country."

I obeyed without another word, and as I was perfectly healthy, I fell asleep the moment my head touched my pillow. A romantic young miss would have tossed about on the bed till night, her head filled with wild dreams of love and lovers; but I was not romantic in the common sense of that word, and being somewhat tired, accepted gratefully the repose nature was ready to accord me.

Mrs. Langdon superintended my dressing herself, that evening, though nothing could have been simpler than the attire she chose: a white muslin, sheer as mist, made full and long, and with trimmings of rich lace about the neck and arms. My hair was my only adornment, and that fell in rich curls over my bare shoulders and clustered about my face, as Belle said, "like shadows on a lily or a rose."

It was not without some trepidation that I descended to the parlor, and when the bell sounded, my heart gave a start that sent the blood tingling through every vein. It was only by an effort that I recovered my presence of mind and outward calmness. As Mr. Granville took my hand, upon Mrs. Langdon's introduction, a puzzled look rested for an instant upon his face, then the bright smile of recognition played about his lips and I felt my fingers gently pressed. But I think he must have noticed the burning flush upon my cheeks, for he made no allusions then to the incident of the morning; but afterward as I stood by his side, gazing on a splendid engraving of the village blacksmith, he bent his head toward mine and whispered,

"I rode Sultan this afternoon."

"Isn't he a splendid saddle horse?" I spoke with animation, for there flashed over me the memory of miles and miles of wild galloping over hill and dale, mountain and valley, lane and field.

"I never saw a finer. I esteem it the best bargain of my life." Others came up just then, and the interrupted subject was not again resumed.

Mr. Granville became a constant visitor

at the house, though, for that matter, he had always been, Mr. Langdon and his father having been intimate friends. After a few visits it became obvious that his attentions were particularly directed to me. I accepted them timidly at first, fearing that my host and his wife might have designed Belle to be the special attraction. But Mrs. Langdon soon set me at ease on that point. Belle, it seemed, had a lover in Europe, a wealthy young American, attache to one of our ministers. They were not engaged, it being his wish that Belle should pass the ordeal of coming out in fashionable society and know clearly her own heart before it was trammelled by any vows made in early girlhood.

"Nothing would suit me better, my dear," observed Mrs. Langdon, at the close of our confidential talk, "than to return you home in the spring engaged to Albert, for I know him to be a splendid man, a man of wealth, honor and integrity, one whom any woman could trust her life's happiness to without a fear."

I hid my face in my hands, and as she turned away, buried my head in the sofa cushions, and for almost the first time in my life, indulged in revery. I realized then why it was that I had turned away from the young men of my native village. All unknown to myself I had had an ideal in my heart, and they fell short of its proportions. Albert came up to them—what wonder that I studied the image over and over again, never criticising, only comparing; what wonder that so long blindly in love with the shadow I should wildly clasp the substance!

Two months had not elapsed after our first acquaintance, before we were engaged. Engaged! I whispered the word over and over again to myself, as I sat alone in my chamber, for Belle and her mother had gone a trifling distance out of town to spend the night with a sick friend. It seemed like a dream to me that it had come about so soon. Yet it was no dream, but a sweet reality. Upon my finger sparkled the ring that he had placed there, when amid tears, smiles and blushes, strangely intermingled, he had won from me my confession. Strange, though, it

seemed to me, that it should be so; that he who had mingled with the fair ladies of England's stately homes, with the belles of Paris, the beauties of Spain, the dark-eyed daughters of Italy, should have returned heart-whole and laid his priceless worship at the feet of a simple little American country girl. I had told him so, and heard amid passionate breathings these words, these words that will ever ripple through the green spots of memory as lines of crystal through spring meadow land,

"My little country girl would grace the palace of a king; for such a one I saved my heart."

Mr. and Mrs. Langdon and Belle were delighted with the issue of our friendship, while a characteristic letter from Ben assured me that the news of my engagement gave satisfaction to all the members of my family. "I allers told the gals at home that you was cut out for some city fellow's wife—that you'd never have to do anything but pick up flowers in this 'ere world."

"And the flowers shall be thornless," said my lover, as we read the letter together, and then he gathered me to his heart and called me his own, and spoke words which I gathered up and hid away as men do pearls and precious stones.

For weeks afterward it seemed to me "the days of heaven had come on earth." My lover was devoted in his attentions. Fine mornings found him at the door, mounted on a splendid Arabian, with Sultan accompanying him, and such long, delicious rides as we took through the picturesque suburbs of the city, and far off sometimes, into the distant country! Stormy days saw him in the parlor with a new piece of music to practice with me, or a new book to read to me, while evenings brought his attendance to the theatre, opera, concert or ball-room, or if by chance there was nothing to draw us out, there were long, delicious, whispered chats in the conservatory or library, when hours flew by as though angels chimed the minutes.

The crowning ball of the season came off in March. The young bride of an old millionaire, a man nearly three times her

age, threw open then, for the first time, her magnificent rooms to her own particular set, the elite of the city. She had been a schoolmate of Belle's at Paris, and thus we received early invitations and of course gave extra attention to our attire. We dressed nearly alike,—misty gauze over white satin—threads of silver shimmering in the silky net-work of mine, like moonlight on a snowbank, while lines of gold danced and quivered over Belle's like sunshine on rippling water. Albert said gaily that Belle's was like an August morning, brilliant and breezy, while mine was like a midsummer night, pearly and quiet.

The evening was about half spent, when, flushed with the heat, I begged him to lead me into the winter garden which stretched away, like a bit of fairy land, from the threshold of the ball room.

"Leave me here alone," I said, "while you dance with Belle. I prefer the silent fragrance of the flowers to the noisy rattle of any partner—"

"Save—" and he looked archly in my face.

"Save you, of course; you are always an exception."

"You'll not be lonely?"

"Lonely, in this Eden? never."

"Well, beware then, that no serpent comes," and with a stolen kiss he gaily retook his way to the crowded room.

I moved along quietly from stand to stand, from niche to niche, pausing now to look into the heart of some white lily, and then to inhale the breath of a red rose, or the odor of a purple pansy. I came at last to a little alcove, divided from the flowers by a fleecy curtain of India lace. Parting the folds, I entered. It was a little oriental nook, with a few satin cushions tossed in graceful confusion over a Turkey carpet, and lighted by a single silver lamp that swung like a censer from the ceiling, emitting a faint perfume that was like the odor of woods in springtime. I threw myself lazily upon one of the white, downy masses, and steeped as it were in languor, was soon half asleep. A strain of music startled me, low, soft and fairy-like at first, but rising higher, clearer, fuller, till it ebbed

and flowed like ocean waves. Parting the satin drapery behind me, which I had supposed was a tapestry lining to the walls, but which proved to be only a heavy curtain dividing the little nook from the music-room, I peered out. The glare of light dazed me for a moment, but as soon as my eyes became accustomed to it, they were riveted upon a group in the center, a lady leaning on a small, Grecian harp, and a knot of gentlemen forming a half-circle about her. I was entranced by the singer's face; she was a perfect Oriental beauty, such a one as comes to us in visions when we dream of the pet of the harem. I would no sooner attempt to describe it than I would sunshine at midday. My eyes dazzled as they surveyed her, while my ears were entranced as by music floating over water in still evenings. The song ended; she rose, and taking the arm of a gentleman, passed through the room. Her figure was magnificent as her face was glorious, and it was well set off by the rich dress of magenta velvet, over which diamond dust seemed to have been scattered.

"Who is she?" asked a voice close beside the curtain. I waited breathlessly for the answer.

"Why, don't you remember her? O, no, you had not come out yet when she first appeared among us, storming all hearts. She is now the widow of that old millionaire, Havens, who was drowned while yachting two years ago. This is her first appearance in society since his death."

"But who was she?"

"A poor orphan girl whom an eccentric old bachelor adopted and educated, and whose heiress she supposed herself to be. There was some flaw in the will, though, and she was left nearly penniless at his death. She was engaged at the time to young Granville."

"What Granville?"

"Albert, the same who is engaged now to that little country girl, the Langdons' protegee. He was poor then, at least his father had just failed, and he was clerking in a wholesale store. She broke her engagement at once, and within six months was married to old Havens. The fun of



the story is that Granville, in less than a month after, fell heir to an immense fortune. But the poor fellow was heart-broken it was thought, as he sailed for Europe at once, and never returned till last fall."

"Well, his little country girl better look out now, for any man that has once loved that peerless creature, will be very likely to return to his homage now that the way is clear. She would hardly refuse him now."

"Not she. It would be a splendid match, too, both so handsome and both so rich."

The speakers moved away at the last word, and I silently drew the curtain together, and pressed my hands to my heart and crouched down on the cushions, biting my lips till drops of crimson fell from them and stained the silver threads that rose and fell above my bosom. It was one of those terrible moments of life in which the brain seeks to cease its action, and the heart absorb one's whole vitality — when we cannot think but only feel.

Voices sounding near aroused me from my agony. I forced my teeth from off my lips, I pinned a rose above the red spots on my waist, I smoothed the wrinkles from my forehead, I threw a smile into my eyes and drew the old dimple into my cheeks. I rose up and strove to re-enter the conservatory, but my knees shook under me, and in spite of my strong will, I was forced to sit down again.

Nearer came the voices; I knew them well — they were Albert's and Belle's. The lace curtain was parted and the words, "Here she is, hidden like a lily in a leaf," fell on my ear. I tried again to rise, but I could not.

"What is it, darling?" and my lover strained me to his heart. "You are ghastly white; these late hours and heated rooms are killing you, my sweet one. Let me call the carriage and take you home."

"No, no," I exclaimed, "I am not sick — a little faint; take me to a window."

He did so, Belle accompanying us. The fresh air and the efforts of my strong will revived me, and in half an hour I was

promenading with him through the brilliant rooms. We had paused to watch the waltzers, when suddenly I felt Albert give a convulsive start. It was over in a second, and then I felt him draw me close to his side. In another instant there glided before us the peerless creature whom I had seen in the music-room. My eyes were riveted upon her, and I could not, with all the jealousy that was stinging my heart, refrain from exclaiming, "What a splendid looking woman!"

"Heartless as she is handsome," was the quick reply.

The words calmed me, more by their tone than import, and I resumed my usual liveliness, and when the next dance was called, accepted an invitation and engaged in it with the zest of a young girl in her first triumph.

As the last strain from the gallery floated away, my partner led me to the music-room, and seated me on a sofa close to the drapery that divided it from the little Oriental nook, in which, an hour before, I had known such a wild pang. I was flushed and thirsty, and asked him to bring me an ice. He did so. As I was dallying over it, a new dance was called, and he excused himself and left me there alone, saying lightly, he would send some one to cheer my loneliness. I leaned my head on the carved arm and closed my eyes. I was not sleepy, but my head whirled a little, and the quiet of the room, for it was, for a wonder, empty, seemed pleasant. I believe I slept for a few moments. What aroused me I could never tell, but I did arouse and sit up straight and listen keenly.

Blame me if you will, but as I had once in that evening parted that drapery to look out, now I parted it to look in. Did my heart freeze at the sight? I don't know; but my blood seemed to grow colder and colder, till I shivered as in death, while great drops of clammy sweat rushed from every pore.

My lover was standing in the centre of the little room, immediately under the silver lamp. At his feet, crouched there close, clinging to his knees, was that radiant creature who had been his first love. Tears were streaming down her cheeks,

and her whole attitude betokened wild entreaty, passionate pleading. My lover was very pale, but there was a stern, hard look upon his face that I had never seen before. He seemed more like a statue than mortal man.

"It has always been yours, Albert; always, always. Never for a moment has my love swerved from its fidelity. Never, never. Through the weary years of married life, of gilded wretchedness—through the dreary years of widowhood, not half so dreary, though as those of wifehood, because chains that I loathed had been snapped asunder—always, always, my heart has been yours. I offer it to you now—an unwomanly act I know, but one I cannot help, and would not if I could. Albert, Albert, take it or I shall go mad."

"I have no use for it now," he answered coldly.

"You think you love *her*, that simple little country girl, to whom folks tell me you are engaged. But you don't, you don't, and if you did, what is she compared to me, what is her love to mine? a streamlet to a torrent! Albert, you cannot hate me!"

"No," only the monosyllable.

"And if there is no hate there, there must be love," and she rose and pressed one hand upon her heart.

"There is none, Eleanor, none. Time was, when my heart's existence seemed garnered up in you, when I would have lain down my life to have spared you one moment's pain. But you spurned me, spurned me not that I had lost manhood, but only the dross of life, its paltry gold. You spurned me when I knelt to you. You said coldly, money, money, money rather than love. Eleanor, as you spurned me then, I spurn you now. As you said money, I say *love*. I would not give my little country girl for a thousand wealthy widows. She is my lily, gathered from the heart of a green leaf, pure as the dew and fair as the sunshine—my lily whom I shall give up only with life."

I do not know what prompted me. It was an impulse rather than thought, but I dashed aside the drapery and darted to his side. He folded me to his bosom, he

kissed my forehead, cheeks, lips; he called me pet, darling, love. Then suddenly he put me away a very little, just enough to draw me to his side, and link my arm in his. She had stepped away a pace or two. He drew himself up proudly and said in a clear voice,

"Mrs. Havens, allow me to introduce to you my betrothed wife."

For a moment she seemed transfixed, then advancing a step or two, she put out her jewelled fingers and lightly touched my hand.

"I wish you joy," she said, hoarsely. Then grasping his, she exclaimed wildly, "My punishment is just," and with the words lingering on her white lips, she glided away.

Albert led me to a cushion, and as we sat down upon it, leaned my head upon his heart and whispered,

"You know now, Lily, that you are my second love."

"And I would rather be your second love than the first love of any man I ever saw."

"Bless you for those words, darling. My life shall be devoted to you."

Ten years have passed since that night. I have been a happy wife all the long time. The first four years of our married life were spent in travel. We journeyed first over our own broad land, from its rocky bulwarks on the Atlantic to its golden gates on the Pacific, over valley, mountain, prairie and forest. Then to the old world, through storied cities, on haunted rivers, and over spots holy with the crimsoned feet of martyrs.

We were passing once through the wards of a hospital devoted to the outcasts of society, when suddenly I laid my hand upon my husband's arm, and said,

"Listen!"

From the further corner of the long hall rippled a wave of music, a clear, sweet thrill from silver voice. Then followed a chant, low, sad, yet inexpressibly beautiful. We moved toward the singer with noiseless steps. As we drew close to the cot beside which she stood, we saw her stoop and with her white fingers gently press together the eyelids of a fair, dead girl. She looked up after a moment. It

was the face of Eleanor Havens. She recognized us and gave a hand to each, saying softly,

"You are happy and so am I."

"Who upon airth have you been a writing to now, Lily Granville, I should like to know," and the brown hands of brother Ben gathered up the leaves that had slipped from my port-folio on to the floor. "Why, it's longer than old Grant's will."

"It isn't a letter, Ben."

"What then? You ha'n't took to story writing, hev you?"

"Not exactly; but a friend said to me the other day, she did not believe there was any romance in my life — I seemed too quiet, too happy — and so I thought I would gather up a few old memories and hand them to her."

He took the manuscript and read.

"Well, I'll be darned if ever I knew before how Al come to own Sultan," he exclaimed after a while. "Dang her, but she was a pretty one to go to courtin' a fellow arter she'd kicked him once," he burst forth, after another spell. He read in silence afterward till he came to the last word, then brushing something from his cheeks that glistened very like a tear, he whispered,

"I know now why you called the baby Eleanor; it was arter Al's first gal."

## THE TWO ANGELS.

By Anna M. Bates.

A babe lay in its cradle bed,  
Hushed in a slumber soft and deep,  
And gently bending o'er its head,  
Two angels watched it in its sleep.  
One, pure and passionless and pale;  
Her white robe through the twilight gleamed;  
The shadow of her filmy veil,  
Fell o'er the infant as it dreamed.

The other wore rich festal guise,  
And yet upon her brow was pain,  
The flowers that were gathered there,  
Had left a cruel, bloody stain.  
They gently lingered round the child;  
The spirit passionless and fair,  
Said, Lo! this world is dark and wild,  
And canst thou guide him safely there?

For cruel thorns and bitter founts  
Choke up the pathway of the waste;  
Around it grow the Dead Sea fruits  
That turn to ashes on the taste.

But in the land to which I guide  
No thing ungenial mars the air;  
The roses bloom by Sharon's side,  
And seraph forms are walking there.  
O, sister, yield to me the prize,  
Let me but clasp his baby hand,  
And I will close his starry eyes,  
To open in that Better Land.

She smiled. One earnest look she gave,  
And Life from near the babe withdrew;  
"Well hast thou painted what I have,  
And what thy guidance leadeth to.  
Then take this babe, a pearl as pure  
As ever gleamed 'neath Oman's deep,  
And lead him where no dangerous lure  
In guilt or sin his soul will steep."

Soft the celestial angel smiled,  
Her look had tenderer, holier grown:  
"Sister," she said, "I take this child,  
To guide to the Eternal's Throne.  
In Heaven's green and flowery ways  
The bliss of angels he will share,  
And God will give him length of days,  
And store of endless pleasure there."

She bent still lower o'er the child,  
Who lay there like some rosy flower,  
That blossomed on Life's rugged wild,  
Best fitted for immortal bower.  
Then upward in the shining ray  
The summer moon around her shed,  
She hastened on her heavenward way,  
And bore the babe earth mourned as dead.

How tenderly the Master kind,  
Took from the angel's hand the flower,  
And said, "Undimmed by sorrow's wind,  
It here shall bloom in Eden's bower.  
And, when the mourning mother's feet  
Have entered on this world of joy,  
How great her bliss to clasp the sweet  
Perfected image of her boy!

— — — — —  
Passing away! why should my heart  
Shrink and shiver with fear and dread?  
Why should my faltering steps turn back  
From the path which sometime we all must  
tread?  
Christ crossed over the shining arch,  
With the black waters surging below, —  
I will falter no more but bravely march on,  
Where He has gone I'll not fear to go.

## DARK DAYS IN TENNESSEE.

By Ada H. Thomas.

NO one looking at the girl would have called her a heroine. There was not enough self-assertion, not enough of that resistance to power, physical or otherwise, which changes all circumstances into levers, and reduces all states to the dominion of will. That was evident enough to need no assertion. Her eyes were gray, such gray as does not fire up into sudden heat of soul, but receptive and steady, with a warm amber tint below, that welled up to the surface, at times, revealing the hidden richness. The face was quiet and colorless, but rounded in outline. Hers was no soul to dash itself vainly against adamantine rocks. She lent herself contentedly to the currents of life, thinking, as such do, that where the water-bed was placed, the stream should flow, sigh as it might for the upward paths of the mountains. But for all that you wouldn't have called the face happy. You might search till you tired, you would find neither tints nor dimples. Search as you might, you would find no entrance-door to the inner soul of this woman; but you would feel that underneath the gray eyes and tintless face, a steady will held the unquestioned truths of her life secure and impregnable.

I think very few men love this kind of women; they pass by to choose some rounded, blue-eyed divinity, whose colors wash out into a dingy fadiness and limpiness, after a few years' wear, and then turn to find the same gray eyes and rounded face, with only added lines of strength.

She was in a small patch of garden ground, unfenced from the surrounding grass plot. Back of her the log cabin stood, so often seen in Tennessee among the mountains; and in view in the foreground, on a gradually ascending knoll, and farther away in straight lines where the negro quarters had been, were charred logs, blackened walls, half fallen, with broken plaster and melted glass. Beyond, the hills rose, green and cleared; but looking unkept and strange, with loose lying fences half burned and wholly unfitted for protection. There was no need

of the show certainly, for the fields were ragged with the remains of last summer's grain, and only spears of grass, with now and then corn, sprouted up from the untilled soil. Farther on rose the mountains, grand and wild. They looked sufficient to themselves in their strength. Down the valley the farm-houses could be seen between the foliage, with the steeples of the village farther away.

Bertha did not mind the scene, but worked steadily with her hoe,—uprooting the swift-growing weeds that threatened to choke the roots she had planted. She worked steadily, with her face always turned northward, toward the mountains. She had few fancies—this girl—but this was one. The air was purer, she thought, more life-imparting. When she turned toward the South it choked her—clogged brain and soul.

To the North and West, beyond the mountains, the Federals lay entrenched or camped. To the South, the Confederates of East Tennessee stretched an unbroken line from McMinneville westward.

A clash of hoofs striking against the stones of the highway, broke upon her ear. It was a sound common enough. Not three hours since eight or ten lean-jawed Mississippians had galloped toward the mountains.

She knew very well this, too, was a Confederate. These swift gallops over hill and mountain wore out horses horribly fast, and Morgan did not let many brutes laze in pasture when another raid was to be made. Of course this was a Confederate riding by to join his companions; but she had no fear. Everything already had been appropriated on the farm; there was nothing left to tempt their rapacity, nothing to glut their revenge, without it might be the lives of two defenceless persons. If the gray-coated horsemen were cowards enough for that—she couldn't see as she could help it. So she didn't look around. She detested the sight of the uniform. It seared her soul to look at these men—Kentuckians, Tennesseans, Alabamians and Mississippians, joined together in solemn compact to kill or destroy the mother who bore them. Their eyes, to her, must burn with the same

fire that shone in Cain's. Not all—ah, no—but then, Heaven pity them, still the curse was upon them and they must bear the punishment.

She had a keener sense of justice—this girl—than most have. Whatever she knew to be right was an imperative duty with her, though brain and heart and soul should be sacrificed.

The rattling sound had ceased suddenly, not dying away in the distance as usual, so the girl looked up.

The horseman had dismounted. Confederate he was, and by his collar an officer of some rank. Tall, but not robust, with a speculative, rather puzzling face, impulsive and earnest. One to try new laws and creeds and fashions, until he proved them worthless or good. Courageous, unflinching, determined.

This speculative, trial-life hadn't agreed with him fully; the quarter part of his creeds had proven worthless, you would have said, for his mouth had an expression it pained you to see, and his brown eyes were deeply sunken and sorrowfully questioning. There was a magnetism, however, in the man few could withstand—a magnetic power contained in the rectitude of principle that always lay under the imperfections of deed.

Looking, the girl grew deadly white, the parted lips blue, but the hoe she held was tightened in a strong nervous grasp. She had nerves of brass; her hand, browned as it was, and small, was compact, firm. You might swear if once those fingers closed on a truth, no torture could unbind them.

He came forward with quick, firm steps, his mobile mouth stirred with emotion, his eyes bearing the deep lights of carbuncles, saying,

"Bertha!"

That was all. She gave her right hand into his.

"John Bennet, I am glad to see you."

Not a change of tone—just a quiet flow of earnest syllables.

"And is that all?" he questioned.

"One year I have been gone, and you meet me with only those words?"

"That is all."

He put his hands in sudden movement

to his face; his form shook with emotion. The girl stood erect, immovable, white as alabaster, but hard. He turned as quickly, placing his hands on her shoulders, a triumphant, pitying smile making his face beautiful. He was always positive, she acquiescent in her nature.

"Bertha, you love me, nevertheless. You are pressing your heart down with your weak little hand—it will burst out of bonds for all that, dear. Because we differ in this question, you take it upon yourself to say, 'we two shall walk separately all the years of our lives.' You can't do it, Bertha—it whitens you—such intense heat of soul you cannot bear."

She did not deny the accusation. Strong souls are seated like mountains, and do not fly out of equipoise with what, in others, would cause a false shame of the truth. She only said,

"You are wrong, John. I do not take upon myself the responsibility of parting our lives. We are separate because the Right stands between us two, and will not let us unite."

"You bandage your eyes, and cry out that it is dark. You love me. Obey your instincts."

"They do not draw me nearer to you."

"Child, men and women have died before this for false gods and no good gained."

"I know it too well. But is my country a false god—she who has nurtured and protected and loved us as a mother?"

"Yes, false as any heathen idol. One that delights in a sacrifice of blood."

"Patriotism then is nothing?"

His eyes flashed.

"Patriotism is the soul of love. But blind devotion to a country that has for its object the subjugation of one portion to the rule of another, is culpable ignorance or cowardice. When rulers are corrupt, and laws perverted, when liberty is a dead letter, when our rights are ignored and our home invaded by an army of subjugation, it is not patriotism to lie supinely. Shame on the man who does not arise and say, 'my personal liberty is my country. I will maintain it.'"

"Alas! it is you who have bandaged

your eyes. I deny the existence of wrongs on the part of the government, but what with patience might have been legislated away. I deny fully the attempt at subjugation. You would understand the status fully if you would but reason calmly, and not allow your excitable imagination to run rampant. But granted it were so. Where is that freedom for which you are fighting against established laws? Is it in the army? no one expects it there. Has the press a voice? Look to Knoxville for an answer. Are the citizens protected in their opinions? Look around you, John Bennet. View the fruits of Southern liberty."

He groaned in very bitterness of soul.

"Dear, it cannot be otherwise now. The summer storm must rage even to destruction to purify the air and reinvigorate nature."

"Yes, but the Simoom only destroys."

"I see we cannot agree on this subject, dear. We will let it pass. I challenge no soul its liberty of thought. I came on another errand. These are terrible times, Bertha. I have been heartsick with thoughts of your exposure. I have received leave of absence for a few days, and have come to claim my wife and protect her."

"You remember my words one year ago, John?"

"But you must have relented. You have no right to murder your own happiness and that of the man who loves you."

"I cannot marry you, John Bennet." There was not the faintest inflection. It was as though each word was pressed out whole and dead from her tortured heart.

The man's agony was terrible to witness, but she bore it. I think for all her calmness, she suffered the more.

"But you will let me carry you and your father to some spot where I can watch over you, for your father's sake, Bertha, if not for my own," he appealed.

"Be content, John; it cannot be. You know my father would not, nor would I."

He looked at her as we gaze on the face of the dead, only then we have the comfort that all trouble is over there; but he—oh! the thought of her death-in-life was anguish.

"We must part again?" he said at length. She bowed her head.

"Do you love me, Bertha?"

She lifted her eyes. All the amber of her soul flooded them with glory. No one but this man and herself dreamed of the depths of tenderness contained in her nature.

She passed her fingers across his eyes slowly, as if she was bidding the scales fall from them.

"You'll come back to me some day, John, and then you'll see it has been day all the time."

"God grant it, love." He took her in his arms, kissed her and left her there.

She never knew how she got to the door of the cabin, nor how long she lay there dead and buried it seemed, but when she knew she lived, she found it was growing dusk, and the rain beginning to fall.

She hadn't time for sorrow; she never shed tears, weaker characters do that. She had known a year before she must accept life, not as most women do, but as it must be, so this was nothing new. People lived to suffer, but the very suffering proved they were alive, and that could not be helped. So she went about her work in the cabin as usual, builded the fire in the fire-place, placed the kettle over, and made the corn cakes for supper, placing them in the bake-kettle. This done, she was arranging the table as her father entered. An old man, white-haired, gray-eyed. Bertha came naturally by her nature. A strong, true man.

Not quite two years before had the war broken out. In the outset of the troubles there had been, it seemed, little danger of disloyalty in Tennessee. Bills after bills tending toward insurrection and secession, had been brought forward, and as steadily rejected. But the virus was there, and it spread with terrible swiftness, the revolutionists conquered, and Tennessee seceded. Every one remembers how the storm grew. Mighty armies arose equipped and drilled, throughout the rebellious States.

State pride, excitement, military glory, the expectancy of founding a nation where each man should be a prince, seized upon the youth and drew them into the vortex.

Said Eastern Tennessee, when the tempters came with honeyed words, prating of State rights and wrongs, and Yankee trickery, and self-preservation, "The mountains slope toward the East, the West, the North and the South; their summits point upward where justice dwells. Our mountains teach us to incline not more to one side than another, but their peaks point to the Right, and the right we will choose." So Eastern Tennessee called her men together, and they marched—bold mountaineers and farmers, transformed by love of country into regiments of freemen.

That time found Harley Gilbert standing well poised. By word and act he denounced this secession game under all its glossings, as nothing but the foulest treason—a fallacy that would bring only anarchy and blood in its train. Henry, his youngest son, marched northward with the staunch loyalists. His eldest, George, hot-headed and impetuous, rushed into the whirlpool.

So the old man and girl were left alone, in the midst of confusion and terror. From the West and South, they heard faint echoes of the strides of the Federals; from the East they learned West Virginia held her own in her mountain fastnesses; but the Union army had no time to run off into the mountains to see how the Unionists fared among the guerrillas, so the persecuted people had a sad time of it. A number, faint-hearted, demurred and said a country that wouldn't save her people wasn't worth the sacrifice. Such swore allegiance to the military despotism, and found themselves very little relieved from the troubles that assailed them. Others stood out, unmoved and patient. When their tormentors came they said, "When the Federals come, the punishment will fall."

But the Federal army did not come, and the destruction continued. Squire Gilbert's turn was not the first, but it came in time, and he was homeless. The servants, those who did not start off in the vague hope of finding a freedom of which they knew nothing, except as a name, were seized by the Confederates for fortification labor, or sent south after the emancipation proclamation.

Only once George had ridden home—it was after everything had been destroyed—begging his father to take the oath. "You know of what an army is composed, father," he said; "the men are lawless and brutal. I have used my influence that you should be freed from barbarities that cannot well be helped. It did for a time, but I cannot always save you. Save yourself and Bertha."

"Tell General Morgan the man who once called you son will never identify himself with a party of assassins and traitors. Tell him I will stand by the laws he has broken, the oaths he has forsworn, so long as I live," said Harley Gilbert.

That was last winter, now it was April, and nothing farther had been heard from Col. Gilbert, C. S. A.

The father and daughter had seated themselves at the table, when the door opened and Sam Newton entered. A real Tennessean, lank, keen-eyed and shrewd. He shook himself clear of the rain drops like an animal, and sat down with his hands on his knees, his keen eyes on Squire Gilbert's face.

"The Unions are coming!" He was blunt, always to the point.

"Where? how?"

"Over the mountains. There'll be good work before ten days, I reckon."

"Where did you get your information?"

"You know Tim Daly went out with despatches ten days ago. He's been prowling around, hiding in the mountains, till he got inside the lines. He came right back again, to let the Unionists know. They were coming on, he said, and will be here to-morrow."

"We shall hear from Henry, may be," said Bertha.

"I reckon," said Newton. "The First Tennessee was among the Cavalry, and there'll be double rejoicing in the village. God! but they wont come one moment too soon," he exclaimed, with sudden emphasis, his brawny hands clenched. "It makes me stark mad to think of our wrongs. Have you heard of Cheny?"

"No; what of the old man?"

"Those accursed guerrillas are around

again, you know. Last night they stopped there, ordering food for both men and horses. He had no forage left, but dug up all the bacon, eggs and potatoes he had, and the old woman hurried around to satisfy their calls. They stayed to breakfast, and then the captain ordered his men into line to pay their respects to their host.

They riddled him with balls, the fiends! Jim Harrison was the captain. You remember Cheny had him up for stealing a horse several years ago."

"The black-hearted villain! What became of the wife?"

"She wandered to the village and told the tale. It has about made an idiot of the poor old thing."

"There seems to be a large force of rebels about. If the Federals come in time, they will put an end to any more such outrages."

"That they will. Just let our Tennessee boys know once what we've suffered here, and I'll warrant the miscreants' necks will ache some day! They won't rest till the earth is freed from them, I tell you," old Newton said, bringing his clenched hand down upon his knee.

The storm grew into one of those fierce thunder gusts that shake a mountainous country. Hollow murmurs rolled down the sides of the mountains, and cutting gleams of lightning cleft the darkness like mad serpents. The wind swept the rain in sheets against the log sides of the cabin, driving in at windows and crevices in streams. The lantern was lighted and a good fire built in the fireplace to keep off the chilliness induced by the wet.

The old men talked in earnest tones of the darkness of the times and the possible near approach of relief from their extremity. The night grew late, but the storm raged as fiercely as before. At length Newton arose, saying,

"I haven't been out in many such storms as this in my life, but I can breast it yet, I reckon. There are so many gray coats around, the folks are worrying about me at home by this time, I know."

Neither tried to dissuade him, for they knew how hearts are torn with anxiety, and the storm did not promise to abate

before morning. So the old man buttoned up his coat and started. At the door the storm met him violently. He stepped out, standing quietly a moment as if uncertain whether to proceed or return. He came back after the lapse of a minute or more.

"Squire, I hear the sound of a great many horses coming down the pike; they may be guerrillas, or the Federals. Hark! they come nearer."

Each listened. Through the plash of the rain, the roll of the thunder and hiss of the wind, they could distinctly hear the heavy gallop of horses, hard pressed.

"Thank God, our boys!" exclaimed the Squire, peering into the darkness to see if possibly he might not catch a gleam of the light blue uniform. Old Newton stood beside him, Bertha just behind, all with white, expectant faces flushed with the brilliant firelight. On the horsemen came, steeds spurred to their utmost capability of flight, it seemed. A voice rose clear and ringing.

"Faster, faster, boys. Kill your horses, but reach headquarters before morning."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Squire, "that voice!"

The last words he ever uttered. The ball that flashed from the barrel was well aimed, he fell down without a groan. I don't know that Newton had time to think and reason, if he were dead; it seemed a simple, quick intuition that made the old man grasp the gun over the door and fire into the darkness without aim, blindly, as any man would strike out in the dark after the assassin's knife had found him. A gleam of lightning burst out and revealed a falling form and rearing steed. The old man put his gun down heavily, with a grim satisfaction that there was one rebel less, thank the Lord! to murder old men.

Bertha had accepted the fact of death intuitively, it seemed, like the old man. She was stunned for a while. This she had never imagined could be possible. What! just on the eve of deliverance, this — this — not to live to see the coming of the flag! It was his disappointment, her father's, as it seemed to her; that struck her through and through. She



couldn't think then, couldn't feel anything but that the Federals were coming, and he could not rejoice in their arrival. All personal grief was deadened for the time, paralyzed by the shock.

The old man, Newton, leaned on his gun, gazing on the daughter with her dead father's head in her arms. Then came the thought of the fallen figure outside. Dead too, perhaps. Well, he had been a human being if a rebel, and it was sad to think of a dead man who had been loved by some one once, lying out in the rain all alone and uncared for, while this dead man lay here in loving arms, with a daughter's raining kisses.

Tears came into old Newton's eyes at the thought of the man he had killed, and going out softly, he walked through the storm, out on to the turnpike. I think he never so fully realized the horrors of this terrible time, as when he bent under the rain, searching for the nameless rebel he had killed. I think never more tender, loving feelings went out from the heart of a man toward another than those that fell on the stiffening figure he found at length, lain down in the centre of the road on his face. He was glad of that, so the old man thought, for those sharp hoofs that had gone over him would have tramped out all likeness of the face a mother had loved one time, and perhaps was praying for now. I know there was not one thought of resentment left in the heart of the old man toward the dead Confederate in his arms, more than he would have felt had it been his own son he carried, and that son clad in the light blue uniform.

He carried him tenderly inside the cabin. Bertha still sat with her arms around her father. Newton unwrapped the oil-cloth that had enveloped the face and form of the dead Confederate. The cap had slipped from its resting-place, and hung over the face. He lifted it tenderly, reverently, as a mother might the sheet from her dead baby's face.

"George! O, brother!" one call, and the over-trying girl dropped senseless between her murdered father and brother.

The morning came with gleaming sun-

light after the storm. The world looked as if newly baptized with the glory of beauty. The chestnut trees shook their leaves in exultant happiness in the joy of the morning. All the Unionists from the surrounding country came flocking in to the hamlet, ragged, poor, haggard, and sorrowful. Greedy-faced people, in which every lineament was whetted with trouble. Wild with excitement they came in, women and children, and old men, each bearing a banner, saved in some unthought of corner for this gala day of rejoicing. The old men plodded through the mud, borne down with their treasured bacon, beef, vegetables and eggs, which had lain buried for months, all for the "Unions." Meeting, they would congratulate one another on the happy coming event, or shake their gray locks over the tragedy of the night previous.

"Squire Gilbert dead, did ye say?" questioned an old man, hobbling along with his bag over his shoulder. "What! Squire Gilbert? The secession varmin't! The Unions shall bite their snaky heads off!" and the old man wiped his bleared eyes as he plodded onward.

Up and down the village streets the children ran crying,

"Hurrah, hurrah for the stripes and stars, hurrah!" and the banners went up and the banners went down, all through the village on the billows of tumultuous excitement. Back from the village street stood the most pretentious mansion there. This, only the day previous, and for months, had been the headquarters of the main band which had infested the neighborhood. Strong secessionists were the occupants, and many were the lowering looks bent toward the treasonable building.

Looks changed quickly into hot words and fierce gestures, and the old men made quick work of it. It was a sight to see the flames dancing high above the tree-tops, blackening foliage and raining ashes, with the grim, hard faces of desperate people around it. The owner, with arms pinioned, guarded by the avengers, was in the midst of the spectators.

"It was built of good Union wood, Lawson, and no more it sha'n't be cursed

by your miserable secesh murderers," said one of his captors.

"The Unions do so with sarpints," said another, grinding a piece of the falling building under his foot into atoms.

The man turned white. It was terrible to see such looks on faces of old neighbors. The expression of a goaded, half-starved brute turning upon its tormentors is not so fearful.

"They shot Squire Gilbert dead in his door last night, did your good friends, my man; wouldn't ye like to see how it was done?"

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the terrified man, and fell prone on his face, insensible from terror. I think they would have rushed upon him there in his helplessness and stamped the poor rebel-life out of him,—men who have felt the pangs of terrible wrongs take revenge in just such methods; there is just so much of the old evil nature alive in every man—but they did not. Clear and sweet, in one long note, the bugle sounded over the hills. For one moment there was silence. The flames crackled, you might have heard the low sighing of the breeze, and then there arose a shout, jubilant, triumphant, clear, with an undertone of sobbing gratitude.

So the long looked for saviors were welcomed by the Unionists of East Tennessee. Ah! but the meeting between long-parted husbands and wives, mothers and sons, lovers, sisters and brothers! Now and then a short gasp and half moan would struggle up from the breast of a pale-faced wife just learning her widowhood.

"God! who gives recompense for such scenes?" said a rough bearded man from Wisconsin, brushing his eyes hard. "If those people knew the sorrow they are laying up for themselves—those rebels, I mean—they'd just walk down quietly to the gulf and drown themselves."

"We'll make them wish they had, I'll warrant my life," said a Tennessean whose father lay in a grass-free mound, and whose wife, eager, thin and hungry, looked the skeleton of happiness as she clung to him.

Men who came down the mountains

that morning, patriot soldiers, now had become avengers. It was no longer a cause to maintain, but a personal wrong to avenge.

Henry Gilbert's face grew stone,—such grief is terrible to witness. But the brother and sister buried their dead father and son together. It was well—all differences forgotten, all troubles ended.

After all, she was glad they were together, Bertha thought, there was such perfect peace and rest for them now—no more warring—no more anxious days and restless nights. Peace was with them, and the quiet of their rest should be her consoler, and Henry's, so she told him, and his face softened.

"I can't see the justice in it," he said, bitterly.

"Nor can I, dear, but I've faith we shall, some day."

"I hope so, but this makes me almost lose all faith in Divine goodness. The world is like a wild animal, and we defenceless, exposed to its fury."

She had great faith, this girl, which is a gift, I think; and so it upheld her firmly. The army marched on to McMinnville. All who followed that expedition know how the rebels under Wheeler and Morgan withdrew in hot haste before the Federals came dashing into the town. How prisoners were taken, and the information for which they had come having been obtained, they turned their faces Northward. The Unionists were not left to other trials. Over seventy families joined the train—poor, sick, disheartened. From Murfreesboro' they were sent North, where there are enough warm hearts to give them homes and welcome. Any way there stretch broad lands far to the westward, waiting for just such willing, earnest workers, and out there, if the Indians leave them in quiet, they may find homes of their own again.

Bertha did not accompany the refugees to the North. When nations play at dice with men's lives, to the end of the game, angels weep and women work for sorrow. She joined that band, who, since first the war began, have toiled unceasingly among the victims of the dread scourge that works at the heart of the nation.

Day and night she labored, with steadfast zeal, never taking thought of self or danger. She was none of those flaccid, weak-nerved women, who shiver at thought of pain, and catch every miasmatic breath to develop into disease. Her physical as well as moral nature, was too well poised and healthful to be easily affected by outward vapors; so she lost neither health nor strength under labor that whitened and weakened others.

"Your voice is so low, it seems the angels are whispering to me," said a dying boy before the film deadened his eyes.

"My wife blesses you ten thousand times," said another, a strong man, weakened by fever.

These were her blessings, and she gathered them by day and night. Two months passed thus. The days had grown hot and stifling, the nights dead and unrefreshing. The dreadful heats of summer were upon the land. It was heart-rending to hear the pale sufferers call in vain for "cool air," and babble of green woods and cooling fountains, in delirium of fever. The sun was setting after one of these days. The hospital was fuller than usual; this dry, heating air was trying the constitutions of our men with terrible effect.

Bertha had gone out for a few moments, into the hospital garden, to pluck a rose for a poor weak fellow whose eyes had filled with tears when the breeze had wafted in the penetrating scent. "It smells so like home, you know," he said.

She came in again noiselessly. Her thin gray dress never offended the quick ears and nervous eyes of the sick men. She carried the rose to her charge, whereat he smiled, and fondled and kissed it like a child. She held another in her hand, a full petalled flower, the faintest pink burned down to a blood red centre. Just such had blossomed last year in innumerable clusters over the porch on the farm. She had gathered it with tender fingers, drinking in its fragrance, thinking of that past time. Now she held it close, each nerve palpitating with its fragrance and memory.

A voice called, faint and weak, but near:

"Give it to me, wont you please?"

She turned quickly, her face transpa-

rent—her eyes grown into amber. That white face, speculative, sad, was John's. You would hardly have known either face for its transfiguration, unless you had conceived the real souls in either. Some people, "strange" they are called, go along with calm, closed lives for years, without once showing the possible glory of their beauty. Only in such moments of life above life they burst out into the perfect blossom instantaneously. But in this case there were only two words said:

"John!"

"Bertha!"

And then she wept. Such girls weep when joy comes. Happiness bears tender tears with them.

"He said soon, throwing back his head in exultant consciousness of its truth,

"I'm a rebel no longer, Bertha."

"I knew it would be so," she answered.

Few people are vouchsafed reward like this; I cannot but think it is because few have such unadulterated faith. There were no conditions in this girl's belief—it was simply intuition of truth.

He put his slender fingers over her eyes a moment. Fair lids they had, with long, heavy lashes.

"Clear, truthful eyes, how plain they see," he said, "and yet I called them blind."

"That was in the night," she added.

"Yes, to me, but now it is day. I wonder if most men grope in darkness so long as I have, Bertha!"

"I can't tell, but I think few can see so plainly in the end."

"You've been very sick," she added, smoothing the slender fingers of his hand, looking at them wistfully.

He made no reply. His eyes followed hers and rested on the attenuated arm and hand.

"It is all I have," he said, not bitterly, not sorrowfully, but proudly. "It was an evil arm, the other, but I gave it to my country in the end."

Great tears fringed her eyes.

"Crying, Bertha? No, dear, the hand that signs the death-warrant of one's country, should die. You gave me light, Bertha, and when I saw, I started as St. Paul did in the right way. When my arm went I was fighting for my country."

He looked inspired. A grand man, truthful and alive.

"In those days were great miracles wrought," she repeated.

"And in these days. Ah! but these are dark days, for all that."

"Yes, but light always follows darkness. We'll keep heart together, love, till the light comes."

And he said,

"Together."

### THE EBBING TIDE.

By Mary C. Peck.

Oh! ebbing tide, bear on,

Over the mystic sea,

The last dim speck of land is gone

That held but graves for me.

Here on the solemn main,

Between the Future and Past,

My soul may gather her strength again,

And stand in her might at last.

Oh! ebbing tide, bear on!

Across our souls the waves

Are ebbing away from the sin they have borne,

They leave it a land of graves:

Graves, where we buried the Past,

Along with the folly it bore,

And listening softly heard at last

The mandate — "Sin no more."

Oh! sailor at the helm,

Look out o'er the mystic sea,

For our vessel's haven is the realm

Which lies in Eternity.

And say, what watch are we in?

How does the good ship steer?

The land-breeze blows from the coasts of sin,

And the rapids of death are near.

Oh! ebbing tide, bear on!

Across life's ocean deep,

The heavenly Christ, the Holy One,

Lies in our stern asleep.

Over the mystic sea.

Beyond the graves of sin,

The Holy City waits for me,

And Christ shall lead me in.

Bear on, O, ebbing tide!

Our sails to the winds are given;

God's angel-pilot is our guide,

Our destined port is Heaven.

### A THOUSAND A YEAR.

By —.

#### CHAPTER II.

Our first month at Speedwell was full of tangled experiences. Strange faces greeted us everywhere. Strange faces on the street—strange faces at all public assemblies—but worse than all, the crowd of strange faces that were upturned to us when we looked out on our congregation on the Sabbath.

None, save those having had the experience, can tell what a desolate feeling enters the heart of a pastor when he looks out on an assembly who are expecting him to lift them away from their worldliness to the region of light and truth, and feels that no links exist between his heart and theirs by which they may be drawn upward.

There are human beings before him, wanting, waiting, hungering for the bread of life; and he anxious to feed them. But all, both pastor and people, must bide patiently, until the angel friendship has folded them close in her arms, and brought their hearts into such near proximity that the magnetic currents of life may play freely through them; then the pastor will understand the people's wants, and they, his words, and there will be no more Sundays of looking into vacant stranger eyes, or delivering a gospel message to stranger hearts.

Our first Sundays at Speedwell we felt like a child striving to gather flowers on desert sands; or like a traveller listening intently for the sound of bird songs on a trackless waste of waters. No flower gladdened our sight, or song our heart, until we had learned where to seek for the one and listen for the other.

This was our Sunday experiences, and with our memory crowded with the kindly faces and the yearning hearts that we had left behind us, we struggled on, waiting for the time when we might gather our blossoms and listen to our singing birds.

But it is with the week-day experiences of life that we have in this story more particularly to deal.

When we arrived first at Speedwell, we

were received at the house of one of our Committee.

Tenderly and kindly they welcomed us, and we might, and ought to have been, very happy in our reception. But hidden in our garden of roses lay the same serpent which troubled the peace of Eden, and we were uneasy when we heard his persecuting whispers.

You will remember how simple and unartificial our life had been while dwelling at the little country parsonage. We had almost forgotten the conventionalities and restraints of the fashionable world, which lay outside of our own unpretending circle. Thus when we came to Speedwell, we ran against many a protruding corner of society, and learned some rather bitter lessons, which, if useful to us, were, to say the least, not very flattering to our vanity.

The family with whom we first tarried, were very wealthy. They worshipped the goddess Fashion, and they never allowed an opportunity to pass, of reminding us of our remissness in this respect.

"Nell" had purchased some new clothing for herself and children, with the proceeds of our furniture sale, and being dressed better than before for a long time, we had hoped that we would not be obliged to make farther outlay at present in this direction. Vain hope, indeed, this proved. Before we had been a week at Speedwell, Mrs. Stebbins announced her intention of giving a party for our benefit, that, as she said, we might meet and become better acquainted with some of the members of our parish.

We thought this proposition very kind at first, and greeted it warmly; but when it proved—as it did in the sequel—to be only a meeting for the display of fashionable costumes, for the flaunting of costly dresses, and the exhibition of priceless jewels, we would fain have turned from it, and striven for some better opportunity of meeting our people heart to heart, without the vain frippery of fashionable life between our heart and theirs.

How did we contrast this first meeting with our disciples, with the life of our Master. In the midst of that gay assembly we paused to think of the solitary

Announcer who, amid the wilds of Galilee, and by its lonely lake, found one by one his faithful followers, and said to them, "leave all and follow me."

And this was to be our mission. We too, had come to a stranger people to say to them, "Leave all and follow Christ," but through what a weight of worldliness must these words pierce before they could reach one listening ear.

But contact with a thoughtless, giddy multitude was not all the discomfort that came to us from this night's entertainment. When the party was fully resolved upon, Mrs. Stebbins said to Nell,

"Of course you will get a new dress for the occasion, and as I am going out this morning to purchase materials for our dresses, I thought perhaps you would like to go with me."

Nell gave me an appealing look which Mrs. Stebbins instantly interpreted.

"O," she said, without allowing one word from me, "most certainly your husband is willing. He would be a most unreasonable man to deny his wife a *presentable* dress on the evening of her de-nouement among strangers."

What could I say? I was "most certainly" willing that Nell should indulge in the luxury of a party dress, and under other circumstances I should have readily answered the question; but the manner in which it was put, the implied rebuke in that word *presentable* touched a tender spot in my heart. Had we then been dressed in a manner unfit for our position? Were our parish, then, really mortified at our unrepresentable appearance? Then certainly we must wake to a consciousness of our new obligations in this new relation, and govern ourselves accordingly.

A flood-gate was opened by this simple circumstance, and a tide of events rushed through which made up the story of our City Parish and the result of one "Thousand a year."

I was not then conscious, nor have I since learned in what words I framed my affirmative answer to this question, but it is sufficient for the purposes of my story, that I made my acquiescence to the proposition intelligible; that in a private interview immediately after, I advised Nell

to remember that we were living on a thousand a year, and told her that she must be governed by this thought in purchasing an appropriate toilet for the coming party; that she made the purchase as I advised, and that one of the twenty fifties that made up our "thousand" was spent on one evening's entertainment.

In return for this, I had the satisfaction of seeing Nell move amid the crowd of fashionable butterflies, if not as gayly dressed as they, at least not singular for her plainness of attire.

My parish appeared satisfied, and it being for them that the outlay was made, we had every reason to be pleased with the result.

After the party was over, we proceeded to the formidable work of locating ourselves and making ready for housekeeping. Our choice of a house was to be made between two that were to be immediately vacated in the vicinity of our church. They were both central, equally convenient to our parish, and every way, as far as externals were concerned, seemed equally desirable. There was a difference of one hundred and fifty dollars in the rents, the lesser rent being for a cottage which, though small, was yet very tastefully and neatly built, and seemed to us a cosy nest wherein we might brood our fledglings securely and comfortably. For this we were to pay one hundred and fifty a year, which we thought reasonable for so pretty and convenient a place.

The other house was larger, much more showy, and, though but three doors removed from the cottage, yet faced on another and more fashionable street. To us the cottage seemed to possess some marked advantages over the more showy house. There was a fine grass plot back of the cottage, where our children might enjoy themselves unmolested; while the more pretentious house had only sufficient ground for its own use, covering every foot of its enclosure.

Then the larger house would involve the necessity of much greater expense. The rent was three hundred dollars; the rooms were large, and would require a great outlay in furnishing them, and in every respect the expense of keeping up

such an establishment would be much greater than the expense of the cottage.

Having looked at the two places, we at once decided in favor of the cottage and made up our minds to be very happy in this snug little home. But again was repeated to us the experience of the "slip twixt cup and lip." When we returned to tea the evening after our decision was made, we found a little company of our parishioners, who, by Mrs. Stebbins' request, were to sup with us. While we were at table, the subject of our future residence was introduced, and we mentioned the pretty cottage, and the penchant that both Nell and I had for it. Mrs. Stebbins immediately said,

"Surely, I misunderstand you. You cannot be thinking of that little mouse-nest of a cottage over in Locust Street?"

"Why not, Mrs. Stebbins?" queried Nell innocently.

"Why not, indeed," laughed the fashionable woman with that very peculiar toss of the head which means so much, and utters a whole sentence of contempt without the trouble of speech.

Mrs. Bowen, a gentle, amiable little woman, who had always a kind thought in her heart and a kind word on her lip, for every one who needed them, (and who does not?) seeing Nell's embarrassment, came to her relief by saying,

"I am sure, Mrs. Stebbins, I admire the taste of our pastor's family. I have always thought the cottage in Locust street a very pretty place indeed."

"Yes, it is pretty enough," Mrs. S. replied. "I was not criticising its beauty, but its size. It might answer a very good purpose for a private, retired family, with few friends, of whom society expects nothing, and on whom it would have no right to make demands. But with a minister's family it is a very different thing. We cannot, of course, allow *them* to crowd themselves into any corner where their dear five hundred friends could not be accommodated as well as themselves."

"Of course," said Nell, "we wish to be hospitable. We would not, on any account, carry any other idea to our parish, and we had not thought it possible that we could be thus misunderstood."

Nell's lip quivered as she spoke, and under her drooping lashes I saw the tears start, as dew comes to the earth when the night falls.

I had resolved when the conversation began, that, with true man wisdom, I would keep still and let the women enjoy discussion uninterruptedly; but I could not bear to see Nell crushed thus, like a fly in the grasp of a spider, and I came to her rescue by saying,

"There is still another motive impelling us toward the cottage, that has not yet been mentioned. We admired it, and are free to say that, if left to our own choice, we would have preferred it for a home. But, in addition to this, there is a difference of one hundred and fifty dollars in the rent; and this latter consideration even you, Mrs. Stebbins, will allow is worth our notice."

"No, indeed," she replied with a manner more like a mistress to a slave than like a person speaking to an equal. "Your latter argument has no weight with me at all. For what reason do we give you a thousand dollars a year if not that your circumstances may in some manner correspond with our own, and we thus be prevented from mortification when we associate with our minister?"

Again I was dumb with astonishment. I made no reply to the question with my lips, but O, how the secret door of my heart creaked with the pressure of indignant feeling which lay against it, struggling for expression. Was I then merely a tool in the hands of my parish—an addenda to a thousand dollars, which was to be spent for their pleasure, and which was passed through my hands as a matter of convenience to them; or if it had any reference at all to me, was the same relation as a china toy to a careless child. I might hold it in my hand for a little while, and try to imagine it mine, but it must inevitably return to the hand of my guardian, the moment I displayed an impulse to treat it as if it were really my own.

While I persisted in keeping tightly locked the door of my lips, I busied myself thinking about my Master, and I whispered to my rebellious heart, "Yield

not; you can control this surging passion, for Christ was tempted 'in all points like as you are, and yet without sin.'"

I tried to think of some peace-inspiring word that He had spoken that would be of use to me in an emergency like this; but nothing would come to me so familiarly as his words of rebuke: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also, outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within, ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

It will not be unworthy boasting, I am sure, in me to say that for once in my life I was "greater than he that taketh a city." I gave evidence that I ruled my own spirit to a good degree, for with all this provocation, I answered not a word.

Would it please you to know, dear reader, that the day following the one on which this conversation occurred, we rented the pretentious house, in the pretentious street, and being not pleased with either the one or the other ourselves, yet for the sake of pleasing our parish, accepted the mockery of a home, that was no home compared to the one we might have made had we been left to follow the bent of our own impulses.

Thus we turned the second corner of our experience with the city parish, and three of our ten hundred dollars slipped through our fingers so easily that we could hardly realize that we had ever possessed it. What mattered? we had the *glory* of a city pastorate, and the *name* of receiving "a thousand a year."

To be continued.

Fond Memory holds to our view a bright mirror

That gives on its surface each pleasure that's gone;

And still as we look we behold them grow clearer,  
Till we mix once again with the scenes that have flown.

But Hope, O, the pleasures of Hope, how they lighten

The load of our grief thro' this dark solitude :  
O pleasures of Hope, how divinely they brighten  
Our path to the world where no ills can intrude

## THE ENCHANTER FAUSTUS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH was a wonderful princess for wisdom, learning, magnificence and grandeur of soul. All this was fine,—but she was as envious as a decayed beauty—jealous and cruel—and that spoiled all. However, be her defects what they may, her fame had pierced even to the depths of Germany, whence the Enchanter Faustus set off her court, that great magician wishing to ascertain by his own wits, whether Elizabeth was as gifted with good qualities as she was with bad. No one could judge this for him so well as himself, who read the stars like his A B C, and whom Satan obeyed like his dog—yet, withal, who was not above a thousand pleasant tricks, that make people laugh, and hurt no one: such, for instance, as turning an old lord into an old lady, to elope with his cook-maid,—exchanging a handsome wife for an ugly one, &c., &c.

The Queen, charmed with the pretty things which she heard of him, wished much to see him, and from the moment she did, became quite fascinated. On his side, he found her better than he had expected; not but that he perceived she thought a great deal too much of her wit, though she had a tolerable share of it; and still more of her beauty, of which she had rather less.

One day that she was dressed with extraordinary splendor, to give audience to some ambassadors, she retired into her cabinet at the close of the ceremony, and sent for the doctor. After having gazed at herself in all the mirrors in the room, and seeming very well pleased with their reflection,—for her roses and lilies were as good as gold could buy, her petticoat high enough to show her ankle, and her frill low enough to expose her bosom, she sat down *en attitude*, in her great chair. It was thus the Enchanter Faustus found her. He was the most adroit courtier that you could find, though you searched the world over. For though there are good reasons why a courtier may not be a conjuror, there are none why a conjuror may not be a courtier; and Faustus, both in one—knowing the Queen's foible

as to her imaginary beauty—took care not to let slip so fine an opportunity of paying his court. He was wonder struck, thunder struck, at such a blaze of perfection. Elizabeth knew how to appreciate the moment of surprise. She drew a magnificent ruby from her finger, which the doctor, without making difficulties about it, drew on his.

"You find me, then, passable for a Queen?" said she, smiling. On this, he wished himself at the devil (his old resting place,) if, not alone that he had ever seen, but if anybody else had ever seen either queen or subject to equal her.

"Oh, Faustus, my friend," replied she, "could the beauties of antiquity return, we should soon see what a flatterer you are!"

"I dare the proof," returned the doctor. "If your majesty will it; but speak, and they are here."

Faustus, of course, never expected to be taken at his word: but whether Elizabeth wished to see if magic could perform the miracle, or to satisfy a curiosity that had often tormented her, she expressed herself amazingly pleased at the idea, and begged it might be immediately realized.

Faustus then requested her Majesty to pass into a little gallery near the apartment, while he went for his book, his ring, and his large black mantle.

All this was done nearly as soon as said. There was a door at each end of the gallery, and it was decided that the beauties should come in at one, and go out at the other, so that the Queen might have a fair view of them. Only two of the courtiers were admitted to this exhibition; these were the Earl of Essex and Sir Philip Sydney.

Her Majesty was seated in the middle of the gallery, with the Earl and Knight standing to the right and left of her chair. The Enchanter did not forget to trace round them and their mistress certain mysterious circles, with all the grimaces and contortions of the time. He then drew another opposite to it, within which he took his own station, leaving a space between for the actors.

When this was finished, he begged the Queen not to speak a word while they



should be on the stage; and, above all, not to appear frightened, let her see what she might.

The latter precaution was needless, for the good Queen feared neither angel nor devil. And now the doctor inquired what *belle* of antiquity she would first see.

"To follow the order of time," she answered, "they should commence with HELEN."

The magician, with a changing countenance, now exclaimed, "sit still!"

Sydney's heart beat quick. The brave Earl turned pale. As to the Queen, not the slightest emotion was perceptible.

Faustus soon commenced some muttered incantations and strange evolutions, such as were the fashion of the day for conjurors. Anon the gallery shook, so did the two courtiers, and the Doctor, in a voice of anger, called out,

"Daughter of fair Leda, hear!  
From thy far Elysian sphere;  
Lovely as when, for his fee,  
To Paris, Venus promised thee—  
Appear—appear—appear!"

Accustomed to command, rather than to be commanded, the fair Helen lingered to the last possible moment; but when the last moment came, so did she, and so suddenly, that no one knew how she got there. She was habited *a la Grecque*,—her hair ornamented with pearls and a superb aigrette. The figure passed slowly onwards—stopped for an instant directly opposite the Queen, as if to gratify her curiosity, took leave of her with a malicious smile, and vanished. She had scarcely disappeared when her Majesty exclaimed: "What! that the fair Helen! I don't pique myself on beauty, but may I die if I would change faces with her."

"I told your Majesty how it would be," remarked the Enchanter; and yet there she is, as she was in her best days."

"She has however very fine eyes," observed Essex.

"Yes," said Sydney, "they are large, dark, and brilliant; but after all what do they say?" added he, correcting himself.

"Nothing," replied the favorite.

The Queen who was this day extravagantly rouged, asked if they did not think Helen's tint too *China-white*.

"China!" cried the Earl; "Delf rather."

"Perhaps," continued the Queen, "it was the fashion of her time; but you must confess that such turned in toes would have been endured in no other woman. I don't dislike her style of dress, however, and probably I may bring it round again, in place of these troublesome hoops, which have their inconveniences."

"O, as to the dress," chimed in the favorite—"let it pass; it is well enough, which is more than can be said for the wearer."

A conclusion in which Sydney heartily joined, rhapsodying—

"O Paris, fatal was the hour,  
When, victim to the blind God's power,  
Within your native walks you bore  
That firebrand from a foreign shore;  
Who—ah, so little worth the strife!  
Was fit for nothing, but a wife."

"Od's my life now," said her Majesty, "but I think she looks fitter for anything else, Sydney! My Lord of Essex, how think you?"

"As your Majesty does," returned he, "there is a meaning in that eye."

"And a minute past they said there was none," thought Faustus.

This liberal critique on the fair Helen being concluded, the Queen desired to see the beautiful and hopeless Mariamne.

The Enchanter did not wait to be twice asked; but did not wish to invoke the Princess who had worshipped at holy altars in the same manner as he had summoned the fair Pagan. It was the, by way of ceremony, that, turning four times to the east, three to the South, two to the west, and only once to the north, he uttered, with great suavity, in Hebrew—

"Lovely Mariamne, come!  
Though thou sleepest far away,  
Regal spirit! leave thy tomb!  
Let the splendors round thee play,  
Silken robe and diamond stone,  
Such as, on thy bridal-day,  
Flashed from proud Judea's throne."

Scarcely had he concluded, when the spouse of Herod made her appearance, and gravely advanced into the centre of the gallery, where she halted, as her predecessor had done. She was robed nearly like the high priest of the Jews,

except that instead of the Tiara, a veil descending from the crown of the head, and slightly attached to the cincture, fell far behind her. Those graceful and flowing draperies threw over the whole figure of the lovely Hebrew an air of indescribable dignity. After having stopped for several minutes before the company, she pursued her way—but without paying the slightest parting compliment to the haughty Elizabeth.

“Is it possible,” said the Queen, before she had well disappeared—“is it possible that Mariamne was such a figure as that?—such a tall, pale, meagre, melancholy looking affair, to have passed for a beauty through so many centuries?”

“By my honor,” quoth Essex, “had I been in Herod’s place, I should never have been angry at her keeping her distance.”

“Yet I perceived,” said Sydney, “a certain touching languor in the countenance—an air of dignified simplicity.”

Her Majesty looked grave.

“Fye, fye,” returned Essex, “it was haughtiness; her manner is full of presumption, aye, and even her height.”

The Queen having approved of Essex’s decision, on her own part condemned the Princess for her aversion to her spouse, which, though the world alleged to have been caused by his being the cut-throat of her family, she saw nothing to justify, whatever a husband might be. A wife was a wife; and Herod had done quite right in cutting off the heads of the offenders.

Faustus, who affected universal knowledge, assured her Majesty that all the historians were in error on that point; for he had had it himself from a living witness, that the true cause of Herod’s vengeance was his spiteful old-maid of a sister—Salome’s overhearing Mariamne, one day at prayers, beg Heaven to rid her of her worthless husband.

After a moment of thought, the Queen, with the same indifference with which she would have called for her waiting maid, desired to see Cleopatra; for the Egyptian Queen not having been quite as *comme il faut* as the British, the latter treated her accordingly. The beautiful

Cleopatra quickly made her appearance at the extremity at the gallery—and Elizabeth expected that this apparition would fully make up for the disappointment which the others had occasioned. Scarcely had she entered, when the air was loaded with the rich perfumes of Arabia.

Her bosom (that had been melting as charity) was open as day; a loop of diamonds and rubies gathered the drapery as much above the left knee as it might as well have been below it; and a woven wind of transparent gauze softened the figure which it did not conceal.

In this gay and gallant costume, the mistress of Antony glided through the gallery, making a similar pause as the others. No sooner was her back turned, than the courtiers began to tear her person and frippery to pieces—the Queen calling out like one possessed, for paper to burn under her nose, to drive away the vapors occasioned by the gums with which the mummy was filled—declared her insupportable in every sense, and far beneath even the wife of Herod or the daughter of Leda—shocked at her Diana drapery, to exhibit the most villainous leg in the world—and protested that a thicker robe would have much better become her.

Whatever the two courtiers might have thought, they were forced to join in these sarcasms, which the frail Egyptian excited in peculiar severity.

“Such a cocked nose!” said the Queen.

“Such impertinent eyes!” said Essex.

Sidney in addition to her other defects, found out that she had too much stomach and too little back.

“Say of her as you please,” returned Faustus—“one she is, however, who led the Master of the World in her chains. But, madam,” added he, “as these foreign beauties are not to your taste, why go beyond your own kingdom? England, which has always produced the models of female perfection—as we may even at this moment perceive—will furnish an object perhaps worthy of your attention in the fair Rosamond.” Now Faustus had heard that the Queen fancied herself

to resemble the fair Rosamond ; and no sooner was the name mentioned, than she was all impatience to see her.

"There is a secret instinct in this impatience," observed the Doctor, craftily ; "for according to tradition, the fair Rosamond had much resemblance to your Majesty, though, of course, in an inferior style."

"Let us judge—let us judge," replied the Queen, hastily ; "but from the moment she appears, Sir Sydney, I request you to observe her minutely, that we may have her description, if she be worth it." This order being given, and some little conjuration made, as Rosamond was only a short distance from London, she made her appearance in a second. Even at the door, her beauty charmed every one, but as she advanced she enchanted them ; and when she stopped to be gazed at, the admiration of the company, with difficulty restrained to signs and looks, exhibited their high approbation of the taste of Henry II. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of her dress—and yet in that simplicity she effaced the splendors of day—at least to the spectators. She waited before them a long time—much longer than the others had done ; and as if aware of the command the Queen had given, she turned especially towards Sydney, looking at him with an expressive smile. But she must go at last ; and when she was gone,—“My lord,” said the Queen, “what a pretty creature ! I never saw anything so charming in my life. What a figure ! what dignity without affectation ! what brilliancy without artifice !—and it is said that I resemble her. My lord of Essex, what think you ?” My lord thought, would to heaven you did ; I would give the best steed in my stable that you had even an ugly likeness to her. But he said, “Your Majesty has but to make the tour of the gallery in her green robe and primrose petticoat, and if our magician himself would not mistake you for her, count me the greatest — of your three kingdoms.”

During all this flattery with which the favorite charmed the ears of the good Queen, the poet Sydney, pencil in hand,

was sketching the vision of the fair Rosamond.

Her Majesty then commanded it should be read, and when she heard it, pronounced it very clever ; but as it was a real impromptu, not one of those born long before, and was written for a particular audience, as a picture is painted for a particular light—we think it but justice to the celebrated author not to draw his lines from the venerable antiquity in which they rest, even if we had the MS. copy ; but we have not—which at once finishes the business.

After the reading, they deliberated on the next that should succeed Rosamond. The enchanter, still of opinion that they need not leave England when beauty was the object in question, proposed the famous countess of Salisbury, who gave rise to the institution of the Garter. The idea was approved of by the Queen, and particularly agreeable to the courtiers, as they wished to see if the *cause* was worthy of the effect,—i. e. the leg of the garter ; but her Majesty declared that she should particularly like a second sight of her lovely resemblance, the fair Rosamond. The Doctor vowed that the affair was next to impracticable in the order of conjuration,—the recall of a phantom not depending on the powers submitted to the first enchantments. But the more he declared against it, the more the Queen insisted, until he was obliged at last to submit, but with the information, that, if Rosamond should return, it would not be by the way in which she had entered or retired already, and they had best take care of themselves, as he could answer for no one.

The Queen, as we have elsewhere observed, knew not what fear was—and the two courtiers were now a little reassured on the subject of apparitions. The Doctor then set about accomplishing the Queen's wishes. Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble ; and after a thousand grimaces and contortions, neither pretty nor polite, he flung his book into the middle of the gallery, went three times round it on his hands and feet, then made the tree against the wall, head down and heels up ; but nothing appear-

ing, he had recourse to the last and most powerful of his spells. What that was must remain for ever a mystery, for certain reasons; but he wound it up by three times summoning with a sonorous voice—"Rosamond! Rosamond! Rosamond!" At the last of these magic cries, the grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room.

The Doctor was in a cold sweat, and while he dried himself, the Queen who thought her fair visitant a thousand times the fairer for the additional difficulty in procuring this second sight, for once let her prudence sleep, and in a transport of enthusiasm, stepping out of her circle with open arms, cried out, "My dear likeness!" No sooner was the word out, than a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace; a black vapor filled the gallery, and a train of little fantastic lightnings serpented to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company.

When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician, with his four limbs in air, foaming like a wild boar, his cap here, his wig there, in short by no means an object either of the sublime or beautiful. But though he came off the worst, yet no one in the adventure escaped *quite clear*, except Rosamond. The lightning burned away my Lord of Essex's right brow; Sir Sydney lost the left mustachio; her Majesty's head-dress smelt villainously of sulphur, and her hoop-petticoat was so puckered up with the scorching, that it was ordered to be preserved among the royal draperies, as a warning, to all maids of honor to come, against curiosity.

Sorrow, as illustrated in Christ's life, and as interpreted in his scheme of religion, has assumed a new aspect, and yields a new meaning. Its garments of heaviness have become transfigured to robes of light, its crown of thorns to a diadem of glory; and often for some one whom the rich and joyful of this world pity,—some suffering, struggling, overshadowed soul,—comes there a voice from heaven, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

## ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

By Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

So young to die! so early to lay down  
The cup of life;  
So soon, ere scarcely it was just begun,  
To end the strife  
Wherewith this earth and all its scenes are rife,  
Yet thou hast gone; thy young hands filled with  
flowers,  
Thy feet have wandered to immortal bowers.

So fair to die! The morning rose ne'er sheds  
Its fragrant bloom  
Till noon is past, and gath'ring twilight spreads  
Its shadowy gloom  
Far o'er the earth, and night and darkness loom;  
But thou hast faded ere the noontide heat  
Could mar one petal of a flower so sweet.

So good to die! the lily-white of Heaven  
Still on thy soul;  
No link of Eden-purity yet riven,  
Thy heart a scroll  
Whereon an angel might his thoughts enroll.  
With folded hands and softly lifted eyes,  
Thou from the earth hast turned and sought the  
skies.

Yet shall we murmur when the dear and good  
To God we send?  
We would not choose a worthless offering,  
should  
An earthly friend  
Bid us to him some gift of love to send!  
O, no! our richest gem the gift would be,—  
Shall we not spare as much, O God, to Thee?

Sleep, gentle child! the folding arms of earth  
Are round thee now;  
Far brighter flowers than deck thy land of  
birth  
Bestar thy brow,  
Where angels tend no holier charge than thou!  
Slumber, sweet child! Sweet spirit, wake to hear  
The strains of Heaven now falling on thine ear!

Rejoice, ye hearts that prize  
Not victory's perishing crown,  
But that which drew from the bending skies  
A pitying Godhead down.

Peace! peace! peace!  
Sweet words, by angels sung!  
Then speed with the message of joy—nor cease  
Till echoed by every tongue.—*St. Joan.*

## THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S.

By Mary C. Peck.

## I.

We were walking down a narrow bridle path, my friend Guy Fabyan and I, and in my old-fashioned way I was trying to reconcile his unwilling soul to a duty the morrow would bring him. His furlough was ended, and the young surgeon must go back to scenes which jarred every chord in his almost womanly heart.

"Nay, now," said he, "you know it all; you have not spent years at Sebastopol, in the midst of its horrors, without knowing that the sufferings of war are worse than death, and that a refined and loving heart, must endure daily martyrdom among them."

It was a young fresh spirit that spoke thus, impatient of the evil days; but I am an old surgeon, and my hair is gray, through more experiences than beholding the bodily miseries of mankind. The stern heart-lessons which all learn in a long life, had taught me that there are deeper wounds than bullets make, and withering blights that no peace ever makes green again. Besides, my soul had been full to-day of a memory which made sacred these very hills among which we stood, and bowing my head I said,

"Guy, there are worse ills than bodily pain. You see yonder shut house, there, at the foot of the mountain? That house has a story. It always seems, as I look at it so white and still, like a corpse, so desolate has the wrath of a sinful man made it."

We were near the base of the mountain, and the setting sun poured its warm rays over the little hamlet that slept peacefully beneath us. It seemed a crime even to speak of war in the midst of such still beauty. It was a little town among the Alleghany ridges, my own, dear, native town, and this story I made my friend sit down to hear, dated years back, and was almost forgotten among the simple villagers.

"You see that little church down there, Guy? It is called St. Mary's, and has witnessed the baptism of many generations. When I was younger than I am now its walls were mossy, and its bells

had played the evening chime for more than a century. The first time I ever saw Rose Mordaunt, she sat in all her radiant beauty in one of those humble pews. The eyes of the villagers were ready for comment, for it was well known that a rich Judge had bought the old manor, and that he had brought with him a young and very beautiful wife. The ever busy tongue of rumor sought in vain, however, for gossip concerning them. They evidently sought this obscure town for retirement. The Judge was cold and haughty, and neither saw nor invited guests, and it was only Sundays, when his bride paid her devotions with God's people, that she ever came among them.

The active years of my life had been faithfully devoted to my towns-people, and there was no house save this, where the old doctor was not a welcome friend.

It had been my custom, living as I did an odd, old bachelor life, to receive patients to my house during the summer months, and many availed themselves of my care and nursing. Toward the end of that summer that saw the new family established in our village, I had an application from one David Grey, who urged me to receive him for an indefinite time, until his health should be fully assured. I thought nothing of this application from a stranger, for I knew the reputation of our valley for quiet, so I sent him a gracious reply, and in a week he was settled with me and my heart had adopted the sad, yet frank and loving man, as a friend and brother.

For a whole year he stayed with me, and although we loved and trusted each other, yet I could not help an uncomfortable feeling that I was studied, weighed, and a conviction forced itself upon me that my friend had other motives than ill health, for making my house his home. Indeed, if I were to speak of health, I should say it was his mind, rather than his body, that suffered. We were nearly always together, and he seemed to trust me, yet I had often caught his eye fixed searchingly upon me, especially when any moral point was at issue.

We were sitting one night as usual over our bachelor fire, when Grey said, suddenly,

"Doctor, I have made a resolve."

"Well," said I, and assumed an attitude of expectancy.

"I am going home. I have been a well man for months, and have only been waiting to know myself sure of a friend, before asking you to accept a great trust from me, and then bidding you farewell. You are my friend, are you not?"

"Most assuredly, David," said I.

"Well, Doctor, (he always called me Doctor—nobody ever gave me pet names) suppose you had a friend, and that friend had a great load at his heart which you could lighten, and neither be false to yourself nor untrue to God, would you pity and help him?"

"Most assuredly, David," I said again, not daring to venture more where I did not know my ground, and yet not without a smothered curiosity to get at the key of the strange nature before me.

My guest arose and paced the room with an uneasy step. The firelight gave me a chance to study the varying lines of his really noble face, on which the subtle sorrow that always ruled him, seemed to have deepened. Surely, whatever the trust he was to repose in me might be, it must be a pure and a noble one.

"You see before you a man," he began, "who has been the evil fate of a guileless and loving heart. My friend, do you believe in Providence? Yes, you do—I do. We have to trust our Father even though He slay us. Doctor, you are a shrewd man; you have guessed I had an object in coming here. I sought an honest man, and I have found him; I sought a Christian who would judge with righteous judgment, and I have found him: now, then, let me tell you. Yonder house, the Judge's, which the townsfolk avoid, is the home of those whose evil fate I have innocently been. Rose Mordaunt is not, as your people believe, the wife, but the daughter-in-law, of the Judge. I knew her alas! when her beauty was not faded, nor her eye dimmed by tears. It was in the dreamy Cuban isle, I first met her in her father's house. I was a gay young student then, visiting at her cousin's, a fellow-student with me at Yale, and who had returned home finally to take his

father's prosperous business, and fulfil his engagement with his idolized cousin Rose. The Mordaunt brothers were Americans who had grown rich in the fruit trade, and although clinging to their New England prejudices, enough to educate their children at the North, they yet loved the sunny isle too much to leave it permanently. Years had passed since they came out there, and the young cousins, Ralph and Rose Mordaunt, had grown together in stature and in heart, till the boyish stories Ralph used to tell his girl cousin of the little wife he meant to have, had become the man's serious passion, which ruled his whole soul with a resistless might.

He and I were chums at college, and he has entertained me often with railings at old Time, who would not hurry his four years through faster, and let him claim his bride, for the old Judge was determined his son should be a wit and a scholar before becoming a merchant. But the years of probation were over, and my visit was in honor of my friend's bridal. I saw the young pair settled in their new home, and then turned my thoughts toward my own unfulfilled plans; but they would not hear of my returning.

'You must certainly spend the winter with us,' they said; so I stayed.

There was true love between these two so far as human affection can make true love—but neither of them were Christian. They loved for time—not for eternity. Looking at them and remembering how God brings the dead heart to himself, by strong need and trial, I used to think, how will they ever know the want of Him while they have wealth and each other? And then I trembled, for I knew God sometimes used man's own stormy passions to break the stubborn will, and that He made the wrath of man to praise Him. How would it be if the strong passions of my friend ever set in a direction contrary to happiness. There was little tie of blood between the two. The Mordaunts were but half brothers; Ralph's father had married a Cuban lady of wealth and brilliancy, but Rose's mother was a sweet English woman, and her daughter had all the amiable tenderness of her sex. Far

different her husband. I never saw one who more fully inherited the violent Southern traits. Yet he was noble, generous, but his prejudices held him like iron bands. I never knew him to change an opinion or break his word. He idolized his young wife, and she seemed only happy with him. That was a happy winter; how could we see the storm that was rising when the sky was so cloudless?

I arranged my business and warned my friends to expect my departure in a week. One day, I shall never forget it, Rose and I were sitting in a little ante-room speaking of her happiness and of her hopes for the future. I was telling her of her husband's college life, his violent prejudices, his noble but hasty soul, and with the freedom of our long acquaintance, I advised her to perfect truth, lest any misunderstanding should estrange them. The day was oppressively warm, and the long windows were opened to their full extent. Rose stood by one of them as I spoke of my fears and hopes, and she seemed strongly agitated. I thought perhaps these things had occurred to her before. There swept a grayish paleness over her face, as if the very thoughts I had suggested were agony.

'Dear friend,' said I, taking her hand, for I thought I heard my friend's step on the path, 'for my sake be composed. He must not see you thus and I the cause.'

That moment a hand parted the vines, and Ralph entered the window with a firm step. He had heard every word — just enough to misunderstand me and I saw he did. He deigned me not a word, but with an angry and imperious gesture, pointed to the door. I saw the roused lion in his face; rage, contempt, jealousy, struggled for the mastery. How they two got through their interview, what angry unbelief on his part, what loving entreaty on hers, I never knew. The next time I saw Rose Mordaunt, she lay in a deep faint, from which no effort of ours could rouse her. Ralph absented himself from her side, the servants were terror-stricken; when at last the doctor I brought aroused her, she opened her eyes only to fix them full of hopeless anguish on my face, and exclaim,

'O, it is true then, he is gone! he believes that dreadful thing!'

'Who is gone, dear Rose?' said I.

'O, it is he; he would not believe. I shall never be happy again, never, never in all this dreadful world.' And she said that word, never, as one might drop an icicle into a cup of cheery and glowing wine. So indeed had sorrow entered her cup of life.

I refused to believe it. 'He is hasty,' said I, 'but not heartless. He will not condemn without a hearing.' But that day passed and the next, and so a week, and no Ralph. Then I knew that the demon of jealousy had possessed him and that he would never come till God's good spirit exorcised it. But his sweet wife — must she be sacrificed while he was straying and repenting?

Rose was never a strong-minded woman; without Christian faith she was now weak indeed. She shrank from her husband's relatives, and begged to go North where her parents were visiting, believing her safe and happy without them. I showed her her folly. She had done no wrong; why should she fly like a guilty creature? I begged her to bear this cross with patience — the end must be well. Her father-in-law was kind, never blaming her, for he knew Ralph's temper; he opened his heart and arms to her, and she found a home there. He is a sad and weary man.' He has none of those traits that ruined his son, but he has pride, and strong New England pride, of honor, truth and justice, and not more does he mourn his son than he bows his head in shame, and hides himself from the eyes that witnessed his family disgrace. As for me, Doctor, this trial has tied my hands for life. I wander restless and unhappy, for I have spoiled the peace of two guileless and loving hearts, and yet I have never had a thought concerning them on which I could not ask the blessing of Heaven. I remember Rose as I last saw her, when she gave me her hand at parting.

'David,' said she, 'I am trying to have faith. He said once when we were happy that his mother's voice and the old abbey bells were the sweetest sounds he ever heard. I should like to die, darling Rose,

with your eyes like my lost mother's over me, and those chimas in my ears. Perhaps, David, it will be so. May I not hope?"

David Gray paused exhausted. Soon he said:

"Her hopes, I fear, are vain. Last fall there came news of a shipwreck off Hatteras, and a description of a Mordaunt which answered to him. But I have forgotten my vow and my resolve. When I left her, I promised to have no interest dearer than to right her; no care greater than to watch her life afar off, and shelter it if I could. I must go away and I want one who will pity us both, and send me tidings of her, and if her husband ever returns acquaint me immediately. You have more access to the homes here than any other. Will you accept the trust? Will you help me keep my vow?"

He stood now by my side—the noble heart I knew, the brave, denying, suffering man—his lips moved—I thought he prayed.

"David, I accept the trust. I will keep it, so help me God."

## II.

Such was David Gray's story. For a long time I kept these things and pondered them in my heart. I watched Rose as she sat in her place at church; there was no mistaking the anguish in her eyes, the hungry look of one who is famishing for love. I made excuses to call at the desolate house. The Judge was kind but cold, and the servants (old family attaches) were trained to secrecy. I think I did not tell you, Guy, that my brother William, the Pastor of St. Mary's, and I settled here at the same time. He gave up his dreams of distinction because he knew that ambition was his great sin, and he chose to lay the axe at the root of the tree. And surely God blest those pure efforts with an abundant harvest. He was just as truly a missionary as if he had chosen Africa for his field. The church of St. Mary's was truly an apostolic flock, and my noble brother a fatherly shepherd, caring for the stray lambs, and giving them the living manna in the wilderness. But there was one stray lamb over which his heart yearned with a pe-

ucliar pity. I had told him the story of Rose; it touched a chord in his own deepest heart, for God had widowed his affections before he had known a husband's love, and though his soul winced yet with the pain of memory, he acknowledged that the living widowhood of Rose was harder than his own.

One September Sunday he had preached earnestly of Christ's all-forgiving love. The spirit of the Master seemed to animate his whole being. He lifted his hands and said,

"Yes, poor sinner, God is patient because His name is Love. Thou forgivest much; and thinkest thou His love is ever weary?"

I looked at Rose, as she sat with her head bowed on the pew before her. Deep sobs shook her frame; she seemed unconscious of any but herself and God. The congregation filed out; soon the church was deserted. My brother gently touched her. She looked up with a whole life of love in her face, not earthly love, but an expression which said, "I have seen the Lord." Her eyes were deep like as we think the eyes of those angels must be who gaze upon the mystery of eternal forgiveness and peace.

"My poor sister," said William, "God help you!"

"He has! he has! O, Mr. Greaves, ask the prayers of this church for a weak soul that it may make itself a temple for the indwelling God."

After that my brother saw her often. He had the European notion concerning churches, that they should be open at all times for the tempted spirit's resting-place, where it could enter in and pray. Often and often he came from his study to kneel with her before the altar of their common Father. This woman was no strong saint, fit for heroic self-denial, but a little weak child that cried and moaned in her desertion for some love, any love, that would warm her chill heart, and let her hope and trust once more. On my brother she leaned with an absolute faith. He was so great and so good, the chosen of God; besides, had he not given her the Saviour she loved? But I think no thought of earthly love for him ever entered her



heart. She often told him of her Ralph, and though the hope of his return had died out in these weary years, she passed, with the divine unselfishness of woman, from her wasted youth and bitter desertion, to the hope of meeting him penitent in the world to come.

Not so unselfishly burned the fire of love in my brother's soul. He loved this saintly penitent with all the fervor of his youthful days. He grew angry with the husband that could doubt so pure a heart. He longed to fold his arms about her and say, 'Rest; here is a refuge.'

Let no one blame my brother. His desolate heart had found a dove to cherish. He conceived that a man who could wickedly ruin the peace of his angel wife, and make her a by-word for a spiteful world, by his own jealous rage, had no right to such a treasure; besides, was he not dead, in all human probability? Could he not make her forget the awful Past, and give her one gleam of sunlight before she entered that city whose sun is the Lord God? For Ralph Mordaunt he had the forgiveness he always extended to the sinner, but he had betrayed his trust; God might forgive him but he must never be trusted with Rose again; he never should be if he could help it. He had not hesitated to say all these things to Rose, trusting that time would overcome the lingering fear and self-distrust of her nature, and that a love so pure and honest as his must at last win her from the remembrance of a fickle and cruel husband. At first Rose, long unaccustomed to the voice of loving care, felt how sweet it would be to tear away this stained and rent garment of sorrow, and let him put the white robe of his love upon her; then she remembered the words of Ralph, "I should like to die with your eyes like my lost mother's over me, and those chimes in my ears."

"I will be faithful to him on earth," she said, "as Christ is in Heaven."

It was the celebration of the Eucharist, and old and young met about the Lord's table.

William's soul was strongly moved as he spoke of the equal penny bestowed on the first and last comer. A more than mortal power clothed his words. His no-

ble face beamed with the love of his soul, as a lamp illumines a vase of alabaster. Rose put her finger to her lip as if to hush her breathing, as he said,

"Fear not, little flock—we call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins. Is there any soul here that has a friend going down into the horrors of sin? Let him love. Christ loves. Pity, pray, labor. Let your prayers enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and not the universe shall be able to withstand when your petitions shall prevail."

Rose raised her eyes from the rapt contemplation of his face, to the cross above the altar, and I knew by her tears that she was not admiring William Greaves, but pitying, praying for and loving with the whole force of her nature that erring and forgiven husband. She lingered till all had departed, and then going straight to my brother, said,

"God bless you for that sermon. It showed me the face of the Christ. Now I am at peace."

"And you will be happy, dear Rose, you will let me make you so?"

"Nay, have you not been telling me my duty to-day? Shall I be forgiven and refuse to forgive my husband his little debt? I tell you it is my sacrament—this love—I will carry it to the feet of the Master, and say, Father, I have loved much, forgive as Thou saidst."

"It is divine!" murmured William. "But, Rose," said he, taking her hand, "this man has left you; you will not see him until that heavenly time be come. You can forgive him; but will you live alone? Has he not deserted you?"

A crimson flush of shame stole over her face. This man for whom she was willing to give her soul, cared so little for her that he had flung her aside like an old toy. And the world knew it; this man knew it. She was not strong to bear,—why had God taken away her happiness? The wife's impulse quickened her. They should never know she blamed him.

"William Greaves, take away your hand. It is his; nobody shall judge him but God—" and then, before they were aware, she cast herself before the altar—"And now, O, Father, hear me! I prom-

ise to sacrifice myself for him! to carry my love to Thee, and never cease praying till Thou hast heard and pardoned." The evening chimes broke upon the air as she finished. She looked up solemnly.

"It is His ratification," she said, and my brother with a bleeding heart said,—  
"Amen."

That night I was summoned to the Judge's. The long deferred hope was fulfilled: but how? The wanderer had indeed returned; but it was a dying penitent, not a living love. As I entered the room, the so lately devoted wife, called upon thus suddenly to fulfil her vow, sat with her tears falling fast upon his pillow. She knew there was no hope, but she gloried the more in her defence of him. He was dearer, sweeter, because he needed her so much. The next night he died. David Grey was there and myself, but he saw no one but Rose. My brother entering, repeated the salutation used in the visitation for the sick, "Peace be to this house!"

"Who was it spoke of peace, Rose? Yes, it is peace. Tell me once more I am forgiven. It is true if Rose says so! She is truth itself. Will the light come, dearest, even to me? Kiss me now, for I am going fast. Do they kiss in heaven? I should like my mother to bless my Rose's kiss of forgiveness with her angel lips. Hark!"

The bells of St. Mary's chimed out that grand old hymn, "The day is past and gone."

"It is the abbey chimes, dear Rose. Did God know I needed them to make me sure?"

Rose laid down the dust of a penitent believer.

Since that time, Guy, the old place has been as you see. The Judge would never live in it after the loss of his son, whom he loved in equal proportion to the pain and anxiety he caused him. They went to an eastern seaport, and for three years I have lost sight of them. I would give much to know her after life.

We walked softly home, Guy, Fabyan and I, and when I thought to hear him thank me for showing him worse trials than his own, he simply said,

"And William?"

"He is here yet, in the service of God, and I think he is content."

It was about two years after that, I received a thick letter from Guy, which gave me all I could wish of the after history of Rose Mordaunt. The chances of war had thrown him into one of those crowded hospitals which bore evidences of the last most dreadful battle before Richmond. Among other items, he says,—  
"You remember the story of the Mordaunts you told me? Last night I witnessed one of the most sublime evidences of woman's love and faithfulness—Rose Mordaunt died in hospital at daybreak. She told me she had been a nurse since the beginning of the war. She literally gave her life for others, choosing, since she could not love again, to follow the footsteps of Christ. I have never seen faith so strong, or endurance in one so little heroic naturally. But she has her reward. In her long delirium I learnt all her inner heart-life. I tell you, doctor, I stood ashamed in the presence of that saint-like goodness, as a man starts back from his ideal when he sees it embodied. It was Sunday, at sunrise, and the bells were striking the hours, but she did not mistake it like her husband for the abbey bells. Her face lighted with impatient hope. 'They are ringing for the day's dawn, and for mine. Ralph, wait for me, I am ready.' And then came the end for us, the beginning for her. 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.'"

•••••  
A bigot is a person "unreasonably wedded" or "blindly attached" to some religious creed; one who, hugging his peculiar faith as absolutely true, and, of course, rejecting all opposed to it as absolutely false, sees no occasion to open his mind to reasoning; but, impervious to logic, and blind to facts, his mind is a barren rock to the seed of any better theology.—*Footprints Heavenward.*

We have a moral authentication of God in our own souls, answering to the image that comes to us in Jesus Christ.  
—*Living Words.*

## THE IDLE WORD.

By D. C.

'Twas but a word that idly sprung,  
And found an utterance from his tongue,  
Which from the depths of Ellie's heart  
Bade grief's hot tears profusely start.

He had not dreamed so light a thing,

A word, a sentence briefly spoken,

The soul he idolized could sting;

But now the fountain's calm was broken,

He saw that idly uttered word!

Before her on the turf he knelt,

Her hand his breath's soft murmuring felt,

As by his earnest love he swore

That he would never grieve her more.

She heard,—she saw him thus repent,

The worshipped of her early years,

And o'er him as she fondly bent,

Came gushing swift the balmy tears.

He partly rose and gently prest

The weeping maiden to his breast.

There, like a summer flower she lay,

Which droops beneath the burning ray,

Till evening winds with cooler wing,

Their dew drops for its faintness bring,

And to its fading cheek restore

The vermeil blush at morn it wore.

So Ellie, as with dear caress

He bowed, her parted lips to press,

Grew strong beneath the love-lit smile

That played upon his own the while,

And gazing upward in his eye

She saw repentance' soft reply;

And he, in her young bosom's swell

Saw love's sweet pardon mirrored well,

And felt in that short hour of heaven

His idly uttered word forgiven.

—♦♦♦—

There is a Mahomedan legend of a child at play among the flowers, when two white-robed angels came, and over the child threw the chains of sleep. While confined in that deep slumber, they opened his breast, drew forth his heart, pressed from it drops of dark blood, and filled the place with holy faith.

'Tis thus the angels of Peace and Rest take from the soul that bows itself in humble, earnest prayer, all that oppresses, frees it from the toils and controls of the passions, and, substituting a holy calm, a peaceful quiet, a happiness of which none may speak, surmounts it with Virtue's crown.

## LITTLE CHARLIE AND THE DEACON.

ILLUSTRATING THE POWER OF GOD'S LOVE.

By Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

(Concluded.)

By this time poor Will was trembling all over like an aspen-leaf, and sobbing as if his heart would break. He had never thought before that his tempting Tom had brought any more fearful consequences than the loss of his life. Now this terrible affliction was added to his already over-full cup. All that old wicked hatred of God came back to his heart. He knew that Tom had not been a very bad boy, and if God had, as Deacon Tripp said, sent him to hell forever, it must drive away the little glimmerings of love which he began to feel in his heart for Him. He cried out in his extreme pain,

"I can't, I won't hear you talk any more. You are worse than God, for He did give me a little sweet sleep, while you are not willing that I should rest at all."

"What awful blasphemy," said the Deacon, and going toward the bed, he added,

"O, wretched boy, I am afraid that the pains of hell have got hold upon you already."

Will turned his face again toward the wall, and tried not to hear what the Deacon was saying, but he proceeded in a loud tone of voice to "exhort, reprove and rebuke" until the poor boy was almost frantic in his wild excitement.

As soon as the day dawned his mother came into the room, and found him in this miserable condition. She was much grieved, and entreated them to leave the poor little sufferer and let him rest.

He sat upright in the bed, with his wild eyes glaring on her face, and said,

"Let them do their worst now; I shall never sleep any more."

The Deacon rose with an air of indignation and said to her,

"Woman, if you never saw a child of the devil with his father's impress marked upon his every feature, look upon him now. I leave you both to your miserable fate, since you are wicked enough to interfere when your child is just getting on the road to salvation."

Saying this, he walked haughtily from the room.

The Quaker, who had until this time stood silently by, almost petrified with astonishment at the violence of the Deacon, came forward and asked if he could be of any service now.

The poor mother was so much agitated with thought about her child that she made no answer, and so he quietly withdrew, leaving her alone to try and undo the mischief which that reckless man had done.

She soothed and caressed him, and strove by every means in her power to restore him to quiet again. She had been a member of Mr. B.'s church for a great many years; believed the doctrine of endless misery, and had a terrible fear of the future for persons who were yet unconverted; yet much as she believed in the "necessity of getting religion," her heart was moved with indignation at the rudeness which had been used on this occasion.

Will was very much worse. The excitement brought on one of his severe coughing spells, and he raised considerable blood, a symptom which with all this dangerous sickness, he had not had before.

When this was over, he sank with exhaustion and seemed for a long time entirely unconscious of what was passing around him. He was not asleep, he would start up and cry out at every sound or motion, but he did not seem to know any one, or give attention to anything that was said to him. When the neighbors came in, they thought that he was dying, and the doctor was immediately sent for. When he came into the room, he looked at the sick boy carefully, then he shook his head in a solemn way, as much as to say that he thought the case was a very doubtful one. He left a little medicine, but said rest would do more for him than anything else. He sent everybody out of the room but the nurse, and told his mother that no one, not even herself, ought to set foot into the sick-room that day. Will might yet live if these precautions were taken, without them he would surely die. She promised faithfully that his directions should be followed, and he left.

She had hardly closed the door behind him, when a loud ring of the door-bell called her back again into the hall. With a trembling hand she unlocked again the fastenings, for her heart told her too truly whence this rude summons came.

She opened the door and, as she expected, was greeted by her minister.

"I have come," he said, "to inquire into the condition of that dying boy's precious soul."

The poor mother trembled all over from head to foot, so that she could hardly stand. With a low, trembling voice she said,

"Come in, sir. I am glad to see you."

He entered the hall, laid down his hat, and waited to be conducted to the sick room. As soon as she had closed the door, she asked, half hesitatingly,

"Wont you please to walk into the parlor?"

He followed her silently, and when there, stood uncomfortably looking at her, as much as to say,

"What will you have next?"

For some minutes, there was stillness, she not daring to speak, and he seemingly determined that she should be the first to introduce the subject. At length getting tired of waiting for her, he said,

"If you have nothing more to communicate, I will go to the sick room, if you please."

She burst into tears and said,

"O, sir, if you will only wait until to-morrow! He is so weak to-day, the doctor says no one must go into his room. Wouldn't it be as well if you were to pray for him here?"

"Woman, do you know, do you know what you ask? He may be dead to-morrow; the delay was insane yesterday, it would be worse than criminal to-day. What do you think my prayer will avail unless the boy can himself be brought to the knowledge of his awful condition?"

"Forgive me, I thought, I thought there was efficacy in prayer. Don't the Bible say 'the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much'?"

"Certainly it does, but this is only on certain conditions. In this case it will do no good. I *must* see that boy."

The mother still pleaded : " O, sir, he could not understand a word you would say to him to-day ; he is entirely unconscious."

" Can't you realize that this stupor is a symbol that the Evil One has already laid his hands heavily upon him ? I tell you, woman, we must rouse him before it is forever too late."

She gave a convulsive sob, and sinking back into a chair covered her face with her hands.

Without waiting for another word, the minister left the room and walked straight to the sick chamber.

When he opened the door, the nurse rose, very much surprised to see a visitor. The room was darkened, and at first she did not recognize him. She came forward to meet him and as soon as she saw who it was, she thought what he had come for ; she knew that it was her duty to forbid one word being spoken, but she was a timid woman, a member of Mr. B.'s church, and stood in great awe of her minister, so without a word she gave him her chair by the sick bed, and stood still, waiting for him to do with the patient as he would.

Will had been lying for an hour perfectly still with his head nearly buried in the bed-clothes. He did not stir, or seem in any way to be conscious of the coming of another person into the room. The minister gently drew the bed covering down from his head, and turned his face over so that he could see him ; but still Will didn't open his eyes or stir.

" William, do you know me ?" asked the minister.

No answer came, not even a trembling of the eyelids. He breathed so softly that they could see no motion and hear no sound, and the minister put his ear down close to his mouth, to see if he were really still living. He could just perceive a little gentle, fluttering breath, but it was so faint that he thought every one would be the last. He turned to the nurse and said,

" Whatever we do we must do quickly. Can't you rouse the boy so that I can say a few words to him ?"

" I will try," she said, meekly, and then followed a series of calls and gentle

shakes, while the minister was interspersing such questions as these :

" You are dying. Aint you afraid to meet God ? Don't you want to go to heaven ? Can't you pray ? Don't you want me to pray for you ?"

No answer could be forced from the poor, unconscious boy. He lay before them looking so frail and helpless that it at length moved them to pity, and the minister said,

" As a last alternative, let us pray."

So the mother, who had by this time come into the room, the minister and the nurse, all kneeled down by the bedside, and the minister prayed full half an' hour, telling the Lord all the circumstances about poor Will, and his condition, and also all the past history of the family as far back as he could remember. Confessing all of their sins for them, and stating all the facts connected with the wicked lives of the dead members of the family as well as of the living. He forgot, poor man ! that God knew all these things, and a great many more, both of good and bad, about these persons, before he began to tell him in prayer. He prayed for Will with great, struggling entreaties that God would save his soul from hell, not knowing that God was a great deal better than he, and that He had forgiven the poor little sufferer for his wrong doing, and was willing to give him rest and peace. When he was through with his prayer, he asked Will again if he didn't want to go to Heaven.

The word *heaven* seemed to reach the sick boy's ear, and though he got no meaning of the way it was used, it stirred in his mind a pleasant memory of the night before. He smiled, and said faintly,

" Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

" O, glory ! glory !" the minister cried, " he has seen the light at last. Didn't I tell you ' the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much ' ?"

They tried to rouse him still farther, but to no purpose. God had sent his holy angels to watch over him, and they could not thwart his purpose of " giving his beloved sleep." So the minister left, and

all that day Will lay still, without sound or motion. At night the doctor came to see him again. He told the watchers that they must be very quiet and not rouse him unless he himself asked for something. Charlie's mother was going to stay with him that night, and when they were talking about sending for some other person to watch with her, Charlie begged that he might be permitted to stay. He had never been up all night, without any sleep, but he seemed so anxious to try it, that they at length consented.

About twelve o'clock Will seemed to be so comfortable that Charlie persuaded his mother to lie down and rest herself on the sofa. She was very tired and as the room was so still, she soon fell asleep, not, however, until she had cautioned Charlie to wake her if Will stirred. She had been asleep but a few minutes when Charlie, feeling very lonely there in the dead of night, with no one awake in the house but himself, began thinking about Will and what Deacon Tripp had said to him the night before. He was a boy who had read the Bible a great deal, and he felt so thankful that he had learned better things in it about God and salvation than Deacon Tripp seemed to have found. He loved to read the Bible and he thought it would be pleasant company for him now that he was so alone, so he took from his pocket a New Testament, which he always carried with him, and began to read. He had but just opened it when he thought he heard a sound at the sick-bed. He went immediately to see if Will was awake, and sure enough, he found him lying with his eyes wide open. As soon as Will saw him, he said in a feeble voice,

"Is that you, Charlie? How glad I am to see you."

"Do you want anything, Will? I will call mother."

"O, no, don't call anybody. Are we alone?"

"Yes, there is no one awake in the house but you and I."

"Don't you think God is here?"

"O, yes; he is everywhere. He never sleeps."

"I remember you told me so once be-

fore, but I did not know it then as I do now. Charlie, *you* don't believe God hates me, do you?"

"No, Will, of course I don't. It says in the Bible that he is good to *all* and his tender mercies are over *all* his works."

"How pleasant that sounds. I knew that last night, and I prayed to him that his will might be done on earth as it is done in Heaven, and he promised me that it should be, and I rested so sweetly, but O, Charlie, it seems so long to me since then, and such dreadful things have happened. You don't suppose God has forgotten his promise, do you? it was so long ago."

"No; time is nothing with God. With him 'a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day,' so you see it doesn't seem very long to him since last night; and then it says in the Bible that God cannot lie."

"Charlie, don't leave me, but I want to rest and think a few minutes."

It was all very still in the room for a little while, and then Will shuddered all over and said,

"O, Charlie, do you believe God has sent Tom Marshall to hell?"

"No. Why do you think so?"

"Deacon Tripp said so; and O, such a dreadful picture! I never can be happy if that is true," and he began to sob.

"Will, don't, don't cry so. It says in the Bible that 'we have all one Father,' and that 'Christ is the Saviour of the world.' Now you don't think a father would make a child on purpose to torment it forever, or that Christ who is the Saviour of the whole world, will fail to save Tom? I guess you needn't trouble. I don't believe God ever made so bad a hell as Deacon Tripp made for you yesterday. Why, Will, he is a 'God of love,' and the Bible says he 'will not cast off forever,' that 'he is not willing that any should perish, but that we should come to repentance.'"

"How pleasant that sounds. Tell me more. I love God now. Do you think he will forgive me all the wrong I have done? You know I have been a bad boy."

"Yes, 'if we confess our sins, he is

faithful and just to forgive us our sins.' That is what the good Book says about it, and we can surely believe that. Pray to him to forgive you, and though 'your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

"O, how sweet these words are to me. I don't see how anybody can love Deacon Tripp or Minister B., when they tell such awful stories about God."

"But we must love them, Will. I know the Deacon did very wrong to treat you so when you are so sick, but we must forgive them or we can never get any good from saying that prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' You know Christ says, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.'"

"Oh, yes, I remember, but it is hard to forgive."

"Not very. Christ, you remember, forgave his enemies, even when they killed him on the cross. If we would be Christ-like we must get our hearts so they will forgive easily."

"Yes, I know it. I will try. Let us be still, now, Charlie, and pray a little while."

So the boys took hold of hands, and Charlie kneeled down by the bed, and it was very still in the room for a long time. Then Will said,

"I have got through, now; and oh, I am so happy! I wish everybody was as happy as I am. I think I can sleep now without having those dreadful dreams. Give me a little water, and then let me sleep."

The sun had risen, and all were up in the house before "Will" woke again. His mother was sitting by his bedside with a less care-worn face than she had worn for a long time. The doctor had been there and said Will was better, and it made her heart very glad. It was New Year's morning, and she was thinking what a New Year's joy God was giving her in the life of this dear child, when he opened his eyes. As soon as he saw her, he said,

"Mother, dear mother; I am so hap-

py, I have forgiven everybody, and God has forgiven me."

"I am very, very happy, too, my child; the doctor says you are better."

"I am better, mother. I mean a better boy. Will you forgive me all the wrong I have done you?"

Only tears could answer this question, but as the little sick boy looked up into her loving eyes, he felt that yet another new joy had been added, and he was forgiven of his mother as well as of his God.

There was a long stillness, and then Will opened his eyes again and said,

"What day is it, mother?"

"New Year's day, my child."

"Then, mother," he said, "God has given me a beautiful New Year's present of a new and happy, happy heart."

"And what have you given him, my son?"

"All that I am, or ever hope to be, is his, and shall be forever and forever. I have a great many other things to tell you, but I am too weak now to say any more."

"I can wait, my child, until you are stronger. I hope God will make you well before long, and then we shall have many things to say to each other."

"I may never be well again in this world, I think I shall not, but it would not make any difference whether I live in this world or another. I can be God's boy there as well as here."

Tears dropped from his mother's eyes, for she felt the truth of what he said. She knew that he was God's boy, and she dared not rebel if he should call him home.

From this New Year's day Will was better. He got so that he could sit up and walk around his room, but his cough never left him. As the spring drew near, his cough seemed so grow worse, and he suffered very distressing pain from it. Yet he was always patient and happy. He was able to read much of the time. His Bible was what he almost always wanted. He read aloud a great deal to his mother, and they talked together of the glorious truths and precious promises which they found in this "Book

of books," and before long his mother believed and became as happy as he was. When he was tired of reading, Charlie was always ready to take the book, and this was very pleasant to Will, as he said Charlie knew just where to find the passages that were best for him to rest on.

Very little was said about Will's dying, and yet they all felt that the time was very near at hand when he should go home to "the beautiful world."

One fine spring morning, Charlie and Will were alone together in the same little sick room where they had spent so many happy hours; Will said,

"Charlie, please open the window, I want to hear God's birds sing once more."

Charlie did as he was asked, but sat down when it was done, and said nothing, as those last words, of Will's were making his heart a little sad. He was wondering whether they should never hear the birds again together, when Will broke the stillness by saying,

"How I wish everybody loved God as much as the birds do. Wouldn't it be a beautiful world if every one sang his praise as sweetly as they?"

Charlie said "yes," and was still lost in his own thoughts, when Will broke the silence again.

"Charlie," he said, "listen to me: I have been wanting to tell you for a great while, what I must say now. I am going home where the angels of God in heaven will all sing sweeter than these little bird-angels do. I should have been glad could I have lived longer on this earth, that I might have helped the children of God here to know him better and love him more. I might have lived longer if I had always been an obedient child of his. Do you remember how I once doubted that promise "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee?" I don't doubt it now. But since I have sinned, I must willingly take the punishment, and die in the beginning of my earthly life. What I want you, Charlie, to promise me, is, that you will spend your whole life, in trying to make men love God better, and never

give over working for this, until all the world shall love God as much as we do, and sing his praises as sweetly as the birds do this spring morning. You taught me how to love God, and you may make many more as happy as I am."

"I promise you, Will, only that I had long ago promised myself. I cannot covet the whole world, but as long as my life is spared, I will be a follower of Christ, and an humble minister of his."

"Thank you, Charlie. I shall die happier now, thinking that I have left somebody behind me who will try to do a part of the work which I have failed to do, as well as living his own life nobly and well."

Charlie was still, but he felt his own heart swell almost to bursting, with the burden of these two lives upon him alone. How he prayed to God to help him be strong and faithful!

Then Will said, "One thing more I must ask of you, for I have no one else of whom to ask this favor."

"What is it? I will do anything for you that I can."

"It is the same thing that Christ did in his last moments on the cross. You remember how he commended his mother to the care of his beloved disciple John. *My mother, I try to trust in God for her;*" here his voice grew very faint and husky; "I try, but she will be *very* lonely when I am gone."

Charlie interrupted him, and said, "I will be a son and protector to her as long as I live."

"Then I shall die happy. My last wish is fulfilled. The dark valley does not look gloomy to me, I know Christ is waiting for me there. I think I am going now. Call my mother." Charlie made no delay in obeying this request. He looked upon the face of his companion, and saw that a strange change was coming over it. It had been a sweet, placid face ever since the belief came to him that God loved him; but now, a rare, new beauty was gathering round it. The gates of the golden city were standing ajar for him, and the light of heaven had stolen through, and irradiated his countenance with a divine halo.



"Good bye, mother," he said, when she came and stood by his bedside; "I am going now." The mother's heart was full to bursting, she only answered with her sobs.

"Don't weep for me, mother; 'tis well that I am going. I wasn't strong enough to resist the temptations of a world like this, so God has sent his angels to lead me to easier paths."

There was silence in the room, for every heart was subdued in the presence of the great conqueror, Death. Neighbors and friends came, and took their places by the bedside, but with a gentle footstep and a subdued breath. The invalid breathed more and more softly, until at last the fluttering pulses seemed to stop. There was a moment of silence, the words, "He is gone," trembled on his mother's lips. But no! The poisoning spirit seemed to re-enter, for a moment, the perishing body, as if, having been once free, and face to face with eternal verities, it had returned to bring us a certain message from the world of light. His eyes opened with a light of joy, never to be forgotten by those who saw it. His lips moved. He faintly, yet clearly articulated these words: "*God loves us all.*"

## PRAYER.

By Nelleh Nemo.

Oh! the beauty, the holiness, the purity of the good man's prayer! If there is ever a moment, when, snatched from the influences that surround us, we recognize and realize the Deity in whose image we are formed, it is when listening to the pourings of a sincere heart in fervent prayer! If there is something so elevating, so ennobling in the very sound as uttered by others when our own souls hold communion with their Maker through the medium of prayer, then it is we taste the bliss, the ecstasy upon which we are so soon to feast. There is not a joy, a blessing, so pure, so unalloyed with things earthly as the privilege our Father grants us to pour out our souls in prayer.

In all seasons, at all ages, in all climes, God is present to the soul that humbly

seeks to bind itself to him by the consecrating links of sincere prayer. Every supplication, uttered or unexpressed, which comes from an humble heart is a link in the chain extending from the foot of the great Auditor's throne, and connecting the supplicating heart to itself; every pure thought and useful action, connecting it more closely, until it sometimes forms a band so perfect, there seems to course adown its side electric currents of light, emanating from its farther extremity. There is no one, at least I would believe there is no one, who has ever in all his life time, however little of it has passed, put earthly thought away, and with pure feelings and outgushing gratitude has said—"I thank thee that I live." What though no bended knee or moving lip tells to the looker-on the story of the soul's communion—is it any the less audible to the ear to which it is addressed? No; the child's exclamation of delight, as it revels in the unfolding beauties it so wonderingly admires, is an incense which loses none of its beauty, or its perfume, in its ascent to the seat of Him at whose feet it was offered—No; heaven is not so far away.

The youth, who, removed from the shelter of home, launches out into the restless, heaving world, and becomes one of the strugglers there, how often in the exciting whirl is he checked by the faithful voice of Memory, and he regretfully wishes that with all his newly acquired manliness, he had not so soon forgotten the fond, parting injunction of her, whose life seemed to him one long and beautiful prayer, to go, at morning, at noon, at even, and with upturned eye, and lifted soul, to His throne, and leave its dull weight there.

The manly heart, perhaps seared over by the strife in which it has borne so active a part, its finer points blunted and smoothed by too frequent contact with rougher natures, is a heart still, and deep in its lowest recesses, farthest removed from harm, is a picture of a mother and a little child at prayer. The supplication lisped by that infant tongue, rings through the memory of the man of business, perhaps when leaning over the ledger, per-

haps when beneath God's holy stars, he lessens with impatient tread, the distance between the wearying counting-house, and the cheerful fireside.

To the aged, to whose sight, as earthly objects grow dim, visions of the glories so fast approaching, come clearer and nearer, what a blessing and privilege it is to hold converse with Him in whose presence he is so soon to stand.

The criminal, whose soul is steeped in sin—whose very breath is pollution, is still God's child. Away down in the blackest heart is a fountain whose waters gush in purity, and undefiled amid so much that is foul and contaminating. Those waters sprang up under the magic rod of a mother's love, which prompted her to speak of holy things to her child, and teach him to clasp Jehovah's feet and pray—pray for those who hated, if any such there were,—intercede for those who despised, who should sneeringly brand him "felon," or in their self-righteousness should curse him as a foul stain upon *his Father's* creation. Never will the gurgling of that pure rill, watched and guarded by the angel of prayer, fail to make itself audible at each cessation of the din of life's battle; though sometimes drowned by the noise and confusion of its wildest scenes it will ever haunt the soul like a half-forgotten melody. And the day will yet come to that sin-weary heart, when every such season shall be a pleasant place where Memory will love to linger, and will stand out from the surrounding darkness, like a star at the hour of midnight.

There is no set time or form for prayer. In the rosy dawn of morning, with Nature's hymn, how harmoniously does it blend in the joyous raptures that cannot be spoken. At noon-tide, in the bustle of mid-day, the silent breathing of an humble prayer will rise above the city's strife.

"For if 'tis e're denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing,  
The spirit raised above,  
Will reach His throne of glory,  
Where dwells eternal love."

In the evening's quiet hour of sadness, how does it mingle with the weary earth's grateful sigh as she sinks to repose, while every sound of day is hushed, and night broodeth over all.

In the midnight hour, in that season of painful thought, is some heart taught to look to God with an offering of pure, unselfish prayer, with what a solemn joy do angels bear it heavenward, and with what a wealth of peace and strength is it repaid. Never, never, do such prayers pass unheeded, come they from the seared and calloused heart of the sinner, or the philanthropic spirit of the Christian; for the ear that is ever open and the eye that never sleepeth, keep their watch together in the night.

There are no forms to prayer. A murmur that passes not the lips,—a thought born in the heart's innermost recesses, and dying only with its last pulsation, as quickly ascends to the great Source of our being, as the long exhortation or the intercessions of the secret closet. From the crowded hall of revelry, from the quiet cottage of peace, thanks that will not be checked may alike be acceptable to the great Recipient. But the heart that finds its fondest and purest enjoyment in the communion of the closet,—that can find relief only in the spirit conversing with its Maker,—such a heart is very near to heaven.

How naturally at all times does prayer issue from the heart! In the hour of danger, of peril, when human efforts avail us nothing, how involuntarily does the "Lord, help us! we perish," rush to the lip. In the hour of mirth, when joy dances through every vein, how does the feeling, "Father I thank thee," find utterance in the deep enjoyments of the hour! When sorrow lays its icy fingers upon the care-seamed brow, and hangs its dull weight upon the spirits; when adversity breathes its blighting vapor around us, how does arbitrary Decision rise up and bid them all depart, while pleading Resignation breathes the struggling prayer, "Thy will, not mine, O, Father!" What else can bid the troubled waves "be still," or bring such peace to the anguished heart?

## Editor's Table.

"THE privilege," says a certain author, "of talking and even publishing nonsense, is necessary in a free State; but the more sparingly we make use of it the better." Invaluable is this privilege to editor and writer generally, why then, throw cold water on the delicious *dolce far niente* one falls into at its bare contemplation, by the vicious closing member of the sentence? It is like setting a box of *bon-bons* before a child with the proviso that he must not eat them. There are certain conditions of the mind when thought is impossible, when it is in vain to establish a goal and say, "I will travel towards that; I will reach that." Mental quicksands are sometimes beneath our feet, and our progress is like that of the frog in the fable, laboring to reach the top of the well; or, oftener still, we are like those mendicants, whom travellers are said to meet in the desert, with their faces always turned towards Mecca, but who never reach the shrine of the Prophet. At such a crisis, when writing is a necessity, how soothing to be allowed to perpetrate easy and thoughtless nonsense. If one only could rid oneself of the disagreeable memory of the remark made by a certain writer, that he "had always observed that your easy writing made intolerably hard reading," this style of labor would be a miniature paradise. It is so pleasant to lay one's self out in absurdity, and hold up one's fancies to the wind like the sails of a windmill, and allow them to drift whither the fickle element bears them. An English critic, speaking of Coleridge, represents him as always starting out his conclusions in advance of his premises, while he himself now plods now dances on between the two, somewhat like a man travelling a long, tiresome road between two stage-coaches, the one of which has gone out of sight before, and the other never comes up with him; while he runs now after one, now towards the other, but never long enough to master either, or sits quietly down where he is, draws a metaphysical bandage over his eyes, takes his naps and talks in his sleep—not very wisely! How would the great English metaphysician rise majestically out of his grave, and launch the gentle thunder-

bolts of his sublime Vanity at the audacious critic, could he hear him!

The style attributed to Coleridge has been, and is still, very popular among a certain class of writers in this country whose thoughts and fancies are like brilliant bubbles, that glitter and burst, and before you catch the rainbow hues mirrored upon them they are vanished, and you rub your eyes and wonder what it was all about, and if you really are in a land of shadows, so shadowy and intangible is all that you have been trying to grasp.

As I write this, something tangible is laid before me—something fearful and threatening. It is an account of the ferocious doings of the mob in the city of my affection, New York. Ah! here is a reality! Here is something to rouse and stir and startle into terror! And yet surely the end is plain. These people will be put down with the strong hand and the iron heel. These people whose native country is at this very day being fed by the kind charities of this land, which they, the ingrates! are doing their best to destroy, will find their level when they have reached the length of their tether. For long as they have been allowed to create our rulers and govern our cities, we Americans being too indolent and too fastidious to outvote them, as might in all cases be done, they have probably now nearly reached a point where their progress will be met by barricades and impassable obstacles. Our order-loving citizens will quit their coinage of gold, and betake themselves to the task of weaving plans for a better state of political things. How this is to be who knows, any more than we knew two years ago how the Dragon of the South was to be put to death, and the deadly sin of slavery ended? But a way has been found for that and a way will be found to stay the turbulent waves of foreign and infamous rule that have been so long and steadily encroaching upon us. There are a thousand things that we do not understand, a thousand things that are unknown. A poet has put the matter in a charming way. He asks:

How do the rivulets find their way?  
How the flowers know the day,  
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,  
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech;  
I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from the danger hide,  
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride;  
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all who is eyes for the mole;  
All motion goes to the rightful goal,  
O God! I can trust for the human soul.

A correspondent of an influential daily, lately a prisoner among the rebels, amusingly describes his breakfasts and sometimes his dinners and suppers while on a march towards his prison at Richmond, which he had, however, the tact and adroitness to elude by making his escape before reaching it. "I had," said he, "water and Faith for breakfast, and Faith again for supper with a little more water." Not so bad fare, after all — for Faith was a stimulant to the exertions that finally set him free. A great deal better than bread without faith, when the diet is not too long continued.

The most cheering promises for the future begin to be heard in the thunders of Gettysburg, of Vicksburg, of Port Hudson, and the fresh onslaught upon Charleston; but far more in the Emancipation proclaimed by our somewhat slow but right-hearted President. We are not yet through the deep waters, but the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night move before us, and we shall reach the goal if we only but be true to ourselves. And we shall be true at last. The fearful insurrections in Northern cities are signals of distress thrown out by the sympathizers with the rebellion, and presursors of its death-throes. The Right will arise in its majesty, and conquer; and the "seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." We have had the prophecies of the great and good, that we shall come out of this furnace alive, and if not without the "smell of fire on our garments," at least purified from our great stains, and through them even of old.

A little before her death, Mrs. Browning wrote thus to an American friend who had reminded her how swiftly her prophecies, uttered in her "Curse for a Nation," had been fulfilled. "Never say," she writes, "that I have 'cursed' your country. I only declared the consequence of the evil in her, and which has since developed itself in thunder and flames. I feel, with more pain than many Americans do, the sorrow of this transition time; but I do know that it is transition, that it is crisis, and that you will come out of the fire purified, stainless, having

had the angel of a great cause walking with you in the furnace."

How sacred is this prophecy, and who among the truly loyal doubts that it will be fulfilled? Who among the loyal doubts that when the fire has purified us as we need purifying, that we shall come out of the furnace stainless, and strong as Titans to uphold the altar of Liberty, on whose towering summit Freedom's fires, enkindled for all, shall burn unquenched forever.

But to this great and there is a great work to be done; and women should urge it on. Each one of us must be not only willing, but anxious, to give up our nearest and dearest that thereby our country may be spared the ruin and shame of what seems now almost impossible, defeat or compromise with the Fiend whose works are black with villainy and death!

The prophecy of Mrs. Barrett Browning has recalled another far humbler in origin, a part of which has been fulfilled. It was written many months before the attack on Fort Sumter, and of course long before any one really believed in the possibility of a war, and was an episode in a New Year's address prepared for a popular paper of a popular denomination. The address was accepted, but the episode regarded as too absurd to be listened to for a moment.

At this day, although several of its points have, curiously enough, been fulfilled, I am inclined to rank it among those numerous prophecies the result of an indigestion rather than an inspiration, and am sure it was wisely withheld from the public, for whatever little influence it might have had, would certainly have been unfavorable. Now it can have no unfavorable effect, for there is no one but will see that however its Southern side may become true, its Northern one is well nigh impossible. I give it to show how curiously the mind sometimes runs forward into the unseen and unknown, and not for its literary value.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream :  
Methought the kindling fires that sweep the  
land  
From North to South, from mountain unto main,  
Had wrought their work. Then many a  
brother's hand  
Was lifted against brother, and the chain  
That made the nation one was snapt in twain.  
No more a mighty people, with one heart,  
We stood as fues, divided, wide apart,  
And blew the flames of war, and whet the knife,  
And quashed on one another, till the strife  
Grew monstrous and infernal, and the sun  
Hid in the heavens from all the horrors done.  
And so by faction fanned, by passion led,  
Disunion grew and multiplied and spread.

Fair States, once dear twin-sisters, caught the flame,  
And, spurned asunder, mutual foes became,  
Till all the hapless land, from end to end,  
Had none so near as called each other friend.

And still I dreamed. Methought the sunny South,  
From Chesapeake's stained waters to the mouth  
Of Mississippi and the Mexic sea,  
Smoked with its death-piles; for the bond and free

Had met at last, but not as e'er before,  
The slave to wait outside his master's door,  
The master's word the fiat that could shake  
The bondman's soul, or bind him to the stake—  
They met as foes whose fierce and deadly game,  
How widely differing, still was but the same.  
The midnight rising and the stealthy blow,  
The raking guns, the stake-fire fierce and slow:  
Each coped with each with hotly mingling  
    creath,  
In that dread strife that knows no end but death.

And still I dreamed: The cotton fields were bare,  
The cane exhaled its sweetness on the air  
With none to gather. Trampled fields of corn  
Struggled to lift their tassels to the morn,  
But ripened for no garner. Brutal bands  
Still wandered lawless through the fields, their hands,

Sated with murder, gathering lazily,  
As need demanded, whatso met the eye,  
But stored not for tomorrow. Thriftless waste  
And idleness prevailed, till famine faced  
The servile conquerors, and intestine strife  
Wasted the remnants of a scanty life.

The dream went on. Amid the peopled North  
The factories stood untended, and sent forth  
No trim young girls by busy, merry scores,  
No well-clad men and striplings from their doors;

The dead flies lay along their window panes,  
Dusty and dim and streaked with slanting rains;  
The loom and shuttle both had ceased to play,  
The mule stood still, and on its bearers gray,  
The spindles rusted, even in the sun  
That streamed athwart them, for their work was done.

And through the fields and highways, here and there,  
With aimless feet and weary, vacant air,  
Came lean-faced laborers, with their patient wives,  
Whose hungry children, wandering by fives  
And sixes, idly ploughed the sifted dust,  
With tattered shoes, and whimpered for a crust.

The dream went on. Before me, pale and sad,  
A form went by, in snow-white vestments clad;  
On all around her soft eye seemed to dwell,  
In sad delight, as rose this wild farewell:  
"Farewell to thee, O, Land that gave me birth,  
O, Land the fairest on the girdled earth;  
Land where the outcast ever found a home;  
Land where the sore oppressed might freely come;  
Land where to breathe the air of Heaven was more  
Than wearing crowns upon another shore;

Land where the hero's and the patriot's blood,  
In long past years for noble purpose flowed,  
And won for thee a right to lift thy brow  
Above the nations that condemn thee now.  
For what art thou? Of spotless fame bereft,  
Caught in the meshes of thine own dark web,  
Rent and divided by accursed schism,  
Slavery and wrong, till scarce the holy chrism  
Of Christ's red cup could wash out half thy stain.

And make thee pure, as thou once wert, again.

Farewell! my name is an unmeaning word,  
Where once I stood a queen; my voice is heard  
No longer by the people who once shed  
Their blood to rear a temple o'er my head.  
Far distant lands, e'en old imperial Rome,  
Once more for me shall now prepare a home,  
Where I shall stand, a bright and single form,  
Strong, as once here, to break the mightiest storm.

Farewell! my star now sets in night for thee,  
To rise again beyond the pathless sea,  
Where many a land shall catch its ray divine,  
And, kindled by it, bravely rise and shine;  
While thou, in darkness sitting, men shall say,  
"Here once dwelt Freedom, but was spurn'd away."

The form departed on her Eastern flight,  
And left my heart to sorrow and to night;  
But still I followed to Italia's strand  
The banished Genius of my own dear land.  
I saw in rapture Garibaldi clasp  
Her angel-form, and King Immanuel grasp,  
In frank embrace and with no niggard pause,  
The hand of Freedom and her sacred cause.  
Then sudden stirrings shook the continent,  
And Russia's reefs sent up a shout that rent  
The listening skies, and echoing o'er the sea,  
Told the far nations that they, too, were free.  
Long-sleeping Poland caught the sound and woke

To sudden life, as on her ear it broke;  
While Hungary, with loud and wild huzzas,  
Sprang forth to battle with her Magyars!  
Then blazed the star along old Europe's sky,  
And Freedom's name was all the battle-cry  
That led the nations on to liberty.

The dream departed, and I woke to hear  
A nation's discord jarring on my ear.  
But ere I turned me from the star away,  
Methought I read this promise in the ray  
Of burning splendor streaming o'er the main,  
*Thy country's Genius shall return again!*"

A sermon is hardly in place in the Table, but here is a capital one, penned by an old English Divine, as eccentric as he was sociable. Pray read it.

"Be sober, grave, temperate."—TITUS 11: 9.

1. There are three companions with whom you should always be on good terms.

First—Your wife.

Second—Your stomach.

Third—Your conscience.

2. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces

*First*—Domestic misery.

*Second*—Premature death.

*Third*—Infidelity.

To make these points clear I refer you,

*First*—To the Newgate Calendar.

*Second*—To the hospitals, lunatic asylums, and work-houses.

*Third*—To the past experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered in mind, body, and estate.

Reader, *decide!* Which will you choose? TEMPERANCE, with happiness and long life, or INTemperANCE, with misery and premature death?"

As the time for popping corn will be here by and by, perhaps the younger readers of the Table may be pleased with the following cheering little Picture, which they, perhaps, often sit for themselves.

#### POPPED CORN.

One autumn night when the wind was high,  
And the rain fell in heavy plashes,  
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,  
A-popping corn in the ashes;  
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,  
Sat looking on just close to his knee.

The blast went howling round the house,  
As it to get in 'twas trying;  
It rattled the latch of the outer door,  
Then it seemed a baby, crying;  
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,  
And sputtered and hissed in the bright red flame.

Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,  
Came out of the embers flying;  
The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,  
And kept it busily plying.  
He stirred the corn and it snapped the more,  
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

Part of the kernels hopped out one way,  
And a part hopped out the other;  
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,  
Some under the stool of the brother;  
The little girl gathered them into a heap,  
And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.

All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,  
And into the fire kept gazing;  
He quite forgot he was popping corn,  
For he looked where the wood was blazing;  
He looked and he fancied that he could see  
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

Still steadily gazed the boy at these,  
And pussy's back kept stroking,  
Till his little sister cried out, "Why, George,  
Only see how the corn is smoking."  
And sure enough, when the boy looked back,  
The corn in the ashes was burnt quite black.

"Never mind," said he, "we shall have enough,  
So now let's sit back and eat it;  
I'll carry the stool, and you the corn—

It's good—nobody can beat it."  
She took up the corn in her pinafore,  
And they ate it all, nor wished for more.

In one of the Northern towns of this State, a very curious epitaph has been recently carved on a tombstone. It runs thus:

Sally Thomas is here, and that's enough;  
The candle is out—and so is the snuff;  
Her soul's with God, you need not fear,  
And what remains is interred here.

The above is not, however, half as curt and crisp as the following, which may be seen on a tombstone in New Jersey:

Reader, pass on!—don't waste your time  
O'er bad biography and bitter rhyme;  
For what I *am*, this crumbling clay insures,  
And what I *was* is no affair of yours!

But the crowning attempt at moral literature is the following, copied from a tombstone in Hadley churchyard, Suffolk, England. It is decidedly artistic.

The charnal mounted on the w  
Sets to be seen in funer  
A matron plain domestic  
In care and pain continu  
Not slow, nor gay, nor prodig  
Yet neighborly and hospit  
Her children seven yet living  
Her sixty-seventh year hence did c  
To rest her body natur  
In hopes to rise spiritu

ALL

As the epitaph is the last service rendered to the deceased, so let it be this boast to the living:

THEOLOGY OF UNIVERSALISM, &c. We had this week, from the publishing house of Tompkins & Co., as an earnest of their zeal in their new career, and as an admirable specimen of what they can do, in the way of keeping up the reputation of their predecessor. Of the contents of the book we are prepared to speak in unqualified praise. Br. Thayer has been long and personally known throughout our Zion; and as a pastor for upwards of thirty years, settled over some of our best societies, few men have had a wider experience of the wants of our cause, or are better qualified to supply these wants. All the chapters are full of interest, and what we have been struck with, above everything else, is the freshness of the style and the copiousness of illustration which distinguishes the book. It is just the work to rejoice the believer and convert the inquirer. No one can successfully withstand its logic, for it is the logic of truth. We thank Br. Thayer for giving us the work; and may he long be spared to teach the "Theology of Universalism" to the world.

B.

# DEATH OF A CHILD.

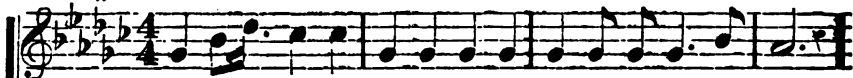
FOR THE REPOSITORY.

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR LITTLE CHARLIE.

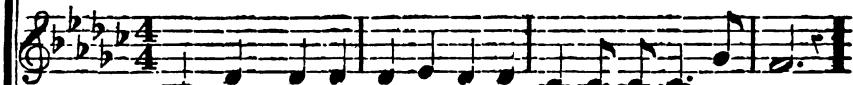
Words by H. BACON.

Music by CAROLINE M. ZIMMERMAN.

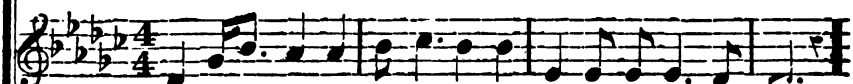
\* *Lacrimoso.*



1. Thou gav - est, and we yield to thee, God of the human heart!

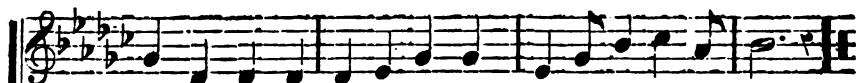
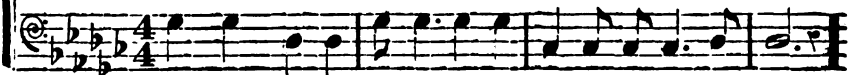


2. O thou canst bid our grief be stilled, Yet not rebuke our tears;

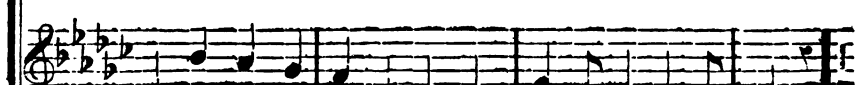


3. We mourn the sunshin<sup>g</sup> of his smile, The tendrils of his love;

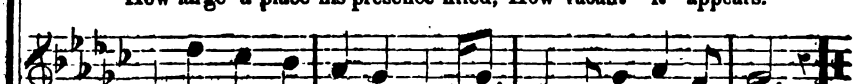
4. Our chasten<sup>d</sup> spirits bow in prayer, And blend all prayers in one;



For bit - ter tho' grief's-cup may be, Thou givest but our part.

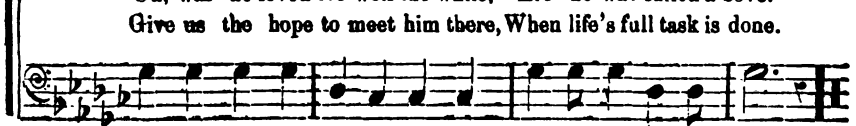


How large a place his presence filled, How vacant it appears.



Oh, was he loved too well the while, Ere he was call<sup>d</sup> a-b<sup>o</sup>ve.

Give us the hope to meet him there, When life's full task is done.



\* This can be performed as well in G Natural.

T H E

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## PLAYING WITH FATE.

By the author of "Bubbleton Parish."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

### CHAPTER I.

**M**ISS Pauline Hooker was launched upon society under three signal disadvantages: she was young, handsome, and an heiress.

What can we hope from a story that appears with a trinity of paradoxes?

Gently, my superficial reader; there is not a paradox in the proposition—as I might demonstrate if this were an essay, and not a story. For example: my heroine had youth, which implies inexperience, suggests indiscretion, and leaves the bars down to all the strolling errors that graze round the May of life. She had beauty, which involves admiration, invites flattery, and, with an average percentage of "original sin," fosters that rare female weakness, vanity. She was, finally, a rich man's only daughter,—heir to nobody knew how much plate, bank stock, and fashion—and therefore exposed to that foulest of wrongs, the robbery that steals *faith* with gold, and steals in the guise of love. These disadvantages, however, were perceptible only to moralists, and, as no members of this tribe are ever admitted to the best society, the young lady was not admonished of her perils, but was

envied without limit for her good fortune.

What an opportunity is here presented for plucking aphorisms! But one must not be ambitious to instruct, lest he fail to amuse. Besides, do not all our readers keep a parson, and have the moralities expounded, at suitable seasons, in the authoritative way? My vivacious friends, let us not commit the two-fold offence of encroaching on a good man's prerogative and spoiling an edifying story, for the sake of parading our secular wisdom.

Our dear friend Pauline—I think we may claim to stand in that relation to her, since we are taking the trouble to write her history—had enraptured the fashionable world at eighteen. She was a rare beauty, a tall, stately brunette, with a great deal of witchery in her perfect figure, and an incredibly magnetic power in the glances of her dark eyes. All in all, she was as splendid a creature as ever adorned canvas, the Academy of Music, or a young poet's chamber of imagery. These beautiful women are all sovereigns and conquerors by something like divine right; and Zenobia was not more regal within the palm-crowned walls of Palmyra, than this metropolitan belle in those drawing-rooms whose splendor culminated in her radiant person.

Pauline was in the zenith of that meteoric career which should set only in the



durable magnificence of a diamond marriage. She was the latest phenomenon monopolizing the interest of society. She had subdued to her despotic charms some scores of susceptible young men with depleted purses; she had stimulated into momentary fervor the languishing passions of burnt-out rakes; she had been celebrated in morning journals and drunk in midnight toasts. She had become thoroughly accustomed to her distinguished position, reconciled to fame, familiar with flattery as with gas light. She was no more startled by the supplianee of a lover than a veteran President by a compliment from an office-hunter. She believed in disinterested affection, as an experienced chief magistrate believes in patriotism without guile.

With well-bred tranquillity she consumed her adorers and found the banquet palatable: so an epicure might enjoy a rare kind of game, judiciously prepared and seasonably presented.

No doubt life seemed a very tolerable "boon" to this prosperous young lady. It was succulent and tart. It sparkled and relished. How sweet is the wine that flows in the superficial sensations; but what bitter accretions we find in the deeper fountains, if Passion prolong the draught and Repentance stir the sediment!

Mr. Nicholas Hooker, though much absorbed in watching the murcury of the stock market, gave some attention to the subject of "matrimonial brokerage." A sagacious financier and a practical man, he considered, in the intervals of his sterner cares, to whom he had best dispose of his daughter.

After a cool survey of the uppermost grade of suitors, Mr. Hooker decided that he would confer the unspeakable bounty upon Cornelius Popple.

This young gentleman was possessed of a fortune in his own right, and was not to be suspected, therefore, of mercenary motives. He had unqualified leisure for the pursuit of pleasure, and could share the congenial gayeties which had become indispensable to Pauline, without damaging his business or sacrificing his tastes. These were Mr. Popple's recommendations.

It was after their return from Mrs. Excelsior's mammoth party, that Mr. Hooker had mentioned, in his concise business style, the little arrangement he had made for securing Pauline's domestic felicity.

Something had transpired, perhaps, that evening, which suggested that the matter better be understood between them.

The young lady, who had fallen asleep in the carriage, did just elevate her splendid brows for an instant, as Mr. Popple was tossed up for her consideration, but, as the subject offered nothing for discussion or comment, she replied only with a delicious yawn, and sauntered languidly to bed.

## CHAPTER II.

The next day, having woken a little before noon, our incomparable Pauline perpetrated an unfashionable act of eccentricity: she gave herself up to reflection for half an hour.

It occurred to her all at once, that among the immeasurable train of her adorers, there was not a man for whom her deliberate judgment could furnish a grain of esteem. In manners, they were all automatons; in spirit, they were deferential and abject to the verge of contemptibility; and in intelligence, they retailed the insipid residuum of the compliments, repartees and innuendoes that had amused fine ladies fifty years ago.

She was surprised that this never struck her before. Since it did strike her now, she felt annoyed and humiliated. She had reason to congratulate herself, indeed, on having brought *such* men to her feet! She ought to be proud, no doubt, of the charms that were applauded by such natures!

By a natural sequence of ideas, Mr. Cornelius Popple was presented. The maiden's mind was scarcely in a condition auspicious to a flattering view of this gentleman. Mr. Popple's merits were these: he excelled in leisure, in scandal, in dress and in horse-flesh. His defects were—a bad liver, a lax conscience, a neglected education, and a limited circle of ideas. Sum him up—he was an example of the kind of man you may buy of a tailor,

with current money or with approved credit.

Pauline confessed to herself, in the secrecy of her own chamber, that she *had* found Popple amusing, some time back, but of late, O, how tedious and insipid he had grown to her changeful ladyship! To monopolize that treasure of a man altogether! To be nourished through life in the sunshine of his daily presence! O, how had she been able to sleep after such a suggestion? Papa must recall it, or we will wed our sweet charms to the gloom of a convent.

### CHAPTER III.

What has unsealed the deeper vision of Pauline, and kindled emotions that the purposes of fashion do not require? It is the work of a magician, whom society assaults, at the head of all the proprieties, in vain; and whom even victorious coquettes and well-bred ladies of quality cannot always resist.

Pauline was precipitated into that remarkably reflective mood which we have had occasion to notice, by a singular letter which she found waiting her attention, as she opened her eyes the morning after Mrs. Excelsior's grand party.

She had but to reach to her dressing-table to obtain the letter; and there, in bed, she read such sentences as these:

"Twice I have met you, where you have been the acknowledged star of the assembly. That I was impressed, as profoundly as any person, with your beauty, did not apparently escape your attention; and, if I withheld the homage that others tendered, I trust you did not esteem it a rudeness. While your shrine was encompassed with burners of incense, I thought you might not be displeased if one of your devotees was eccentric enough to employ himself in analyzing the smoke.

. . . . . I make no confession of love, nor of unqualified admiration. I could wish the dear deity, to whom my heart shall bow, raised to so august a shrine that no vulgar flattery could face it and live. . . . You are infinitely more lovely than your obsequious lovers have told, or your own eyes conceived; yet the

charm that alone can give you the permanent conquest of a noble man, lies undeveloped in your nature. I see in you such capacities of power, such possibilities of loveliness, that I sometimes fear I may be constrained to love you; and, loving you with an unextinguishable passion, work out your redemption or share your perdition.

"I am writing these lines here in the dawn of morning, out of an irrepressible impulse, an overmastering tenderness, a vague longing to bless you, sweet fair flower of God! I do not hope to meet you more. I scarcely expect to influence you. Nay, who am I, that I should presume to guide, or even serve, you? You will probably marry one of these masqueraders. You will be for some years an ornament to your circle, an authority in the world of fashion. You may not be unhappy, though you miss the highest felicity of woman. Your youthful hopes may die a silent death; excitement and travel may relieve your spiritual unrest; and children may be given you to replenish the widening vacancy of life. Some autumn day, perhaps, I may meet you riding slowly down the Avenue; that rounded form contracted by time, and the sparkling charms that lent luster to yonder rooms, faded like the sheen from the withered leaves. And perhaps I may then think what *might* have been, had you been free, in the glorious day of youth, to consult your better nature, and had I been deemed worthy to light the ascending path of fame, or the deep abyss of sorrow, with the lamp of your beauty fed by your love.

"If there should be anything in these lines that you do not now comprehend — anything to perplex, especially anything to *displease* you — let me entreat you to lay the letter by for five or ten years; then recur to it, some tranquil pensive hour, and your deeper experience will elucidate its allusions."

Fancy a young lady, with sensibilities not entirely seared, and with a mind not impervious to novel ideas, reading such a document, in the seclusion of her bed-chamber, in the soothing freshness of the

morning. Fancy that she distinctly remembers the writer, a young man under thirty, tall, dark, and grave, with a massive brow deep-lined with thought, and large eyes full of infinite brilliancy and tenderness.

Fancy the impression, but do not speculate on the consequences.

The power of the letter was in its audacity, in the bold, direct appeal it carried at once to her judgment, her sensibilities, and her imagination. Even its tone of assured superiority was divested of offensiveness by the tenderness and pathos that clothed it. And the tacit censure which some passages conveyed was so obviously provoked by esteem, and by scarcely suppressed affection, as to assume the complexion of a compliment, unconsciously expressed. No other person had ever attacked the triumphant beauty, from this high vantage ground; and never had any homage to her beauty, laid at the level of her vanity, impressed her like this.

In the present stage of the history, all that we can clearly discover, is, that the exquisite herd of suitors, who have palpitated in Pauline's capricious sunshine for a season or two, are just now threatened with a "biting frost."

The chemical constituents of Mr. Pitt Raymond's diplomatic letter, are circulating in the air; and many an amorous dandy, penetrated by the subtle chill, grows blue and torpid, and wonders who the deuce sent such weather.

#### CHAPTER IV.

That mazy realm of spiritual experience known in mental geography as a woman's heart, has alternately invited and baffled the most sagacious explorers; and may be regarded even now as a kind of tropical continent, whose interior productions and characteristics, elements and capacities, habitudes and history, are but vaguely apprehended by men—least of all, perhaps, by the sentimental coxcombs who write epics and "revelations" on the subject. When a man is a thousand fathoms in love, tossed and surged in a sea of reciprocal passion, he naturally flatters himself that the mystery is evolved, that the

heart of his "affinity" lies unrolled like a chart, subservient to all the purposes of psychological science. Let him "keep house" with that twin-soul for thirty years, and see if he doesn't repent his conceit and confess that the problem has magnified itself. For my own part, I don't profess to understand what I am writing about!—that is to say, I only record certain *phenomena* of my heroine's history, without presuming to discover the *laws* out of which they sprang. If there should be anything philosophical in the development of the story, you may be sure that, like Montaigne's virtue, "it got in by mistake."

Mr. Nicholas Hooker, though not remarkable for the delicacy of his perceptions, discovered that Pauline was not quite the buoyant, vivacious beauty she had been hitherto.

Mr. Popple made a similar discovery, his perception of the fact being quickened by the coolness of his late receptions at the Hooker mansion.

Both gentlemen attributed the change in the young charmer's appearance and manners, to the impending marriage, to which the elder had tacitly engaged her, as we have seen; though the younger found it painful to introduce the topic, on account of certain double-edged sarcasms which it tended to provoke. Neither father nor lover were troubled by these things—one being assured by his authority, and the other by his conceit; they had always understood that the near prospect of marriage made the gayest maiden pensive, and that affection, among these singular creatures, often expressed itself in petulance.

Pauline's mother had been in heaven these many years; but, had she been in mortal proximity to her child, would she have read her heart more accurately than those complacent hat-blocks? Perhaps.

Little as we know of cause and effect, I should think it premature to say that our royal coquette is in love. It must be confessed, however, that Mr. Pitt Raymond occupies her imagination far too exclusively. She has not seen him since the Excelsior soiree, nor heard any rumor of him since the receipt of that di-

plomatic letter. He has judiciously withdrawn himself from the perils of fascination, agreeably to his own intimation in that tender and mournful epistle. Perhaps he has immured himself in a monastery, to distill life into a reverie; or, what is more probable, he has gone to Mexico to be shot. What does it matter where his vagrant destiny may point? He has made no appeal to our interest. At least he has made no confession of allegiance to our Majesty — we have his clear disclaimer on that point. And, even if he had, would it become our Majesty to confer upon him any special tokens of favor? Have we not ascertained that he is only an artist, or author, without fortune or social *status*? — one of those uninsured gentlemen who are received by the fashionable world when it happens to be dying for a new sensation, and sacrificed the next morning to Mrs. Grundy and common sense.

But then to have the love of a real MAN, admitting the thing to be supposable, would furnish some compensation, would it not? To sail the sea of time in the shelter of a brave, calm breast, propelled by the generous vigor of intellectual ambition, piloted by Honor and convoyed by Religion — might not all this content even the peerless belle?

There is no harm in *supposing* something of this sort, as a mere amusement of the fancy, not that we are so credulous or romantic as to expect to realize the picture, any more than we expect to dwell in yonder cloud-palace, which the fading sun is even now hanging with crimson tapestries and crowning with pinnacles of gold.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was about the last of July. The august company with whom Pauline especially affiliated — of whom, indeed, she was the despot and *animus* — had decided for once to ignore Saratoga, Newport, and Nahant, and confer celebrity upon the Highlands. The belle's autocratic preference had been consulted in this arrangement, and her capricious ladyship had ascertained that the more fashionable and frequented places of resort would not be congenial to her that season.

It was a well-chosen spot, not a day's journey from West Point, with accommodations for a select circle — a luxuriance of embowering shade, cool drives, picturesque sailing, and an unbroken river-view from the three-tiered veranda of the house.

Mr. Hooker found agreeable entertainment in the society of two or three old friends residing across the river at F., one of whom, a certain Colonel Jones, having been in various official positions during General Jackson's administration, in the Florida war, and in manifold western adventures, had accumulated an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, which he delighted to rehearse to numerous guests over his own dinner-table.

Besides his anecdotes and good dinners, the Colonel displayed a brilliant and dashing wife, whom he had recently rescued from the loneliness of widowhood to adorn and dispense his moderate fortune. This lady was one of that peculiar type of women whose position and reputation are just equivocal enough to secure notoriety. They are popular with men, but distrusted by their own sex. Yet they impose limits to the admiration of gallants, and exact at least the appearance of respect from prudes. Their audacious independence bridges the gulf of Peril with a single strand of Propriety, and they trip to and fro over the abyss, fearlessly as Monsieur Blondin at Niagara.

Mrs. J. loved the good Colonel boundlessly, but not his name. Her own baptismal name chanced to be Roxana, a name older, by the way, than the Christian religion, and having imperial associations withal. It was a name any fine woman might be pardoned for preferring to *Jones*, even without the matronly prefix. We respect the preference, and share the taste, of this great character; we will have no Mrs. Jones in our narrative, but royal Roxana.

I am not sure that I would have chosen Roxana for the familiar associate of my daughter, though Mr. Hooker, I dare say, saw no harm in the lady.

Pauline, without altogether liking her, derived a certain stimulus from her gaiety, force, and audacity. In her rather languid state, an hour of Roxana's society operated as a tonic.

Mr. Cornelius Popple, of course, gyrated and perturbed in Pauline's orbit. Or, if you prefer a terrestrial simile, he trotted subserviently, and often with a downcast air, at the heels of his mistress. I suspect that the feeble young exquisite, with all his leisure, the excitement of waltzing, the edification of scandal, and the pride of horse-flesh, was often in the lachrymal current and frequently took desponding views of life.

But the satisfaction which the lactescent lover failed to reap in the smiles of his mistress, was in part supplied by public rumor, which everywhere named him as the successful suitor, as well as by the open favor of the paternal party, in whose deliberate counsels the whole business was evidently arranged.

It was toward the last of July, as I have just stated, and our royal friends crossed over to F. to enjoy one of Colonel Jones' dinners. The company was select and not large. Most of the guests were already known to each other, but a few introductions were required. The worthy Colonel was under a slight misapprehension in one case as it would seem.

"Miss Hooker, allow me to present to your acquaintance my particular friend and companion in adventure, Mr. Raymond."

Thus it is, in this mixed society of ours, you never can foresee whom you are liable to meet. The man you owe for the coat on your back, the author whom you abused beyond hope of forgiveness, the politician who charged you with having digested a bribe and plotted sedition, and even the actress who jilted you for the superior attractions of Solomon Crane, are all liable to be presented to your ardent regards, through the blandest of ceremonies, every time you ramble abroad in quest of roast beef.

The rich bloom of the beauty's face involuntarily assumed a deeper carnation, as Mr. Pitt Raymond made his stately bow.

A glance at his own heightened color and kindled eye, showed that the meeting had not been anticipated on his part.

It required but an instant for both to recover their equanimity, and a few facile

commonplaces brought through the crisis handsomely.

At dinner, the Colonel, with rare tact and obvious interest, brought out his friend, and Raymond shone famously without any apparent effort, and almost, as it were, against his own will. There was a face on the opposite side of the table, that inspired him, and his happiest allusions and wittiest points were involuntarily addressed to that quarter. Whenever the radiant face was casually raised to his, with an appreciative interest,—especially when it smiled on him, a golden recompense for some graceful period or humorous description—it seemed that his brain grew luminous and his tongue musical, while his matured countenance was transfigured with genius.

Our lactescent Popple curdled and soured in this presence. He saw two or three things that may have escaped the general notice; and he saw that even Mr. Hooker was pleased with this fluent and fascinating phenomenon.

Colonel Jones had one of those rambling country-houses, girded with spacious verandas, and opening upon shady promenades, that are so admirably calculated for the distribution of guests into picturesque or confidential groups.

Accordingly, after dinner, the company fluttered and ambled into the open air, and little duets were performed, with more or less spirit, here and there.

The hero of the day was captured and chained by the intrepid Roxana, whose delight in her shining trophy was obvious to the dullest and most remote of the party. The Colonel found consolation in the society of Pauline; and what subject should he more innocently introduce than the merits of the young gentleman who lent lustre to his hospitality?

Raymond, it seemed, had been a man of action before he was recognized as a man of thought. He had been a land surveyor in the wild West; he had conquered grizzly bears and Seminole savages; and the sciences and the muses had solaced him in the intervals of active service, in the gorges of the Rocky Mountains and in the swamps of Florida. He was, moreover, a man of unblemished honor, and of

the loftiest rectitude. He disdained a mean action, an intrigue or a subterfuge. Indeed, he had retired from some position in the service of government, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, because he was too fastidious to bend to what that service sometimes involved.

"The worst thing I know about Pitt Raymond," concluded the Colonel, "is, that he is poor as some old Roman I read of when a boy. He has no secure position in society; and if he were to break his leg to-morrow, I don't know but they would send him to the hospital, unless my wife there should take mercy on him. But, pardon me, Miss Hooker; I forgot that you could not be expected to be interested in all this as I am. No wonder you sigh; I have wearied you—but 'tis all owing to my ridiculous attachment for this glorious vagabond, who is bound to live and die a beggar because nature gave him genius and a scrupulous conscience. He is to stay with me a week, and I mean to teach him some of the wisdom of this world, if I can."

Just before the company dispersed, Raymond placed himself at the side of her Majesty.

"Will Miss Hooker bestow a moment's attention on the most erratic of her friends?"

There was an involuntary response in the deepened damask of the royal face.

"Mr. Raymond's fame and courtesy always entitle him to attention. Besides, *mentors* have claims upon frivolous young ladies——"

She stopped short, and considered.

"Thank you for that direct allusion, even though it be sheathed in a sarcasm. I disclaim the presumption of assuming to be Miss Hooker's mentor, and plead my inexperience of society to excuse what I wrote under the impulse of ardent friendship. And, believe me, had I entertained the remotest expectation of meeting you again, at least before the lapse of some years, I should not have written what could scarce fail to be a source of embarrassment in any future reconcounter."

He paused for an instant, as if to beat down some rising emotion, then resumed:

"The path of my destiny, Miss Hooker, runs so remote from that of yours, that neither my words nor wishes can claim any interest in your heart. If the patrimony of nature were valued on the exchange, as it has been by some rare souls who have weighed the finest gold of history, I might train such faculties as I have, through some laborious years, till I became bold enough to assert an interest in that fair breast, and strong enough to maintain it against the world. But you have wisely foreclosed my enterprise by surrendering to claims which the world pronounces more valid, and which are certainly more easy of apprehension. I have heard that the high places of society, like the lofty table-lands of the globe, yield not the balmy air or the sweetest fruits; but, if my heart's desire could be answered for you, Nature should be tender and bountiful even where you misread her purpose."

Pale and very still sat Pauline—none the less awed and thrilled by this address because it was pitched well up the scale of her apprehension. O, there was something in this grand, deep-souled man that passed over her own awakening heart like gentle air over a harp! O, how remote, indeed, ran the paths of their destinies! But O, how cruelly had he misapprehended her real sentiments and choice, and how could she redeem herself from the misconstruction that dishonored her in his eyes!

He had ceased; and when she gained confidence to look up, he was placing a flower that had dropped from her hair, in his breast. I am ashamed to record it of so brave, and manly, and gifted a creature; but the best of us, I fear, have been made ridiculous in our day, by some pretty woman, whom we idealized into an angel.

In this exigency who should approach but the dashing Roxana, towing Mr. Popple?

"I declare," exclaimed the dashing one, "here's a suspicious conjunction! If a pair of my friends were on trial—pray don't be discomposed Mr. Raymond, nor you, Miss Hooker—I say if they were on trial for having fought with deadly weap-

diet, for the rest of your life, on the sentimental regards of one man. I tell you, you would famish, collapse, and wither away. You would cease to delight in your paragon when you found him sacrificing your prospects to his pride, and your pleasure to a sonnet; and you would gladly exchange all the romantic glades that lovers ever inhabited, or poets ever portrayed, for a yard or so of drawing-room, with the high priests of Fashion kneeling at your shrine.

"You object to Popple?"

"Not a sparkling or original young man, I grant, but therefore, all the less liable to disappoint you. A safe, deferential and complying creature. He will never make your house an electrical machine, or venture to thwart your will, or refuse to promote your pleasure.

"What can he do for you?"

"Something. Let us see. He can ensure to you a protracted career of gayety and triumph; he can wink at your coqueries, and veil your indiscretions."

Enough of this. I do not mean to represent that this caustic reasoning was all administered in a day. In that case it might have been less effective. It was judiciously graduated to the strength of the patient.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

When one is reviving from the crisis of physical disease—especially when one has reached the stage of peaceful convalescence—the body seems to have renewed its early susceptibility, the mind assumes a delicious composure, life flows back to us from the tender care of friends, from the brooding presence of nature, from the blessed spirit of God that bloweth where it listeth; and, in due time, we return to our sultry tasks, to our purposes or our vanities, with new vigor and zest.

Pauline was said to be cured of her malady, but she enjoyed no such blissful convalescence. The days of returning health were more oppressive and painful than those of culminating disease. The body was not renewed; the mind was not rejuvenated. No soothing or inspiring influences came to her.

"And so this is the best life that is

possible for me," she said. "This is the life chosen by men and women of good sense and experience. And that *other life*, whose image has tantalized me, whose prospect has enraptured me, is but a dream, an illusion, a deceit!"

In her serious mood, she gave, the next Sunday morning, more than usual attention to the preacher. The sermon was from a verse in the book of Ecclesiastes, and gave an exposition of the vanity of human life, and the snares and deceits of pleasure. No real happiness could be found in this world, the preacher thought; and he deprecated, with peculiar earnestness of voice and gesture, the fallacious reliance we are prone to place upon human affections, and the ideal schemes of the youthful imagination. The whole sublunary creation was a wreck, and the best thing we could do was to jump into the life-boat of religion, and try to land in a better country.

In one respect, the sermon endorsed the worldly philosophy that was blighting her. The man of piety seemed to agree with the men and women of the world, that Love was a vain chimera, and the anticipations and aspirations of youth certain to deceive and mislead. They differed only when they came to consider the alternative.

Is it at all remarkable that our maiden of eighteen remained with the world, and deferred taking passage in the life-boat until her existence should assume a more tragical phase?

More tragical it might become; but could it be more desolate?

[To be continued.]

"To travel is to be born and to die at every instant. All the facts of life are perpetually in flight before us. Darkness and light alternate with each other. After a flash an eclipse; we look, we hasten, we stretch out our hands to seize what is passing: every event is a turn of the road, and all at once we are old. We feel a slight shock, all is blank, we distinguish a dark door, this gloomy horse of life which was carrying us stops, and we see a viewless and unknown form that turns him out into the darkness."—*Hugo*.

## AT MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

By Helena S. G. Mahan.

Leaning over the stone,  
 Under the arch of the winter's sky,  
 Far from my own sweet home  
 And dear home-friends, am I.  
 I list to the sweep of the stream,  
 Down in the vale below —  
 How like a beautiful dream,  
 The hills with their mantle of snow;  
 The vales wrapp'd in unsullied white;  
 The frost-stars that gleam on the trees;  
 The earth steeped in glorious light,  
 And the soft, just perceptible, breeze.  
 Leaning over the stone,  
 Marking a grave at my feet;  
 Out from the woods alone  
 Starts a bird-song, mellow and sweet;  
 Mid the snow and the leafless trees,  
 With their glittering gems of frost,  
 That song rings out like a cry  
 For a beautiful something lost.  
 Under the snow and light,  
 Under the gray head-stone,  
 Sleeps in the grave's dread night,  
 My father — my own — my own!  
 FATHER! dost know thy child  
 Bendeth above thee here?  
 Grasping at rays of Hope,  
 Crushing the bitter tear;  
 Pressing her cold white lips  
 Down on the gray head-stone,  
 Kissing and saying low,  
 "Father! I'm here alone."  
 Earth, robed in beautiful white;  
 Stream, with thy music so low;  
 Sky, full of heaven's own light;  
 Breezes, that balmily blow;  
 Hills, that re-echo the song;  
 Vales, where the music sounds sweet, —  
 Music of birds and of stream  
 Filling the vale at my feet; —  
 Oh! how I love one and all,  
 As over the gray head-stone  
 I'm leaning and whispering low,  
 "Father! I'm here — alone!"

Sardinia, Ohio, Jan. 11th, 1863.

— • • • —  
 "Mother's arms are made of tenderness,  
 and sweet sleep blesses the child who lies  
 therein."—*Hugo*.

"It is a mournfull task to break the  
 sombre attachments of the past."—*Ibid*.

## COMPENSATION; OR, BERTHA'S LOVE.

By Mary C. Peck.

Great cities are God's family-houses.  
 I think He loves them through all the  
 wickedness, because deep down there are  
 hearts suffering for His sake, and hungry  
 souls that blindly need Him. It was  
 some such thought as this that crept  
 through Mrs. Shelley's motherly soul, as  
 she threaded the outskirts of one of the  
 thrifty New England cities.

To-morrow was Easter — the whole  
 world lay in the glory of the risen Lord.  
 Mrs. Shelley's motherly soul swelled with  
 some tender feeling, as she stooped to pat  
 the head of a youngster playing under a  
 broken arch of the bridge.

"I love them so," she said; "besides,  
 He touched them."

To-morrow was Easter. Why, even the  
 old prison yonder seemed to glow like the  
 sepulchre when He left it. Surely He  
 would come like a resurrection to these  
 "spirits in prison."

"Ah! good day, Mr. Bruce," as the  
 warden opened the gate to her. "All is  
 well with you, I hope."

"As well as may be," he replied.  
 "What with government taxes, and in-  
 spector's visits, a man that's in Jail's the  
 best off. Flour and cloth have gone up  
 fifty per cent., and yet they expect the  
 returns from the men's labor to be the  
 same. Ah! well! well!" he nodded to  
 himself as he saw his wife and guest  
 shaking hands through the window, "it's a  
 comfort that there's goodness like hers in  
 the world. The men work better for a week  
 after one of her visits — God bless her."

"Any new prisoners?" asked Mrs.  
 Shelley of the matron.

"Well, yes: there's Ellen Ray in for  
 stealing, and a very interesting case in  
 the debtor's ward—only came a week ago:  
 old man: Swiss, I believe, and a great  
 musician. Begged hard to have his violin  
 — but the rules were strict — no noises  
 allowed, you know."

"Yes, it is a pity. Is that all you  
 know of him?"

"They say he had uncommon genius  
 till he ruined it by drink. His daughter  
 comes to see him every day. Hush! she



my hope of Heaven for one dear to me, but he must be a hero for whom I give it."

She waved her hand impatiently for him to go. Did any thought of the jewel he had thus foolishly put out of his hand, move Bernard Meyer as he closed the door after him? If so, he gave no sign. He only caught a glimpse of Bertha as she clasped her blind brother passionately in her arms, and heard the words,

"Beloved Henri, you, at least, will never fail me."

And this was the meaning of the dumb look of anguish Mrs. Shelley saw on her face at the Prison that day.

## CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Shelley was a widow. You might have seen her cottage any day if you had gone back far enough from the dusty thoroughfares. Like the widow Anna, the Prophetess, she served God day and night; not the least when she kindled the fires of domestic love and simple religion in the peaceful home. Her husband had been a physician with an extensive practice; they were rich enough to have an establishment if they had chosen, but they preferred a home. It was an odd taste come down to them from Puritan ancestors.

The family were gathered for the evening meal about a week after Mrs. Shelley's visit to the Prison. They made tea in the old English fashion, with an urn, and while it was drawing, devoted themselves to cheerful talk.

"Edmund," said his lively sister, "I declare, I wish you'd get married, if only to give my tongue time to rest from telling people why you don't. There's Jenny Sykes just home from Europe; and I had to talk to her about you like an old gossip, for she would know if you were married, or likely to be; and then all the girls beset me to know what made you so fastidious."

"And what did you say, Pet?"

"Nothing complimentary, you may be sure. I told them your nature partook somewhat of the hedgehog. You were armed at all points with so many prejudices, that no fair lady would ever venture upon your tender mercies."

"My little sister gives me daily lessons in forbearance. If I were not used to her discipline I should resent that speech as disloyal."

Amy tossed her curls with a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

"But, Edmund, I ought to be commended for making you patient. You know every temptation resisted makes us stronger, and if you bear my teasing, am I not the cause of your virtue?"

"So you think Satan ought to be commended for afflicting Job?"

"Why, I'm not a Satan," said Amy resentfully; "you may be a Job, though, for all I know."

"But, seriously now," said Edmund, as he took another biscuit, "I saw a woman to-day, who comes nearer my ideal than any I ever met, that is, judging from first impressions."

"Hear! hear!" said Amy, playfully.

"It was at the Prison. I was called there by a young girl, who said her father was dangerously ill."

"What did you say, my son?" said Mrs. Shelley, aroused by mention of the Prison.

Edmund repeated his remark, and his mother eagerly asked him to describe the girl.

"She was tall and fragile looking, but I should say with so much passionate energy that she would really be stronger than many a stouter person who had less will. She had one of those faces in which you cannot define a single feature, but are vaguely conscious that a something makes them even beautiful, and *such* eyes they would melt a stone."

"It must be the same one," said his mother to herself. "How forgetful in me to neglect her." And while her son wondered at her sudden interest, she told of those hungry eyes that had begged the rose at Easter; of her sad face and her father's story; and expressed her determination to find her before another day. "Depend upon it, Edmund, she needs a friend."

"She unfolded a strange phase of character to me," said the young man, thoughtfully. "She was calm enough when she came for me, but as we neared the prison

a terrible agitation took possession of her. Her fingers worked convulsively, and as we entered the grounds she seized my arm and said,

"Sir, they told me you were the poor's doctor. Do you get any pay for the patients in there?" pointing shudderingly at the grated windows.

"No; the city paid a small sum, I said, but I was pledged by my own vow to labor for the poor.

"Then by all that is holy, I charge you to faithfulness. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer" Did you ever hear that text? Do I look like a murderer? Yet surely as that old man dies, Bertha Husey is a murderer."

"She led me full of strong excitement to the door of the hospital cell, but when we entered, no trace of emotion remained. The old man was hot with fever—typhoid I saw at once—low diet, and no air, you know—he called feebly for Bertha, but it was in some strange place he thought himself, and she seemed to his fancy a child.

"Bertha, love," he said, "it is sunset. Call Henri. We will have our hymn. Sing, child."

"The girl soothed him by a thousand loving words, but still his thought came back to the hymn. It distressed her to refuse him.

"The matron wiped her eyes as the pleading voice went on. 'Yes, sing,' she said. 'I will be responsible,'

"Dear father, what shall I sing?"

"Our hymn, Bertha; there is but one."

"And then arose the most heavenly voice I ever heard, so sweet it was almost painful. It was Savanarola's grand hymn of the Cross, and the words pure Italian.

*'Jesu, sommo conforto,*

*Tu sei tutto il mio amore.\*'*

"I held my breath for joy and awe. I had not heard it since I was in Italy, and even then, not as I heard it now. The tears dropped silently down her cheeks as she sang, but her eyes were fixed intently

on her father's face. My heart was full, and I placed my prescription in the matron's hand, and withdrew. I will not lose sight of that girl, mother."

So it was arranged that mother and son should seek her the next day. And Bertha watched by her father. The hymn that had so moved Edward, had stirred all the passion of her soul; and long after old Husey fell into one of his deep slumbers, she sat with her face hidden in her hands. Her eyes were dry, for fierce, passionate souls like hers burn out into intense blaze; it is only the sweet and patient who can weep. Bertha never did, save when trembling with wrath, or melted by love. Trouble and grief she fought as men do. She thought of Switzerland, how many times that old hymn had cheered their humble home. How she worshipped her father then! and now, O, God! she had dared to think that if he had been dead or virtuous, all this evil would not have befallen her. Not that she wished Bernard back—or that her eyes had not been opened to his selfishness, but she was mourning like a child in the dark, after all the sweetness and mellow love-light gone out of her life forever. Not that she was humbly Christian, either. Her esthetic soul mourned only over its own debasement; her pride was hurt that the noble and self-centered Bertha Husey *could* have stooped to the disposition of a murderer, for in those days of gloom and doubt, it had been in her heart to hate her father.

"Yes," she said to herself, as she walked home one night, "there are mean, low passions in my soul, my glorious soul that is a part of God. Bertha is unworthy of herself. I would rather be the weakest saint that loves, if I could not be the strong angel that overcomes and helps."

She looked up to the pure sky; she loved to feel it so, it was so free, like her own spirit. But there was no penitence in that look, no unbreathed prayer for the arm of the Redeemer to lean on. It was more like the strong pride of the fallen Lucifer, when he fought for his old place among the "sons of the morning."

She climbed the stairs of their poor lodgings and paused at the window on the

\*"Jesus, my soul's best comforter,  
My single love be thou."

landing, for one more look of the fresh sunlight, stretching her hand out in it for its warmth. It was only a token of her heart's need, so chilled without the smile of the Beloved. She could only blindly grope for Him. Sometime, she thought, smiling, He would make room for her in His heart. Then she should never swerve from the highest as she had to-day.

A sweet, motherly voice greeted her as she pushed open the door, and she saw the gentle face of Mrs. Shelley, bent close to Henri's while she read one of his favorite books. Nothing could sooner have disarmed Bertha of her pride. She held out her hand silently, with a choking feeling in her throat. In all her trouble no one had come to her before.

She glanced furtively at the room, with a vague sense of shame at its meagre appointments, and she as refined, too, as this woman before her. A satin dress with showy trimmings hung over a chair in the corner. That was the robe she wore in her nightly martyrdoms—she must wear it to-night, putting off her grave, womanly garb, for the trickeries of a doll. She could have ground it under her feet then.

"Forgive us, my friend," said Edmund, "for thus taking possession, but we knew you must be here soon. Your father is better to-day—will be well soon. Then we must have him removed to more cheerful lodgings. And you, too, must now take some air and rest."

"Thank you," said Bertha, "but there is no need."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Shelley, with matronly decision. "I have a plan for you now. My son tells me you are fond of music. There is to be a rehearsal at All Saints this week for vespers, and some of the best artists are engaged. Many of them are my personal friends, and we attend by invitation. Now I shall take your place by your father, and you can do with my children. My dear child, goes it please you?"

Poor Bertha! Did it please her? Why, it made her catch her breath to think of it. She should hear those grand harmonies again—Handel and Beethoven—she should mate with the eagles again after

being so long with sparrows. Her eyes filled with tears. Did this woman know who she was talking to? A ruined musician's daughter—an opera singer? It was but fair she should know. Then hoarsely,

"Madam, I am only a poor opera singer," as if she had said, "now despise me; go like all the rest."

"Well," said her friend, "I did not know that, to be sure, but what then?"

"I thought—I thought you would not care to know me—"

"Ah! you thought I had prejudices; so I have against evils; but you are pure, my child. I know purity, even among villainess, and I love them all,—saint and sinner together. It is a lesson I learned since my Master eat with publicans and sinners."

Bertha looked almost reverently at the high, pure brow, so serenely testifying to the noble soul. "Ah!" she said, "you make me happy. You are a friend, I see. I did not think my darkened life held any pleasure so pure."

"Life is full of compensations, my child; there is no evil, but the good Father sends its cure."

"Nay," said Bertha, "I have never had any compensations."

"Not even love?"

"Nay, there is no such thing as love—there is only duty."

Mrs. Shelley rose and regarded her wistfully.

"My little sister, there is God's love; it never faileth;" then she kissed her forehead. Bertha was conscious of Edmund's hand grasping her own, and heard him say,

"Saturday, then, you will be ready," and they were gone, leaving her to wonder if, after all, it was not some bright, vanished vision.

The Church of All Saints was Catholic. It was a gloomy, bare looking place like all the churches of its order; its nave filled with cushionless pews, and its altar loaded with artificial flowers and tall candles. A small number of penitents knelt as usual, in the aisles and around the altar, crossing themselves vigorously, and repeating their parrot-learned prayers, as

Bertha and her friends passed in. She cast a look of scornful pity upon them.

"Poor souls," thought she. "And yet they are happy in it. Why should I scorn the ignorance which has given a peace all my reason has not bought?"

"This way, if you please, Miss Husey. We will go into the orchestra. It is more select there,—for you know Catholic churches always stand open to everybody."

So Bertha did not notice, till she reached her seat, that the Church was of a truly noble architecture, the carvings exquisite, and the light from the deeply colored windows singularly rich. A devotional feeling crept over her. She felt that even the most chaste service could not equal the silent eloquence of these aspiring arches; and when the organ began to peal out its solemn chant, she lost herself in a self-communing in which the music seemed a living soul, reproaching or cheering her. Her eyes fixed themselves upon a splendid painting of the crucified Christ, which reached nearly from floor to ceiling,—dark and misty in the uncertain light, but a work of great power, probably robbed from some shrine in the old world. The almost speaking face of our Lord looked down from the Cross; at his feet knelt the beloved disciple, while Mary wept at his side.

The organ pealed out the notes of the "Miserere," heavy and dolorous, as if a soul agonized in torment for the sins of the world. To Bertha it seemed no dream that, under her intense gaze, the figure upon the cross released itself, and, stretching forth its hands to her, exclaimed, "But ye have crucified the Son of God" afresh.

A strange terror seized her. Truly, she had come here with her soul full of hatred to the world, of scornful self-sufficiency, come to hear music which is the voice of God, with no love of God in her soul. She thought of the "Eumenides" of Eschyles, where Orestes, pursued by the Furies, finds peace before the altar of the god. She had come to find peace—no more; a selfish rest from tormenting troubles; but the holy, self-devoted endurance of Christ she could not yet grasp.

She loved art; it had made her as noble as it could. It remained for the pity of the pitying Saviour to give her an humble holiness.

To Bertha, preoccupied with such thoughts, the music translated itself as the voice of a spirit; and this spirit seemed to find utterance from the pictured Christ. Now, He would reproach her with her unloving doubts, and anon, as the music soared up with clear, strong power, she would see Him lift His hand as if for blessing and peace. She was in an ecstasy of love and penitence, un-mindful of the time and place, with her hands clasping the railing, her eyes full of a nameless energy; she stood with her lips just parted as if in breathless expectation of some vision or blessing unthought of by the world.

The choir chanted—"Peace, peace to him that is afar off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord, and I will heal him." Bertha stretched out her hands, "Lord, I am afar off—speak but the word, and I shall be healed!" Who shall say how the spirit of the Lord which goeth where it listeth came to His worn out child that day? Life and immortal beauty opened to her. Though human love failed, she was safe in the Beloved. A large joy that must find expression lighted her face—the song of the redeemed rose to her lips. Suddenly the singers were startled by a voice rich and pure joining their own. Unconsciously and religiously, as though alone with God, Bertha sang Handel's glorious strain—"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—her clear treble rising high above them all, and her voice having all the power of her new-born joy. Never had she sang so well—for she sang for God.

The singers whispered softly together, as the organ ceased—"Who is she?" "Wonderful!" "Introduce me." But Bertha's eyes were still dreamily fixed upon the picture.

She felt a hand on her arm—

"Miss Husey, permit me to introduce M. Angelos."

#### CHAPTER III.

Five years.

Unknowingly Bertha made her fortune

when she sang in that old church out of the fulness of her heart. She never went into the Opera House again. M. Angelos had found a soul, he said. Few people had souls, or if they had, no one ever knew it. Now, this girl sang with enthusiasm. So Bertha joined a choir at six hundred a year, and mingled with the first artists of the city.

And these five years slipped by. The last bore with it Bertha's old father, long since paralytic, but reformed, and comforted by his devoted child. Henri and she dwelt together, bound by affection and the almost religious enthusiasm with which they regarded their art. He was becoming a composer of some celebrity, and many came from a distance to see the golden-haired youth, whose face lighted with such an unearthly halo when his fingers drew out from the chords the music of his rare soul. They woke the echoes of the "*Rang des Vaches*," or talked softly of the graves they left in Switzerland; but there was one topic upon which rested a dread and a silence, and this was — Bernard Meyer and Bertha's nameless sorrow.

There is no grief so intimate as to find that one we have loved is unworthy. If they had died, oh! then we might be comforted, for we know that really there is no death — but this! we say, oh, no! never was sorrow like unto my sorrow.

So said Bertha in her deepest heart. "An insufficient, treacherous love can have no resurrection," she said; and meanwhile she sought the friendship of Edmund Shelley and his noble mother, as if they could whiten the blight in her life. She wanted no new love; only a Lethean stream, where she might float away from this bitter memory, as the Greeks wreathed poppies round their heads, and dozed away into forgetfulness.

Half a dozen girls surrounded Grandpa Shelley's farm-house down at Blackstone, chatting happy gayety while their fingers wreathed in and out among the white pond-lilies they were braiding.

"An idea, girls!" cried one. "I know what I will do with my wreath. I will make a crown for Niobe and she shall wear it."

"Who's Niobe, Lucy?"

"Why, there's no one in Blackstone would do honor to that name but Bertha Husey, I imagine."

"She does look dreadful blue, I confess," said Jenny Sykes; "but why do you have water-lilies? it should be cypress."

"No, green's for eternity, you know, but white is for patience and purity. Isn't it a pity, Amy Shelley, that she should be so good and so sad?"

Amy's blue eyes helped her tongue, as she answered — "Yes; she is almost as good as Edmund."

"I wonder if he will ever marry her?"

"What are you saying, Jenny Sykes? Perfection must step from the skies before my brother loses his heart for love."

Ah! if little Amy had been clairvoyant.

"Will you come a step farther, Bertha?" said Edmund, "here into this red ray of light; it will be gone soon; and a fancy has just struck me of that old fable of Venus rising from the sea — you know it — a little more — so — where the light is stronger."

Bertha did make a very pretty picture with her little feet almost touching the water, and the sunset glory about her. She could not forbear smiling at the dark haired gray-cloaked figure which Edmund insisted looked like the rainbow-crowned Venus. She stooped for a handful of the kelp floating by, but it eluded her, borne on by the incoming tide.

"So you have lost it, Bertha. That is like life."

"Yes, and like love. The precious plant bears down upon you; you open your hand for it, and it is gone."

"But what would you do with such treacherous love?"

Bertha smiled bitterly.

"I would let it go, as I let the kelp float down the stream, without effort and with no regret."

"I do not wonder people call you cold, Bertha."

"So they say that, do they? and you, what do you say?"

"You are a little glaciale, truly," shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes, the atmosphere of the Alps is favorable to coldness, I believe. I was nursed there, you know. But see, the sun has set."

There are long reaches of rocky shore on the river banks, where the waves find the nooks and crannies of the rocks, and sport with them like giant play-fellows. Luxuriant vines, blackberry, ivy, wild myrtle, and sedge, creep up the banks, and hide from view many a curious retreat and winding way among the rocks.

"Come, Bertha," said Edmund, "I want to show you our den; that's what we called it when boys. All Grandpa Shelley's brood have held carnival here. There!" as he landed her on a ledge, "here was our kitchen, and this little place here was our oven. I remember once I was promised a whipping for mimicking the schoolmaster, and hid away here for two days — a pretty fright I gave them."

"A delicious langor lurks in the very air here," said Bertha. "We might think ourselves

'In the hollow Lotus-land to live, and lie reclined

On the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind.'

Kneel down here, Edmund, on this bed of mossy ferns. The world is away; we have found our liberty. I will crown you my king in our Land of Calm."

Down he sank at her feet in the wealth of tufted sea-grass, the wild vines clinging lovingly round neck and arm, her dreamy voice in his ear, and the silver plash of waves below them. They spoke of that Land for all the weary-hearted, whose door was just shutting in the west, where the glory lingered now gold and purple; that Land whose loves many waters cannot quench. Then Edmund started to his feet, a white terror on his face, for his dulled ear had caught the warning of the waves — the tide had overtaken them. Slowly, surely, the waters were coming on, and these two stood looking at each other, with eyes of passionate unrest, heavy with a nameless horror.

"My God, Bertha! to think I should have brought you into this? Quick!

there is but one way of escape; we must try it."

She felt herself borne by a strong arm into utter darkness; she knew they were winding among the cavernous rocks, he feeling his way as he went. The damp stone was covered with a noisome sweat, for sometimes the drops fell on her upturned face. She knew the noble soul she trusted in this horrible hour, but if he should slip, what an awful death in this Stygian darkness!

She could not speak when Edmund laid her on the soft grass beneath the blessed, pure sky. She was not faint, only this deep thankfulness; it took away her breath.

"Thank God, my dearest friend, it is all over; we are safe."

She sat up then, lifting her hands prayerfully. Some of her curls, loosened in the trying journey, floated across his hands.

"My little Bertha, God be praised! My whole soul yearned to you down there in the uncertain horror. It was a frightful risk. I never did it but once before. Oh! child, child, come rest in the arms that saved you — you belong here."

As the warm sun-flash reddens the glacier, to which Edmund had likened her, so a dewy softness crept over her usually rigid face, then died out. She put his hand resolutely away.

"Such love is not for me, Edmund; I was born to suffer. Let me fulfil my destiny. You have saved my life, but you cannot tell how little worth it seems to me."

"But you love me, Bertha?"

"I do not, or I will try not. For me, it would be sin. Look at me, a weak woman, men say; but I tell you, strong, masterful as you are, that I can live without you, because it is my duty. The years will go on, and sometime I shall have gone with them, but I will go unperjured; suffering, but not selfish or unworthy. No, Father! I will never be that."

She stood up now, stung into sudden strength by the hidden pain in her life. They were on the top of the bank, and her form in its black dress (she always wore black) stood out clearly defined

against the evening sky. Her eyes were raised, as if in this last invocation she had appealed to God against the agony that consumed her. Edmund knew nothing of her past love—he knew she had a sorrow; but she had never revealed more, neither did he ask it; he felt, like all noble souls, that his present need being answered in her pure womanhood, it mattered not through what struggle or darkness she had attained her purity. Just as she was, his friend suited him to the finest fibre of his nature.

"Bertha," he said, "I do not understand your fierce bitterness. You are as cold as though I were a common friend, with no heart to bleed for your sake. You have a wound somewhere, poor dove; let me heal it."

She wrapped her calm womanliness about her.

"Edmund, I thank you; I will not say I do not love you, but that I *must* not. I dare not. God has placed a duty in my way; and my heart is very desolate by a blight you will never know. I need a friend—wise, trusty, tender. I have met with loss; will you be my compensation? Let me adopt you as a dear brother, to be what Henri cannot be, my helpful counsellor, my soul's consolation. Will your love bear this most delicate of all tests? or will you be selfish like all others, and ask a gift I cannot bestow?"

She spoke hurriedly, not seeing the pain she was giving; as if in pain herself, but resolutely crushing it down. He stooped to kiss her hand, and a tear that was no disgrace to manhood, sanctified it.

"I do not love you with a brother's love, Bertha, but I will try to be your faithful friend, as you said. 'Farewell, sweet hope,'" releasing her hand.

They went down the woody cliff together, he guiding her tenderly. One star came out in the scarcely gray heavens, and went like God's angel before them. Did it see what they did not see—in one heart a heavy cross; in the other a faded hope?

Why had she put her hand over her own happiness? so Edmund mused to himself.

Ah! the key lay in that summer time

just passed, when Bernard Meyer, walking up the avenue of oaks before Bertha's cottage, appeared before her for the first time in five years, and revived a past as full of poignant sorrow as of childish joy.

"Bertha," said Bernard, "I have come back."

"Yes, I see," said Bertha, coldly. "A very helpful love is yours, tender and yearning, to keep so well for five years."

"Bertha, you told me not to come back till I could confess my wrong, and take back my words. I am here to do both."

"Yes, doubtless. My father is out of the way, and I am out of the Opera House. You will not be ashamed of me now, hey, Bernard?" with flashing eyes.

"I have deserved it," he muttered behind his teeth. "But your promise, Bertha; you know the sacredness our people attach to a promise. You said you would marry me when I would confess, and I am penitent. I have stayed away to be more worthy of you. I have starved for your love, and now you will cast me off. Beware! Remember what your Bible says—'He shall have judgment without mercy, who hath showed no mercy.'"

"Bernard Meyer!" And Bertha drew her queenly figure to its extreme height. "You have quoted Scripture to me—listen now to my text. 'The husband is the head of the woman, even as Christ is the head of the Church.' Now you are not my head. I am superior to you. Can I marry a man I do not venerate? You murdered my love; showed me the contemptible littleness of your soul, and then thought I would commit myself to its keeping. I tell you no! You were my idol, but you fell. Now, nothing but the shrine remains—the image of the god is gone. I tell you I have buried it; yes, buried it to darken my soul."

How the Bertha of old days stood out the e! And he was losing her forever. He would try once more—a last resort.

"But, Bertha, suppose your coldness, your unforgiveness should lead me to despair. It does some men; maddens them, makes them careless of God and man—would not God judge you for my sins?"

Like a flash she remembered the vague reports of Bernard's dissipation, which had floated to her on the current musical gossip of the day. Was it possible he had excused himself this way? Now, indeed, all lingering love fled. Then, solemnly,

"Bernard, you have fallen below yourself. Should I hear that you were wild and reckless, making this paltry excuse, I would scorn you, I would wither you with my contempt. I would thank God I had escaped you. No man can be trusted with a woman, who will not be moral for God alone."

He hung his head—he felt the truth of her words—felt how superior was this soul that owned no allegiance but to God.

"Oh! Bertha, Bertha!" he exclaimed, his anger breaking down in his disappointment. "I have loved you so! You were my angel—my saint; you might have saved me, and you will not."

Poor Bertha! She thought she saw the noble-hearted boy she loved. She forgot that the weak man had only been visited by his good angel for a moment.

"Oh! forgive me my harsh words," she cried. "I shall always be your friend, but we cannot force love. But I will be generous—I *can* be unselfish. I will never marry while you love me so, not if my heart breaks. God bless you, Bernard."

She stood a long time that night, looking out upon the hazy sky, and the stars that said unutterable things of the God she had learned to know. What was duty? She drew the locket from her neck, with its tress of chestnut hair—she could never wear it again. She could not help contrasting the pictured face with another painted only in her deepest heart, Edmund Shelley's. How full of a noble heroism it seemed! How this first idol paled before it! And yet she had promised faithfulness to the memory of a love she detested. Oh God! what did she do that for? She could not lose him entirely, she said; he should be her brother. Up there they neither married nor were given in marriage. What difference would it make, a few years of rest or un-

rest? She had sworn to her own heart, and she would change not. And Edmund! he should be her brother.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A noble and beautiful city lay panting in the gaunt arms of the pestilence. The sky hung leaden gray, refusing the cooling rain for which hundreds moaned. The sea was smooth as glass, but no ships lay in the offing; these had long since departed, bearing all who could afford from the doomed, plague-struck city.

The yellow fever was in Norfolk. The grass grew in the streets, whose pavements were lit by the lurid glow of burning tar. The dead-carts hurried on incessantly, bearing away doctor, patient and nurse alike. In that hour of mortal terror and pain, the proud city was succored by *Northern* love, heroic men and women, whose charity is recorded by more monuments than that on Laurel Hill.

Some few, kept like the Hebrew children by God's strong hand, escaped out of this burning, fiery furnace, and among them the self-devoted Edmund Shelley. For he was there. Neither the strong agony of his mother, nor the tearful pleading of Bertha sufficed to keep him. Like the old apostle, he said—"Let me also go, that I may die with them."

To-night he was pacing the dreary round of the large public hospital under his care, stopping now and then to give a potion or mark a pulse, grave and tender as he always was, doing even the smallest duty with the whole energy of conscience. It was terrible, this dusky wing of death, that blackened the dreary sky. How dare he plan his future, or do anything but pray and work! Why should he think of Bertha, and the pretty home he hoped to share with her, when so many hearts were still in the narrow, breathless home?

"God bless them," he said, thinking of his good mother and Bertha, whose anxiety for him kept them two miles from the city upon the sea-shore.

One of those mild-browed sisters of mercy said, rousing him,

"Doctor, there is a new case in No. 26."



want; and equally thankful when listening to the discontented complaints of the rich that their joys are not choked and stifled by the cares and troubles and formalities of much wealth.

Ofttimes, in this middling class of society, the finest characters are ripened and developed. But, on the contrary, we often find persons who weary themselves and the world with the manifestations of faults which are developed out of these very circumstances. They are fretful and fault-finding because they have not *all* the luxuries that come of large possessions; envious and bitter towards those who do possess them, and never lose an opportunity to make this disposition prominent and apparent to those about them.

Then the poorer classes make them miserable, because holding all the world, as they do, to one standard, they have a haughty feeling of "I am holier than thou," which occupies them in constantly tucking up the hem of their garments, lest the polluting touch of some one below them reach and contaminate it. Such persons make much account of outward appearances. The next thing to *being* rich with them is *seeming* to be so.

Have I wasted words in describing Miss Oglesby?

Not wholly so. For you who read are better prepared, with the mantle of charity in your hand, to lay it lightly on the scene which follows.

When our furniture was carried into the house, she followed every article with her searching eye, until it was all deposited in the room that we had chosen, as the centre from which should radiate the confusion of settling.

Then she turned to me, and asked, naively,

"Are these all of your household treasures?"

I saw at once the drift of her question. Her tone implied a full knowledge of the fact of our poverty. It seemed to me as if all our past history was written in her question. Yet let me do her justice to state, that it was only my sensitiveness which led me to thus mistake a bare suggestion for positive knowledge. Miss Oglesby had not, up to this moment,

pryed into our affairs, and had no positive knowledge whatever of our past poverty.

Was I not rejoiced that I was able to reply to her with the body, if not the spirit of truth in my answer:

"No, indeed. This is by no means all of our household furniture. 'Tis but the remnant of it. We sold the most of what we possessed, thinking it better than the expense and trouble of moving it."

"Ah! you were truly wise," she replied; "and in your selection of articles to bring, you have shown much discrimination. Parlor furniture injures so much in moving, that it was certainly judicious in you to sell your best, and bring your more common furniture with you."

I made no reply. She had drawn her own inference, and whether it was right or wrong for me to do so, I left her in full possession of that field of thought.

Turning to Nell, to see how she was enduring this new inroad on our peace, I discovered the tell-tale tears creeping into her eyes. I feared Miss Oglesby's searching glance might enter the same route of discovery; but I was soon satisfied that it was a groundless fear. She was temporarily lost in her investigations of the furniture.

"Oh," she cried, "how miserably this furniture is defaced. Not one article of it is fit for use until it has been thoroughly renovated. They say 'three moves are as bad as a fire.' I am sure that, in this case, goods have suffered more in a single moving than any fire could have injured them."

These words were spoken aloud, that the whole company might hear; but in a "sotto voce" I heard her say to Mrs. Stebbins, who stood near her,

"I should n't wonder if they had a scratch or two before they started."

Then she appealed to Mr. Brown, who was about leaving:

"Mr. Brown, won't you be so kind as to call at Mr. Ames' furnishing store, on your way down street, and send a man up here to put this furniture in order."

Now Mr. Brown was a very modest

man, and the extreme impudence of such a proceeding struck him at once.

"I would be most happy to oblige you," he replied, "if it were the wish of the owners of the furniture to have it renovated; but if you will excuse me for refusing your request, I think I will await orders from headquarters on this subject."

Notwithstanding my mingled emotions of indignation and grief, that such an occurrence could have taken place in the house of a pastor, such an insult been received at the hands of one of his parishioners, from whom we had a right to expect better things, I could not avoid an amused feeling when I watched Miss Oglesby's countenance during that last remark. Evidently feelings of astonishment and resentment struggled in her heart.

Turning to me, when the door had closed, she said,

"Mr. G——, did you ever witness such unparalleled effrontery? Mr. Brown has shown how much of a *gentleman* he is. Well, never mind; there is no evil without some good. You have found out the character of *one* of your parishioners. I guess Mr. B—— will not stand any higher in your estimation for this ungentlemanly trick."

I made no reply. Silence was a convenient cloak for my feelings at the moment. I suppressed the smile that, covering the face of my spirit, yet left my bodily countenance immobile, and hastened to speak of other things, hoping thus to turn Miss Oglesby from her purpose. But I had not counted on the manner of spirit with which I had to deal. For a moment she seemed stunned by the want of sympathy with her indignant feeling; but presently she rallied again, and returned to the charge like a warrior wounded, yet clinging to the hope of victory.

"Well, Mr. G——, if you have no mind to do me a favor in protecting me from insult in your own house, I will try and show a Christian spirit about it. I will not return evil for evil. I shall go right on and assist you about getting settled, just as if nothing had happened. I

will run down myself and see Mr. Ames about renovating the furniture."

What could I say? The item for renovating the furniture was, of course, not to be considered. It would be slight, and probably would have been incurred by ourselves if it had not been taken in hand by another. But I must confess that my self-esteem was a little touched, and not slightly lessened, at thought of submitting to such infringement of personal right. But what could I do? A parishioner was before me. I could make an enemy of her by a resentful reply, or I could submit to her impudence, and by so doing make my personal well-being and growth in righteousness keep even pace with my prosperity as a Christian minister. I was not long in deciding the question. In my blandest tones, I said,

"You shall decide for us, in this case, Miss Oglesby. If you think the furniture needs to be improved, we will trust your judgment, and leave the matter entirely in your hands."

And now was she mollified, do you ask me? *Mollified* is a weak word to use in view of the change which came over her the instant I had done speaking. Her countenance brightened like the landscape, when, in an April day, the sunbeams break forth between the rifts of rain-clouds. I not only had not made an enemy, but more than this, I had gained a friend. A troublesome friend, it is true, and one destined to make me some after anxiety and heart-ache; but she was still one of my Master's fold, and I owed her a duty which only peaceful relations could help to accomplish. Therefore, when the shock of this little jar became one of my memories, I was thankful that I had controlled my own temper, and made my trivial interests subservient to the interest of my Master.

What am I, that my being either pleased or displeased, happy or sad, should weigh against the accomplishment of His purpose and will, for whom I labor, and whom I strive feebly to serve.

Miss Oglesby drew near me and said in a low, conciliatory tone,

"I see that you did not intend me any

wrong in not resenting the insult offered me. Perhaps, Mr. Brown being your parishioner, you could n't have done any different. Ministers isn't allowed, I know, to fire up and say sharp things like other men."

I acknowledged the remark intended for reconciliation with a nod of the head. The circumstances did not call for more. It was a simple truth, very rudely spoken, and was probably forgotten by the bystanders as soon as the sound of the voice had died on their ears; but that single rude sentence became ingrained in my being, and has gone with me ever since, recurring again and again in similar times of trial, "Ministers isn't allowed to fire up and say sharp things like other men."

As soon as Miss Oglesby returned from her errand down town, she commenced talking with us about what we would need to buy, and where we would get the best bargains when we made our purchases, &c., &c.

"Now," said she, "I will help you about your purchasing. I am used to shopping, and everybody says I can get things about as cheap as anybody in this town. Now, your parlor carpets, for instance. (You will get velvet tapestry, of course.) You would have to pay \$1.75 or \$2.00 a yard, if you went by yourselves for them; I think I can get them for you at a dollar fifty. That, you know, will be quite a saving. I stopped at the carpet store when I was down town, and I found a very pretty carpet there that I know you will like. Come, let us go down and see it at once."

Nell looked again appealingly to me. Thinking that I might perhaps delay her purpose, and thus eventually escape her officiousness, I said,

"We have not measured our rooms yet, or talked together of the quality of carpet we would get for them. I think we will wait awhile before we make our purchases. You know it is never best to be in too great haste, when one can just as well be deliberate."

"But I think you forget the old maxim," she replied, 'Put not off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.'"

"No; I don't forget it. But I do not see this matter as you see it. It don't present itself to me that the getting this carpet ought to be done to-day; so I think I will take the liberty to put it off till to-morrow."

"Just as you like," she replied, a little tartly. "I am not going to force a favor upon you, if you don't wish to accept it. I could go with you to-day as well as not, and help you to buy your carpet at a bargain. To-morrow I can't go. But act your own pleasure."

Mrs. Stebbins, who was standing by during this conversation, threw her influence into the balance by saying,

"The measuring of the rooms will of course be done by the carpet dealer; and as to your decision about the kind of carpet, it seems to me that there can be no hesitation about that. You would not think of putting anything less expensive than tapestry on your parlors, in a house like this."

I replied with a simple negative, and she continued,

"Miss Oglesby speaks nothing more than the truth when she says that she is an excellent hand to make a bargain. If you want to get your carpets cheap, you had better accept her offer, and go with her this afternoon. It will at least do no harm for you to go down to the carpet store, and look this afternoon; and then, you know, you can purchase at your leisure. Come, we can all stop there on our way down town, and you can have the benefit of our advice. You remember that 'in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom.'"

What could I say? I was fairly compelled into the trap which, I have no doubt, had been deliberately set for my unwary feet.

Nell looked submissive, and I tried to feel so; but I must confess that the rebellious blood danced fiercely in my veins. There was no use of farther opposition, so with our host of *pseudo* friends, we went down to the carpet store, and before we left it had purchased a carpet as much beyond our means as was the house in which it was to be put. Another, that we might have

purchased for one-third less, would have answered our purpose and suited us equally well ; but we had the satisfaction of feeling that our friends were satisfied, and what were we that we should complain when others were pleased ?

After the carpet was decided upon and ordered, Miss Oglesby asked us if we were not satisfied that what she told us was true, that she was an excellent hand to make a bargain.

"Now," she says, "we have done so very well here, don't you wish to buy your parlor furniture while you are about it ? We have saved so much on the carpet, that you will feel able to spend more on the rest of your furniture."

How I longed to correct her mistake, and tell her that we had already spent more than we intended to devote to all our furnishing. But I had not the moral courage to do so, and we allowed ourselves to be drawn along to the furniture store, and launched into another series of extravagances.

My powers of resistance were roused to a degree, and to my credit let it be written, that I made a really vigorous defense before I resigned my will this time to a superior force. Not till Miss Oglesby had exhausted all her powers of persuasion, and tried her offensive weapons of sarcasm—not till Mrs. Stebbins had given full proof of her skill as a tactician, did I yield an unwilling obedience to their wishes.

When we first went into the store, Mrs. Stebbins was attracted by a very fine mirror, the price of which was fifty dollars. She asked if we liked it, and immediately on being answered in the affirmative, she proposed making us a present of it. We were greatly pleased with this, first, because it was a beautiful mirror, and well worth being joyful over for its own sake ; but it became doubly precious to us now, as an expression of kind feeling from one of our parishioners. We had been accustomed to many kindnesses from the tried friends we had left behind us, and our hearts hungered for expressions of good will in this land of strangers. Now we were simple and unsophisticated enough to think that this

present meant kind feeling simply on the part of the donor.

I suppose you are thinking so too, kind reader ; but let me tell you how it terminated. When we would have made selection of a plain set of hair-cloth furniture for our parlor, for which we would have given seventy-five dollars, Mrs. Stebbins replied to us,

"Surely you will not think of putting such cheap furniture as that in company with such a mirror. You must remember that you got your carpet at a bargain, and the mirror has cost you nothing at all, so you can well afford one of these fine sets of velvet furniture, and so have your parlor look beautifully, each part harmonizing and appearing suitable for the other parts."

Again, I had no reply to make. Where were all my good resolutions gone ? Had I forgotten that Nell and I resolved, when we left home, that we would not be again betrayed into such weakness as we had shown in our selection of a house ? No, indeed ; these resolutions were not forgotten, but I saw no alternative. Like the kiss of Judas, a seeming act of kindness had betrayed me. I had but to endure my fate, and try to make it a lesson which would help me to wisdom in the future.

To the bill for parlor furnishing, we added as small a bill as we were able to make it for chamber and kitchen furniture ; limiting ourselves, and cutting down to an uncomfortable smallness, what we had intended to make a good, generous list of comforts for the most necessary departments of the household.

We noted it as a remarkable fact that our friends did not interfere in the slightest degree with these purchases. They did not even manifest interest enough to look at the articles as we selected them. What was our inference ? Of course it could be nothing other than what afterward proved to be the truth. They were interested in our household in so far as their own personal comfort was inwrought with ours. The parlor was to be the room where they were to be received. It was to be our outer shell, which alone was to touch the outer sur-

face of the world surrounding us. This room would, at long intervals, and for short spaces of time, add to, or detract from, the pleasure of our friends. Of course we should be generously allowed to share in these moments of ease and happiness; but, for the most part, our lives were to be spent in study and kitchen, where comforts and necessities would really take from, or add to, our usefulness in life. We had promised ourselves, after our long years of self-denial, a release from the discomfort of living with the bare necessities of life in these departments. But again we were left with no other honest alternative. We had gone in debt for every article we had purchased that day, trusting in our ability to save enough from our salary to pay all before the end of the year.

When we had retired to our room on the evening of the day we have just described, we talked our affairs over carefully, and looked our future boldly in the face. What was the result of our investigation? We were already involved in debt—three hundred dollars for a house, two hundred and fifty dollars for furnishing it, fifty dollars for an evening costume—leaving us, of our thousand, four hundred dollars with which we were to meet all the remaining expenses of the year.

We had not yet been a month at Speedwell, and these were the circumstances that we were compelled to meet. Did they overwhelm us with discouragement when we contemplated the shadows which lay before us? No; far from it. We had not been long enough used to these discomforts to have had grooves worn in our spirits by their uneven grating. Human nature is buoyant, and impressible to the ministry of joy. It takes many rough waves of sorrow to wash away a single line of hope in the human heart. We may think it is gone when the first storm breaks over it, but it will appear again and again as our lost memories come back after the waves of time have hidden them for years.

We had it deeply impressed on our minds that there was comfort in a city pastorate and a thousand a year, and we

were not to be so soon turned from our belief. Nell, who, as I have before said, had always a heart full of courage, suggested that we should wait longer before we decided on an experiment which was as yet but just begun.

"Certainly," said she, "there must be some equivalent for this great necessity of outlay, in a parish like this. You will perhaps have many weddings that will pay you large fees. Don't you remember hearing Mrs. Stebbins tell one day of a friend of hers, who was married not long since, and the clergymen—for there were two engaged for the ceremony—received, each of them, a hundred dollar fee? You know eight or ten such weddings, in the course of a year, would make a vast difference with our income."

"Yes," I replied, "I am aware that it would. But such weddings don't come every day. I have been a minister thirty years, and have not had such a wedding in my life, and have never *heard* of more than half a dozen where the parties were as generous."

"I know that," said Nell, "but I am not convinced yet that you may not have such an one, or perhaps many of them, in our new circumstances. You remember that we have not been in a place where such things could be expected, or often heard of; but things are very much changed with us now, and we have reason, and a right to expect, that with our new circumstances, we shall receive many new accessions to our comfort. You can reasonably expect, too, to receive more from funerals than you have ever done before. I am sure it is since I have been here, that I heard some one tell of a man's dying, and leaving a hundred dollars to be given to the clergyman who attended his funeral. Only think, five or six such funerals would pay all our debts and set us right with the world again."

I could not help smiling at the earnestness with which my poor world-weary wife pressed these calculations. As if by her very hopefulness, she might compel some sunlight into what seemed to me a very gloomy landscape. I have noted the same thing among business men. Sometimes, when a long-continued series of

speculations had proved but a repetition of reverses, with what zeal would they press into some new project as if the very impetus of their hope might push them over the slough of despond, and land them safe in the fields of prosperity, which they were sure were growing green for them in some fair future beyond.

"But," said I, in reply to Nell's suggestion concerning funerals, "I think very few rich men care enough for the religion of Christ, or its ministers, to remember them with such benefactions, and those who *would* give such testimony of their kindness have not often the means to carry out their good intent."

"Why, I am sure," Nell replied, "you had a great many friends in the place you left who *would* have given you as much as that at either funerals or weddings, if they had had the means to have one so."

"Yes; that is just the point I have been touching," said I.

"But, you don't wait for me to finish before you interrupt me. They had not the means, I know; but isn't it fair to suppose that if you were able to create a feeling of love in the hearts of the parishioners whom you left so strong that they would, if they could, have done these things for you, you may be able to kindle this same feeling here, which will impel men who are able, and can do you these favors as well as not, to do them?"

"That is pretty good logic, Nell," said I. "I must confess you are reasoning me into some degree of hope, in spite of my gloomy forebodings."

"It is n't treating Providence fairly to despond in the first shadow," she replied; "and I have not done with my argument yet, by any means. There will be many other sources of income besides those of which I have spoken. The friends here, who seem to be *most* of them moderately wealthy, and some of them with so much wealth that they scarcely know what to do with it, are surely not going to see their minister suffer and be crippled in his usefulness, for want of a few paltry dollars which *they* can so easily supply. We shall have a great many kindnesses here, which will lighten our burdens, I

am sure. Only think how many we received in the place we left; and there must be a hundred *dollars* here for every *cent* in our society there."

"True, every word of it, as regards amounts of money; but my experience has been with the world, to find more generosity, as a general thing, among people of moderate means than among the very rich. Yet I will not throw a chill over your glowing hopes. We may realize all, and more than you expect. It is always well enough to hope. One has then, at least, the pleasure of building his air castle. Anticipated joy is not to be slighted, if we never taste the realization."

"I don't know about that," said Nell. "I can't enjoy disappointment very much. I would rather, for one, never build an 'air castle,' than to build with an almost certainty of feeling it tumble about my ears when it is done. But I cannot have fears of that kind now. I feel very sure that my hopes this time have foundation. You know what the Committee said in their letter of invitation to you, that 'you could live much more comfortably here on a salary of a thousand dollars, than in many places on the same amount. Now, what could that have meant, unless there are large and many perquisites in connection with the salary here? They certainly could not have been so untruthful as to write you that, if present appearances represent the exact condition of things with the society.'"

"What you say is the truth, Nell. Present circumstances indicate that the remark you have quoted from my Committee lacked candor. We have been here not quite a month, and more than half our salary is expended; and that through no fault of our own. I am sure we have resisted, as far as was possible, all temptations in this direction; so in looking back upon the past month, we can only say, if this be a specimen of our future, this is a very expensive place to live."

"You mean an expensive place for a minister's family," interrupted Nell. "If we had come here in almost any other capacity, we might have set up house-

keeping with one half the expense, if our circumstances had demanded it, and no one would have felt privileged to have said nay. Now, I hold to the great law of compensation. If we have more necessities for expenditure than other people, I am forced to the conclusion that we shall have more means for supplying these necessary expenses. If we belong to our parish, to the degree that present appearances indicate, they will surely care for us when we are in need. You know everybody takes care of their *own* in this world."

"Yes," I replied; "but don't forget, Nell, the old adage, true, though homely, that 'what is everybody's business is nobody's.' Societies are not like private individuals in their dealings. No one is responsible for the support of my family but myself; no one can bring us out safely at the end of the year, unless our own careful economy can do it; and no one will bear the opprobrium if we allow our affairs to get so tangled that we shall labor under the disgrace of debt which we have not the means to pay. Now, all that you have said *may* be true; we *may* have many perquisites, and at the end of the year be very thankful that we came here, and feel that our increased salary was really as great a blessing as it at first seemed to us; but I must confess I look forward with something of distrust. If this month is a sample of the eleven yet to come, I would rather try the life we led at the country parsonage. There, it is true, we were pinched and plagued many times, but economy was no rarity with the people among whom we lived, and it was not considered a disgrace for one to live on small means, and, living so, to appear just what in reality they were."

"Oh! don't say so," said Nell. "I am not far enough away from these old troubles yet, to have had them attain any sunset glories. I don't *know* what is in the future for us here, it is true, but I can't believe that our circumstances can be worse, pecuniarily, than those we left behind us. We were at the very extremity of our patience there; we certainly can't get farther than that here."

"Why, yes, Nell; our circumstances

might get much more unendurable than they were at 'Lyme.' You forget that we had always the kindest and truest of friends there, who rejoiced with us in our joy and suffered with us in our troubles. It would be much worse, if we had to bear alone all the perplexities that come in straightened circumstances."

"I know it," she replied; "but we have no reason to think that we shall not find good friends here as well as there. We have not been here long enough to know what kindness may be hid away in the hearts of our people. They may prove to be even more to us than those friends so dear in days gone by."

"True, Nell; they *may*. You are bound, I see, to look on the hopeful side of life. Well, it is better so. I confess that there seems to be an immense weight of worldliness to be overcome here, before we shall get to the true and beautiful; but it may be that we shall at last pierce through this rough, hard shell, and find the meat of the nut sweet and good underneath. We will at least hope for the best."

"That is spoken like the good, true Christian that you are," she replied. "It is a part of our work, as Christian disciples, to look on the bright side of every picture; to find the silver lining of every cloud, if we can; and, above all, to look at the best side of human nature, and believe in its possibilities for good. I remember a friend once said to me, and I have never forgotten the remark, 'Do not forget, amid the disappointments and betrayals with which you will be compelled to meet in a world like this, that human nature, poor and weak as it is, is yet the work of God, and, like everything that he has created, has much more of the true and beautiful than of evil in its composition. So, whatever else of sorrow or uncertainty may come to you in this life, keep your trust in humanity undimmed. Make it next to your belief in God, and as you would not dare to wander in the wilderness of life without your hand close clasped in that of your heavenly Father, so do not consent to making your heart a desert, because you will not accept the springs of joy which

will refresh it on every side, if you will permit their healing waters to touch you.' Having always remembered this injunction, I have been helped by it many times in hours of trial, and lifted by it, often, into regions of light, when otherwise I must have grovelled in darkness, and stifled amid the damps and vapors which befog this lower world."

"That is quite a sermon, Nell; perhaps I will preach it to my people, sometime."

"You will have to learn it yourself, fully, first," said she, laughing merrily. "People never have success teaching what they do not fully know themselves."

"I acknowledge it," said I; and thus pleasantly closed a conversation which was not allowed to be forgotten, by reason of its frequent after renewal.

[To be continued.]

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

By Miss M. Remick.

The garden is red with lilies,  
The orchard white with flowers,  
But no truant footstep passes  
Its paths in the summer hours;  
Untouched, its pale white roses  
Open, and wither, and fall,  
And the bloom of the scarlet creeper  
Shines over its broken wall.

Where are the hands that tended  
These beds in the long ago?  
Where the slender crocus still blossoms,  
Out of the rime and snow;  
Where the tulip still flaunts her glory  
Spring after spring in the grass, —  
Only the bee's light footsteps  
Over the flowers pass.

Up in the stately mansion,  
A home in the long ago,  
Over its stairs long crumbling,  
Mosses and lichen grow;  
Spiders their webs have woven  
Down in the festal hall,  
Birds in the lonely chambers  
Pipe to their mates their call.

What is the wondrous legend  
Which clings to this lonely spot?  
Of they who in yonder graveyard  
Are sleeping half forgot?

There where the low beds glisten  
Wet with the morning showers,  
Where the long grass is waving,  
Thick with the summer flowers.

Not of the peaceful sleepers  
Is the tale that the gossips tell,  
But of one whose footsteps wandered  
Away from this happy dell;  
They say that she left behind her  
Sorrow and grief and pain,  
And that to the home of her childhood,  
She never came again.

Yes, once when the leaves were falling,  
And this garden stript of flowers,  
They say in the dawn of November,  
In its dark and lonely hours,  
She came to this place a wanderer,  
Footsore, and weary, and cold,  
And stood at its steps a beggar,  
The home that was hers of old.

They sent her away with curses —  
The tale is too sad to tell —  
Of the old house's pomp and gladness  
Those words seemed to breathe the knell.  
Never again did its splendor  
Build up from the happy past,  
Lonely, and dark, and forsaken —  
A ruin it stands at last.

She walks in its dismal chambers,  
The tale that the gossips say,  
In the hush of the solemn starlight,  
Sometimes in the noon of day;  
And the children turn from the garden,  
Where the tempting flowers blow,  
For they think of the pale wan lady,  
In her vestments white as snow.

JESUS CHRIST DIVINE.—Napoleon, on the rock of St. Helena, said to Gen. Bertrand, "I know man, and I tell you Christ was not a man. Everything about Christ astonishes me. His spirit overwhelms and confounds me. There is no comparison between him and any other being. He stands single and alone. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I, have founded empires; but on what rests the creation of our genius? On force. Jesus alone, founded his kingdom on love, and at this hour millions of men would die for him."



## THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

By Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

(Continued.)

SYNOPSIS.—The preceding chapters of this story were published in the last volume of the Repository; and for our new subscribers, who commence with the present volume, we give a brief synopsis of what has already been issued.

CHAPTER 1ST.—A holiday scene on Mr. Mordant's plantation. Appearance of a strange pedlar. Little Louis, [son of Mr. Mordant] mysteriously disappears and is not to be found. Alarm and terror of the slaves. Return and grief of the parents.

CHAPTER 2D.—Scene near a ravine in the Cumberland mountains. An old mill, apparently deserted. Appearance of old Sol on the scene, accompanied by little Louis. A whistle, and the mill is discovered to be inhabited by Sol's family. Striking resemblance between Louis and Charley, [a little boy at the mill, and son of a beautiful quadroon girl.] Sol exchanges the names of the two boys, giving Louis to Charley, and Charley to Louis. They soon become familiar with their new names, and answer to no other. Sol takes the *new* Louis away, and while he is asleep, inflicts a wound on his cheek, which heals and leaves a scar, thereby perfecting the resemblance between him and the stranger boy.

CHAPTER 3D.—After a lapse of four years, a woman, accompanied by a little boy, appears at the plantation of Mr. Mordant. She sends up a package to Mrs. Mordant, which, on being opened, is found to contain a belt whose buckle is marked with the name of "Louis." Mrs. Mordant recognizes it as the one worn by her son when he was lost. She summons the woman to her presence, who relates the story of how a little boy was left at her door, cold, and wet, and hungry; how she took care of him for three years, when she received a package and a note to be delivered to Mrs. Mordant, with the child. Mrs. Mordant recognizes the boy as Louis, but the boy does not recognize her. All the servants recognize him, but he, like one in a new world,

recognizes no person and no thing. Mrs. Mordant rewards Mrs. Wilson, the woman, richly, and promises to employ her daughter to nurse an expected babe.

CHAPTER 4TH.—Years go by; the Mordants are wintering in New Orleans. A young artist, Windermere, is introduced to them. His apparent wealth. An attachment between him and Helen Mordant. Mr. Mordant determines to marry his daughter, whom he unaccountably dislikes, to a dissipated young man by the name of Seton. Helen and her mother oppose it in vain.

It was the most natural thing in the world that Helen Mordant should be attracted towards the young, romantic-looking artist, Windermere, and she was so. She had been educated in a convent, and, though she was wintering in the gay and dissipated city of New Orleans, she had not yet thrown off the shyness engendered by her secluded life; and, like a flower that is waiting for a warm sunshine to expand, she had hidden the rich beauty of her nature in the cloud-depths of maiden reserve. That she was very beautiful every one who beheld her felt; that she was graceful in manner was just as evident; but beyond that, few knew anything of her. The new feeling which, since her somewhat brief acquaintance, had sprung rapidly to being within her, seemed to develop a new nature. Yet, half unconscious what this new happiness was, that without taking decided form in her breast, without awakening any clearly defined hope or demand for the future, held her in a maze of sweet contentment and delight, she was happy in the present. No word on his part had ever escaped the lips of Windermere, which could startle into full consciousness the only half recognized love she felt for him.

When the determination of her father, that she should prepare to wed the young and dissipated man he had selected, was made known to her, the veil fell from her eyes, and life, duty, inclination, her future, stood so clearly unveiled before her, that she shrunk in terror from the labyrinth whose clue seemed to have dropped suddenly from her hand. And who was

there to gather it up again, that she might extricate herself from all its bewilderingments? Her fear of her stern, harsh, unsympathizing father was so great she dared utter no word of objection, and she stood pale and dumb before him, finding no courage in her heart to ward off the blow, or interpose the cries of anguish that were struggling up to her lips. It was enough for him that the command had been given; that he should be obeyed he had no doubt, for was he not always so? And he left her with a malicious feeling of satisfaction at the dismay he witnessed.

When Helen found herself alone in her chamber, the stony dumbness forsook her, and that tide which saves many a heart from breaking came over her, and she wept long and unrestrainedly. What had been vaguely understood before, was clear to her now; that she loved Windermere and hated Charles Seton. What could, what should she do? To disobey her father was an impossible thought. She had from her earliest recollection been trained to regard his commands as a law more inflexible than death. She did not even dream of refusing to obey him; she would submit. She saw before her the dreary fate to which he condemned her, and her young heart sank at the thought of seeing Windermere no more. He had, unconsciously to herself, wound himself into every fibre of her heart, and now she must tear him away, and see him no more; so much was certain, and beyond this dreadful issue she could not think. Her only comfort was that Seton was absent from the city, and she should not therefore be obliged to meet him, perhaps, until the time came for the hateful marriage. She gained, by this absence, time to recover her composure.

Helen confided to her mother her detestation of the marriage to which her father condemned her, but of her love to Windermere she made no confidant, for how could she venture to confess an affection that might be said to have been unsought—which certainly had not been solicited in words?

The weeks went by. Windermere was absent from the city, and Helen was

thankful that she was spared the trial of seeing him, or excusing herself. She submitted with a heavy heart to the preparations which custom required to be made on such occasions, and saw the delicate muslins and rich silks which were being transformed into dresses, with a vacant indifference altogether surprising to the dress-makers and waiting-maids.

"What eber can be de reason Miss Helen looks so sad when she habing sich buful dresses, is pass my comprehension," Rosy, who had grown older, but not wiser, confidentially remarked to Hector, one day, as they were discussing their young mistress' coming marriage. "Pears to me how things don't look right, somehow."

"Lord, Rosy, what you know 'bout marrying? Praps it's de fashion not to pear glad when a body gwine to get married."

"Dont blieve word ont, Hector. My young missis allays chipper and merry as young cricket, afore. Den her moder jist as solemn as a church-yard. I tell you, Hector, someting is goin wrong."

"Rosy, dont you meddle nor make; you take my advice."

"Lors, Hector, you needn't be fraid I go to get myself into trouble. But I cant help feeling all de same."

Before the day arrived a change took place in the family affairs. Mr. Mordant suddenly announced his determination to return at once to his plantation in Tennessee. Uneasiness and much insubordination had recently been manifested among his slaves, and those of neighboring plantations, and his overseer advised his immediate return.

"The rascals! when I feed and clothe them! The infernal abolitionists have been tampering with them again, beyond a doubt! Blast 'em! I'll bring 'em to their senses!"

Mr. Mordant was one of the Southern chivalry — by no means a "Northern muddsill,"—but he would sometimes swear in as vulgar a style as the veriest pot-house politician. Indeed, I question whether we have any institution at the North so extremely well calculated to cultivate the swearing faculty, as the

"Southern institution," par excellence. So then he swore valiantly about the "infernal abolitionists," using far more emphatic terms than I venture here to report. This part of the programme over, he introduced a fresh volley of equally select terms, projected towards his meek and unoffending wife, as if he somehow considered her responsible for the "blasted conduct" of the said "infernal abolitionists," which it is hardly probable was quite the fact, albeit she had some reason to believe that the beneficent institution had not, in its bearings upon her own private happiness, been altogether favorable. In fact, no one could be blind to the circumstance that in the faces of several of the little yellow chattels running about the plantation in Tennessee, a marked resemblance could be traced to her honorable and chivalrous husband. These could not have been pleasant objects to contemplate, even had the bearing and occasional language of certain dark but comely damsels, well established favorites of their master, been less supercilious and insulting towards her. However, whatever might have been her private thoughts and feelings on the subject, she had too much self-respect, and too much dignity of character to make them known by word or sign, holding, probably, like thousands of other wives in the same position, that it was a feature of "the institution" that was inevitable; and what was the use of "kicking against the pricks?"

Preparations for the return of the Mordants to their plantation were hurried forward as rapidly as possible, and before three days they were all ready to set out. To Helen and her mother it was an inexpressible relief to leave New Orleans, on more than one account, and once aboard the steamer, they felt that every hour bore them farther and farther away from the scene of many painful events, and perhaps lessened, in an equal degree, the certainty of the dreaded marriage with the dissipated young man selected for Helen.

Their voyage up the Mississippi and the Tennessee was without incident, and they reached home to find a more threat-

ening state of insubordination among the slaves than they had feared. The labor of the plantation, indeed, went on apparently as usual. The corn-fields were planted, and the immense tracts of the tobacco plant looked vigorous and thrifty; but there was a sullen aspect among the negroes, a dogged silence at their work, quite in contrast to their former careless merriment. Even the house-servants seemed infected with the new and dangerous element brooding over all the neighborhood, and a vague but deep feeling of uneasiness gradually grew up in the minds of the family.

Meanwhile the preparations for the marriage of Helen seemed to be only transferred—they did not stop; and the day for the inauspicious event was again appointed. New invitations were issued among their friends in the neighboring city, and the bridegroom was daily expected. A deeper sadness fell upon the young girl and her mother, as it became evident that there was no escape from the threatened doom. Neither dared to oppose it any longer, for the master, who had for years ruled his slaves with a stern and often cruel hand, was little less stern and cruel to his wife and daughter. Trained for years to cower beneath his frown, they seldom thought of questioning his law. Less than ever did either dare to oppose him now, when the threatening aspect of the negroes exasperated and hardened his naturally sour and forbidding temper. So they dragged on from day to day, loathing the preparations they were compelled to make for the approaching wedding, and shrinking from the thought of the future.

How often and how deeply the mind of Helen dwelt upon the young man who had for a few weeks revolved around her—shedding a charm over her home which it had never seemed to possess before, and had then passed away, who could tell now if ever to return—it is not our province to say. If her secret had been kept well before, it was doubly guarded now; and whatever might have been her mother's insight into the state of her heart, it is certain that she gave no sign. For how could she dare to recognize an affection

that was both dangerous and forbidden, and that could only be kindled into a more living flame by being uncovered? In silence only was safety, and in silence only was the secret maintained.

The evening appointed for the nuptials at length arrived. The stately mansion was illuminated throughout; its doors and windows thrown open to the balmy evening air, and its atmosphere redolent with the breath of hot-house plants, and the sweet and spicy odor of the pine and cedar forests which, stretching down from the ridges of the Cumberland mountains, lent their magnificent shade to the upland borders of the plantation, and the spacious parks which here and there indented them like green and silver bays jutting into their border lands. The garden, hung with colored lanterns, presented a rare and festive appearance, and under its umbrageous trees, beautiful tables, loaded with every luxury that wealth could procure, were here and there spread. The guests had not yet begun to assemble, but now and then a dusky form glided out of some dark shadow into the light, and as speedily disappeared.

"How quiet the negroes are to-night, and how strangely they glide about among the shadows," said Helen, who, appeared in her bridal robes, sat listlessly gazing from the window of her mother's dressing-room, from which the lights were now shaded. "One would almost fancy them spectres, only that such visitors never wear so dusky a hue;" and she gave a dreary little laugh, strangely at variance with her gay, bridal attire.

Mrs. Mordant did not at once reply, but sat gazing very intently out into the park. "I am much mistaken if all those figures are our negroes," she at length said. "They look to me like strangers, and are probably some persons who, attracted by the fanciful lights in the park, and the gay music, have stolen in to have their share of the entertainment."

Helen seemed satisfied with this suggestion, or forgot the cause of it, for she sat very silent for some time longer, musing on, who could guess what? Not cheerful subjects surely, by the sad and grave expression of her face.

Visitors at length began to arrive, and nervous and agitated, Mrs. Mordant descended to the drawing-room to join her husband and receive them. Windermere was among the earliest, and was welcomed by his hostess with surprise and pleasure not unmixed with pain. "I did not expect you," she said, after warmly grasping his hand. "We left New Orleans so suddenly, and not knowing where to address you, we could not hope that you would look for us here, or know the day appointed for the occasion."

"It is a pleasure that I would not have lost," courteously replied the young man. "I soon learned of your absence and the change of programme on my return to New Orleans, and our mutual friend, Major Wainwright, whom I do not see here, gave me your address, and acquainted me with the day of the wedding."

"We are very much obliged to the major," stiffly remarked Mr. Mordant, with a bow.

"Thank you!" replied the young man. "But is the major not expected to-night?"

"Not to my knowledge," pointedly replied the polite gentleman of the house, while a painful flush crossed the cheek of his wife.

The drawing-room meanwhile was becoming filled, and Windermere drew back to permit other guests to approach his host and hostess, and an hour or more went by in receptions and in the exchange of the friendly and formal courtesies of the occasion.

The time appointed for the ceremony at length arrived, and the host and hostess vanished from the room. The stillness of expectancy settled on the gay and loquacious circle, and all eyes sought the door. One would have thought something rare and beautiful was written in its architecture, so intently and so long, did all peruse it.

At length they seemed to grow weary of this. An hour had gone by in the study, and people began to look in one another's faces, and whispered words of wonderment round the room at the long waiting. But it was not ended. Another hour, and then the door opened, and,

instead of the bridal pair, Mr. and Mrs. Mordant entered alone; he with a stern and angry face, she with a pale and anxious, and yet relieved expression.

"I am under the painful necessity of relieving the patience of this company," said Mr. Mordant, "in a most unexpected and singular manner. Two hours have gone by since the hour appointed for the marriage of my daughter, and yet the bridegroom has not arrived. What can have detained him we cannot tell — we fear some accident or misfortune. The uneasiness among the slaves in Western Tennessee, and the rumors that come to our ears of organized banditti among the mountaineers, make us look for danger perhaps where none whatever exists."

It would be impossible to describe the various expressions depicted on the faces of the guests, or their manner of receiving this intelligence. Many looked startled and alarmed, some looked indignant and suspicious, and a few, the younger ones of the company, tittered behind their fans and in their pocket handkerchiefs. But, on the whole, they behaved well. It cannot be denied that it was an embarrassing, not to say mortifying position for Mr. and Mrs. Mordant, and I am not sure that the intelligence of the sudden death of the expected bridegroom would not have been quite a relief at the time, to one of them at least. It would have given an air of respectability to the disappointment. For Mrs. Mordant, she had her own private feelings on the subject, and they were not all those of regret or sorrow.

"What a sad thing!" "How mortifying!" "Poor Helen!" were heard from all parts of the room. "I wonder what it can mean!" "Did you ever hear of such a thing before?" and truth obliges me to confess that a fresh titter now and then came in as an interlude to the beamings.

There was a movement towards the door.

"My friends! we will adjourn to the refreshment tables. There is no reason why the supper should spoil because our most important guest has chosen to disappoint us;" and Mr. Mordant, taking a

lady under his arm, moved on to the gardens.

The spell of embarrassment and discomfort was at once broken. Expressions of admiration at the beautiful effect of the colored lanterns among the noble trees, and the brilliancy and elegance of the supper tables were unnumbered. The absence of the bridegroom and even of Helen was apparently forgotten in the grand onset; for they were hungry, these guests. They had waited out of all bounds, and the viands were delicious, varied and without stint. They were not selfish, particularly, these guests; they felt sincere concern for their friends, and especially for Mrs. Mordant and Helen; but the supper was tempting, and they, as I have said, were hungry. It was an occasion which is not unknown to most of us, when the physical triumphs completely over the sentimental and spiritual — sometimes even moral natures.

Among the guests, Windermere had been the most cheery and gay. One would have said that there was even a triumphant expression on his face. Mrs. Mordant knew not whether to feel offended or thankful; whether to think it an indication of want of feeling or an effort to draw the attention of the company from the misadventure of the evening. She was no longer doubtful when, as the young man handed her a cream, he lifted his eyes to her face for one moment. They were full of sympathy and affection, yet a something of mystery which she could not quite fathom pervaded them. It passed in a moment, and other guests claimed her attention.

The evening passed rapidly away. Helen did not appear, and delicacy forbade any of the guests requesting to see her. Mrs. Mordant exerted all her energies to appear cheerful and banish the feeling of constraint which naturally affected the company, and she in a measure succeeded. But she was herself burdened with a vague fear, a presentiment of ill, she knew not why; for the negroes were unusually cheerful, and seemed to have lost the sinister appearance they had worn since the return of the family to the plantation. She was, however, twice

startled by the sudden appearance and as sudden disappearance among the thick trees which skirted the garden, of the strange, gliding figures which had attracted her attention earlier in the evening. But she thought to herself, "I am nervous. They are only some of the plantation hands," and said nothing.

The supper was ended, and a dance was improvised in the well-lighted garden, under the broad canopy of the magnificent trees. The music penetrated the most distant part of the grounds, and a battalion of ivory teeth girdled the little plateau whereon the merry dancers whirled in the dizzy waltz, or moved in the graceful quadrille. As midnight went by the enthusiasm of the scene increased, and what was intended but as a brief episode, became the grand business of the night. One after another of the elder guests, however, as well as some of the younger ones, soon quietly took their departure, leaving the garden without the formality of bidding good evening to their host and hostess.

Among these was Windermere. He had for some time been becoming restless and unquiet, and had any one noted his appearance, he would have seen that his eyes roved uneasily from side to side; and then eyes, cheek, his whole person flashed up with a strange and sudden brilliancy. It instantly passed away; but it was not long after, that, quietly threading his way to the house, he received his overcoat and hat from Hector, who, from a plantation boy, had grown to the accomplished waiter, and with Rosy, now stood waiting on the departing guests. A look of intelligence passed between them, a rapid and quickly suppressed sign, a few low words, and Windermere was gone. Hector and Rosy still stood bowing and curtsying, and waiting on the now rapidly dispersing company, with all the innocent demureness of cloistered recluses, until the last had disappeared.

A look of inexpressible relief passed over the face of Mrs. Mordant when she found herself alone.

"Thank God, it is over! poor Helen! I can now go up and see her." She wearily ascended the stairs to her dress-

ing-room, where she had left her daughter on the lounge, but she was not there. "She was so weary, she must have retired to her own room. I must go in and say good night."

She opened the door but the chamber was vacant. Helen's bridal robes lay across the bed but she was not there.

"Helen! my daughter! where are you?" she called, thinking she might be in her closet. But no answer. In vague alarm she summoned Rosy, and the house was searched.

"She may be in the garden!" But the lights were already extinguished and the garden was in darkness. Helen was not to be found.

To be continued.

## MY HOPE.

By Helen Wyndham.

"Hope came as a dove, bearing the olive-branch of peace."

A weary, hopeless task rose up before me,  
And in my heart I saw  
A wish to flee from what plain-speaking duty  
Ought to have made my law.

I closed my eyes to all the outward beauty  
Which smiled on every side;  
Thought only hopelessly of this stern duty,  
By which I must abide.

Then as I thought of this, my heart, rebelling  
And questioning Fate, rose up;  
Thought not of blessings which my life were  
swelling,  
But of this bitter cup.

But while I thought, my listless, weary fingers  
Slower and slower wrought,  
And sudden stopped. My eye, upon the case-  
ment,  
A gleam of hope had caught.

A little bird, meek-eyed, with snowy pinions,  
Stood looking in my eyes;  
Shaming my lack of faith, my weak repining,  
Blaming by mute surprise;

Till I—in-looking, swept my vain heart over,  
Free from all doubt and pain,  
Free from the unbelief, the fear and question-  
ings,  
And each corroding stain,—

Turned, and anew took up my lot, my vision  
Piercing beyond the cloud,  
To where Hope's radiant rainbow hues of prom-  
ise  
In one bright arch are bowed.

## THITNER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXIX.

*At Berne, Sunday Eve.* Still resting beneath thy shadow, oh mighty Alps! bulwarks of God's own raising, whose massive walls will stand unmoved, as they have stood, for countless generations yet to come!

Steep reared upon steep! Jutting crag, snow-heaped summit, and glittering pinnacles of ice;—now standing out with clearly cut outline from a background of dark blue sky; anon, half veiled in mist, or draped with fleecy clouds; at one time tinged with the soft, roseate flush of early morning skies; at another, gleaming with gold and purple as the sunset rays or deepening shades of evening touch, with their varied hues, thy towering heights! In all phases, viewed at all times, wonderful, incomparable, yet very terrible in your stupendous proportions. Oh! mighty dwellers among the clouds! But draw me not nearer your presence lest I be overwhelmed with your frozen grandeur, for I am a worm of the dust before your everlasting front, looking ever into the heavens upward! ever upward!

Soul! how is thy thought swayed betwixt the two extremes of nothingness and power! A pigmy among these Titans,—an ephemera of an hour, compared with these age-enduring creations of Infinite power! And yet,—and yet,—oh soul! be not quite overborne with the weight of this awful majesty spread out before thy vision! That principle which enables thee to mark this great contrast,—to feel thine own *material, human nothingness*, will one day triumph over death and decay, and from human weakness, lift thee up through God's resurrecting power, to the Immortal, the Infinite, in being and duration!

But draw me not nearer your awe-inspiring presence!—a life spent in closer contact with your mighty spirits would be unendurable! Rather, give me a home upon some breezy hill, where, with sloping fields and winding stream,—with here a patch of forest, and there a glimpse of distant mountain, or shimmering sea; stretching on, and on, a broad,

undulating sweep of landscape,—rather than an eyrie among mountain heights, or the coziest nest that was ever found (beautiful though it might be) amid rock-walled Alpine vallies; a spot where the scenery is not so grand as to tax the mind in contemplation, inciting continued desires for the unattainable, pressing home upon the intellect, with that painful sense of littleness, so morbidly depressing in its effect, rather than inciting the repose and comfort which constitutes the charm of a permanent resting place.

Excursions among the mountains, simply *with a view of obtaining views*, will we none! To say that we have stood upon the summit of Mt. Blanc, after risking health or life in the undertaking—to clamber up icy steepes,—to look down into fearful chasms, or tempt the edge of overhanging precipice—to risk neck or limb upon "*le Mer de Glace*"—to climb wearily, so wearily over rock and glacier,—upward, ever upward,—even with the beautiful phenomena of "*Monta Rosa*," or the delicious bit of oasis in that mountain desert, "*le Jardin*,"—as the goal of our efforts, would not allure us to take up the spiked staff, and with the aid of guides and plenty of strong ropes, consent to be dragged into such like expeditions. Among the Alps, indeed! aren't we *exactly there*? haven't they been, and still are, "a wall on one side, and a wall on the other?" Haven't we crossed Mont Cenis—(in a civilized, though, manner, without the use of handropes, cudgels, or guides?) Haven't we steamed by rail, through mountain gorge, and on the brink of deep ravines? sailed on sweet Neufchatel? wandered hours along the shores of lake Lemman, till its blue surface and musical waves became like the face and voice of an old friend?—rolling through green sleeping vallies, through picturesque hamlets, and thriving towns—thus much have we been among the Alps to our great delight; thus much and more we hope yet to enjoy amid this beautiful region, by the help of steam and horse power, with a moderate use of our own powers of locomotion; thus much, and no more do we desire to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with these mountain-

fastnesses, now standing with their vast, cloud-capped summits in solemn grandeur around the evening horizon.

There is something akin to the ludicrous in listening to a religious discourse from the pulpit, delivered to an audience of less than a dozen souls — a discourse originally prepared for a full congregation, and designed to meet the varied needs of a promiscuous body of people. Such an experience was ours this morning at the English chapel. As there was little in the exhortation to hit our particular case, naturally we turned our attention to the other hearers, and query whether the two stranger ladies who shared our company on the lake yesterday, find it spiritually edifying; or the gentleman and his wife in the side pew (probably the consul and lady), or the other two or three present, feel themselves instructed or improved by the dry, theological treatise to which they are seemingly listening. But it was good for us to be there; good to join heart and voice with those few “strangers in a strange land,” in social worship. This service over, we could not but think how much more timely and appropriate, to say the least, it would have been had the officiating clergyman laid aside his elaborate manuscript, and as a brother and fellow-pilgrim, descended from his high pulpit style, to improvise for the real wants of the occasion, by talking familiarly, with warm words, upon those topics, simple yet grand, whose power for practical good could be felt by each individual soul!

Upon this subject of preaching, we have as yet heard nothing that would be considered in New England as indicating any respectable degree of pulpit talent. One is surprised at the common-place, prosy affairs, with the mixture of dogmatism given in shape of sermons, to intelligent audiences, here on the Continent. But one is *not* surprised, (such being the fact) that for the most part Protestants, travelling through the country, appear to consider Sunday's sermon as a mere matter of form, to be endured when there is nothing more attractive to keep them out-side, or when over-wearied with the ex-

citement of the week spent in sight-hunting, they find it *a rest* to pass an hour under such a soporific influence, besides satisfying the claims of an easy conscience, trained from habit to consider an observance of these outward “letters of the law” of considerable importance.

Pleasanter and more profitable than the sermon, found we the afternoon walk among the green fields and through the shaded suburbs of the town. How beautiful is the garb which nature has assumed here in these April days! Such bright green grass! such fragrant blossoms, and fresh, life-breathing foliage! Birds sang and flitted amid their new-born world; even the distant mountain-peaks,—this morning shrouded in weeping mists,—seemed to smile down upon the fertile vales below!

All nature worshipped; and could we fail to render *our* tribute of grateful adoration to HIM whose beneficent power had brought forth life, and beauty, and gladness, from the cold grave of wintry death!

Picturesque cottages, with barn and cow-house attached, were scattered here and there; groups of tidy, cheerful people sat in the small porches, or rested upon the wooden benches outside their homes. Every one seemed to thank God for the return of the beautiful season, by being outside of their houses and enjoying the great blessing as much as possible.

Of all the Switzer land that we have yet seen, like we this same Berne the best; but farther travel may change our opinion. Meanwhile, wearied with the fatigues of the past week of travel, thankful that we have no musty antiquities to explore, but are here brought into close communion with nature, we bid frowning “Jung Frau” and its long long line of kindred peaks good night. M. C. G.

*Lülfred's Rest.*

“To write the poem of the human conscience, were it only of a single man, were it only of the most infamous of men, would be to swallow up all epics in a superior and final epic.”—*Victor Hugo.*

“A mother's joy is almost like a child's.”—*Ibid.* Digitized by Google



## LETTERS FROM THE TOP OF A HILL.

By X. Y. Z.

Those among our readers who have been charmed with the writings of the "Country Parson," will find in the series of "Letters from the Top of a Hill," commenced in the present number of our Magazine, many characteristics of that racy and genial writer. We welcome him for our own sake and for theirs, and trust that he will not soon weary of the correspondence. He will pardon us, however, if we suggest our fears that his acquaintance with that erudite and lucid historian, Mother Goose, to whom he so pleasantly alludes, is less profound than he would have us think; otherwise would he have ventured the statement that "The Old Lady who lived under the Hill" was "a parent," when not one word on the subject is uttered by the writer, and no such doctrine set forth! Yet we forgive him the error for the sake of the pun.

ED.

MR. EDITOR. — The advantages of a residence on the top of a hill, rather than under it, where the venerable old lady resided whose acquaintance we made in our earliest copy of Mother Goose, must be apparent, (we believe, by the way, that the old lady was also a parent,) to any one who is in the habit of making observations either upon the starry heavens, or the dwellers on this mundane sphere. We travel farther and faster in the great diurnal waltz of Day and his sable bride than the dwellers of the vale. Before the trailing garments of the night have swept past them, we are enfolded in the purple mantle of day; and long after the drapery of the couch has settled upon them, parting day lingers and plays around us. We thus may be said to live longer and faster—I don't use the term in a bad sense—than those whose "sun goes down at noon." We are men of great prospects, if not of great expectations. We are the world's *overseers*. We are above the dust and strife of ordinary mortals; and from our serene highness look down with a sympathetic, though not unphilosophical eye, on the currents and counter-currents of trade, religion, politics, &c., which constitute

what, in popular phrase, is termed "life." We are privileged beyond the common walks of men,

"Like ships at sea, while in, above the world."

The dust of thoroughfares has not the ascension power to reach us in our aerial abodes. The fogs and mists of lagoons and marshes, springing from earth and climbing the rugged hillside, "become a portion of the glorious sky" long before they reach the altitude whence your correspondent surveys the smiling or scowling face of nature.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that the dwellers on these heights partake, somewhat of the freedom, the purity, and the elasticity of the upper atmosphere? "Is not our life composed of the four elements," and are not the petty cares, rivalries, and anxieties of sublunary existence seen most truly when looked down upon from a higher stand-point? Is not our view of the heavenly bodies less distorted by refraction than that of those who never see them except through the condensed, murky and smoky medium hanging over our cities and lowlands; and may not this be a type of our spiritual vision as compared with that of those who may be termed the "lower classes?"

The general truth suggested above has, in fact, obtained universal recognition, and fossilized itself in language. "Looking up to" is a synonym for respect and reverence, while "looking down upon" has a meaning quite the reverse. Our elevation has also a tendency, — while it makes all forms below diminutive, — to give breadth and expansiveness to the vision, both natural and spiritual. We see more of earth and heaven than the dwellers in the vales. The unfenced fields of air are all our own, through which the fancy may range at will.

Such being some of the advantages possessed by us over our less favored fellows, who in their journeyings never rise above the grade of our rail and country roads; not, in their imaginations, above the ordinary level of every-day life, I propose, through the medium of the Repository, to give, so far as it can be communicated, some proof of the advantages we claim.

## LIGHT AND SHADE.

By Lily Waters.

With light and shade the artist reproduces the wonders of Art and Nature. Scenes distant and unvisited are brought to our rapturous and wondering vision with all the charm of perfect accuracy. With what delight we linger over the Old World architecture, revelling in its classic associations; tracing the different orders, from a fragment of frieze or pediment; a broken arch, a capital, or column.

Through this magic agency, we are permitted to behold the towering cedars of Lebanon, the sacred olive groves, and friendly palms of holy lands. Human faces, upon whose varied expressions—lights and shadows of the soul—we gaze with an ever new and tender interest, amazed at the marvellous power of light and shade as arranged by human ingenuity!

*Experience* is the light and shade with which the divine Artist develops the soul pictures which are to adorn the eternal galleries of heaven! The almost dazzling light of happiness to-day, followed by the dark shadow of trial and affliction on the morrow, makes sharp and enduring pictures on the soul,—lighting some with the radiance of exalted hope, tender resignation and sublime trust; darkening others with doubt, and greed, and hate, and despair!

What bewildering light of joy filled the heart of Abraham, the faithful, when the child of promise was first laid in his arms! But O! what a sudden and awful shade fell upon him when, toiling up Moriah, obedient to the call of God, to sacrifice that idol! Yet from that obedient act, that sublime faith, there streamed a light, making luminous all the long, dim centuries of the past.

With what mournful interest, in traversing the galleries of memory, do we pause before familiar pictures, for our soul to draw the moral! There are Pharaohs, who would not sacrifice at the command of God, till he wrested from their heart's determined grasp the objects of their idolatrous affection. Herods, tram-

pling over every principle of humanity, to secure the throne whereon their pride would rule. Hagars, in their exile, lifting their souls to the Merciful, who watcheth them in pity, through all their wilderness of want, and woe, and scorn.

Tempters, with their dazzling offers of splendor and luxury, where the senses may revel awhile in pleasure—scorning the souls pleading for sacrifice—afterwards rending the pearls of virtue, and faith and tenderness.

Weary pilgrims, returning from unhalloved wanderings, with contrite souls, pressing eagerly to their Father's home of rest for wounded spirits. Loving natures, beaming through sweet faces, whose tender ministries, like the harpers of old, exorcise distrust and envy from disheartened souls, filling them with the sweet harmonies of heaven.

To-day, all about us, we see a noble priesthood offering sacrifices to God—not as under the Mosaic dispensation, the blood of goats and lambs—but their own heart's blood, they bring to their country's altar, with their lofty aspirations, their noble ambition! Tottering fathers sending their sons forth to do battle for their liberties. Mothers yielding their daughters, who, girded with zeal and tenderness, hasten with wine and oil to the suffering who have fallen for their country's freedom. Over such pictures, there is joy among the angels.

*Hartford, Conn.*

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OBITUARY.

Died in the hospital at Camp McClellan, Davenport, Iowa, July 2d, of ulceration of the lungs, Henry Channing Soule, eldest son of Mrs. Caroline A. Soule, aged 17 years, 4 months and four days. He was a recruit in Company H, 22d Iowa Infantry.

"Though a great nation mourn  
Not for such dead—  
Far in his lonely home  
Tears will be shed,  
And hearts break with pain."

"Diamonds are found only in the dark places of the earth: truths are found only in the depths of thought."

## Editor's Table.

It is with a feeling of great sadness that I resume my usually agreeable task of preparing the monthly Table for your perusal, dear reader. I have things to tell you that will sadden your sympathetic hearts also, and call forth all your tenderest feelings towards one who has long been a faithful caterer for your mental palate, and a true friend to you all. For a part of my evil tidings you are already prepared. You will have read the obituary notice which conveys to you the intelligence of the death of a son of our Western associate, Mrs. Soule. The blow that has fallen upon her is not a strange and unusual one—alas! How many thousands of mothers all over our bleeding land are now sitting in darkness and sorrow, mourning the death of a son slain in battle, or swept away by camp disease, or wasted by the slow process of exhaustion. But few will ever know all the cruel circumstances which aggravate, a thousand-fold, the pain of this sad, sad bereavement. Domestic affliction, deep and terrible, but which cannot be revealed to the world, had but just bowed the mother to the brink of the grave, when the news of her son's death came, and he had been scarcely one month a soldier. In a letter received from her three weeks since, I read—"I too, am become a soldier's mother. I feel now as if I had done something for my country—given it one of my jewels. God grant it may not be set in crimson!" Prophetic prayer.

In the letter received to-day, she refers to this, and exclaims, "O, Mrs. S., the jewel I gave my country has indeed been set in crimson, for my dear boy bled to death from ulceration of the lungs." In a letter from the surgeon in whose care he was placed, he gives some slight details of his death. He says, Henry was first taken sick with the measles about six days previous to his death and soon apparently recovered from them, and was to all appearance doing well, when all at once a copious hemorrhage from the lungs started, probably caused by an abscess there. This happened about 8 A. M., July 2d. It lasted for a few minutes only. When it stopped, we immediately

strove to do all in our power to prevent a second bleeding, but at half-past 10 A. M., it again commenced. He died a few minutes after. All the medical aid in the world could not have saved his life.

"Henry, during his short stay here, had won many friends. He showed himself to be a gentleman, and a true soldier. He was never once heard to make use of any other than good language. When he was sick, the nurses all liked him—he was kind, good and patient. He was buried at Oakdale Cemetery, a most beautiful spot, one mile from the city of Davenport."

Henry had been absent from home since last November, but did not enlist until May of the present year. He wrote his mother an affectionate, loving letter, announcing the facts. She answered it as soon as possible, but, unaccustomed to directing Army letters, she misdirected this, and, by a fatality very hard to endure, it reached the hospital, after long wanderings, eleven days after his death. "O," she writes, "I never, never, never can be reconciled to the fact that my boy never received that letter. He thought so much of a letter from me, and it would have comforted him so much to know that I did not blame him but honored him for going into the army, and it would have been almost like a blessing fresh from his mother's lips, to have had that letter under his pillow during those six days in the hospital. O, it does seem that whenever death comes to me it is with the most aggravating circumstances. You know Henry's father died—sickened, died and was buried, ere I received the letter announcing he was ill. All my friends have gone in the same way. Mother, father, grandmother, brother-in-law, sister, all sickened, and died, and were buried, and I knew it not till the sods lay cold upon their hearts. Never has it been my sad privilege to wipe the death-dew from a loved one's brow! Never mine to kiss their dying lips, press their pulseless hands, or listen to a last word of love; and now, my boy, my boy whom I loved as never boy was loved before, he is taken, and though

in the same State, I knew it not till he has been a week in his grave. O, it seems sometimes as though it were too much to bear.

"Do you never write words that afterwards come back to you with a pathos that nearly breaks your heart? In an editorial sketch written a year or more ago for the Repository, I remember using these words in reference to an incident where a fond mother, after making the fullest preparations for her sick soldier son, had him returned to her in his coffin — "Poor soldier, dead without the glory of a wound! Poor mother, bereft without even the comfort of knowing that *he fought well!*" How they come back to me, those words! how they come home! And in the June number of the Repository, in that little true sketch, "Only one Wounded," I said something to this effect. "It is only when we loop together the slender black threads of this war, that we realize how fearfully it has blighted our country." No, when I suffer as I do suffer, from the knowledge that my precious boy died in a hospital, knowing as I do know, too, that he had the tenderest of care—that he was reverently buried in a beautiful cemetery—and reflect upon what those thousands of mothers must have suffered whose boys were shattered to death on the battle-field, and buried in trenches, or, mayhap, not buried at all, I realize, as I never thought I should, what a fearful thing this terrible war is, and I feel as though I should joy to be transformed into an avenging angel with wings broad enough to cover the whole guilty South-land."

Henry Soule was a boy of great promise and most attractive person. To use his mother's phrase, "he was a splendid looking boy. I say it not," she continues, "with a mother's partiality, for such was the universal testimony of all who knew him. His forehead so high and broad and beautiful—with such a wealth of gold brown curls clustering about it, such large, glorious, deep blue eyes—such a complexion! fair as alabaster, with roses set upon each cheek, and those sweet lips—lips that never gave me nor any one else but kind and tender words,—and to think that he is gone! O! my darling! I see him now as I saw him as he gathered the few things he could carry in his satchel, I hovering about him, putting in here and there, in every odd corner, such little delicacies as I had brought with me from the East this summer, and every other moment pressing my two hands to my heart to keep it from leaping, as it were, out of my bosom. When all was ready, I went out and leaned against the

corner of the cabin while he parted with his brothers. Finally he came out and hastened towards me. O, the words I longed to say but could not. I could only utter, "Be a good boy, Henry, and never forget your mother?" "I will be good," he murmured, "and I'll never, never forget you!" I strained him to my heart and kissed him amid raining tears; he kissed me back, and I heard one convulsive sob choke up his throat—I loosened him and he took up his satchel and left me, afoot—alone—not fifteen—to begin the world; to walk a hundred and twenty-five miles across the prairie. I watched him out of sight, then went back to my toil. O, the days and nights of agony till I received his first letter. Thank God! from the day he left me until he died, everybody was kind to him. He found friends all along the road; friends at Cedarville, where he spent the winter, going to school; and friends afterwards at Florence, fifteen miles from there, where he lived till he enlisted. Yes, everybody was kind to my boy save him who—"

What shall we say by way of consolation to our friend in her great bereavement? She is now ill of lung fever, with a sorrow that cannot be told weighing upon her heart, crushing her to the dust. O, the living sorrows so much more terrible than those from the dead! May the God whom she loves and serves, the Father who is still watching over her, even in the darkness, bring her that comfort which human lips can never render!

Mrs. Soule is not able to contribute anything to the present number of the Repository—a deprivation which will be peculiarly felt by the readers; but we hope that by another month her health will be so far restored as to enable her to take her wonted place in the Repository.

#### A REMINISCENCE OF AUDUBON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

Many, many years ago, when locks that are now beginning to be sprinkled with gray were still nut-brown, and the heart was young and enthusiastic that has known care and some sorrow since then, with my husband and an old friend I found myself in the then far-off city of St. Louis. No railroads then interlaced the Western country, annihilating time and space, but the journey from Buffalo to Chicago must be made by the tedious circuit of the great lakes, consuming a week in transit from one city to the other city, I say; but Chicago, now the magnificent metropolis of the West, with its marble palaces, and its wondrous wealth and prosperity, was then but a cluster of wooden

houses, which were continually migrating from place to place, their inhabitants coolly remaining at home and performing their household labor with as much *sang froid* as if anchored to the solid earth. It was a curious sight to see these houses trundling about on wheels, shooting up one street and down another, while the good housewife, bustling about her work, would every now and then appear at the door to throw out a handful of apple-parings or a pan of dust, as if living in locomotive dwellings was the normal condition of the human race as well as that of the tortoise and the snail. Then from Chicago to the Mississippi, the journey was done by conveyances, dignified by the name of stages, though no ancient country wagon with its canvas roof, but would have put these stages to the blush. The hotels on the way were log cabins of usually a single room; but after all it was pleasanter journeying then than now, when you are whirled through the country by the power of steam, and the magic palaces of brick and stone have replaced the log cabins for hotels.

But I was to relate a reminiscence of the great ornithologist, Audubon. A day or two after we arrived in St. Louis, Audubon and his companions came in from the Rocky Mountains. They had been wandering in the wilderness nearly two years, meeting no other creature than buffalo, deer and the wild Indian, and had just then returned to civilized life. A boat roofed with buffalo hides had these two long years been their dwelling, in which they had reached the sources of the Missouri, and of the Yellow Stone, landing and branching off into the prairies and valleys and mountain regions as they chose, always leaving a part of the company on board to take care of the boat, and carry it on to meet the pedestrian party at some point higher up the river. They had brought a variety of strange animals and birds, and a great many curious and beautiful Indian manufactures with them, and the city was in a few hours alive with excitement on the subject. I had always had an unbounded admiration for Audubon. The stories of his adventurous wanderings I had heard, his discoveries in ornithology, his love of the wild life of the wilderness, coupled with his learning and accomplishments had invested him, in my mind, with all the qualities of a hero. And here he was, the hero I had never dreamed of meeting, in the same city with myself! I was eager to see him, but nothing would have induced me to have introduced myself upon his attention by seeking an

introduction; and in that city of strangers what chance had I to meet him in any other way? Evidently none. I sat down in my room at the Glasgow Hotel, and took it philosophically. It was necessary neither to my happiness nor my comfort that I should make the acquaintance of this hero,—for hero he indeed was,—why then should I in the indulgence of a vain desire, lose other pleasures that were within my grasp? But the thought of him haunted me, and as it was not uncommon with those who dally with the Muses, they finally took the following form:—

TO J. J. AUDUBON.

Lover of all things beautiful on earth—  
Great worshipper of Nature—AUDUBON!  
Thou whom, at e'en the hour that gave thee  
birth,  
Genius proclaimed her own, her favorite son;

Deign to accept the unpretending lay  
A humble woman offers at thy shrine,  
And from her turn not scornfully away,  
Who in thee worships glorious art divine.

Thou from far wanderings returnest now,  
And many a heart will joy thy face to see;  
And brighter wreaths will crown thy manly  
brow,  
Than aught my hand unskilled can tune for  
thee!

Yet can I not withhold the tribute due,  
Of proud and grateful homage to thy name;  
Though nought, alas, that one like me can do,  
Could add one tittle to thy well earned fame.

Thine own loved country, glorying in her son,  
Repeats thy name with all a mother's pride,  
While Europe's noblest yield to AUDUBON,  
A reverence deep they pay to few beside!

On thy proud way then, man of matchless zeal!  
On to thy goal with strong and hopeful heart,  
While Nature's worshippers shall far off kneel.  
And thank their God, who made thee what  
thou art!

*Glasgow Hotel.*

A half hour afterwards my husband and friend came in to tell me that *they* had seen and talked with Audubon. They that cared so little for the man compared with myself. They told me of wonderful things he had related to them, I listening as earnestly as they could desire. After they had ended their account I handed forth my verses, and, quite crest-fallen, retired to rest. The next morning after breakfast, as I sat alone in the parlor engaged in some little feminine occupation, a knock came at the door, and the landlord entered, followed by an old man of medium height and stout figure. His long white beard flowed far down over his

breast. He wore a drab slouch hat, grey clothing, and the heaviest and ugliest of hobnailed shoes. His face was tanned by exposure, but his cheeks were fresh as a milk-maid's, and his large gray eyes were keen as a falcon's. I rose from my seat as I saw by appearances that the visitor was for me, but guess my surprise when the landlord with a bow observed—

"Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Audubon."

No young girl ever saw her first lover at her feet with half the trepidation I felt at this moment. Surprise, gratification and delight were mingled with a sudden and unusual *mauvaise honte*, and I imagine the great Ornithologist's first impressions of me were not very flattering. But how instantaneously he placed me at my ease!

"I have just had the pleasure of reading some lines addressed to myself by you," said he, "and I thought, madam, you would not be displeased to receive a short visit from a rough old fellow of the woods, and so I have done myself the honor of calling on you."

The smiling landlord vanished. Mr. Audubon took a seat on the sofa at my side, and in five minutes we were old acquaintances. How he talked! Never did I converse with a more genial, delightful being than that old man. His language, terse and elegant, flowed from his lips with the eloquence of a Macaulay. Everything was new; nothing common-place. He told me of his long wanderings, of his hairbreadth escapes, of the glorious fields of flowers he had seen, of the wonderful birds he had found, of his adventures with the Indians, of his perilous encounters with herds of buffaloes, and a thousand things that made me feel as if in a land of romance. "But here I am back again in the haunts of civilization, my savage life left behind me, yet I fear scarcely knowing how to deport myself so that my friends will not be ashamed of me."

"Oh, as to that," I replied, laughing, "I think your friends will be well content to receive you with all your savage engraftings, comforting themselves with the thought of how happy you must be to find yourself once more in the lap of civilization."

"Happy!" he echoed, with a half-serious, half-jesting tone—"Not I, indeed! I am hampered with the restrictions of civilization already, and shall soon go back again to the wild life of my woods and prairies, and yet that kind of life has its drawbacks, too."

"Indeed!" said I, what *can* they be?"

"I remember several occasions which came

near proving fatal to me. One of them I will give you. We were far up on the Yellow Stone, and with three or four of my companions I had landed to follow a deer trail which looked quite fresh, for our provisions were growing scarce. However, we took a ration with us, not knowing how long it might be before we came up with our game. We travelled on for a long distance, sometimes getting a glimpse of the deer, and then losing it again, but never getting near enough for a shot. Of course we could not give up the chase; but it was a hot and murky day, and we soon found it necessary to search for water. We could not find it, but relying on our usual good fortune, we trusted to do so before long. So we kept on as nearly as we could judge, in the direction the deer had taken; while looking for water we had lost the trail, and, in my hurry, when I left the boat I had forgotten my pocket compass.

Night at length came on, and we must look for a camping place. We turned our eyes in all directions, but all places looked alike. We were on a vast, sandy plain, covered completely with cactuses. Far and wide there seemed to be nothing else. Unfortunately we had come out with only Indian buckskin moccasins, and our feet began to suffer with the thorny leaves which everywhere covered the prairie. It grew dark, and wearied, thirsty and footsore, we stretched ourselves on this uncomfortable bed and slept till morning.

"We awoke, breakfasted on the few crumbs which remained in our haversacks, and held a council of war, when we decided to give up the chase and return to the boat. As near as I could calculate we were thirty miles distant from it, but in which direction it lay we were at a loss to decide. After a brief consultation we determined on a course and started. We walked on for hours, our feet swollen and bleeding, but no tokens of the river's belt appeared. We seemed only to be plying deeper and deeper into the cactus desert. The noon-day sun glared down from a cloudless sky, and there was not a tree or a rock to shelter us. Our tongues were parched with thirst, but no water could we find, and what was worse than all we were lost! Hunger, too, began to assail us, but though a deer two or three times crossed our path, we could not bring them down. Our aim had become unsteady, and we wasted our ammunition in vain. So the second day went by and we lay down once more on a thorny cactus bed to sleep.

"The third morning dawned, and nervous

and dispirited we once more commenced our wanderings. This day we saw an abundance of game but our success in bringing it down was no better than on the previous day. Our eyesight was strangely affected by our suffering from hunger and thirst, and our hands trembled like aspens whenever we attempted to take aim. The prospect of extricating ourselves from our perilous position began to look very dubious. We might walk for weeks on this desert plain and not reach the end, and there evidently was no water. We were faint and nearly dying with thirst, when in the afternoon of the third day, we came upon some buffalo tracks filled with a green, slimy water. We knelt down, spread our pocket handkerchiefs over the little pools, dipped out the water with our leather drinking cups, and drank it. Never was a draught so delicious. It refreshed us and steadied our nerves. Soon after one of the party killed a little animal, I knew not what; we tore it to pieces and in a minute it was devoured. After this we had no further difficulty. We killed an abundance of game, and before night signal guns from our boat guided us to its welcome shelter. We had fortunately at last taken the right direction, and were saved from the dreadful death which has overtaken so many explorers, of starvation. Thank God for it!"

Two hours went by like minutes, and he rose to leave me. "We shall meet again before many weeks," said he; "you reside in New York and I not far from it. I have a nice pair of ponies which I shall soon send to the city to bring you to my house."

Alack! I never saw him again. I left St. Louis that afternoon and soon after Mr. Audubon's return home he was taken ill, and did not soon recover. "Civilized life" seemed not to agree with him at all, and on his recovery he started again on the tour which proved to be his last. He has long been no more, but his name will never be forgotten by the lovers of science and the beautiful. Among my most prized mementoes are a pair of moccasins elegantly embroidered by a daughter of a Black-foot chief and sent me by Mr. Audubon, as I was leaving St. Louis.

#### A MEMENTO OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Speaking of mementoes, recalls the fact that I now have in my possession a relic of the lovely and unfortunate Queen of Scotland. It is a fragment of lace, a peculiar and very beautiful fabric, once a part of a garment worn by her.

An heir-loom in a Scottish family and preserved by them with jealous care, it must excite very peculiar feelings in Scottish breasts. Of what sorrowful scenes may it have been a dumb witness! What throbs of anguish may have stirred its folds! How sad to look upon the frail memento and remember that after half a life of weary and cruel captivity its lovely wearer, generations ago, laid down her sorrows and her life together on the scaffold. What garment however magnificent, or jewel however rare, of the cruel Elizabeth, could excite half the emotion in the beholder, that is awakened by this little fragment of lace worn by her cousin and victim, Mary of Scotland?

Another memento of the unfortunate lady, more enduring and beautiful than any frail work of human hands, is one well known to most readers as

#### HER PRISON PRAYER.

Hundreds of versions have been made of it, few of them equalling the original which has been pronounced by good judges to be one of the tersest and most expressive compositions which the Latin affords. We give it to our readers that those who read Latin may compare it with the translations which fall in their way:

O Domine Deus, speravi in Te.  
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me.  
In dura catena,  
In misera poena  
Desidero Te.  
Languendo,  
Gemendo,  
Genuflectendo,  
Adoro,  
Imploro,  
Ut liberes me.

It may be remembered that the Rev. Mr. Laurie gave a translation of it in a former number of the Repository, which we subjoin:

O Lord, and my God I have hope but in Thee;  
O, Jesus, beloved, now liberate me;  
In heavy chain,  
In bitter pain,  
With languor, and gloaming, and bending the knee,  
I adore and implore thee to liberate me.

But perhaps one of the finest renderings is the following in prose, which breathes the very spirit of earnest prayer.

"O Lord God, in thee have I put my trust. O, sweet Jesu, be thou my succor and defense! Bound with my hard chain, burdened with my sore affliction, I come longing to thee. And thus I sink and weep, and bow my knees, adoring thee, and praying, O Lord deliver my soul."

This beautiful prayer of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, recalls another written by one equally beautiful, and equally unfortunate—Mary Queen of Hungary. She is little known in this country, and I do not remember ever to have met her name in English. She was the wife of Sigismund 1st, and her fate was in many respects the counterpart of that of the Scottish queen. Young and beautiful, her husband in exile, she was seized first by one party and then by the other, which rent and divided her country, each of which, ignoring her marriage with Sigismund, endeavored to compel her to give her hand to a leading member of his own party; for being the lawful queen of Hungary, the party which she espoused would naturally become the ruling one. But, true to her husband, she resolutely refused to comply with their demands and was thrown into prison. Here she was confined many years, they in whose power she was occasionally visiting her to see if her misfortunes had not at last led her to succumb to their wishes. But no hardship or cruelties could shake her loyalty, and she endured to the end.

The following is her prison prayer, and breathes a fruitful spirit of trust and resignation. It was written about the year 1525, in the old Teutonic dialect. I have made the translation as literal as possible, and am sure our readers will be glad to read it.

#### PRISON PRAYER OF MARY OF HUNGARY.

O God, though sorrow be my fate,  
And the world's hate

For my heart's faith pursue me;  
My peace they cannot take away!  
From day to day,

Thou dost anew imbue me.  
Thou art not far!—a little while  
Thou hid'st Thy face, with brighter smile,  
Thy Father-love to shew me!

Lord, not my will, but Thine be done!  
If I sink down,

When men to terrors leave me,  
Thy Father-love still warms my breast;  
All's for the best!

Shall man have power to grieve me,  
When bliss eternal is my goal,  
And thou the keeper of my soul,  
Who never wilt deceive me?

Thou art my shield!—as saith the word—  
Christ Jesus, Lord!

Thou standest pitying by me;  
And lookest on each grief of mine,  
As though 'twere Thine!

What then though foes may try me?  
Though thorns be in my path concealed?  
World do thy worst!—God is my shield,  
And will be ever nigh me!

While on the subject of prayer I am tempted to present the reader with another which, in the

present crisis of Poland, will be interesting, and which we will all echo for that unfortunate country.

#### THE NATIONAL POLISH PRAYER.

##### I.

O Lord, who, for so many centuries, didst surround Poland with the magnificence of power and glory; who didst cover her with the shield of thy protection when our armies overcame the enemy, at thy altar we raise our prayer; deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

##### II.

O Lord, who hast been touched by the woes of our injured land, and hast guided the martyrs of our sacred cause; who hast granted to us, among many other nations, the standard of courage, of unblemished honor; at thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

##### III.

Thou whose eternally just hand crushes the empty pride of the powerful of the earth; in spite of the enemy vilely murdering and oppressing, breathe hope into every Polish breast! At thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

##### IV.

May the cross which has been insulted in the hands of thy ministers give us constant strength under our sufferings! May it inspire us in the day of battle with faith that above us soars the spirit of the Redeemer! At thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

##### V.

In the name of His commandments, we all unite as brothers. Hasten, O Lord, the moment of resurrection! Bless with liberty those who now mourn in slavery! At thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

##### VI.

Give back to our Poland her ancient splendor! Look upon our fields soaked with blood! When shall peace and happiness blossom among us? God of wrath, cease to punish us! At thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

We had intended "to lay on the Table" a number of extracts from our Army Correspondent, but we find that the viands of a lighter quality are needed as a desert, after the somewhat sad report we have served you. A charming little thing for the younger readers, with whom we always desire to make friends, is the following—

#### LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little dandelion,  
Lights up the meads,  
Swings on her slender stalk,  
Telleth her beads,  
Lists to the robin's notes  
Poured from above—  
Gay little dandelion,  
Recks not of love.



Cold lie the daisy banks,  
Clad but in green,  
Where in the springs ago,  
Gay hues were seen.  
Wild pinks are slumbering,  
Violets delay,  
True little dandelion,  
Greeteth the May.

Brave little dandelion!  
Fast falls the snow,  
Bending the daffodil's  
Haughty head low.  
Under the fleecy tent,  
Careless of cold,  
Blithe little dandelion  
Counteth her gold.

Meek little dandelion  
Groweth more fair,  
Till dries the amber dew,  
Out from her hair.  
High rides the thirsty sun,  
Fiercely and high,  
Faint little dandelion  
Closest her eye.

Pale little dandelion,  
In her white shroud,  
Hearst the angel breeze  
Call from the cloud.  
Thy plumes fluttering,  
Make no delay,  
Little winged dandelion  
Soareth away.

And here is another, just as pretty, a chapter  
on Natural History, for the wee, wee ones.

#### THE FLY.

Baby bye,  
Here's a fly;  
Let us watch him, you and I.  
How he crawls  
Up the walls—  
Yet he never falls!  
I believe with six such legs  
You and I could walk on eggs!  
There he goes  
On his toes,  
Tickling baby's nose!

Spots of red  
Dot his head;  
Rainbows on his back are spread!  
That small speck  
Is his neck;  
See him nod and beck!  
I can show you, if you choose,  
Where to look to find his shoes;  
Three small pairs  
Made of hairs;—  
These he always wears!

Black and brown  
Is his gown;  
He can wear it upside down.  
It is laced  
Round his waist;  
I admire his taste;  
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,  
He will lose them, I'm afraid,  
If to-night  
He gets sight  
Of the candle-light.

In the sun  
Webs are spun;  
What if he gets into one?  
When it rains,  
He complains,  
On the window-panes.  
Tongues to talk have you and I;  
God has given the little fly  
No such things;  
So he sings  
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat  
Bread and meat;  
There's his mouth between his feet!  
On his back,  
In a sack,  
Like a pedler's pack.  
Does the baby understand?  
Then the fly shall kiss her hand!  
Put a crumb  
On her thumb;  
Maybe he will come!

Catch him? No!  
Let him go;  
Never hurt an insect so.  
But, no doubt,  
He flies out,  
Just to gad about.  
Now you see his wings of silk  
Drabbled in the baby's milk!  
Fie! oh fie!  
Foolish fly,  
How will he get dry?

All wet flies  
Twist their thighs;  
Then they wipe their heads and eyes;  
Cats, you know,  
Wash just so;  
Then their whiskers grow!  
Flies have hair too short to comb;  
So they fly bareheaded home.  
But the gnat,  
Wears a hat;  
Do you believe that?

Flies can see  
More than we—  
So how bright their eyes must be!  
Little fly  
Ope your eye—  
Spiders are near by!  
For a secret I can tell,—  
Spiders never treat flies well!  
Then away!  
Do not stay—  
Little fly, good day!

#### MISS MINNIE S. DAVIS.

I regret to announce that Miss Davis, the junior editor of the Repository, is dangerously ill, and still very low. You will miss her pleasant pen, dear reader, for the time, for few know so well how to make an hour pass agreeably. But among our correspondents there are none whose contributions to the present number will be read with greater interest. We trust that by our next issue her health may be quite restored

THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## PLAYING WITH FATE.

By the Author of Bubbleton Parish.

Concluded from the September number.

PART II. — CHAPTER IX.

**T**WO years have passed. Of course you saw how it would be. Pauline married Mr. Cornelius Popple; the fashionable world congratulated her, and the great city felt the sensation.

You condemn her for it? Very likely. Was she feeble, selfish, reckless, culpable? Ah, how many are even so, in this world. You, that have none of these frailties, stone the unhappy woman to your hearts' content.

How desirable a thing it were to en-throne Perfection on this earth! In the absence of that stately sovereign, why not invoke—what-do-you-call-it?—the gentle spirit that thinketh no evil, endureth all things, and vaunteth not itself?

They have been abroad—the cold, un-loving, haughty wife, bearing with imperial grace the charms that yield no fruit; the timid, obsequious, vacant husband, surrendering the pride of authority without the recompense of affection.

They have journeyed through those grand historic lands that invite the researches of scholars, and pervade the imaginations of poets. How the associations of the Arno and the Rhine must have delighted Mr. Popple! Imagine his discriminating and judicious observa-

tions, standing under the overshadowing majesty of St. Peters, or before the ethereal statues of Michael Angelo! . . . Imagine this promising scion of the New World patronizing Mont Blanc, and wagging his sagacious head at the Grecian demigods!

Pauline has exhausted Europe—the Vatican, the Louvre, the Alps, and similar trifles, with Paris and St. Petersburg for desert—and returned, the incarnation of Insensibility and Unrest.

During this delightful foreign tour, but one incident had occurred to move the stony placidity of this splendid statue. One autumn evening, at a German inn, she had suddenly met—her Fate. He was in company with three or four artists, or men of letters—the gravest, tallest and handsomest of the roving tribe. The meeting was equally unexpected to both, but he sustained the surprise with a stately politeness and ease that the proud woman could neither match nor pardon. He courteously abridged the interview; and his party, the next morning, were on the road at daybreak. Both were in Rome the ensuing winter; but Raymond avoided society, it seemed, and did not cross her path again.

Bitterly she reflected, "The love I had lighted in that man is extinguished."

And her own heart had grown colder—her air more majestic and haughty from that time.

## CHAPTER X.

As the sultry days of June approach, we attend our friends again to the Highlands. The stately hills are there to greet them, with that serene benignity that no levity or sin of theirs can change. What is, perhaps, more to the purpose, Roxana is there also — her exuberant vitality and dashing impudence unwasted and unrestrained. She invests our dainty and august Pauline like a flood.

Let us spend a few moments in the company of these charming women.

"You detestable croaker!" exclaims the dasher; "tell me that life has no interest for you — an independent wife, an idol of fashion, and you but twenty, withal!"

"My heart is dead!"

"But your appetite is good?"

"Scarcely. Somehow, nothing gives me any pleasure. Everything wearies me. I think, every day, I rather not have lived!"

"I see how it is; you've been too domestic. You need a change of sensations. Apropos: we expect Mr. Oldharry tomorrow. I trust he is a gentleman to your taste."

"I don't seem to remember him."

"Not remember Octavius Oldharry? I'll wager my diamonds no other woman ever forgot him. Why, he travelled in your set a week or so — he wrote me all about it."

"It may be. I didn't mind. Somebody Mr. Popple picked up, I dare say."

Roxana levelled a very sharp glance at her reticent friend. Was such insensibility credible?

"You really don't remember this man, who worshipped you all through Italy, to the scandalous neglect of the saints that are shrined in that fortunate land. To punish your ingratitude, I'll never read you the letter in which he celebrates your perfections."

This will suffice, I think, to show us the salutary tendency of that conversation.

Mr. Oldharry came; a man not younger than forty, with a superior figure, and manners polished by twenty years of in-

cessant social friction. He was posted on every topic that is admitted into good society; and he was master at once of the accomplishments becoming the man of leisure, and of the tact essential to an effective display of them. He had seen the great pictures and statues that æsthetic people talk about; he had tripped daintily through the most entertaining literature, plucking a few of the flowers for his button-hole; he had beheld the Colosseum by moonlight, and Niagara in the winter; and he could sing a ballad, analyze a novel, or sustain the luxurious responsibility of a waltz, as the exigences of society might require.

As Roxana had stated, Mr. Oldharry had met Pauline abroad. He had become, I grieve to say, powerfully impressed by her beauty, and touched, perhaps, by her involuntary betrayal of her unhappiness. He had the sagacity to perceive, however, that the time had not come for her to appreciate his own merits, or welcome his society. And so, veiling the ardor of his admiration with elaborate courtesy, the experienced man of pleasure waited for a more propitious opportunity.

I must here do Pauline the justice to say that she was by no means inclined, in the outset, to enter into this perilous flirtation. Not that I claim for her that high veneration for her womanhood that actuates the purest and noblest women; for I suspect that her alliance with Mr. Popple may have debased her a little in our virtuous judgment; but, what I mean to represent is, that she was too thoroughly depressed by disappointment and sorrow, to be roused by the allurements of vanity or of passion. And thus it came to pass that the artful disclosures of the dashing Roxana, touching the accomplished Mr. Oldharry and his rather equivocal adoration—for whatsoever purpose they may have been designed—really led her to interpose an extra screen of reserve against the brilliant fascinations of that high-minded gentleman. There was the more merit in this, because it involved some sacrifice of her attractions; since, when a crowned beauty abrogates her natural function of coquetry, she is

in danger of falling back upon decorous stupidity.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Octavius Oldharry evinced his knowledge of that department of business in which he was then engaged, by facing with respectful *nonchalance* the prudential *hauteur* of the woman whose favor he aspired to win. He was too wise a tactician to "compass her with sweet observances," at the risk of rendering himself ridiculous; and he was too discreet to set the keen-scented hound of scandal upon the track of his purpose. He distributed his attentions with meritorious impartiality. His accomplishments shone upon all. He sang duets with a depressed little woman who had a cracked voice and a plain face. He conversed about Palestine and the holy places with a village clergyman, who sometimes joined the party at dinner. He even gave the little finger of his patronage to Mr. Popple, and raised that diminutive mortal into judicious recognition. In short, his popularity soon ran abreast of his merits, and he became the luminary and oracle of the boarding-house.

In view of this changed aspect of the man, Pauline withdrew the screen I have mentioned. Indeed, accustomed as she had been to precedence and distinction, she was scarcely content to share his services with all the Browns and Smiths that are found in suburban drawing-rooms. Her vanity was piqued. There could be no harm, she thought, in shining upon him, now and then, and making him feel her power. Cheated of the joys of love, and bankrupt in the treasure of youthful hopes, who shall deny her the meaner enjoyment for which she has been bred—the solace of her vanity, in the visible potency of her beauty.

The fashionable season gradually wore away. Apparently Mr. Oldharry was content with his progress and prospects, for he grew more cheerful and self-possessed, more brilliant and captivating every day. By almost imperceptible degrees, he appeared to yield himself to the attractions of our queen of beauty—now venturing to distinguish her, during a

morning or evening, by his exclusive devotion, and now retiring for a day, as if conscious that he ought to break the spell she had cast over him. And Pauline—now irritated in her pride, now gratified in her vanity—amazed her own soul by the interest she came to feel in the varying moods of this man; and, conscious that all her resources were demanded to secure the glorious trophy, she permitted him to gain exclusive possession of her imagination.

At this interesting crisis, Mr. Popple appeared resolved to contribute his feeble influence to precipitate his wife's destiny. The natural imbecility of this priceless gentleman might have answered the purposes of fate; but he magnified his agency by falling into very intemperate habits, this eventful season, and became as disgusting by his vices, as he had been contemptible in his endowments. O hungry, vacant heart of woman! starving for the sweet sacrament of love, no more do you need its gentle ministries to soothe your unrest, than you need its loyal completeness to force out your lawless foe.

During the last fortnight, the duties of hospitality had confined Roxana and the amiable colonel to F.,—at least, such was the excuse plead by the dasher for withdrawing her society, temporarily, from her city friends.

There was one guest at F. who did seem to demand an inordinate share of attention—a tall, deep-chested Kentuckian, who made frequent references to chivalry, and who may be said to have expressed the triumphant self-confidence of the whole Yankee nation in his resounding laughter. This gallant man, who held it the first duty of a gentleman to pay homage to beauty—a sentiment with which he edified every lady he was permitted to approach—made himself eminently agreeable to the vigorous Roxana; while her sparkling audacities, enrapturing his limited fancy, made him sigh for a new invoice of compliments beyond what he had imported out of magnumtongue novels.

It was insinuated, about this time, by those envious gossips who, having no intrigues of their own, devote their ample

leisure to watching those of other people, that the colonel perceptibly cooled toward his gallant visitor, and even neglected his evening ride, sinking into a state of mind utterly alien to his frank and lively nature. But this mean rumor—propagated by Mr. Popple in a state of inebriation, and fomenting in the outer circle of the company—had scarcely compromised, as yet, the eminent persons whom it concerned.

#### CHAPTER XII.

On a certain evening, before the twilight had entirely faded, Pauline hurried to her room, bolted the door with a trembling hand, and flung herself down in amazing agitation. Her kindled eye and heaving breast betrayed yet more the stormy emotion that possessed her soul. Was it pain or pleasure? was it anger or tenderness? was it the wild triumph of passion, driving all sanctions before its delirious recklessness, or the flame of repentance that is lighted when pride is struck by shame? It was a strange, turbid emotion, partaking of all these elements,—a blinding storm, that put out the lights of instinct, eclipsed the beacon of reason, and drove her sightless and terrified toward unknown shores.

To forego metaphor, Pauline had listened that evening to some very thrilling words, addressed to her exclusive ears by the accomplished Mr. Oldharry. They were glowing words, artfully coined, passionately enunciated; and their natural force was enhanced by a personal presence that looked radiant and grand there under the dusky trees. The burning spirit of the man had caught her like a tempest, and it was the despairing sense of her own weakness that gave her vigor, in that critical moment, to fly from him.

Day by day she had been unwittingly arming him against herself. Day by day she had been yielding some vantage ground, under the delusion that *he* was being drawn more helplessly under the spell of her enchantment. And here was the result of the salutary skirmish! The result? or only a sure and fatal token?

It was not easy, in the present agita-

tion of her nature, to define or estimate her predominant emotion. With bent head, and wild, dilated eyes, she sat gazing into the infinite mystery—trying to discern the indications of her fate. A woman with decided religious convictions co-operating with the instincts of her womanhood, would have had no need to pause and deliberate on the brow of that shelving precipice. Pauline was not what is called a religious-minded person. A happy wife, bound in the blessed fetters of conjugal love, had never wandered, in bewildering hunger of heart, into the critical labyrinth where the sophisms of passion mislead the pliant conscience. But our Pauline, as we know too well, was not a happy wife. And so she sat, as I have said, wildly gazing into the troubled element that had inundated her life—questioning the invisible destiny that hung over her, whither she was drifting.

Some things gradually became clear to her apprehension. Mr. Oldharry had come to her as a welcome resource. He had rescued her from the inanity of a conventional existence. He had galvanized her dead heart by awakening her pride. He had furnished an object to entertain her listless fancy, and transferred her vision from the buried past to the germinating present.

Nor was this all. Pleasing in his accomplishments, flattering in his devotedness, he possessed the magnetic charm that belongs to fervid natures. She had come to experience a certain intoxicating delight in his society, as she now confessed to her soul with blushing wonder. It seemed that he radiated a kind of tropical *influence*, vital, vast, illimitable, in which her lesser personality was caught, transfused, and bound; while all motives to resistance, and all pride of supremacy melted blissfully away.

Thus Pauline sat, looking this dreadful miracle in the face. It grew past midnight. One by one the boarders had gone to their rooms. The promenaders had left the veranda. The dancing had ceased in the hall. A loud, unsteady step broke the silence of the passage, approached the door of Pauline's room, and

there ceased with a dull *clump* and some feeble cursing.

The haughty Queen of Fashion unbolted the door, for this was a husband's summons. How disgracefully drunk he was! How crumpled and vile, poor imbecile effigy of the manhood he affected to support!

She stood erect and silent, looking down upon the scandalous, inferior animal — with what a changed expression, with what terrible beauty, with what a glare of scorn and menace, let all the baleful spirits that preside over domestic tragedies, or Passion's dread catastrophe, declare.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

The sun had hardly risen, next morning, darting his level beams like silver lances through the gorges of the hills, when Pauline stole from her room, with so changed a face that scarcely one of us would have recognized her; stole out, I say, with a quick, furtive glance at the still object lying on the bed—a thing that did not move, or ask her why she went so early, or whither she was bound that pleasant day, or *where* they twain might meet again, in the wide, deep universe, that spans with rim of light and gloom the living and the dead.

With that changed face, and with a light and spectral step that made no echo in the house that yet was still with morning slumber, Pauline glided through the passage, and thence down the broad stairway to the outer door, and would soon have vanished, it seems, from the place. But just there she paused; and, pressing her hands convulsively to her breast, turned back, with a half-uttered cry; crept stealthily up the stairway, and back to the room where the still object lay. There she took off her *wedding ring*, and laid it down beside the Thing that never spoke or stirred; and then she glided off, white as any church-yard phantom, swiftly, silently, looking back no more — out of the house — under the pendant shrubbery, hung with jewelled dew — down the winding walk, where the grating gravel cut her conscious heart—amid the sighing trees, that seemed burdened

with an awful SECRET which they must whisper to the coming day.

Amid the embowering wood, and overlooking the noble river that was still dark under the shadow of the opposite hills, was a summer-house; as beautiful and secluded a spot as Taste ever decorated, or pensive Love ever sought. Thither Pauline directed her steps.

The summer house was vacant, but two or three books, a sheet of music, a half finished drawing, and a bunch of withered flowers, were tokens of a recent occupancy. Into the cool and pleasant bower fled Pauline, with that ghastly face which the summer morning could not change, and the turbulent soul that no sweetness of nature could tranquilize any more.

Reclining for a while, white and still, with a fixed look that seemed to rest on some horrible thing, she turned away at length, and took up one of the books, as if to shut out the intrusive vision. As her eye fell on the page, she started with a new emotion, and all her frame visibly trembled; for she saw a name that recalled her maiden prime, when a pure love was possible, and when Hope stood, a smiling warder, at the gates of the Future.

It was Pitt Raymond's last book; and Pauline turned the leaves with a sudden presentiment—the last suggestion, perhaps, of her salient vanity — that some element of her own nature, or some phase of her own career, would be found reflected in those pages. In one passage that arrested her attention, how could she fail to recognize the author's allusion to herself, as the inspirer of a passion he had regretted and survived?

"So for her sake, not less than his own" — thus the passage ran — "he fled from the perilous loveliness that might tantalize, but could never reward, the foolish heart which its splendor had fired. For many days, aye, for many weeks after he left her shining orbit, he seemed to walk in a wintry gloom, where his mind drooped as if wanting its native light, and even the body missed its elastic vigor. He saw then what he had not hitherto distinctly confessed, that he had indeed fallen down the great abyss

of Love, where no Elysian promise waited to receive him and make him whole; and that now he must painfully clamber back, with no medicine for this heart-bruise, but such as Pride prescribes and Time administers.

"For a short season, he tried to justify his infatuation by pleading that *she* was intrinsically noble,—that mere personal Beauty, embossed in Wealth, and played off by Vanity, could never have inspired a rational man with a profound passion; that the despotic demands of society had constrained her nature and dictated her fate. But this meagre consolation did not abide. He reflected that it is the function of Love—the great Magician and Creator—to *idolize* its object, and to attribute impossible perfections to the elect creature who is to become to the lover more than all the world besides. No doubt he had magnified, by the necessity of his love, the perfections of that woman. Hers was a common heart, after all, enshrined in alluring loveliness that a few summers would consume; and *then*—what glory would distinguish her from the melancholy herd of vain and selfish wives? A common love would content her. Perhaps even the fawning of a spaniel flattery would be sweeter than the erect homage of a manly soul, coming forth to meet her from the court of Honor, with Truth's immortal star worn on his breast."

Pauline closed the book, and the anguish of that morning culminated in the condemnation which Pitt Raymond seemed to have pronounced upon her.

At that instant a step, she had learned of late to recognize, startled her, and Mr. Oldharry entered the summer-house.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

There was a change, also, on the face of the man of pleasure. It was not the look she had seen the evening before, when he seemed so grand and radiant, pouring such burning passion into her soul under the sighing trees.

"Fly with me!" he said, in a deep, muffled voice; "the house is alarmed!" She stood up, waving off his proffered hand.

"Fly *from* you, I will; *with* you, never."

"What scruple is this?" he cried, seizing her hand; "have you periled so much, and will not venture this? Do you hear? The grounds are alive with people looking for you. Come!"

She cast off his hand, and darted by him with a desperate bound.

The river bank was barely two rods distant—a bank precipitous and bold, rudely faced with stunted shrubs, that just revealed, amid their shaggy clumps, the deep, dark water that murmured promise of rest and oblivion.

He saw her purpose, but the terrible resolution she evinced paralyzed him, for an instant, as with stony horror he saw her wing her splendid person toward destruction. Then he bounded after her fleetly as an Indian runner,—with her, approached the fatal declivity, and would have laid his strong hand upon her in time to avert the deadly leap. But, in that same moment, as more than one witness afterward testified, the report of two rifles, discharged almost simultaneously, sent their echo through the highlands. Mr. Oldharry recoiled; for he knew in what quarrels morning shots are sometimes exchanged by gentlemen who summon valor to atone for a deficiency of virtue; and his startled fancy re-produced the image of some gallant rencounter, in which similar sounds had voiced the climax of a tragedy. He recoiled, I say; and, in that instant, the desperate woman, with all her treasury of beauty, with all her withered innocence and hope, with all her baleful passions, and the goading agony that drove her to her doom, plunged down the cliff, startling the birds that had nested in the rock-grown shrubs, and striking fiercely into the dark water that rippled around her, and eddied over her, and hid her solemnly from all human eyes.

Mr. Oldharry crept over the edge of the cliff with caution, like a man who knows the value of life, supporting his weight by the small cedars that grew out of the side of the declivity, and gazed down into the dark water that sepulchred the woman whom his own lawless

passion had first engulfed. There, looking into the dread abyss, the man of pleasure thought of many things — of abysses and mysteries that lie below and around each man's soul, and sometimes arrest the notice of the most reckless nature.

And, as he mused, the sound of oars struck on his sensitive ears, and a boat shot rapidly into the river directly before him. In the boat were three or four men, and one of them reclined in the arms of a comrade, with a ghastly face turned up toward the gentle sky, and an ominous blood-stain on his breast.

The conscience-stricken spectator could scarcely recognize, from his position, the sad group that passed before him toward the shore of F.; and he was not informed until the evening of that tragical day that the generous and hospitable Colonel Jones had fallen, in the vain endeavor to cleanse his tarnished honor, and avenge the common perfidy of his wife and his guest.

The following, though printed in several papers, years ago, is new to me. I copy it from the Author's Scrap Book. He professes to have written it during a violent fever, by influence of some poet-spirit. The paraphrase of the Lord's prayer, following it, is his own, however, and is in the same style, except the inspiration fever might impart. Both are beautiful.

A. B. G.

### A DREAM OF FLOWERS.

By H. Clay Preuss.

One golden morn in summer-time  
I wandered in a garden,  
Whose flower-diamonds crown a lawn,  
That looks down on the Arden.

I wandered long through gothic shades,  
And Oriental bowers,  
Then fell asleep on a mossy bank,  
And dreamt a dream of flowers.

Beside me bloomed a violet—  
My cheek was lying near it—  
And when I slept, methought its form  
Was changed to a human spirit.

Ah! many a pang that flower had felt  
Ere its virgin leaves unfurled;  
For the earth was cold, and the days were dark,  
When it lived in the Under-world!

But lo! when the angel Spring came round,  
From her wintry rest arisen,  
She rolled the stone from its tomb away,  
And the soul went out of prison.

Then the violet woke in the Upper-world,  
And oped its baby eyes;  
Dear God! what a flood of splendor burst  
From earth and the starry skies!

The Day-god stooped from his peerless throne,  
And smothered her cheek with kisses;  
She thrilled and glowed, grew faint with joy,  
Till tranced in a world with blisses!

Each morn she fed on the purest dews,  
From the mother-breast of Night,  
And she wove her a robe of dazzling sheen,  
From rays of the soft moonlight.

The south wind brought her greetings kind,  
From far off tropic bowers;  
For odors are like spoken words,  
The native speech of flowers.

Now the violet had no selfish heart,  
Though from the earth arisen;  
She yearned to speak with her sister dear,  
Who lingered still in prison.

Then the soul of the flower went down  
To its old home under the earth,  
And spoke to her embryo sister there,  
Of the joys of the "second birth."

She told of the world in the upper air,  
With its myriad forms of light—  
Of the soft south breeze, and the nectar dews,  
And the spangled realms of Night.

But ah! these words fell cold and dead,  
On her mortal sister's ear,  
Who had no thought, in her prison-gloom,  
Beyond her own dark sphere.

She doubted much her sister's voice,  
And drowned its sweet revealing,  
For the earth around was cold and dark,  
And crushed each holier feeling.

Then the angel-flower grew sad at heart,  
As one by hope forsaken;



But again she smiled, and joyous said,  
 Thank God! she'll soon awaken!  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 My dream went out—the flower was there—  
 The sun still brightly beaming;  
 But something said I had dreamt a dream  
 That was not all in dreaming :

That the human soul was like that flower  
 The Under-world may harden;  
 But touched by death, 'twill blossom out,  
 In God's Eternal Garden! ●  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Oh, golden days of Summer's dead!  
 My fresh young hopes awoken—  
 I cannot feel your olden charm—  
 My poor, sad heart is breaking!

And yet, thank God! a higher light  
 Unto my soul is given,  
 Which sheds upon my prison-gloom  
 A glory as of heaven!

They come to me in solemn dreams,  
 The souls of those arisen—  
 They say my time will soon be out,  
 And I shall leave my prison.

The earth is cold, the night is dark,  
 There is no sign of day;  
 I'm waiting for the angel, Death,  
 To roll the stone away!

*Washington, D. C., October, 1856.*

## "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

By H. C. Preuss.

Father in heaven! we bow to Thee,  
 Poor humble insects of the sod,  
 And own Thee as the source of all—  
 The only true and living God!

The countless worlds that roll through space,  
 In spheric hymns proclaim  
 That Thou art King and Lord of all—  
 O, hallowed be Thy Name!

Imprisoned in this dark estate,  
 As exiles from our home,  
 We blindly grope through doubt and sin—  
 Oh, let Thy kingdom come!

Against Thy just and holy laws  
 Our foolish souls have striven :  
 Oh, Father, let Thy will be done  
 On earth as 'tis in heaven!

With earthly wants and low desires,  
 Our angel-natures starved and dead,  
 We call on Thee, as helpless babes :  
 Give us this day our daily bread.

With contrite hearts and pleading sighs,  
 We fall before Thy throne,  
 As we forgive a brother's sins,  
 Oh, God! forgive our own.

Let not the wily tempter's art  
 Seduce our erring souls from Thee;  
 But save us from all evil, Lord,  
 In time and in eternity.

Almighty God! to Thee is due  
 The glory of the earth and heaven;  
 All praise, all faith, and holiest love,  
 To Thee, O Lord, alone is given!

## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

By —

Concluded from September number.

### CHAPTER IV.

After many tribulations, and some stretching of the patience, which tried the strength of the will holding it, we at last were settled in "our own hired house."

It would be idle for me to deny that we felt some pride in the appearance of our parlor, when it was furnished. If Miss Oglesby could not be said to have displayed very good taste in her interference with our affairs, she had certainly not proved herself destitute of taste in her selection of articles for our furnishing. There was a very pretty harmony in the colors of carpet and furniture. The things that were destined to keep close companionship for months, and perhaps for years, had the satisfaction of at least being on good terms to begin with. There was no jarring discord between them, to make them and their owners unspeakably uneasy in the commencement of their intercourse.

And here let me pause to remark that one of the reforms most needed by the world, is a change in the careless, indiscriminate manner in which houses are furnished. Too little thought has been given to this subject. True, here and there we find a house neatly and tastefully adorned, but in the majority of our

homes the furnishings seem to have fallen together by some helter-skelter accident, rather than to have been selected with any reference to one another.

You, common sense reader, may smile at this interlude, in the midst of a practical story, and at my words when I speak of this "as one of the reforms." But I will not abate one jot or tittle from the force of my remark. I do most honestly believe that homes would be happier, that children would be better, and that all would be helped to a higher plane of existence, if we could be constantly surrounded by beauty instead of deformity.

Parents hoard up their money, and strive by careful saving to take their families to some place of summer resort, where they may sun themselves for a little season amid the beauties of the outer world.

All well. I would not in the least degree detract from these pleasures. None more than I worship at the shrine of beauty amid the mountains. None beside Niagara's rushing waters are more willing to wonder and adore; none can enjoy more in that deep cave, whose weird, dim recesses have taught thousands to appreciate the skill of the All-wise. I would say to all parents, go—take your children, and learn these lessons that shall make you wise and happy—but, having done these things, do not leave the others undone. Because you are happy and profited one month of the twelve, do not therefore starve yourselves, and crush that hungry longing for beauty, which asks for satisfaction during the remainder of the year.

This is too much like the principle which prompts parents to send children to Sunday School to be taught of the loving nature of God and Christ, and the mild doctrines of the New Testament during one hour of the week, and then to subject them to be witnesses of constant scenes of violence and unchristian bickerings for the remaining hundred and sixty-seven hours.

Make your houses beautiful—harmoniously so; let the eye and the heart rest contentedly amid the joys of home. Then will there be less wanderings from

your Edens of love, and the by-paths of sin shall get fewer denizens.

But let me return to my narration, lest you think me forgetful of my work, and carelessly wandering from a story to a discourse.

When our house was understood as ready to receive guests, we were in no lack for them. Our parishioners were exceedingly anxious to see us in our new home, and I must be allowed to think that a slight touch of curiosity to witness our surroundings mingled with the goodwill for the occupants of the house. However that was, our visitors were not more abundant than welcome. We were exceedingly glad to see them, hoping to strengthen the links of love between their hearts and ours by every interview, and thus facilitate our work in their midst. They seemed equally glad to see us, and as a general thing were much pleased with our circumstances. There were one or two exceptions to this general spirit of content. In one case, an old lady called on us, who, though herself in possession of a large fortune, was yet so miserly that she never expended one cent more than was actually necessary for her subsistence. On entering our parlors she seemed to be overcome with amazement. She stood motionless, as if she were turned to stone.

Having heard of her before, I comprehended at a glance what was the source of her discomfort, so I quietly seated myself and awaited the denouement. After a moment of most uncomfortable silence, the old lady drew a heavy breath, as if stifled by the atmosphere of luxury, and said gaspingly,

"I didn't think it of you. Wasn't your Master born in a stable?"

"Yes," I replied mildly, "He was *born* in a stable, but I have yet to learn that this circumstance came about through any preference of his own, or that he remained there very long after the event took place."

She could not resist a smile at this reply, but in a moment she rallied and returned to the onset.

"But you must admit that he never furnished such a residence as this—never

lived on tapestry carpets, or took his ease in velvet arm-chairs. How will you face these facts?"

"Let us see," I replied. "Where in the New Testament do you find record of the fact that tapestry carpets and velvet chairs were known in those days?"

"I don't know that there is just precisely that record, but I am not willing that you should dodge the question that way. If they didn't have *just* the articles that I mentioned, there were palaces, and king's houses, and I haven't any doubt in my mind but what there were nice things in 'em."

"Most certainly there were; but, as I understand Scripture, Christ's work did not consist of ministering solely, or to any great degree, to these people who lived in king's houses. It was the 'common people who heard him gladly.' Undoubtedly he lived as well as the people among whom he labored. I have no doubt but what he wore the dress customary among the Jewish people; accepted their fashions, and adopted their rules of life, so far as they were consistent with the work which he came to do.

"Now I do nothing more in adopting my present style of furnishing. I could have been as well satisfied with cheaper materials, provided they had been neat, harmonious and comfortable; but my parishioners could not be thus satisfied. Like Paul, 'I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.' I am not above doing the most humble duties, and living in the most humble way; and if my circumstances demanded it I should most gladly do so."

"I can't understand your logic," said the old lady; "these new fangled notions don't suit me at all. Young folks now-a-days turns everything, even the good old Bible, to suit themselves. Now I was always taught, and I believe it is the truth, that Christ lived humble because he had humility in his heart, and he wanted to show the world that in possessing the higher riches he could afford to do without the lower."

The conversation was ended. I had no reply to make with my lips, but my

heart rose up and said, "You are right, good friend, in this part of your argument; though wrong in preaching a sermon to me on my dear-bought semblance of riches, when you have been all your life, body and soul, devoted to laying up wealth."

After my guest was gone, I thought long and earnestly on this subject. I tried to search my heart, and see what feeling predominated there with reference to my new-found treasures. My thoughts ran somewhat on this wise: Here is the appearance of wealth. Does it fit or unfit me for the work of my Master? Does it remove me farther from, or bring me nearer to, the people of my charge? Does it increase or diminish Christian worth in my own heart?

These questions it was not possible for me to answer in an hour. Their response came in the after months experiences. I listened to it with profit, and if my reader desires the secret, he shall come in possession of it by patiently following my story.

One day, not long after the event of which I have just written, the older members of our family were assembled in our parlor, and several of the most *elite* of our friends were calling upon us, when we were suddenly startled by a great outcry of joy in the hall. Evidently some happy surprise had come to the hearts of our younger children. I rose to see what it might be, and passing a window, on my way to the hall, I discovered a stage standing at the door. Just descending from it, was one of our dearest country parishioners. A face whose presence had never before given me aught but unmingled joy was before me. A sweet countenance, beaming with love for us all, waited at my door for welcome. Shall I confess the truth? My heart sank within me when I looked upon it.

I would not blame you, reader mine, if you should close the book at this juncture, and refuse to cultivate farther the acquaintance of one seemingly so fickle and faithless as a friend.

But I beg you relent a little. Be not over hasty in your judgment, until you shall have heard my plea. I did not live

to myself; every hour of my stay at Speedweil had been impressing the fact on my mind that I was losing my personality; that in taking up this new connection I was some way merging my individuality into the great mass of humanity which in those first few months seemed clinging to me like parasites to an oak. Do not imagine that I remained long subject to this foolish fallacy. Like one suddenly plunged into deep water, I floundered, I strangled, I sank and rose again, before I bethought me to strike out boldly and endeavor to stem the adverse current.

I had never had just this experience with life before. It took me some weeks to equivoise myself, to understand my true relation, to know just how much I belonged to God and to myself, and how little I was responsible to the people surrounding me for the trivial acts of my life.

But let me not leave my guest standing over long upon the threshold. I will introduce her to you, dear reader, and afterwards mayhap to our friends within. She was young—not out of the sweet spring time of girlhood. Living always in the country, and being finely moulded in harmony with its beauty, her cheeks had caught the blush of the roses, and her breath the fragrance of the lilies.

Novelists usually say “a girl of eighteen summers,” when they would describe that period of life; thus counting age by the sunny corners their heroines may have turned; and often I have wondered whether it might not be more appropriately counted by life’s rougher angles. Whether I be right or wrong in this suggestion, I shall at least venture on this iconoclasm for two reasons: First, not being a novelist, I have no reputation to lose, if critics should take the liberty to say that I had departed from proper rules of expression. But my second and more weighty reason is. The life to which I have been referring had little sunshine in its past to tempt the narrator, so that the word summer, in connection with it, would have little meaning. While were I to represent its disappointments and sorrow by the synonym winter, my word

would have signification, and I should have expressed, to my own satisfaction at least, the truth with reference to the life in question.

So dear reader, with your consent, or without it, as the case may be, I shall take the liberty of saying that the gentle Katie Lee, whose face appeared at my door that July afternoon, had seen eighteen winters. Now, I know you are beginning to imagine a spirit chilled, and a heart made morose and gloomy by the adverse storms of life. You were never more mistaken. Did I not tell you that her cheeks bore the blush of the roses, and her breath the purity of the lilies? This could not have been had she not possessed a nature which, like the diamond, could gather to itself every ray of light when enveloped in dense clouds of shadow.

Hope in her heart was like a fair arbutus which, amid chilling snows, dares to bud and trust God for the sunshine to perfect its blossoms. I remember her saying to me one day when we were comparing the respective amounts of joy and sorrow in life, “I believe we should count it all joy. The flowers grow even in the severest storms. Why should we accept God’s providences less willingly than they?” Her life had been thus far a fit exemplification of her words. She had ripened rich fruits of cheerfulness and peace from what the world would have called adverse circumstances.

She was left an orphan in the helpless years of her childhood, both mother and father being taken from her before she was able to appreciate their love and protection. Thus she never had a father’s strong arm on which to lean, or learned from a mother’s patient endurance how to “suffer and be still.”

It had fallen to her lot to be nursed and cared for by a maiden aunt, whose chief idea of rearing children was to feed them until they attained their growth, and teach them to work so that they should be able to earn a livelihood for themselves. These two things she had accomplished for Katie, and very fortunately for her too, as she was again deprived of a protector and friend by the

death of this aunt while she was yet in tender girlhood.

From that time onward, she had struggled in the battle of life, not single handed and alone, but with the weight of two younger brothers, who relied on her for care and support. She had at first earned a bare subsistence for herself and the two hungry little mouths which were ever open for her to fill, by working in a factory. But afterward she attained the dignity of teacher in a public school, and from that time forward the path she trod, though still difficult and thorny, was more congenial to her spirit, and thus less difficult to her feet.

She still lived with the closest economy, that she might thus be able to educate and prepare her brothers for the active work of life. Though her clothing was always neat and clean, yet in its coarseness of texture and threadbare age it verged often almost on shabbiness.

We had known her from her childhood, had watched her struggles with tender interest, and never before had we felt aught for her but unqualified love and admiration. The affection that we had felt for her was like the love that we bore our own children, and if it were not for whispering a secret abroad, which we have already hinted, we might tell you, dear reader, that we had been led to expect that she might at some future time,—when our son John became able to share her burdens, or perhaps lift them entirely from her shoulders,—stand in the relation to us of a daughter. You had been introduced to her before, through the narration of *one* of the many acts of kindness which had endeared her so strongly to our hearts.

Such was the person who stood before me; such was the relation in which she stood to our family, and yet I return to the humiliating confession which my heart made when I first became aware that she was in Speedwell: I wished that she was back again in Lyme.

Of course there was a reason for this wish. The party within was my explanation. They were proud, worldly people, who cared for nothing but external appearance, who would recognize nothing in

a stranger but the fashion and material of the dress she wore. The day had been exceedingly dusty, and Katie's dress, which in the morning might at least have had the advantage of being neat, was now, after her long stage ride, travel-soiled and mussed. Her cheeks had temporarily lost their roses, through the weariness of the day, and her complexion, which was ordinarily very fair, had changed by reason of the heat and dust to a muddy brunette.

Such was the appearance of the lady that circumstances compelled me to introduce to the *élite* of Speedwell, as an old friend and parishioner, "Miss Katie Lee."

Though I tried as much as possible to conceal my chagrin, there must have been in my manner some hint of the tumult within, for Katie caught a hint of it, I know, by the suddenly embarrassed manner which rapidly increased as she advanced and was presented to our guests. Had I have been calm and self-possessed, I am sure the whole scene would have passed more pleasantly. Katie, had she had perfect confidence in the sincerity of my welcome, would have felt that she had a rock of refuge in the hearts present who knew her. She could have preserved her equilibrium in spite of the scorn of strangers, could she but have relied on the sympathy of friends. As it was, she was thrust into new circumstances, with the un pitying eye of critics upon her, and no friendly hand to intervene for her preservation.

To her great credit, let it be written, that she passed the ordeal like the genuine true woman that she was. I have never, in my whole experience with life, seen any one of her age hold disagreeable circumstances at bay more successfully than did she during those moments of presentation. Though her manner was embarrassed, and she manifested a conscious surprise at meeting unexpectedly persons who in appearance belonged to a higher grade of life than that to which she was accustomed, yet she bore herself as only queenly spirits like hers can do amid the rough currents of life.

The ladies to whom she was presented

touched her hand very gingerly with their delicate kids, while they expressed in every motion, and every varying shade of countenance, the surprise they felt at sight of her unpromising *personelle*. The gentlemen, on the contrary, received her with a *show* of cordiality. And here let me say, for the credit of the sex, the behavior of the gentlemen who were my guests at this time, was not peculiar or unprecedented. I believe it is characteristic of men to be more lenient in their judgment of women than are critics of their own sex.

Why is this? Can any one oblige me by answering the question? Is it because they stand on a firmer footing in society, and thus take the privilege of their vantage ground to draw up those upon whom women look down with contempt? Or, have they more benevolence of heart, prompting them to risk the contumely which the world holds ready to pour on those who persistently cross her rules of expediency in this respect?

I have not yet solved the question to my satisfaction, so I am compelled to leave it to my readers, that each may give to it the solution which best suits his or her fancy. But I entreat you to consider that I have not raised the question without a purpose. If women acknowledge my statement, that they are unduly selfish in their treatment of those of their own sex who from any accident of birth and circumstances are below them in station, let them at once set about correcting the tendency, and they will find with the effort a new joy and a sufficient reward.

Among the young gentlemen present was a Mr. Kimble who, by position of birth, and circumstances of culture, had been accepted as a leader in the fashionable world. He at once relieved Katie's embarrassment by rising and offering her a seat which, being in a sheltered corner, removed her in a measure from the rude criticism to which she must have been otherwise subjected. From this nook Nell soon contrived to make an easy exit for her to a dressing-room, and thus were we all relieved of a trivial though painful embarrassment. When she had

left the room, questions were freely asked as to her age, parentage, relation to us, and all the variety of impudences which society allows in these directions.

When curiosity was satiated, our friends took their leave before Katie's re-appearance; so we were allowed the privilege of spending the first evening of her visit alone with her, talking of the good old times and the dear old friends we had left but a few months before, it is true; and yet so artificial had been our life that it seemed as if it must have been a year since we bade adieu to the country parsonage. 'Tis strange what leaden wings time has, when all the interstices of the hours are filled with the conventionalities of an artificial life.

Katie's coming was the first relief that we had experienced from this restraint, since we came to Speedwell, save when we had been alone in our family circle. Now as the twilight shadows deepened, our little group seemed magnetically welded in spirit, and in our freedom and joy we felt at peace with one another, and with all the world. The weight of heavy care seemed lifted from our hearts, and the consecrated breath of peace crept in, to reconcile us yet to life.

You may wonder that one, added to our always harmonious circle, could have wrought such a change in our feelings. You will most certainly express surprise, if you have not had a like experience. But to many who will read this page, my words will not be strange.

Have those of you who dwell in close and crowded cities never had a friend come to you from the country, who seemed to open the gates that had before shut out from your vision the beautiful hills, so that all at once your life was flooded with the fragrance of the meadows, and the breath of the valleys came to you like a blessed benediction?

Such was Katie to us that night. Her free, joyous, trusting spirit overspread our care-burdened souls with sunlight. While we sat together, and listened to her cheerful chat and merry laugh, we denied entrance to all thoughts of the morrow. We tried to forget that there were cares and mortifications yet in store

for us in the future. We even shut the eyes of our memory to the fact that so little time before we had blushed to own and introduce the very person who was now the source of our happiness.

Such is humanity. I am chagrined to make the confession of my weakness, but should blush much more if I were not writing this confession to be read by mortals like myself, who, by reason of similar weakness, should know, at least, how to pity and forgive.

Our evening, pleasant as it was, like all our earthly pleasures vanished into night. We were overcome at last by humanity's weakness—desire for sleep—and our pleasant company separated, not again to resume the happy abandon of that evening for many long months.

What do I mean by this? Not indeed that Katie left us with the following morning, or that our hearts were changed toward her when we had slept and woke again. No; neither she nor we changed with the changing day, but our circumstances were not again the same. Counteracting influences broke up the magnetic currents of our joy, and from that day, through every day of her visit, we seemed to go farther and farther from one another.

Need I go over in minute detail the humiliating circumstances of the week? I call them humiliating, because now, in looking back on them, I see so much in my own conduct of which a true heart ought to be thoroughly ashamed. I was mortified in my own house, whenever company was present, and that was nearly all of the time. I was abashed on the street, at church, in all public places of assembly, because I had ever with me the consciousness that our party was the subject of remark.

Nell was a diplomatist, and she tried the exercise of her ingenuity to metamorphose, in some degree, the outward appearance of our visitor.

Can you believe that, in the little time that we had lived at Speedwell, we could have so learned the customs of fashionable life, and become so bound to them, that we dared not brave their follies? It seems a mystery to me that, having

been so mortified by Mrs. Stebbins, a few short weeks before, my own gentle Nell could have so soon consented to occupy the same disagreeable place. But let me say, in her defence, that the means she took to bring about the desired end were more Christian, and much less abrupt and unkind.

Katie came to us on Thursday. The next day, Friday, was very warm, and we made that an excuse for not going on the street until the twilight of the evening gave us a veil, as well as a cover from the heat. Katie was contented to remain at home with us, never suspecting us of any design other than the reason that we gave. Then we took a long walk, and being very tired on our return, the younger members of the family retired early.

Nell and I were left alone, and she embraced the opportunity to unfold to me a plan that she had been revolving in her mind.

"Don't you think, husband," she said, "that we can afford to make Katie a present? She has always been very kind to us, you know."

"Why, certainly, Nell," I replied; "you can make her a present, if you like. Why did you ask me such a question?"

"I didn't know as you would think we could afford to make presents, when we have had to run in debt so much lately; but really, I did want very much to make this present."

"Why, Nell," said I, "you have forgotten so soon that we have 'a thousand a year.' Can't we afford to make some presents, and pay our debts, too, with that amount?"

"Why, yes," she replied; "I think we ought to be able to; but I thought I would ask you, and see what you said about it."

"Spoken like the good wife that you are. I am in a very good-natured, hopeful mood, just now; and I think we can afford to make Katie any present that is within reason. Of course I do not presume that we are able to buy her a house, even if she and John were ready to occupy it; but any present within the compass of our means I think we may safe-

ly bestow upon her. Now what do you propose to give?"

"I have not been able fully to decide. That was one thing that I wanted to consult you about. We will give her either a bonnet, or a shawl; which do you think she needs most?"

Now I confess I was desperately puzzled by this question. I had only observed Katie's dress with a man's eye. I had the impression that there was a good deal needed to bring it up to the standard of the society into which this unfortunate visit had thrust her. But my observations had been very desultory. If I had been forced to express an opinion with reference to Katie's wardrobe, I could only have answered that it impressed me as having "a general flavor of mild decay," yet I could not particularize any one article of her dress, from which I derived this impression.

When I was thus unexpectedly called on for an opinion, which would be the most appropriate gift for her, a bonnet or a shawl, I was utterly nonplussed. My first impulse was to plunge boldly in, and say that I thought a bonnet was most needed. Then I reflected that if it should happen to be the case that Katie's bonnet was much better than the shawl she was wearing, I should be in disgrace for my want of attention. So I hesitated. A moment longer, and the lucky thought came just in time to save me from the humiliating confession that, man-like, I could not tell size, color, texture, or condition of either bonnet or shawl?

"Why not give her both?" I asked, with the air of a most generous, instead of a most puzzlingly confounded man.

"I would be delighted to," said Nell, "if you think we can afford it. She has a very tolerable black silk dress, you know, and with a new bonnet and a shawl, which would hide the old style in which the dress is made, she will be very presentable at church next Sunday."

*Presentable!* The very word that Mrs. Stebbins had used with reference to Nell, but a few short months before. But then it was different, entirely different. It was used then before the face of

the victim. The tone employed was contemptuous, and implied reproof. Nell's feelings had been bitterly and intentionally hurt by the use of the word; whereas, her use of it meant kindness and meritorious attempt to save a friend from bitter criticism.

The decision was made. Both shawl and bonnet were to be purchased, and as the morrow was Saturday, it was agreed that the purchases should be made, and the presents given, so that they might make their first appearance on the Sunday following.

Nell was not a laggard about such duty. Having once put her hand to the plough, she was not one to turn back. The next morning she went out for her marketing, and made it in her way to visit the dry goods and milliners' stores on her way back. When she arrived home, and the presents were made, we were all delighted with the metamorphose which they created in our little country friend. I think, by the hearty, cheerful reception with which Katie welcomed the gifts, that she had no suspicion of the thorn that was hid amid the roses. Through the influence of this transformation, our church-going on the following day was made comparatively comfortable.

The minister's pew was, in the church at Speedwell, as in most other churches, at the extreme front, so that our family had always the privilege of running the gauntlet of all the eyes in the church, on their entrance there. How satisfied were we, on this day, when we knew that some of our parishioners were waiting our coming with anxiety, to be able to meet their scrutinizing gaze unabashed. So through the public exercises of the day we passed our criticism unscathed.

But fate decreed that we should not wear even these hard-earned laurels without a shadow overtaking them. When we returned home from the afternoon service, Mrs. Stebbins and a fashionable friend of hers made the heat an excuse to call at our house and rest on their way homeward. Nell saw at once that the old-fashioned dress would be exposed when the outer coverings were laid



aside, and thus the triumph of the day end in mortifying defeat; so by a strategic movement she attempted to outgeneral her foes.

"Come, Katie," said she, "it is too warm to go up stairs so soon after our walk. Let us rest a while before we lay our things off."

"It seems to me that is bad logic," replied Katie, innocently; "if it is too warm to take shawls off, it is certainly too warm to keep them on. I will take yours up stairs when I go, with mine, and then we shall both be relieved of them. Won't that be the best way?"

"I don't know but it will," replied Nell, faintly; for the mischief was already done. While Katie had been speaking, she had taken off her shawl and bonnet, and, with her usual obliging manner, she was running about the room collecting the outer garments of Nell and the children, which were to be carried to the upper story. In this way, she very unconsciously became the most conspicuous object in the room; and came thus under range of the full batteries of criticism which were levelled upon her in a most merciless manner.

Nell almost cried from vexation; John, who had been made privy to our plot, looked fiercely indignant at the harmless subject of his displeasure while Mrs. Stebbins curled her proud lip, with a supercilious air which said plainer than words,

"Ah! your fine country birds shed their plumage easily, don't they?"

Why do I dwell so at length on these mortifications? They would (if they have not already) grow tedious, did I continue them. The whole week of Katie's stay was filled with similar incidents. As I am dealing with results rather than details in this story, let me sum up this division of my narrative by telling you that before the end of the week came, we were all reconciled to the thought of Katie's departure. Nell was weary with trying to work out expedients of safety for one so constantly exposed to ridicule. John, in spite of his love for her, seemed to chill with dread whenever she appeared in the parlors, and even

poor Katie herself had grown weary-hearted, amid our heavy burdens. She came to us in her summer vacation, when she was worn out with the anxieties of teaching, and longed for rest. She came to fulfil a promise which we had ourselves exacted of her before we left the country parsonage. But little rest or cheer had she received in all these days which, through so many months, she had looked forward to as an oasis in her dreary desert of life.

May God forgive us all for so misunderstanding our true relations, that we could glean so much misery from his harvest fields, where we should only have garnered joy.

— . . . —  
SEPTEMBER, 1861.

All through the long September  
We waited for a guest;  
No marriage feast was ready,  
No myrtle shrine was blessed.

The days passed on in silence,  
The slow nights crept away,  
No quick, expectant heart-throb  
Chid the traveller's delay.

But in robes of peace and patience  
The Bride of Death was dressed,  
And waited, crowned with purity,  
The coming of our guest.

And when the month of harvest  
Had wept its stormy close,  
She passed her father's threshold,  
In tearless, calm repose.

And out among the flowers,  
Her onward way she kept,  
Nor paused to heed their welcome,  
Nor asked them why they wept.

The amaranthe pointed upward,  
To show the path she trod,  
The forget-me-not spoke sweetly,  
Of constancy and God.

But autumn brought a message  
To the flowers as well as her,  
And folded lids and petals  
Its chilling emblems were.

Yet they all through September  
Smiled up to where she lay,  
And, with the hand that planted,  
They, too, have passed away.

## THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXX.

At Berne—Among the Bruin family, &amp;c.

Blessed be the memory of "Berchtold," founder of Berne, and last Duke of Zahringen—that mighty hunter of bears, whose statue, elevated upon a pedestal, with a vanquished bruin at his feet, adorns the enclosure near the ancient minster.

Through the prowess of this renowned son of Nimrod, whose grim, gigantic figure carries one back to old barbaric times of Goth and Hun—when unbroken forest and wild fastnesses the home of ferocious beasts, covered this fair expanse before us. Through his feats of daring in exterminating bruin and his brood (before founding the city, A. D. 1191,) this cunning beast has been the city insigniæ. Two representations of the animal carved in stone, guard the entrance-gate of the town,—while a large enclosure, built in the most substantial manner, inhabited by a *select* company of the living creatures, (all likely and nice-looking,) occupies a conspicuous place on one of the public streets, much to the entertainment of children, and simple folk like "*our ain sel*." With what amused attention we hung over the railing overlooking their place of abode, watching with childish delight, their comical ways, on the morning of our visit! None of your uncivilized specimens were they! none of your mangy, half-starved caricatures of the genus, such as one sees in crowded menageries, but citizens "to the manor born," who were perfectly at home in their nicely kept establishment, carrying themselves with all that ease and grace which always betokens, — even among bears,—thorough good breeding, and a due degree of self-respect.

With what glances of comic sagacity were we saluted! — and then away to their sports, or business affairs, attending to each with the utmost gravity — as though the welfare of the town depended upon their proper deportment! from climbing poles, walking on their hind legs like human beings; wrestling, tossing up fragments for the purpose of catching

them again, to the more deliberate movements of performing sentry duty, making their toilettes, or examining with the apparent interest of professors, the geological formation of stones composing the foundation of their abode, all was done with the utmost decorum. A happier collection of animals with *one* exception, saw we never! and this exception only proved that *perfect* felicity is not the attendant of the most fortunate surroundings, either among bears or human kind, while remaining in this sublunary sphere. Monsieur B. was exercised with sundry sniffings and pawings, with an occasional bark, done up, however, in rather a polite manner, it being none of your ferocious yelps—out of keeping with the respectability of his station. At last he sat down in offended dignity, at the door of his private apartment, — *bound* (we are sorry to say) in a *durance chain*, which he seemed to consider as unmerited an appendage to his person, as it was confining to his powers of extended locomotion.

Some slight misdemeanor, (nothing worse, we are sure) was probably the cause of this temporary discipline, which, we doubt not, resulted in his complete restoration to "liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in common with the rest of his fellows.

With what childish delight we thus lingered, watching the queer, half human sports of the bears, ("*les ours*,") thanking in our heart, the good Bernese, for providing such a sensible treat for the public, as these specimens in the way of natural history, none but they who have been delving and groping among mouldy antiquities, until heart and brain cried out for change, can fully realize.

From the terraced park and promenade a charming view of the city is gained. Directly below, and fronting the terrace, a line of railroad cuts its way into the heart of the town; streets and gabled roofs, towers, gardens and sloping fields, stretching out on every side; and far beyond, the grand chain of Alps, rising in solemn majesty, bounds the view.

The old minster, whose corner stone was laid in A. D. 1421, (nearly a century before our own country was discovered,)

forms an important, and pleasing object among the lower city structures, with its lofty tower and imposing front. The interior of the choir is richly ornamented with fine specimens of antique carving in wood, an art for which the Bernese are celebrated to the present day. Into the tower we ascended not, nor lingered long within the walls of the building; of the stained windows, executed by Frederic Walther, during the 15th century, we possess but a faint recollection. They are celebrated, however, as being fine specimens of this art—and the “wafer mill,” one of the designs where bishops are being ground out into “holy wafers,”—may be considered a somewhat original mode of preparing spiritual food! As a religious symbol, we doubt whether it would have held good among certain early dignitaries of the church, whose spirituality was scarcely sufficient to furnish nutriment for ever so small a number of hungry souls.

The great organ of this cathedral is said to be of immense power, with its four banks of keys, and nearly four thousand pipes, we thought it might fill the old minster walls with floods of glorious music when touched by a master hand. Fancy the Niagara of Martin Luther's “Old Hundred” rolling and swelling beneath that vaulted roof! that were fitting music for both instrument and place. Yes! we would like to have heard that grand old melody there. But we are sick and weary of visiting cathedrals just now, and passing with but a rapid survey, the sculptured relieve about the great door of semi-barbaric design—consisting of saints and devils, we gladly escape into the fresh, bright air again, mingling with the cheerful, busy throng upon the streets. Walking along by the broad stone aqueduct which conveys water through the centre of the town,—wandering by the Arve, which we saw uniting with the Rhone, at Geneva,—strolling about the suburbs, content to look upon the bright green fields, to inhale the fresh, invigorating air, and gaze with quiet delight, upon the pretty pictures of cottage life, scattered here and there along the road-side. This longing

which we felt for repose upon the bosom of nature,\* that we might draw from thence fresh draughts of recuperative influence, was but the manifestation of a health-instinct, enjoyed in common with the lower orders of creation, directing one to the natural remedy needed to restore a proper equilibrium of the system, exhausted by continued strain upon one set of susceptibilities during the months just passed.

From our window at the “Bernerhoff,” we had a fine view of the snow-crested mountains framing in, as it were, a picture of enchanting loveliness. But though tempted into the expression of a desire for remaining in Berne during the coming season, when our eyes first rested upon this view, we find ourselves preparing to leave after a brief visit. So farewell sweet Berne! with all thy delicious green fields, thy quaint houses, cheery people, stupendous mountains, and—well-behaved bears!

*At Zurich, April.*—Here are we finding a temporary home at “Hotel Baur,” and while taking our eggs and coffee in the breakfast-room overlooking the square, are treated to a bit of a snow-storm, gotten up in impromptu style, and making the outer view for the time being, a wintry one. The wind is piercing, and after the squall has ceased, and we venture out for a walk, we find need of keeping up a brisk motion to insure any degree of comfortable warmth.

The following day is milder, and the aspect of the town improves beneath its influence. The lake, beautifully blue and clear, suggested pleasant visions of moon-lighted sails over its sparkling bosom during summer evenings; or of quiet strolls along its margin. With a good current, and sweeping, as it does, into the centre of the town, as a source of convenience and comfort, it can scarcely be over-estimated.

Aside from certain peculiarities of architecture, Zurich, in its air of cleanliness and thrift, resembles a New England town. The buildings for the most part look fresh and well kept, wearing either white or light-colored exteriors. Pleasant yards, embellished with flowers

and shrubbery, surround many of the dwellings, imparting an air of home-like cheerfulness to the place. Extensive manufactories of silk, carried on in a spirit of liberal enterprise, form the principal business and wealth of Zurich. These establishments are connected through the medium of agents, with most of the leading silk-houses in Europe and America; this fact accounts for the wide awake, business air of the town, and the liberal tone of feeling, prevalent among the people,—a class whose position has not been inherited from a long line of ancestral titles, but by the active exertions of their own powers, winning for themselves independence, wealth and honor.

Again we learned by experience that we were still in April, and subject to her fickle moods; dashes of rain, chilly winds, overhanging clouds and bright sunshine alternating. Not during this month would we desire to remain in Zurich—lovely as it must be during the summer season. To-morrow, therefore, we are *en route* for Bale.

From what we have seen of the Swiss people—from what may be gathered from their past history—it seems impossible to reconcile the idea of Swiss soldiery, mere mercenaries as they are,—and hired by any despot, who will pay sufficient for their services, in continuing his tyrannical rule over a down-trodden people;—we say, it seems impossible to reconcile this fact with the general character and religion of the Swiss people! A people republican in sentiment, simple and primitive in habit; so stern in adherence to right, and so brave in maintaining it,—so patient in endurance, and so attached to their native land! One has only to look back upon the early history of this people practicing such sturdy virtues,—leading the van in the great reformation—suffering—daring, and achieving so much for national and religious freedom, to render them a tribute of justly merited admiration and respect. Then comes the thought of hired Swiss soldiery. In times past what deeds of daring have they performed in their country's defense! and yet, bought up for paltry gold, they have assisted in maintaining governments

and religion, which, as a people, they long ago repudiated,—sealing their protest against tyranny and superstition, with their blood! Strange inconsistency this! Too large a population without adequate means of support, few avenues of business in neighboring countries, being accessible to them in former times, may be attributed probably as the cause of their filling up the ranks of military armies, as hirelings in foreign service. To them it has doubtless been a *mere matter of business*—the earning of a livelihood — a *trade* — (horrible indeed!) but, viewed in *that* light, they have been educated into it with the same indifference in regard to the cause they were to espouse, as they would have gone into counting-house or work-shop; simply to labor for the interest of their employer. That they have been faithful and brave in the service of their masters, witness their defence of hapless “Mario Antoinette,” where inch by inch they contested the way of that infuriated mob, strewing the floor of the palace with their dead bodies, rather than save their lives by deserting the poor French queen! — and this is but one instance of their unflinching adherence to duties assigned them! That they have also shown coarse brutality and wanton cruelty cannot be denied. The Swiss peasant or citizen, and the Swiss soldier abroad, prove indeed, the opposite extremes into which different modes of training, may educate people of the same birth and national characteristics.

M. C. G.

### *Lilfred's Rest.*

The following sentence from a recently written novel, shows the importance of punctuation: “He enters on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare he sat down.”

“There is one spectacle grander than the sea, that is the sky; there is one spectacle grander than the sky, that is the interior of the sod.” *Victor Hugo.*

Slavery — “Having taken the sword, let it perish by the sword.”

The following touching lines by a young and new contributor, will be read with interest and strike a chord in many hearts.—ED.

### MY BROTHER.

I gave him to his country,  
My brother true and brave,  
I gave him to his country,  
And now he's in his grave;  
My heart beat very sadly,  
But I did not shed a tear,  
For I knew that in his manly heart  
Was not a thought of fear.

I whispered, dearest brother,  
Although I'm not a man,  
To be your brother soldier,  
I will do the best I can;  
Now good-bye and God speed you,  
And I kissed his forehead white,  
And though perils should enshroud you,  
Do not waver from the right.

No, I will not, sister Mary,  
And he pressed his lips to mine,  
But will follow all the teachings  
Of my holy God and thine;  
I gave him to his country,  
My brother true and brave,  
I gave him to his country,  
And now he's in his grave. FLORA.

### THE MARTYRS OF FREDERICKSBURG.

By Mrs. Helen Rich.

Wail for the true hearts stilled,  
Weep for the heroes slain;  
Sigh for the tones our bosoms thrilled,  
Never to thrill again!

Mourn for the great hopes fled,  
Think of the white brows hid;  
Praise ye the noble dead,  
Calm 'neath the coffin lid.

Rouse for the battle field,  
Spring to our eagle's cry;  
Freedom her children's shield,  
Blest if they die!

Songs shall their deeds repeat,  
Cherished forever;  
Names linked with sad defeat,  
Never, ah! never!

### THROUGH SUFFERING.

By Mrs. Ada H. Thomas Nickles.

The day was dead with heat. The grass and flowers, and leaves on shrub and tree bent, wilted and scorched, beneath the burning sun, unstirred by an eddy of air. Even the insects had hidden themselves out of the fierce glare, and never a stray butterfly or winged atom dotted the faint yellow of the atmosphere. Over the straggling, half-fallen Virginia fences the heated air burned into a flame-like vapor that made the head whirl dizzily to watch. Beyond this, in the meadow lands cropped of hay and scorched to a dun brown, the cattle lay patiently beneath the trees with filmy, long-lashed eyes. No sound broke the dead silence but the steady tramp of a regiment of infantry. A dusty, fagged, brown-faced set of men they were, too, wearied with the fifteen miles' march since daybreak, with only one half hour's rest, to do aught but keep step regularly up the pike. Ten miles more through this heat before headquarters should be reached, and then perhaps the promised brush with the rebels. They could fight well—these federal boys thought—even after this march, charge them with bayonets without a shudder, if only to pay them for the tramp of to-day. Just let the barred thing that authorized such wickedness as run riot here, float out once in their sight, and Jeff Davis might weep for one less polluting rag.

Up north, Lake Michigan was sending a refreshing breeze, cool and musical, from the ever-blue surface, they knew, and even now, across the meadows, and over the uplands, and through the opened doors of their homesteads, it was leaving its blessing. Peace, home, beauty, love, they had exchanged for this dust-sown road, with bayonets in front, and maybe muskets ready charged behind each sheltering bush of blackberry or thorn, along the highway.

Couldn't men fight because of all this, even were there no such controlling power beyond; the love of country—the earnest desire to rid the fairest of lands of its double curse, rebels and slavery; to preserve in whole the glorious constel-

lation of stars and States — the true one-principle of freedom, that it might be given unsullied to generations into the future of the ages?

I don't think very many of this dusty human machine felt the magnitude of the work. Very few of them had a conception of the mighty hopes at stake, in this struggle of barbarism with Christianity. I know that many of these young boys had enlisted to the magic sound of fife and drum, in the excitable heat of youth; a few because the animal in their nature had been called out by the contemptuous daring of the chivalry. But they would fight, these Western boys; you'd never see them give an inch to the enemy, and so the cause would reap the benefit of action, the same.

But among them marched stern-faced men; young, middle-aged, a few old, sprung from the heroes of Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, Lundy's Lane, and Lake Erie; men who had held the plow and wielded the hammer; men from the shops, and factories, and schools, who had paid their taxes and voted the democratic, or whig, or republican ticket, for their country's good, until now, — and now, when ballots could not suffice, had taken into their hands the balancing power of the musket.

There was one of them, a light-haired, Saxon-faced man, toned down by American culture and breeding into the quietude and reticence of the American of the highest type. He had a large dark blue eye, with a face of regular features, bronzed but not ruddy; a handsome mouth, shaded by a long, blonde, military moustache, a fine, clear cut chin, indicating nobility of soul. Tall and standing firm, no obsequious stoop, nor egotistic backward curve; manly, straight-forward, true, this was Stephen Brest, Lieutenant of Company E.

That he was an officer was no disgrace to him. A private at enlistment, in the early part of the war, for bravery and military adaptiveness and quickness of judgment, he had been promoted to his present position in this, one of the later regiments.

Character tells. The magnetism of

power is felt and acknowledged wherever it is shown. He made no pretence of power, but the instinct of law exercised the control, and with men and officers, whenever advice was desired, it was Brest who was called upon, and, in the main, his concise hints were followed.

The captain was a brown-haired, blue-eyed man, with a sunny face and genial smile. One of those good souls who are as far removed from genius as mediocrity; not common-place nor astonishingly original. One who loved his fellow-man, and would at any time have given his last coat to a needy man, weighted with a good long lecture on industry, and sobriety and forethought.

Brest and Adams were the men to become friends. Adams respected Brest's unconscious reticence in regard to his former life, with the politeness of the true gentleman, and his genial, sunny nature, open as a May-day, warmed and brightened the sadder character of Brest. Besides the little captain was true blue, and that finds respect with soldiers.

"Kill the rebels," was his doctrine. "I'm a peaceful man all through, excepting in one spot," he said, one day, to Brest, "I hate traitors. I've practiced medicine ten years, and I know the only way to cure this is to make a clean bullet hole straight through the body of each rebel. I don't bear 'em any grudge, only I don't like such a disease. If it's left to itself, it'll spread worse than the small pox. It's got to be cured, and I'm satisfied my method is the only one certain."

Leaving his station, he came up to Brest, with his handkerchief, wiping off the beads of sweat.

"Confounded hot, this. I'm bound if this don't beat ten northern summers boiled down into one day. Grit our boys have got, eh?"

"Trust that; this tries them more than ten battles. Shows the stuff they're made of."

"If we were sure there wasn't a pressing necessity of our force at headquarters, I'd not have this march taken for half a battle. This'll bring the boys down by scores. I've been afraid we'd have to stop and build a hospital on the

road. If the most of them hadn't been laborers they'd have given out before this."

"We shall have a change before long," said Brest; "this is but a prelude to a storm. These dead calms breed thunder-gusts."

"Worse and worse," fretted the captain. "We'll have two-thirds of them down with fevers and diarrhoea, and the rest with rheumatism, before the week is out, I warrant."

"Not quite so bad, I hope," said Brest, smiling at the little captain's doleful prognostications.

"Yes; just as bad if not worse," returned Adams. "I don't complain for myself; the Lord knows I've received blessings enough from America to be ready to give everything to her. It isn't that; but I can't stand the thought of so much trouble and vexation and suffering to those who haven't been to blame more than the lilies in the field. I'm a God-fearing man and I love Christ, and mean no disrespect when I say I think it's about time He took matters into His hands and cleaned out this concern."

"I've an idea He has it in his hands pretty well," Brest said.

"Well, then, why don't the affair go on with a jerk? How can all this butchery of men and breaking of hearts profit Him or us? When I think of the continuance of the terrors and bloodshed of the past year I can't help questioning the presence or policy of God." And the warm-hearted captain looked up with a tried, puzzled look on his good-natured face. "I tell you what," he continued, "if I had control of affairs I'd clear the face of earth of rebels, and send our northern boys home."

"To inaugurate another war on the same principle?" questioned the lieutenant.

"You don't mean to say, even if there should be any desire to aggrandize power in the North as in the South, that such an expression of retribution would not deter them?"

"Yes, I do, exactly. You know what an eminently aggressive animal man has proven himself. 'Give him an inch and

he'll take an ell.' It is a humiliating fact, but it is true. Power with man, until he has bought his birthright of manhood with sorrow, means simply aggression. 'Might makes right.' Will to do gives virtue to the act; the only sin lies in failure. I tell you, captain, men and nations will be aggressive and careless of the rights of others so long as they have the power, until they've learned by actual pain to themselves that wrong-doing brings trouble always. In this case we have the right on our side, it is true; but the time has come to give us a lesson as well as the others."

"It seems to me we've conned it long enough, already," the captain said.

"No, we haven't; or our class would be dismissed," said Brest.

"But why can't we do something thoroughly?" exclaimed the captain, tenacious of his subject. "This lack-a-daisical way of putting down rebellion is inviting the rebels to put the halter around our own necks. Just see what McClellan's career at Yorktown and before Richmond has done to the cause. Why, it isn't two months since the butchery in Chickahomony swamp, and the North is full of secession democrats, who haven't before dared give utterance to their devilish sentiments." The captain was getting thoroughly excited with his subject.

"True," said Brest; "but they've unmasked themselves. I prefer an open fight rather than charging against a concealed foe. Just think what these men's base coin might not have purchased us in a compromise with the rebels, had we continued to trust in them as heretofore. I think the disaster before our 'on-to-Richmond' army was the best of McClellan's movements, and little Mac did more for the Union than he dreamed possible."

"Hem!" muttered Adams; "I had not viewed it in that light before. I don't know but you're nearer right—I'm sure you are—than I. But the fact is, Brest, I sometimes think I'm not strong enough for these times. All this suffering I have no power to remove just wilts me down, and so I begin to throw stones at the Lord, you see!"

"Human nature, Adams; you're not the first one that's tried that method of righting matters. You could count the men that haven't done the same at some portion of their lives. It's a way we have of teaching God what's going on, down here."

"Faith," said the captain. "Yes, that is just what we lack. I remember hearing a minister—a Unitarian, of Chicago—preach a sermon on that, only a little while ago. He isn't afraid to preach war sermons, or call sin by its true name. He believed the main reason the South had been thus far so successful was owing to their prayers. Not a victory has been won but the government has returned thanks to God. That has been their policy—prayer. And, although, as we know, in the leaders, it is the basest hypocritical glossing, yet it has led the people to believe the Lord has taken hold with them, and thus has given them faith and endurance. Now, he thinks that until we begin to have the same faith in the end and in right, and pray ourselves into an enduring spirit, knowing that some time the end will surely be for us—not until we can throw off this complaining, questioning spirit—like mine, just now—will we be victorious."

"I think so," said Brest; and relapsed into silence, thinking how much nearer this faith good little Adams was, in his earnest love for others, than others less complaining. I like such a complaining spirit as he has, Brest thought. It shows the right stamp—it is the expostulation of right against wrong, and that is the very spirit to mend matters, only it gets mystified and loses bearings now and then.

The colonel came riding along the line.

"What do you say to a halt, doc?" he was an old friend, and hadn't rid himself of the old title. "Crafts says there is a capital camping ground ahead. Secesh plantation—plenty to eat and drink for the asking," and the colonel laughed, tapping his sword meaningly.

"Try it," said the captain.

The news spread along the line, and new life gave elasticity to the worn

frames of the soldiers. Some of them emptied their canteens contemptuously, affirming that hot water wasn't to be desired without something to color it. Soon they came upon the house, a large, stone mansion, with double verandahs, supported with cut stone pillars.

"Grand! I say;" exclaimed Adams.

"Cotton pays well," Brest said.

"And raising niggers," the captain added; "or did,"—he corrected himself. "When the Confederacy is *non est*, a nigger won't be of any more account than a poor white soul like you or me."

"Ki!" exclaimed a little darkey, perched upon a gate porch, ready to take wing as all the remaining colored population had already done.

"Heyre come de Linkum sojers. Golly, but dey don't want der faces washed. Peres like you niggers yerselves," he screamed, vanishing into the screening shrubbery.

The peach orchard by the side of the pike was chosen as resting-places for the men, while the colonel and staff went forward to procure refreshment. Water was brought by the men in bucket fulls, and for a short space of time there was little but the rushing and swash of water heard, as the boys cleansed face, and head, and hands, and washed the dust out of their throats. "Officer's rations in the house," said the adjutant, as he passed Brest, after the men had fairly got into the merits of coffee and cakes, and sweetmeats and fruit, eating like hungry men as they were, with many an exclamation of satisfaction.

"No, thank you; I'll stay with the men," said he.

"I'll tell you what, Brest, said the captain, "I'm glad you didn't go in there. It's all right enough, living on these rebels. I'd take their last penny from them without any scruples; but some way I couldn't bring myself to enter a homestead unwelcomed. Of course I shouldn't mind it, if it became necessary, and I'm mighty glad the colonel did it," swallowing a draught of coffee; "but home is home, and I can't help feeling there's some sanctity about it."

The lieutenant smiled; it was a habit



he had, but answered nothing. The colonel came out to see his men enjoying their meal. It did him good, and he said it, as he threw himself on the grass beside Adams.

"You'd make a capital quartermaster, Mitchell," said Adams.

"Would I not?" he said, smiling; "but I had a valuable assistant in there," indicating the house with his hand; "a secesh, live, Southern Unionist. Bloody secesh, her brother is—captain in the confederate army; but, Jove, didn't her eyes flash as she spoke of the rebels! She made the servants whip up there, for edibles, I can tell you, and is as busy as a fly, now."

"Strategic," said the captain; "she condescends to be Unionist for the time. I'll wager she's as hot a secessionist as you can find in the State, as soon as we are fairly out of sight. Confiscation is getting to be troublesome."

"Maybe," said the colonel. "Anyway we can't say anything against the report provided."

A negro approached with a folded slip of paper in his hand, and presented it to the colonel, who opened and read it. The blood flashed over cheek and brow. "Captain Adams," he said hurriedly, "this gives information of the approach of a rebel force; take this glass and look from the upper verandah." The situation of affairs was made known immediately—the men stationed with orders to lie low. Adams returned. "A body of confederates, not less than we, coming up the pike from the East, not a mile off," he said. Another sent immediately, returned, reporting the body to have been divided, one portion still keeping the highway, the other verging off into the plantation in the rear of the house. "They've been apprised of our very position; they mean to hem us in," hissed the colonel. Quick as thought he arranged his men in two portions, the centre being the apex of a triangle, between the approaching columns. With guns prepared, on their knees, screened by the forest-like trees of the orchard, they awaited the approach of the foe. They heard the steady, onward tramp of the

rebels—then saw the glitter of the sun on their muskets, and heard the almost simultaneous order "halt—fire," and the burst of the report, with the rattling of balls among the branches of the trees. Not a sound more issued from the orchard. With starting eyes and straining ears they listened for the order. "Forward!" came from the rebel lines and was obeyed; near and more near they came until the Union boys might almost see the C. S. A. upon their belt clasps. Then the order came like a thunder burst, "Take aim—fire," and the balls sped. Before the rebels recovered from their surprise and consternation another deadly volley was poured in upon them, and then came the order "charge." The ground was contested bravely for a while, but at length, terribly decimated and demoralized, meeting blue coats on all sides, the rebels either yielded themselves prisoners to the federals, or escaped by flight, as best they might. Meanwhile the storm had come. Thunder and lightning terrific in its nearness, increased the disorder and horror of the scene. Through the rain heavily falling, the victors gathered in the wounded, and hollowed out graves for the dead. Squads of confederates, officered and quartered by federals, were gathering together the rebel dead and giving them decent interment.

The colonel seemed everywhere present, giving directions for the care of the wounded, sending off despatches, giving orders for the confinement of the prisoners, or speaking words of encouragement and praise to the boys. Meeting the second lieutenant of company E, he inquired, "where are Adams and Brest?"

Watkins turned pale. "Both wounded, sir, and in the house."

"Badly?"

"Can't tell; I'm afraid the captain is a sad case—shot through the chest. Brest was wounded in the leg."

The great parlor had been thrown open for the reception of the wounded, who, with blankets under their heads, were lying on the floor or on couches, awaiting their turn from the surgeon. Brest and Adams were in the farther end—Brest leaning against the wall with Adams' head

in his lap. His sash was bound tightly around his leg, and the blood showed in spots despite the red of the silk. He had ripped his pantaloons with his sword as he fell, and tied it on securely. He lay there when he saw Adams fall, and crawling to him, had in vain sought to staunch the blood that flowed from an ugly wound in his chest. "No use, Brest—lungs—mortal," Adams had said, the only words he had spoken, and now he lay with closed eyes and drawn face stilling his moans.

The colonel came in search of them. He found them together as he had thought.

"Pretty bad business this," he said cheerfully, in the attempt to keep up his spirits. He had been a farmer—this colonel, being newly in the service, he was little used to scenes like these, besides he had loved this man as a brother.

"Misery likes company, and you've got Brest with you, I see," he said again. The captain couldn't speak, but held out his hand in acknowledgment and friendliness. The soft-hearted colonel couldn't stand that, so turned away to hide his emotions. Turning he stood facing two women, one elderly, the other young and beautiful.

"We have relatives among your prisoners, colonel," said the younger, "and desire your permission to see them."

He looked at her in suspicion. "Who sent me that note?"

"It was I."

"And who," he inquired in a politely sneering tone, "was kind enough to inform your confederate relatives"—he laid stress on the word, "of the acceptance of your hospitality, this afternoon, by us?"

She grew scarlet, and then the blood receded leaving her deadly white.

"Be assured," she answered, looking up steadily into his face, standing proudly, "if information went to the rebels from this household I was not privy to it. I'd not make this assertion to any but a stranger who does not know my loyalty;" she said this proudly, her eyes flashing.

He could not disbelieve her. "For-

give me," he said; "in these times one doesn't measure phrases."

She took his extended hand. "I do not wonder at your suspicions, but they were unfounded."

Her mother stood pale and trembling beside her; she now looked up in a timid, beseeching manner.

The colonel caught the glance. "I will procure an escort for you immediately." Just then Adams moaned; the colonel had stood hiding the two wounded men until now. The girl looked down, the piteful cry appealing to her heart for succor. Brest leaned over the captain fanning him with his hat. She could not see his face, but his leg stained and clotted, sickened her. In bending over Adams he turned his head, revealing the clear-cut profile to her view.

"My God!" she exclaimed, leaning for support against the standard of the mirror. Brest heard the exclamation, looked up eagerly, a new light flooding his face—with "Bell" on his lips, scarcely framed into utterance, before he fainted.

She sprang forward quickly, calling "surgeon."

"How is his wound?" she inquired huskily.

"Bad," he said, looking at Adams.

"Bell," called her mother.

"Homer," calling a servant, "carry these men carefully into the double chamber."

"You will see to him immediately," she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"Bell," her mother called again, fretfully.

"Stephen! Stephen!" she bent over him tearfully, pressing her lips to his forehead, and then went blindly toward her mother.

Blind obedience in all things from her earliest childhood, that mother had exacted and received; to disobey a command was not possible to her. Had she not given up life and the hopes of eternity almost, for this—her mother and her brother—out there—a rebel?

So Bell walked on, blindly following the voice that called her, toward the con-

federate quarters. They—the prisoners—were confined in the negro's cabins. They were mostly discouraged looking enough,—defeated, and with the prospect of being sent North among the savages. They sat on bunks or lay on the floor in disconsolate attitudes, dolorously comparing notes over their misfortune.

"Precious nice this yer is, aint it, Bill?" quoth one of these,

"Not much," returned the person addressed, pulling at his red top.

"What'll yer bet the Yankees wont hang every one on us afore night, and roast us for supper?" he said, with a grimace on his comic face. "See heyer, now, I'll bet my knife—heyer it is."

No one seemed disposed to take up his offer, but a visible effect was produced. Bill arose.

"Now I'll tell you, my lads; we need not whimper over this yer thing like whipped nigs. We aint agoen to help the matter one har. The thing is just heyer. Ef we'd a wholloped these yer Yankees and had a taken 'em, we'd a paroled 'em on the spot, cause we haint got the grub to keep them nor us mighty fat. Now, ef the Yankees want to feed me, feed away, says I. I'll eat all the rashions you'll pervide. It's the fortin of war."

"Stop your silly prating," said a voice from the corner, where a man lay, his head between his hands.

The soldier obeyed. "We'll have a sweet time with the captain, now, wont we, though?" he muttered to himself.

"Captain Birney in here?" inquired a guard, thrusting in his head, dripping with water.

"What if he is?" growled the officer within.

"Here are two ladies want him, that's all," was the answer.

Another growl was the reply.

"Yes, he's in there; I heard him," said Mrs. Birney, pressing past the guard.

"My son, my dear son Charles," she said, coming up to him, with tears filling her eyes.

"You've placed your dear son in a fine position," he said, sneeringly,

"I did my best, indeed."

"If this is your best, you'd better try your worst the next time," he said, pettishly.

"I intercepted those dispatches, Charles," said Bell, steadily.

"You," he said; "you would rather have saved the miserable lives of these dogs than mine!"

"I did not know that information had gone to you, also. I was aware that Gregg's regiment was to be informed, and had I known your's also, I should have saved you at least, this once, the shame of raising your hand against your country's flag."

The captain gave expression to an oath. "You dare this, girl?"

"Yes," she said proudly; "would I see men butchered on my father's grounds—my country's soldiers?"

"Obedient child," sneered Charles, looking at his mother.

"Bell!" said she, in the injured way she was wont to assume whenever she fancied any disposition in Bell to rebel against the authority of Charles, but Bell was gone.

Bell walked straight to the house and met the surgeon on the steps.

"Those men?" she inquired.

"One is dead." She heard nothing farther; her brain, filled almost to bursting, with the events of the afternoon, grew dizzied, and she caught at the entrance for support.

"Poor child, I wonder she has borne up so far; these American women have not any nerves."

"Take your mistress to her room," he said to a servant passing.

Dead. Brest was turning the word around in his tried, weak mind, looking at the straightened body lying on the other bed. It was quiet here—hardly the rush of busy feet reached him, only the dull, heavy fall of the rain and the rumbling thunder.

Death. What did it mean but a suspension of the faculties for a season, then life everlasting.

Everlasting. That was dreadful; no end—no rest from the restless fever of life!

Life. A constant terror of striving and hoping and reaching after the unattainable.

Death. That was rest, peace; but everlasting life was terror, despair.

Ah! but was this existence, this dual being, eternally at war. Life? Life? This, where sense kills soul and body, corrupts spirit, and death is stronger than existence?

Life meant an actual expression of truth, beauty, perfection, love, continuity, and that must be life everlasting. Love, truth, beauty! Oh glorious opening vista of life, which this cold calm of death preceded,

Death was coming to him, he knew. Adams had described to him only a few days before, how that the pain of the body and mind gives place to a sweet repose before death approached; and, too, he had heard that it is vouchsafed to the dying to behold the absent beloved, and he had seen her; Bell—his Bell—in the other days so far away. He had grown old since then. Three years! are heart throbs, and anguish of soul, counted by the almanac! Three years! say rather ages of being. He was old now as people exhaust years in such seasons; so his youth was far off to him. His Bell. He held her by the divine right of nature, Love. Could this hate of her brother, touch that? Love is eternal—hate a disease of finite existence. Is the devil stronger than God? But death was coming; that was sweet,—for life, the true, opened beyond, and love, infinite, all-embracing.

Why did his spirit cling so to earth? why could not his mind cease these thoughts? It was wearisome again. He heard a gasping sob; it must have been the rain beating against the window by Adams,—nature was weeping for a child-heart stilled. He smiled. It was sweet to think Adams was remembered so. What was this? a hand; a soft, slender, trembling thing, like a bird. He was nearing the river—an angel hand to welcome him on the shore.

"Stephen!" The angels were calling him. He smiled, lifted his heavy lids to Bell's face bending above him.

"Stephen, Stephen, you must not die."

Was this the living, breathing Bell, calling him back to earth again? Kisses pressed lips and cheeks into a glow of life almost. She laid her cheek to his. "You shall live, dear love, and none shall separate us longer."

Had he been called back from the very gates of the city which Adams had entered before? I don't know. Just then, perhaps, the human love had a stronger voice than the angels, and he followed,

The long September day—the September of the second year of rebellion grew swiftly to its close. Inside, two hearts beat together the pean of a new life, by the side of the one stilled forever. Outside, the dull rain fell sadly on the unsodden graves of loyal and rebel dead. O mother-heart! that loves so truly. And so that day ended.

A horror was on the faces of the prisoners in the morning. "Captain Birney is dead," they told the guard, below their breath. This passing away so silently, among them, yet alone in the darkness, was horrible.

The proud, unbending will of the man had prevented him from acknowledging the hurt he had received. He had braved this fate—it had come—what mattered it sooner or later? He would receive no help from the hands he hated, and so he died.

I don't think there was any hate in the hearts of the soldiers who saw him buried by his servants. They did not hate these rebels after they had become poor human clay. I think they began to feel more truly the terrible might of the power that held them to this work.

It was but a few days before another grave was dug beside that, and the mother was laid beside the son of her pride and love. Bell held up through it all; she had Stephen, her husband, to bring back to life and strength. Her work gave her courage. She had given him up in obedience to her brother's will before; but now that was removed, and unconsciously her step and voice and whole being grew into a new freedom.

But he was her brother, and now that he was dead, she buried the remembrance

of her wrongs with him. Her mother had requested that the marriage should take place before her death, that so much atonement might be made for the past. Weeks passed, and the wounded had become strong enough to be removed.

There was no more war for Stephen, crippled as he was, so he took his Bell with him away from the presence of the haunting scenes of that September day, up to the quietness and peace of a Northern home. He brought with him the body of Adams, to the State of his adoption. It was just that some of its heroes should consecrate the soil with their dust. He had no relatives, this Adams; and Brest erected himself, a monument in memory of his friend. It reads:

DAVID ADAMS,  
A PATRIOT SOLDIER,  
AND  
A MAN,  
DIED FOR LIBERTY,  
September the fifth,  
1862.

So sleeps this one dead man with the prayers and tears of a nation above him. Brest and his wife in the cottage yonder, looking together over the meadow, see the white of the marble, and raising their eyes a little, the blue of the skies.

As I write to-day, down on the borders a fiercer fight is waging than ever before. Hand to hand the combatants urge the fight, and the sun burns blue in a sea of brass. Great-hearted men like Adams and Brest, fall dead, beneath the heel of this dread monster of war—hourly—and still the fight wages, but the dawn is breaking!

Herald its approach, oh ye upon the mountains! Swell the jubilee, oh murmuring stars, and join your melodious voices, ye seraphims in glory! But chant a low miserere, oh children of earth, for those who see their morning break only beyond the mountains—beyond the stars—beyond the song of the seraphim—from the opened gates of the New Jerusalem, where the patriot dead shall congregate!

“The two highest functionaries of the State are the nurse and the schoolmaster.”

## THOUGHTS AT A GRAVE.

By Miss M. Remick.

Gone home; I take with trembling hand  
A violet from the sod;  
The face I see through mists of tears,  
Ere this has looked on God;  
The ghastly marble melts away,  
The mound—it is a dream,  
In those fair paths beyond the grave  
All things are what they seem.

How sweet the blushing roses blow,  
How glad the wild birds' song;  
Yet o'er these winding paths of green  
A shadow creeps along;  
It lies upon these myrtle bowers,  
These blooming beds of moss;  
O, human hearts! within these shades,  
You all take up the cross!

Gone home; do roses blush in heaven?  
Are violets there as sweet?  
I believe—but *know* that angels' hearts  
Wait for our coming feet;  
Over the mounds the sunset streams,  
They sleep 'neath grass and flowers,  
The worn out frame—the spirit lives,  
All that we still call ours.

## AIR CASTLES.

By Mrs. Helen M. Rich.

We part, we part! shall we meet again?  
On earth, perchance, no more;  
But I have a beautiful “castle in Spain,”  
Where you'll come when the day is o'er.  
And when its turrets are all alit,  
With sunset glories its silver dome  
Gleams white as a snow white minaret,  
In the young moon's smiling, *Come, come.*

Come when the fall of the fountains clear,  
The murmur of leaf shall chime;  
With that musical whisper of thine, my dear,  
And the magical hush of time.  
You must not bring to my castle fair,  
One sigh in your peaceful breast,  
No dark “to-morrow,” or frown of care,  
For it is the “Castle of Rest,”  
For it is the “*Castle of Rest!*”

“It seems as though at the approach of a certain dark hour, the light of heaven infills those who are leaving the light of earth.”—*Victor Hugo.*

## LETTERS FROM THE TOP OF A HILL.

By X. Y. Z.

## CONCERNING RAILROAD TRAINS.

MRS. SAWYER:—Did you ever stand upon the top of a high hill in the vicinity of the Metropolis, in a cool spring or autumnal morning, and see the long trains of cars radiating in all directions, over the rivers and marshes lying at your feet? Hark! they have commenced their diurnal circulation; you can hear the quickening pulsation under those iron ribs, the yell of defiance as they approach the "crossings," where the lumbering wagon and weary pedestrian still contest the right of way. Now, for the short, vocal snorts, as they emerge from the city, and feel that they are no more subject to those irritating checks and curbings, so annoying to the restless, impatient spirit which "seethes with secret fire" below. Their early morning exercise has induced a healthful glow; respiration becomes more rapid, and as they "puff and blow" along,—their breath condensing in snaky folds,—they seem alive and instinct with all the noisy and bustling activity of trade. What a triumph of mind over matter! How plainly we see "the spirit of the living creature in the wheels;" with what a seemingly resistless force it plunges along, yet how docile under the mild but firm hand of the "Rarey" who holds the fatal "strap." But enough of this,—though it seems scarcely possible to say, or *think* less.

Apart, however, from all this, what romance is connected with every train as it wends its way through villages where its passage is an era in every day's life. What a hurrying to the depot to meet the expected friend! How eagerly the daily paper is scanned to see, not only what has happened, but what has not. In fact, it is doubtful if the *negative* knowledge obtained from a perusal of a daily paper, is not greater than the positive, since those matters not referred to in the paper, may be presumed, with some degree of confidence, not to have been disturbed; while the positive statements, founded on rumor, telegrams, and other things perhaps as reliable, are nev-

er entitled to full credit, till by repetition or coincidence, they have eliminated the idea of chance, and thus established their claim to belief on strictly logical principles.

But this is only the esoteric view of the *institution* of which we are speaking. Considered merely in this light, as a means of commercial, political and social intercourse, of the transportation of luggage,—human, beastly, mineral and vegetable,—what an immense gain on all that our fathers knew.

It is, however, in an esoteric view of it, that its romance is chiefly found. How many of the passengers in every day's trains, have been suddenly summoned to the bedside of some friend whose only remaining earthly hope is, to look once more upon the face which anxiously watches and notes the slightest delay, and whose strained expression shows how affection outstrips all the powers of locomotion the human head can devise.

How snail-like seems their pace to the owner of that sad countenance, poring over,—but not reading,—the morning paper, nervously looking every two minutes at his watch, and glancing uneasily about at every stopping, as if fearful of detention. That ominous box, carefully covered and put in the baggage-car, is still guarded by the pale young man with a "weed", upon his hat, that superintended its putting on board, and whose heart rises every time any little irregularity of movement threatens an accident. A group of sorrowing friends are waiting in breathless silence its arrival at the village depot,—and the boys and townsmen maintain a respectful silence, awed by the presence of a great sorrow, though one in which they are not personally interested.

In the same train, and the same car, how the clear tones of childhood ring out, as the little boy asks for the twentieth time, if the next stopping-place is grandpa's. Then, there is the brow knit with business cares, completely isolated from all his immediate surroundings, heedless alike of the deep sorrow stamped on the countenance of one, the light and cheerful conversation of others, or the shrill laughter of the children as some object of

interest presents itself to view. A miniature world is that train of cars, whizzing along through space,—a living museum, in which to the keen observer is exhibited all varieties of the human species, under every conceivable shade of experience.

### THE SPIRIT LIFE.

By A. A. .

Heavenward, starward, gazed  
A maiden young and fair;  
And as her eyes she raised,  
She softly breathed a prayer.

Wild torrents swept her soul,  
In agony she knelt;  
And all the depths untold,  
Of deepest anguish felt.

A calm steals o'er her soul,  
The things of earth recede;  
She hears a whisper low,  
Its burden is "Believe."

Then softly fades the light,  
And softly shadows fall;  
The glittering stars of eve  
Are watching over all.

On wings of love a vow  
Went through the misty air;  
Then angels chant "Redeemed,"  
It finds acceptance there.

A holy, joyous peace  
She ne'er before had known,  
Baptized her spirit's depths,  
The heart's unrest had flown.

A harp is strung on high,  
And sweetly floats a sound;  
Bright angels near the throne,  
Then sing the Pearl is found.

A Saviour's arms enfold,  
With love that will not fail,  
With pure and holy Peace,  
She's been within the veil.

A COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER. — On the fly-leaf of Rev. Dr. Bethune's Bible was found written the following:

Lord pardon what I have been;  
Sanctify what I am;  
Order what I shall be;  
That thine be the glory,  
And mine the eternal salvation,  
For Christ's sake. —

### DREAMS.

Infinite as are the number and variety of real blessings that are bestowed on man, yet, as readily as he sinks into those blissful conceptions of unconscious repose, is he ever indulging in day-dreams of his future condition.

These delicious yet deceitful fruits of an ardent imagination, excited and heightened by the sweet and soothing voice of Hope, even *now* realized in anticipation; these glistening dew-drops of ambrosial sweetness which bespangle the plain, monotonous routine of earthly existence with heavenly radiance; these glittering gems of unbounded wealth which, intermingling our daily life with ideal blessings, reflect upon us occasional glimpses of immortality; all receive their existence from the general tendency of circumstances and events which occur upon the broad arena of the surrounding world.

As the mind surveys and contemplates the train of current events replete with predictions and auguries of the future, and ponders upon the glorious achievements of the past, and ranges with delight over the verdant fields of literature, rich with ancient and modern lore, and abounding in germs of new ideas which time and study shall develop, as it wings its way through the mysterious labyrinths of Science and Art, and soars into the boundless realms of Philosophy, then do the delightful conceptions of the unknown future pour in upon our imagination, elevating and inspiring the soul, as we behold the glory of future success, and hear the melodies of our own achievements trembling upon the lips of the minstrel.

The daily avocations of the present afford honorable sustenance to man; golden opportunities present themselves almost unbidden to his view, and yet, as the doomed victim, gazing with enchanted eye upon the dancing waters of the approaching torrent, listening spell-bound to the grandeur of the distant roar, is engulfed in the overwhelming tide, so he often yields all the advantages of the present, relinquishes all the possible achievements of his mighty powers, and listening eagerly to the dulcet melodies

of joy and triumph, as he inhales the intoxicating odor of ambrosial blossoms, loses himself amid the seducing dream of the blissful future.

And yet the foundations upon which we base these vapory air-castles may be firm and established upon the adamant rock of Principle and Truth which, with a secret, silent influence, instil themselves into the aspiring soul, and tend to strengthen the probability of the success of our anticipations; for, when true principle combines with an accurate knowledge of the Past, and the probabilities derived from present observation, to form our ideals, aspiring Genius beholds in the first faint flickerings of appreciated merit the pinnacles of future glory illuminated by the resplendent radiance of immortal renown.

The illustrious examples which gleam forth from the cloud-capt eminence of the Past, as guiding stars, pointing us onward to the fields of elysium, the glory of heroes, the fame of philosophers, the crown of immortal radiance which has graced the martyr's brow; these, these are the bases on which Hope should rest, the sources whence should flow all ideal and imaginative bliss.

Man's ideas of futurity depend, to a great degree, upon the prominent traits of his character. Does he desire the applause of the people, he hears with enraptured breathlessness, his name echoed and re-echoed upon the lips of delighted multitudes. Does he thirst to taste of the delicious waters of knowledge, he already sports in visionary fountains of sparkling purity, while above them he beholds his name emblazoned in characters of ever-living light, and in their gentle murmur hears the accents of his praise.

The deep, holy inspiration of the Poet, even while immortalizing the glory of others, inscribes his own name upon imperishable tablets in characters that shall never fade. The Historian who has recorded the glorious achievements of the ancients, was conscious that, by this act, he was weaving ever-living chaplets around his own immortal deeds.

When nations, whether under arbitra-

ry or democratic rule, as the germ of success begins to expand, enter into the broad arena of the political world, and the first flush of dawn reveals propitious signs of future greatness, then, in the wisdom of their counsels, in their patronage of Genius, in their vigorous energy and enterprise, do they behold inherent power which, though latent and uncultivated, yet, like the long-suppressed thunderbolt, shall flash forth upon the horizon of the world and, more lasting in its effects, more terrible by its long slumber, shall shake the vast empires of the earth to their very centre.

The Seal of Time marks not the regions where Liberty, Wealth and Fame sit enthroned, nor does it stamp upon the sybiline leaves of Fate permanent impressions of either of those vascillating forms, but, as the lengthening cycles of Time revolve, bringing with them new responsibilities, developing ampler resources, unfolding new elements of superiority, and, as trials and adversity also, begin to balance the scale of national pride, and their ardent predictions of triumph and exultation are cooled by bitter failure and defeats, the locality of their abundant rewards is as far distant as before, the voices swelling up from the clouded future are as faint, and the fleeting phantoms of Hope hide themselves in the obscure shades of Futurity. Thus perhaps, the present may present itself with all its harsh, bitter realities, and those fitting fire-flies of yore sink one by one, into the dark stream of Disappointment.

Anticipation has far exceeded all these results in *pleasure*, and Dire Procrastination has engulfed in its dark whirlpool, all those frail shallops of worldly desires.

The nation upon whose helmet waved the gorgeous plume of desired success, and in whose mighty resources lay dormant the powers of the Earth, may now be convulsed and rent asunder by the deadly strokes of war, while the ghastly ghost of all its lost hopes, the pale demon of its fading dreams rises grimly from the haunted wreck of its aspirations, and with its solemn admonitions, swelling like a knell over its deserted ruins, waves it onward, downward to destruction.



Friendship's circle may be broken, Integrity yield to pampering Vice, the mournful image of Despondency hover gloomily around, and all the *vigor* and *energy* of man, whether in Church or in State, depart forever.

Yet in our anticipations there is a vital principle, a motive power, a strong incentive to action, whether honorable or dishonorable, and these rapid suppositions, founded on what *may* be, lead the mind onward by their silken cords until the dream itself may become a blissful reality.

How sweet to cull the flowers of Memory and weave them into the ever-living garlands of Hope! To reflect upon the recollections of the Past, the mellow light of the Future! The golden links of Friendship grow *brighter* and *stronger* as the pictured Future gathers friends long absent around the sacred hearth-stone, and the lingering voices of yore are heard again amid the scenes of our early days. And yet, say ye that this blossoming bud of Hope cannot be blighted? Ah! go ask the friendless, the forsaken one, to whom the whole world seems but a dreary waste! Review the noble attempts of the former, the philanthropist, *apparently* so futile and vain! Examine the records of Church, the archives of State, the complaints of Humanity.

Go to the chamber of Death, and there listen to the weeping and wailing of friends as they gather round the beloved one, and, as the pale shadow hovers around his brow, behold the tears of agony as they see him passing away like all their vain dreams, into the Dark Unknown.

Still the annals of the past and the observation of the present prove that our short-sighted vision cannot comprehend all the results of our present efforts, and that seeming failures often ultimate in true success.

If our ideas of futurity are based upon true principle, though we may experience nothing but disappointment during our earthly existence, yet the time shall come when all reasonable anticipations shall be realized. Our hopes and expectations shall conform to the destiny of the race,

and shall result in grand consummation when the Golden Age shall return to bless mankind and the nations of the earth shall behold Liberty and Justice swaying their gentle sceptre over the world. The golden links of Memory shall be re-united to form the bright circle of household endearments which have so long slept in the Lethæan waters of Forgetfulness, and the darkening clouds of Despondency shall be dispelled by the resplendent rays of truthful ideality. Thus Death itself is stripped of all its horrors.

Patriotism lives not in vain, and as the martyr sinks calmly away into the dark valley of everlasting repose, in his ears still linger the gentle tones of eternal Peace and Liberty, the gloom which hung over him is swept away, the mystery of Life is solved, and as the echoes of our songs of happiness die away among those celestial hills and vales, borne along upon the golden strings of angels' harps, those bright attendants, Faith and Hope, shall fold their shining wings to rest, and *Love, Truth and Righteousness* forever reign triumphant.

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OUR BLESSINGS MORE THAN OUR CROSSES.—Consider that our good days are generally more in number than our evil days, our days of prosperity, (such, I mean, as is suitable to our condition and circumstances) than our days of adversity. This is most certain, though most of us are apt to cast up our accounts otherwise. How many days of (at least competent) health have we enjoyed for one day of grievous sickness! How many blessings for a few crosses! For one danger that hath surprised us, how many scores of dangers have we escaped, and some of them very narrowly! But, alas! we write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memories serve us too well to remember the latter, but we are strangely forgetful of the former. And this is the greatest cause of our unthankfulness, discontent and murmuring.—*Bishop Bull.*

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Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the tomb of our buried hopes.

## THOU ART NOT HERE.

By M. D. Williams.

Thou art not here, my earliest friend,—  
 Thy counsel and thy aid to lend;  
 And when the storm-cloud hovers o'er  
 My darksome path, thy voice no more  
 Can waken hope, or banish fear:  
 Guide of my youth, thou art not here.

No more I see thy look of love,  
 Pure as the smiling stars above,  
 That look which nerved my heart to bear,  
 When on the verge of dark despair;  
 'Tis past,—and when my soul is sad,  
 Thou art not here to make it glad.

Spring cometh, and its skies are clear,  
 But thou, my mother, art not here;  
 Thou who didst teach the creeping vine  
 Beneath my window, where to twine;  
 Thou, who didst rear the blossoms gay,  
 Henceforth, forever, art away.

Thou art not here,—amid the flowers,  
 I see thee not in twilight hours;  
 And yet, I sometimes think I feel  
 Thy spirit's presence o'er me steal;  
 Pure as the breath of evening air,  
 To calm my throbbing brow of care.  
*Webster, Mich.*

## THE SHOWER AT SUNSET.

By the late M. Ellen Holcomb.

Tell us, O sun, ere to your nightly rest  
 Beneath yon mist-veil'd mountain you descend  
 As quivering richly on its green-robed breast,  
 Ten thousand gems in radiant beauty blend;  
 Gems that yon fleecy clouds that o'er you lie,  
 In heaven's eternal plenitude have wept;  
 What scenes have met your ever-piercing eye,  
 Since last beneath yon draperied-mount you  
 slept.

The tears of heaven!—oh, how sweet the boon!  
 When sorrowing nature 'neath her cares op-  
 prest,  
 Thirsty and weary droops at summer's noon;  
 How welcome then, thrice welcome the be-  
 hest  
 That folds in massive piles that mantling cloud;  
 That chains in fiery links the earth and sky;  
 That makes us tremble, ere in threatening loud  
 The thunder rushes from his dome on high.

'Tis past! and wide-extended o'er the east,  
 The seal of God stands beautiful and bright;  
 The faint peals die upon the air and cease,  
 And nature welcomes now the peaceful night;  
 'Tis thine, O earth! from midst thy plenteous  
 store,  
 And green-wreathed temples, offerings meet  
 to bring;  
 Rejoice amidst thy beauty, and adore  
 Him who hath sent the shower — Great Na-  
 ture's King!

## JULIA CRÆSUS.

By J. Kendrick Fisher.

Gossiping the other evening with my friend Bowman, whose wife is enjoying the hospitality and agreeable company of her friend, Mrs. Cræsus, and who himself, enjoys as much of them as business will allow, I learned some interesting particulars of her country life and opinions. If the reader remembers the account I gave of her courtship, marriage, and commencement of business, there will be little need of saying that these particulars are likely to need allowance for some oddity.

Julia is as happy as she expected to be. Mr. Cræsus is entirely devoted to her, and has implicit confidence in her in all respects; and leaves the embellishment and overhauling of his country estate entirely to her; contenting himself with the old routine, and with keeping his accounts, at which he is expert; and with fishing and shooting, to which he is inclined when he has company; and to riding, whenever his wife will ride, or allow the nurse to take Master Cræsus. Brother Bull will ask how old Master Cræsus may be, that he rides with his nurse. He is about a year old. "Well," says Brother Bull, "his mother is odd to let him ride. It would be safer to have him taken a drive." "That's just what I mean. Cræsus turns out superb horses, and a barouche as light as a sensible man can approve, and he knows where to go, at any time of day, to find the most pleasure and the least dust. When his wife accompanies him he takes his coachman; when only the nurse and Master William go, he prefers to drive with his own hands, and no man can drive better.

Julia prefers to ride in the morning, he likes both morning and evening. He is now out with his little disturber of peace and quiet. Julia is chatting with her engineer, who has asked her advice as to what he shall do for the improvement of Miss Williams' property. Miss Williams gives all sorts of advice, orders, suggestions and hints, and ends by adopting whatever Julia advises.

It must be explained that Julia had

bought most of the property in the valley, within four miles of the Cræsus mansion, with a view to get rid of frogs and mosquitoes. She had sent for Mr. Drake, the engineer now present, who was an old lover of hers, and set him to survey the whole valley, and report a plan of improvement—always with a view to profit; it was not to be Cræsus' Folly, nor her Folly, at least after five years had elapsed. He had made his report to her satisfaction. Miss Williams, who was visiting her, was delighted with it, and wanted to purchase a permanent home for herself and Miss Tyng. Julia gave her a choice, at cost price, of all the property she had bought. She chose the place nearest the Cræsus mansion, albeit it was famous for fever and ague, and had but poor buildings.

"And so, Mr. Drake, you have at last got the Dingleys to sell out, and have astonished them by draining their quagmires. I am indebted to you for the perseverance and tact with which you have conducted the tedious negotiation. I could not have got the property for double the price."

"I think you might have done nearly as well as I, had you worked patiently. All they wanted was all they could get for it. But your cool way of changing the subject, and never recurring to it when they told you their terms, did more than all my skill to get their price down to what, on the whole, I think, is about fair."

"And they are wofully afflicted to see the property trebled in value by drainage, but they never would have paid a dollar towards it. It would have suited them well if I had gone on with the improvement for their benefit, as I *must* have done pretty soon, if you had not saved me the vexation of spending money for such niggards. But they are not bad people—not worse than most others. I dare say they think me a sharper and oppressor, to take advantage of superior knowledge, and get their old, unhealthy homestead for a third of the value concealed in it."

"We must not be deceived by false alarms of conscience, in such cases. Had

it not been for your courageous liberality and good taste this improvement might have been delayed another century, and the Dingleys might have suffered sickness all their lives, as they and their parents have done ever since the country was settled."

"Well, Miss Williams is now on my land without the music of frogs and mosquitoes, and all that by a single cut around a rock, at a cost of three thousand dollars. Is it not astonishing that it should not have been done before?"

"Not in the least. Not more than that the masses in cities should not relieve themselves from dust and mud in streets, when the way has been preached to them for thirty years or more!"

"My friend, you seem misanthropic. It is n't your nature; what is the matter? Tell me, if by any possibility I can be of service to you."

"You are very good."

"Good enough to merit your confidence."

"Too good to be troubled with my discontents."

"I am sure you will not trouble me whatever you may say, but I shall be troubled if you distrust my friendship. Tell me if I can serve you."

"If any one can serve me I believe you can. I will therefore tell you that I have in vain sought the hand of Miss Tyng, and do not like to desist from the pursuit."

"I have observed that you loved her, and it has seemed to me that she loved you."

"So I hoped. She certainly always treated me with kindness, and I thought with more than friendly kindness."

"And therefore you loved her. You do not answer. Well, I appreciate your delicacy. She is a most amiable, honest, loving, childlike person; all goodness. But I advise you not to press farther."

"Do you not also think her intelligent, refined, and in all respects as worthy as I could honestly expect my wife to be?"

"Yes; but she is married to Miss Williams. She has that devoted faithful-

ness that will never allow her to desert so good a friend, who has cherished her as a sister and protected her as a mother."

"It is singular that a person as cold as Miss Williams should inspire such attachment."

"You do not see Miss Williams. She has a warm heart, as well as an honest one. Unfortunately she is timid, and fears that she may exceed the bounds of propriety, if she does not conceal her regard for men who are interested in her. I know you will allow me to speak freely, I therefore say that if you had exercised your judgment and taste like a man, instead of yielding like a woman to manifestations of affection, you would have preferred Miss Williams, and I believe you would have been satisfied with her reception of your suit, and it would have been better for all three of you. For you, because you are not fitted to struggle in the market, and therefore should not marry a poor girl like Miss Tyng; for Miss Williams, because you would have made her a happy wife; and for Miss Tyng, because when her friend is married she would not fail to have good offers, and be well married."

"And you would have me depend on my intellectual faculties, rather than on spontaneous affection, to indicate which is the person best suited to me as a companion for life? I am surprised to hear you say what seems to imply so much. I have perfect respect, and a high degree of admiration for Miss Williams, but not what I call love. But Miss Tyng I decidedly love, and have loved her from the first time I conversed with her."

"Certainly. That was natural; almost irresistible. But what of it? Is love to be above reason? and is it uncontrollable? You loved me once, did you not? yet you have found that no hindrance to loving another?"

"You discouraged me so decidedly that I had no hope. It is true that Miss Tyng has *said* as much as you said, but has not so effectually quenched hope."

"It is idle to say more now. You are not to be cured in half an hour; there must be time. As for my discouraging

you, you are to consider that I was not insensible to your affection, and are to be always confident that my friendship would be more decided than if you had not given me such assurance of your regard for me. Now, you will believe me sincerely anxious to promote your happiness, and that of my dear friend, Miss Williams, and of Miss Tyng, too. You will earn your share of the good things you get,—you proud fellow; you will do it at the value of the property she brought; and you need not fear that she will ever for an instant indulge a feeling that a person less refined might indulge, if not express, in consequence of your present disparity of wealth."

Young Cræsus was screaming furiously. What was the matter? Had he not two wet nurses? Was he not a picture and model of health? a young Hercules? Julia rang the bell with immense energy, determined to find out what was the matter? There must be pins misplaced, so they searched for them. Every bit of finery was pulled off. He became less furious, but still screamed like a wild cat.

"Well, Billy, you're more like your mother than your father; so I suppose you'll scream as long as you please. I wonder if the nurses don't go to their own children too much. I'll see." Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

In came a nurse. She was ordered to administer. It would not do; the screaming still went on and the nurse was sent out.

"Well, am I so stupid that I can't find out what ails you, my little pet? I suppose you are only asserting your rights. Now what can you want? What can my baby want? Let's see. The weather is hot; perhaps you are too warm." Off come all the artificial coverings, with some good effect, as before, but still the deuce was to pay.

"What else can you want, this hot day, my little pet? I—good gracious! I wonder if you don't want some cold water?" She tried it. It settled the difficulty at once, and Billy became as jolly as a fond mother could wish, and

smashed the tumbler with immense satisfaction. Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

"Here, nurse, take him away. Now, just let me tell you what you ought to have known before; never put clothes on him in a hot day like this, and take care that he has plenty of ice-water."

Off went young hopeful, laughing and kicking, quite satisfied at having got his rights.

"This is the greatest trouble I ever had. I don't see how women can endure children of this age, when they have to take care of them. I don't see how Croesus can take pleasure in playing with him all the time; it is a bore to me to play with him ten minutes, when he is in merry humor. But I must cultivate his affection betimes. Besides, after preaching that women who have some refinement should train their own children, and hire dolts to mend old stockings, it won't look consistent for me to neglect him. Well, Croesus must let me give him all his playthings, — sugar-plums being out of the question; I hardly wonder that mothers should court their children with such trash. Heigh ho! a mother is a peculiarity to a man, or woman, or girl or boy; one can have but one mother, but one may have many children! And yet, I really believe a mother loves each child more than they altogether love her; that's natural. But we must have art; it won't do to let family ties fail with instincts and necessities. I wish I was more loving. I wish I never had read men's books, and talked with strong-minded women, I might then have been more like Mary Tyng—dear creature—and less like a heartless philosopher. Oh! this engineering! this management of an estate! Luckily papa won't let me talk to him about the partnership; I should worry him and spoil the business, instead of getting fifty-eight thousand a year. Oh, Julia! what a business man you would have made! Oh, William! what a mother you would have made!"

"If you please, madam, Mr. Drake is in the library, and asks when you can spare half an hour."

"Tell him I will be down in ten minutes. Take this newspaper to him."

"Good morning, Mr. Drake; what's the good word this morning? How is your health? how are your spirits?"

"Well; thank you. Glad to see you perfectly well. Here is a copy of the London Enquirer, giving a fine engraving and description of Arching's Traction Engine, which I think might be used with advantage to plough the long meadow, when we have completed the drainage. We shall have a stretch of meadow four and a half miles long, averaging half a mile wide—when we have bought out the Halls and Job Richards; and they've given a refusal to my agent, at eighteen thousand for all their possessions on the east side of the road."

"Eighteen thousand! oh, buy! buy at once! don't let them slip! They may slip if they happen to see our new cutting, and the effect of it."

"Luckily, we have them so that they can't slip. Timmins has managed shrewdly. As to the cutting, they have laughed at it from the first appearance of the excavating machine. In fact, they consider that you have already involved Mr. Croesus to such an extent that he must sell some of his property; and it is for this very reason that Timmins has got so low an offer. They want the money for the meadows, and swamps and woodlands, to buy the Longley and the Ward and Denny places, with the superb barns and out-buildings you have built. Timmins affected a keen anxiety to buy, but could not promise cash. He has promised four thousand cash, and a mortgage, and has the refusal for three months. Now, if we can within that time, get a Traction Engine, and he offers to close for fourteen thousand cash, I think he can do it, and the saving will pay for the engine."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, they expect to pay for two-thirds of the value, and will sell cheap to raise the cash. The traction engine will have an important effect on their estimate of the *time* when the crash must come; in fact, they expect it daily. Timmins will then get a friend to make the offer; they will accept it on condition

that Timmins does not complete the present agreement, and then they will give him a trifle to release them. I consider that the excavator has paid for itself in this way, and more than twice paid for itself in the saving of labor."

"But I dislike your policy, my friend, because it seems tricky, and because it seems to encourage the idea that my husband is nearly bankrupt."

"Allow me first to answer your last objection. It is useless to tell these conceited bigots that Mr. Cræsus does not owe a dollar beyond his tradesmen's bills, and that he has an immense property entirely unencumbered; they won't believe it—not they; they have got up a theory that he is to be 'burst' up; you can't change that theory, which they believe because it is necessary to accomplish their designs upon the wreck of his fortune. What is rather strange to you, and a few friends is, that you should be deemed the author of his ruin, or rather the finisher of it. They don't know that you saved the greater part of what his good nature had lent to fast men; not men deficient in talent, but men who spent too freely what they borrowed of him as a means to make fortunes. They only know that you are the projector of these improvements, which they deem visionary; and that Mr. Cræsus amuses himself with fishing, shooting and driving, while you do business in a way that they deem ruinous. Acting on this belief, their cupidity prompts them to catch what is falling,—to live like wise men, in the houses built by those they deem fools. Let them once see that there is nothing in these intelligent and liberal operations but a prudent investment of capital in hand, and you could not carry on these improvements without really incurring the ruin they prognosticate, because they would not sell their property for less than double its value under their own management and enterprise, nor would they join in the expense of the improvements. It is therefore necessary for their good to treat them according to their folly. It is hardly correct to regard it as tricky."

"Still, I am troubled by the aspect of things, even though I am confident that

a few years will show that the notion of Cræsus' Folly is sustained only by those who will soon grieve for their own folly. You remember that I used to laugh with others at the weakness of Cræsus, when he furnished not only capital, but a profusion of spending-money, to men who were not fully honest. I did not then appreciate his judgment as I have since appreciated it. I then thought he did not understand business; but I soon thought that his error lay chiefly in not understanding men of strong intellects and weak principles. Among all who speculated on his capital, seeming to regard it as the gift of a prodigal, there was not one who might not have been rich at this day, had he *intended* to repay as soon as practicable. I know that he has been beset by unsound business men, whom he esteems for their moral worth; but he never has helped them farther into ruin. His only weakness is an excess of honest friendship, and a reluctance to take any but the best view of men's principles."

"It is lucky for him that he got a partner with none of this weakness."

"You are right; I am by no means amiable; I am almost ferocious; I—"

"Nay! don't misunderstand me, and don't disparage yourself. You are amiable, and although you may not love blindly,—every one who has merited your love has been treated with friendliness and kindness that proves the existence of as much love as there was cause for. Pardon the allusion; I was deeply grieved that you could not love me as I wished, but I was conscious of the cause,—that I had not the qualities necessary to satisfy your ideal—or rather, to bear a comparison with it. I consoled myself with the reflection that you were like acute critics who enjoy less and less, as they judge more and more truly; or like the *pregustatores* of the Roman grandees, who almost entirely lost the sense of enjoying the luxurious dainties they tasted for their patrons."

"Well; and the *pregustatores* had about as much comfort in eating as a common laborer has in his porridge and potatoes."

"I doubt it. The laborer enjoys his plain food, even of a poor quality, better than the critic enjoys his luxuries; so I think the simple-minded people who are unconscious of refinement love more fondly than those possibly can love who are sensitive to every imperfection. Could we find our ideals, and raise ourselves to their level, then indeed we might realize our dreams of love; but these dreams belong to the evidences of a higher state to come, rather than to the practical realities of our present life."

"Well, you will not allow that I am ferocious, nor even unamiable, but only critical, and not prone to love without objective cause, or to tolerate great faults. And you think it well that I forced a settlement of accounts that but for me might never have been pressed!"

"That is my meaning. But I mean more; Cræsus is fortunate in having had a resolution not his own, to break a connection formed before his judgment had reached its present maturity."

"My dear friend, it is but honest to tell you that this was passion rather than resolution. I never loved much, as I think; but my hatred is strong and excitable. I saw the ingratitude of certain flatterers of Cræsus, and hated them for it; that made me look for merits in him, and I found them. In consequence of this discovery I listened with favor to intimations that he had long been accustomed to make, and finally we were married. I was galled by a consciousness that he was derided by these men, and I resolved to compel their respect; so I appealed to him to give me all his bad debts, to help my father out of difficulties. He had no idea what I meditated when he told me to do as I pleased, after consulting with my father. I broke up the false friendships that kept him from better society; I intended this—I wanted to make enemies. But in doing this, and in carrying out the schemes I have been led into by the possession of a great income, and by your counsels, and always by the approbation of my husband, I have produced an impression that I am the manager of this concern, and Cræsus only a man of pleasure. This is a mis-

take I wish to correct as soon as possible. I never in the least advise as to the general management of his property, because I believe he manages admirably; but as to dashing speculations, of which you are chiefly the planner, he has no turn for them, and trusts to your ability, but not without confidence. His talent is the old talent taught by his father, and he is able and safe in that line,—except that he cannot tell a legally honest from a morally honest man quite so readily as he could were he not too benevolent for second-rate society. Now I want you to correct this prevalent impression that he does not manage his own estate entirely. As for what I do with the money he gave me, and which my father has greatly increased for me, that is another thing, but the wise neighbors mix them together. I want it to be known that although he catches fish, he gives time enough to his business to do it well; in fact, the reason he has so much leisure is because he has so much talent as to do all in a little time."

"What you desire is natural and reasonable, and what a good wife should desire; you want to have your husband respected. That will come in time, and in a lump, if you can pardon such a phrase. But it must grow up in the brooks first. Next season, when all the property is purchased, as I am sure it will be, and at an average not much above its old value, we will cut through the rocky bottom of the river, down at the bend; that will drain the broad meadow and all the swamps; then their revenues will be unmeasured. Now, do believe that I am as careful of your feelings as of your interests in this matter; let me have my way, so that I may be sure not to break down and spoil all."

"You are very persuasive when your own interests are not at stake. Had you exerted such talent on another occasion, I don't know but I might have relented. I think I must yield now, but I want to make a condition."

"That is fair. I agree to it. Name it."

"You must *think* carefully, of what I said of Miss Williams, three weeks ago."

"I have not failed to do so; but she seems to have made up her mind that Miss Tyng is the one for me."

"No doubt. She has seen your mutual liking. She is too kind not to wish that two such good persons may be united. But what do you think of Miss Williams? Is she the cold prude you took her to be?"

"No; certainly not."

"Do you love her?"

"Yes; truly I do. But still I prefer Miss Tyng. Moreover, I feel a repugnance to the reasons you have used why I should change."

"Pshaw! Repugnance to *reasons*! God will do no good with this moonshine! I have no doubt that Miss Tyng loves you; but I am sure she will not marry you. She has an impression, that it is her *duty* to dwell with her loving protectoress. You may not see this so clearly as I do. Another thing, I tell you, in strict confidence, and for good reason:—Miss Tyng is much beloved by several gentlemen, every way worthy of her, and suited to her; and I think she loves them, which she prefers—I can't say. Two of them, have begged me to use my influence in their favor. Now, if you are accepted by Miss Williams, I will engage, that within a month thereafter, Miss Tyng shall have several offers from these two gentlemen, if she declines the first. Now, in a romantic view, this may be shocking; and you may be shocked; but it is my duty to Miss Tyng, to say that in a prudential view, either of these gentlemen should be preferred to you. As I said, you are not a man to make a fortune for yourself; your genius is too far in advance; you could not sell gold for love, at the full price of brass; you could not make her comfortable. I tell you sincerely, that however devotedly you might love each other, you would live without the ordinary comforts of life. Now you, as a man of reason and conscience, should not go blindfolded by love into such a condition; still less should you take advantage of her inexperience, to take her away from others who will love her as you do—perhaps more than you can continue to love her—and will give her a bet-

ter formation in society, and more material means of happiness, than you are likely to give her. On the other hand, Miss Williams is as loving a person as Miss Tyng, but more of a dignified lady, and less an artless girl; unlikely to be won without wooing. Don't miss-doubt what I say. I esteem and love Miss Tyng; but I would rather that she were more reserved, more like Miss Williams."

"You told me, truly that I could not be cured in half an hour. But three weeks have overcome my prejudice against Miss Williams; I mean by impression that she is not such a loving person as one desires for a wife. How much further your assurances, and my intercourse with her, may change my feelings, I do not say."

"Humph!" Do you ever look at pictures? Do you ever look at Heath's Book of Beauty, and the English Annals, in which prints from Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits used to abound."

"We have often looked at them together."

"Yes, I remember. Do you recollect a dispute, one evening between an artist and an English literary man, about the merits of Lawrence as a portrait painter?"

"I remember something of it. The artist thought little of Lawrence as an artist; the literary man thought him the greatest of all portrait painters."

"Yes. But what I wish you to recollect is this: the literary man, in praising him for his truth, said that many of his ladies looked like *ladies of a certain character*, and that this, unfortunately, was but too true. The artist doubted the correctness of the charge; and imputed the seeming wantonness to want of art in the painter. The look which might, with perfect propriety, be given to the painter, after such acquaintance as he was accustomed to form, for the sake of delivering the true expression, as he deemed it, could not be given to a stranger; without exulting a feeling prejudicial to the lady's character. But the portrait gave its familiar look not only to the lady's friends, who were accustomed to it from the original, but to all alike. It was therefore ill-judged, and meritorious in the



artist to give such familiar expressions ; and to praise him as surpassing Tibon, Vandyke, and Reynolds, on account of such success, was bad criticism. He had too delicate a sense of propriety to give expressions that, if given to a stranger, by a busy person from a window, might be answered by a knock at the door. Now this suggests the difference between Miss Williams and Miss Tyng. *You* have not yet seen the expression which an accepted lover might wish to see in Miss Williams ; nor will you ever see it until you are her accepted lover. Not even if she loves you, and ardently wishes you to make advances. It is a reserve that arises from something different from address ; it has nothing to do with coldness. Now, you men ought to reason about this ; and take it for granted, that the reasons which restrain women from making proposals, must likewise restrain them from such expressions as invite proposals. It is wise for you to look to a lady's merits, and take it for granted that she will be found loving when she has thought proper to accept your offers. You smile at this preaching, as if you thought I did not understand the subject. You are mistaken, I have studied it, while you were studying rivers, torrents, scouts, curves, embankments, cuttings, and other engineering mysteries."

"Enough, for once. I will meditate on what you have said. Meantime, I wish you to feel assured that I have entire confidence in your friendly interest in my welfare ; at the same time I have equal confidence that you would not advise anything that you didn't feel assured would be for the interest of others concerned. I don't say that I can adopt your advice, without you convince me ; but I feel that you may convince me, if your view is the right one, and mine the wrong one. I understand that you approve the course I propose as to the purchase ?"

"Yes. Let me see you again before Sunday. You will dine with us on Sunday. Bowman will be here."

"I will. Good morning."

"What a man ! So much genius, and so little common sense. Now if I did not despise those medlers called match-

makers, I would take care of this poor fellow. I believe I ought to take care of him. I WILL.

"Please, ma'am, Miss Williams and Miss Tyng."

"Ask them up."

"Good morning, Eliza ; good morning, Mary. Glad to see you both."

"Good morning, dear Julia. Where's little Bob ? Here's a jaunty cap for him," said Miss Tyng.

"Thank you, dear. You'll find him out in the lawn, I suppose." Away ran Miss Tyng. "Dear creature ; how good she is. Now, as she will be gone twenty minutes, I want to talk about her. There are two gentlemen, Mr. Peter Walsh, and Mr. James Heath—you know them—who have begged me to help them in their suits for Mary. Of course, I can only go as far to talk with you about them. What do you think of them ?"

"Oh, I think well of both. She keeps no secrets from me ; so of course, I knew their proposals. I advised her to accept. I thought she loved them. She thought she only *liked* them ; but the fact was, she believed I should be lonesome without her ; and that is true. But of course I have no right, and I trust, no disposition, to keep her from a proper settlement in life. Of course, I tell her the truth, that is, that I shall always be glad to have her just as a sister ; but I want her to marry if she has the right kind of an offer. I think she fully understands, and feels confident, that I should feel the loss of her, very much ; but if she were to gain by it, that would more than compensate me."

"And that is the choice for either of these gentlemen !"

"Good enough, I think. They ought to call more frequently. When did they ask you to use your influence ?"

"Within a month. Heath teases me every time I see him.

"What do you think of Heath ? and of Walsh !"

"I think well of them. William thinks very highly of Heath, as a perfectly upright and well-inclined young man ; very talented and industrious, and

in a safe business with his father. Walsh is right, so far as I can see, only I distrust political lawyers. Still it is possible that patriotism may have got him into politics. Certainly he has no need to meddle with politics as a trade, or for the sake of trade. You know that I am violent in my prejudices."

[To be continued.]

## BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS.

By M. D. Williams.

Who are the Blest of God, on life's vast battle field?

Is it the warrior, girt with sword and shield?  
To slay his brother on the field of strife,  
And shed the warm blood of a human life?  
To take that vengeance which belong to Him,  
Who died, to take away the world's vast sin:

*Is he the blest of God?*

Blessed are the peace-makers, one voice hath said,

Then ye who heed that voice, be not afraid,  
Tho' persecuted falsely for His sake,  
Be firm; the bruised reed they cannot break;  
Prefer his voice to man's, and follow Him,  
And great shall be the peace that flows within.

*This blessing shall be thine.*

Blessed are the merciful,—they shall obtain  
Mercy from heaven—great victory to gain,  
To love thy enemy in word and deed,  
Forgive their faults supply their greatest need,  
These are the teachings of his voice, who said,  
Peace to the stormy waves, and they obeyed,

*Follow where'er He leads.*

*Webster, Mich.*

## LEFT BEHIND.

By Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

In the hidden path once trodden,  
In the dim and shadowy past,  
There are buried hidden treasures,  
That to-night I may not grasp.  
There are shrouded vales of beauty,  
There are mountain tops of pain,  
I have trodden them in sadness  
Shall I tread them e'er again?

Not the same, for ne'er returning  
Are the sorrows of our life,  
Though our hearts be in us burning  
With its anguish and its strife.  
We can seek the glad to-morrows  
And the endless rest at last,  
But the anguish of our sorrows  
Will lie buried with our past.

## GOD AND LITTLE CHILDREN.

By J. S. Brown,

In the revelation of God to man the wants and interests of childhood are not forgotten. These germs of immortality are too precious in the sight of the Creator; too much depends upon their intellectual and spiritual development, to leave them unprovided for in the treasury of divine wisdom.

God spoke through Moses to his ancient people Israel, and proclaimed the laws and statutes for their future observance. After recounting their most important and distinctive features, those most salutary and best adapted to the youthful soul, he gives this wise injunction: "Hear, O Israel. The Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, with all thy soul and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart. *And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thy house and when thou walkest by the way and when thou liest down and when thou risest up.*"

As beautiful and impressive as this language is, the duty which it expresses, carries our heart and wins our admiration more than the happiest phraseology, or the most charming diction. Here we are thought that religion is an important part of education, that both the character of God, and man's duty to love, worship and obey Him, are subjects for the young mind, and objects of daily and systematic instruction in training children for usefulness and happiness. They form, indeed, subjects of meditation for the mature intellect—themes upon which the strongest soul may renew its strength by the exercise of calm reflection. These, too, are subjects for angels and cherubim and seraphim to explore, and those shadowy glimpses revealed by faith to mortal minds, are but the prelibations of future and progressive life and bliss to which we rise when made equal unto the angels of God.

Yet these lessons are formed for the infantile mind, to be woven into the will, the thoughts, the dreams and hopes, and

all the affections of earnest and trusting childhood!—And how well adapted are they to young life, to growing intellect, to moral development; and how important to the inspiration and right direction of that germ of religious sentiment and love which our Creator has implanted in the moral nature of every rational being!

Much is said in the Scriptures of both dispensations pertaining to the culture and discipline of children, and paramount to all other kinds of education, religious and moral instruction claim the attention of most of the inspired writers.

Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This general proposition may safely be made the powerful incentive to the wise and diligent training of the young in this Christian age. Though there may be exceptions to destroy the universality of the statement, yet the beneficial fruits of early culture are so certain, and so multiform, that parental love and even public charity are summoned to promote by every rational effort the intellectual and religious elevation of children and youth of those who are bound to us by natural ties, and those who have no other claims (good enough, and genuine to be sure) only that they bear God's image, possess our common nature, must act their part in shaping the general happiness of the world, and with us are heirs of immortality. The same wise man would cultivate religion in the youthful heart; he would throw the hal-  
lowing charm of piety over all the sweet associations, the pleasant employments, and cast its halo of beautiful virtues about all the actions and relations of early life. He says to the generations that follow him, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

The Psalmist has said, "Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord", and no marvel that he attaches great importance to the cultivation of their minds and hearts. These Scripture passages remind us of the Divine authority, inculcating the obligations of parents and society, to teach

the children of the land the principles and duties of religion.

Nor are these the mere precepts of a past dispensation: for we are solemnly bound to lead the young mind into the spirit life, that is breathed in the wisdom and love of Christ. Christianity in its simplicity, in its beauty, in its earnest and undying love, is life and joy to the growing mind. Its active sympathies, its benevolent laws, its love for the unfortunate and the guilty, its forgiveness of foes, its pure requirements, its blessed and eternal subjects of hope—all the mighty incentives of its revelations, sweep over the affections of the young soul, like the warm breath of Spring, along the vale and mountain side, leaving each young germ and bud and flower smiling and blushing in transcendent loveliness.

In the well known language of our Saviour, upon this subject, we have ample encouragement and authority, for instructing the young in the principles and duties of religion. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven." To come to Christ is to learn his doctrine, to live in the wisdom of his revelation, to imbibe the truths and spirit that compose the seal of his Discipleship. For of such is the kingdom of God; conveying the idea that in innocence, docility, gentleness and love they resemble, and possess qualities proper for the Christian Church, and which are capable, and in the most favorable state to receive the doctrines and learn and prize the graces and virtues of the kingdom of Heaven.

This statement of Christ, made of them,

"Whose little heads bend lovingly,  
To catch the faintest word,"

reveals the depths of that goodness, whose sweetest attractions, and conquering love, shine brightest through the veil of humility; proving that religious instruction should begin with the early dawns of intellect, and lead in the germination and growth of moral feelings, and the religious aspirations.

The object of the Sunday School, is to lead the youth into the enjoyment and

power of that range of truth, and that development of moral beauty, to which, under these hallowed influences, the sons and daughters of our land are capable. It is to impart a knowledge of the history and religion of the Bible. It is to lay a foundation of society upon intelligence and virtue. It is to supply future generations with earnest, cultivated, and efficient ministers of Christ; pure minded and truly christianized teachers of science and art; an honest, intelligent, and pious community of farmers and mechanics; moral physicians; and lawyers, pacificators and disentanglers of difficulties, rather than instigators of strife and litigation. It is to give such a moral force and coloring to education, that our well-disciplined sons shall carry justice, philanthropy, patriotism and purity of life to our legislative councils, and infuse the mildness and benevolence of Christianity into the spirit and temper of our laws, till it shall move the national breast and work in all the departments of human industry, for mental, moral, and true Christian progress.

SELF-SACRIFICES.—There is no one of us who has not a brother or a sister, a friend or a schoolmate whom we can make better, as well as happier. Every day calls upon us for sacrifices of small selfishness, for forbearance under provocation, and for the subjugation of evil propensities. Drop the stone you were about to throw in retaliation for insult; unclench that fist, with which you are about to redress some supposed, perhaps some real wrong; silence that tongue, about to utter words which would poison like the venom of asps; expel that wicked imagination that comes into your thoughts as Satan came into the garden of Eden, for if you do not drive that out of your paradise, it will drive you out.—*H. Mann.*

Walking in the country on an autumnal day is like conversing with a friend whom we are about to lose, whose death we know to be near. Every falling leaf is like the last words of those who will soon speak to us no more.

## HAUNTED.

By Anna M. Bates.

When the summer comes in robes of gladness  
Unto me she hath a tone of sadness,  
When the roses bud beside the river  
I am thinking of my darling ever.

When the forest stream lies pure and sparkling,  
When above the glossy leaves hang darkling,  
And song ripples from the wild bird's bosom,  
Then I think of HER, my broken blossom.

When the dawning weeps or day is sunny,  
And the busy bees are gathering honey  
From the roses red and waxen-hearted,  
I remember HER the fair departed.

Still unseen a charm she weaveth round me;  
Still a strong and tender spell hath bound me;  
Hallowed by my tears, full many a token  
Binds my spirit to the true heart broken.

In the woodpaths where we wandered going:  
'Mid the scented pines the south winds blowing,  
With the river in the distance gleaming,  
Still her gentle image haunts my dreaming.

Through the vistas where the tall trees darken,  
'Mid bird music to her voice I harken,  
On the emerald shore beside the river,  
Wander, dreaming of the dear one ever.

Is it strange? The grave holds in its bosom  
All that now is left of that pale blossom,  
Gentle voice now hushed. Maybe in glory  
It repeats the Saviour's wondrous story.

Years have passed, and tears have dropped un-  
bidden  
O'er the sod where her bright head lies hidden,  
Still turn away from all the living  
Departed love to the departed giving.

In yon realm of rest, and peace, and gladness,  
O'er the weary days of pain and sadness,  
Where the heart unto itself may gather  
All it loved, oh let me meet her, Father!

And whatever adverse streams betide me  
Let her memory be a star to guide me,  
Part with steady rays the clouds at even,  
Lead my worn barque to the port of Heaven!

IS IT RIGHT?—"How far can that  
creed be in the right, which renders it  
shocking in God's children to think the  
best of their Father?"

## IN MEMORIUM.

By Ellen R. White.

What a strange, subtle link, there seems to be between the beautiful in Spirit, and the beautiful in Nature. Those sweet flowers, cherished now, not alone for their own, but "for Mattie's sake," seem to bring us messages from her. They cannot die, who so vitalize nature with their spiritual presence. May it not be our reason for the strange ill-defined *unrest* we feel, that we are so little in harmony with the world, whereon we are placed? It lies about us, rich in meaning, but our eyes are dim, and our ears are dull of hearing; so we grope complainingly on. Now and then, we join hands with one who finds a meaning on every leaf, to whom Nature is her own interpreter, and whose serene soul says, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth."

It is a blessed thing to have known such; they bring Heaven to earth, and send us on our way with clearer vision and more tranquil hearts. We long for experiences, even if they must be of sorrow, that will bring us up to their level. We sometimes long for experience, to break the monotony of our inharmonious lives.

Now, that the deeps of society are broken up, and that every individual life is borne on its restless, blood-stained wave, shall we not look to the serene lights that have gone before us, and remember the possibilities of our human nature?

Shall we not turn back, with a deep and earnest desire, that the angel-spirits, that have left us, may shed over us something of the strength and purity which they have attained?

Such a one was she whose memory comes up to us now, and of whom the lines on page 164 are a memorial.

September, 1861.

OUR DUTIES.—Men seeking to get rid of their duties, may cast them upon God, but God straightway casts them back upon man. He "helps those who help themselves."

## HIS WAYS ARE THE BEST.

By Dell A. Caulkins.

Awearied with sorrow, with toils, and with tears,  
And burdened with cares through the slow rolling years,  
What hope has the heart, what anchor that's sure,  
What mooring so firm that for aye will endure,  
If we rest not in peace, in hope and in trust,  
On the word of our Father, the kind and the just;  
Whose promise is sure while the ages shall roll,  
Though sorrow sweep darkly in waves o'er the soul?

When shadows are lengthening, and the noon-tide is gone,  
And the hopes of life's morning have passed with its dawn;  
There's a gleam yet of glory, though the sunset is nigh,  
While banners of beauty hang abroad in the sky;  
And the heart that's aweary through faith may behold  
The riches of mercy, more precious than gold,  
And saddened by sorrow, and longing for rest,  
Shall acknowledge in meekness, God's ways are the best!

HEAVEN AND HOME.—I was reading, the other day, that on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit at eventide, of going down to the sea-shore, and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they listen, till they hear, borne by the wind across the desert sea, the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands, as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps if we could listen, we might hear on this desert world some sound, some whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home; and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we shall hear its sweet echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundations.

## Editor's Table.

[The brief, but severe illness of the editor falling as it has, during the still lingering illness of her assistants, would have left your table, dear reader, a naked and famine-stricken board, but for the timely aid of a friend who has stepped to the rescue. His experience and ability as a literary caterer leaves no room to doubt that you will be well served, and she falls back upon her pillow with an exquisite feeling of satisfaction that, another more than supplies her place, for this bout at least, you will not miss her. May another month re-unite us and enable the whole editorial corps to be once more in their places.]

Ed.

You have, of course, seen a great Cattle-Show and Agricultural Fair. No? Is it possible? Then you little know what you have lost. There is one part of the universe, and that by no means an insignificant one, with which you generally need to make yourself acquainted. Allow us, then, out of sheer benevolence and the love of commencing to do what little we can in half an hour, to tell you what it would cost you a whole day to see. Be our companions, and keep your eyes and ears open, while we proceed in our voyage of observation and discovery.

Having fastened our horse on the shady side of a cool board fence, for the weather is warm, and the roads are dusty beyond expression,—our first duty is to visit the "Ticket Office," kept in the farther end of a long shed-like edifice, where at the moderate price of a quarter of a dollar, (postage currency; we do not load our pockets now-a-days with silver:) any person, without respect to color, can obtain the magic bit of pasteboard which is to an *Open Sesame* to the rough wooden gate which viciously shuts the inquisitive soul out from this marvellous "microcosm," the Great Fair.

But before we enter the formidable enclosure, let us stop a moment and look about us. A single glance is enough to satisfy us that a great Fair, like almost every thing else in the world, has its out as well as its in side, and that whether we get our money's worth beyond

this "sublime" fence, or not, there is sufficient on this side to make a morning's study and afford us ample compensation for all our time and trouble. But as we came to see the Fair, I insist that we attend to that first, and when we have seen all that is worth seeing in the city, so to speak, we will look about the purlieus a little, provided always that we then have time and feel the disposition. The Fair, remember, is paid for and should be enjoyed; the appendages, we can do as we please about. To see the fair is a *public duty*, as to other things we are left to our ordinary elections.

We present our bit of pasteboard at the "Ticket Gate" and enter between two stalwart farmers, who, like Cerberus at the mouth of hell, guard the passage. Before us lies a broad field of forty acres or more, rising gradually from front to rear, so that the eye can take in the whole scene almost at a single glance. Near the centre, or somewhat in front of that point are the headquarters of the show,—a grand cluster of extemporized, shingle palaces, exhibiting some singular freaks of architecture, with a marvellous variety of size and form, above the the principal of which floats in the breeze a generous flag, bearing upon its broad folds, amidst the stars and stripes, the blazing words, "The Agricultural Society of the State." Keeping to the left, we will pass up a broad carriage-way, here, bordered on the other side by an almost interminable row of low, rough stalls for horses, mules, &c. Within these unpretending stables may be found some of the best horse-blood in the State. We are little skilled in the breeds of horses, but here you will meet with interesting specimens of this noble animal, from the stout built clumsy Norman down to the slender and agile Arab. Here are Blackhaws and Morgans, Darbys and Godolphins, English and Dutch, Turkish and Tartar, French and Mustang; horses for all work and horses for none; horses that can trot a mile in 2,40 and horses that cannot trot at all; horses for the saddle and horses for the harness; horses of all ages, sizes, and colors; of all kinds of countries; horses enough, in-

dead, to mount a battalion of cavalry, and leave some heavy specimens for the artillery and baggage trains. Beyond the horses is a row of mules, black, white, and gray, and we only wished our beauties were among them just to carry off the prizes. After the mules come the asses, their fathers, with mellifluous voices, bringing up the rear and adding grace to dignity. *Fucilis descrusus*, says Virgil.

Keeping along an our beaten carriage way, we are gradually brought round to another row of stalls, and here we are met by the innumerable specimens of the bovine race, bulls of Bashan, kine "well-favored and fatfleshed," which Pharaoh never saw in vision, coming up out of the Egyptian river; heifers of three years old and younger, calves of Bethven, and oxen which know their owner, and better than Doeg, the herdsman of Saul, ever kept or slew. Here are Alderneys and Ayrshires, Devons and Durhams, Galloways and Herefords, Grades, and, we had almost said, Natives, but alas, though still worthy to produce most of our butter and cheese, and a large portion of our beef, they are no longer permitted to appear at Cattle-Shows. We all know the maxim of "dear bought and far fetched."

Passing on somewhat farther we come to the sheep and goat pens; and here, which is clearly unconstitutional, the goats are "at the right hand," and hold the place of honor. We need not tell you of "long-wooled" and "short-wooled" and "Mediums," of Leicesters and Oxfords, Cotswolds, and Southdowns, Merinos and Saxons, for what, poor innocent, do you know of such mysteries? Probably you can distinguish, at the table, between mutton and beef; possibly your knowledge of natural history goes so far as to make you suspect that lamb holds some tender relation to mutton; and the thought may perhaps have occurred to you, in some musing hour, that a merino undershirt differs somewhat in quality as well in texture from a common dollar carpet. Here you see the ground of that difference. This broad-backed Leicester, as large as yearling steer, hardly looks as if he belonged to the same family with that crooked, knurly little Saxon, which appears if it had rubbed itself with oil and then rolled in the dust. But open their fleeces and you will see at a glance the astonishing difference between the short silky wool of the latter and the long and coarse wool of the former. Before leaving this neighborhood we must not fail to stop and examine these Cashmere goats, ill-favored exotics, with thin

long twisted horns and meek faces. This little kid lying so quietly in the corner, would hardly be distinguished from a poodle. Who knows what place these strange creatures may fill in our land a century hence, or how their beautiful fleece shall effect our manufacturers. Cashmeres may then be as common as De laines now are.

Shall we overcome our Jewish prejudices, and for a moment lay aside our affected delicacy, and look in upon the pens of swine? Well-cured ham, let us philosophically remember, is not to be scorned; domestic sausages, such as our good mothers made in olden time, have a savory taste and smell. Even head cheese, if nicely concocted is not unpalatable, and our brave soldiers in the field, it is said, do not utterly reject a piece of clear, clean, salt pork! Yet all these we owe to that lazy, unlovely, grunting hog.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

We pity the ancients who had not yet discovered the merits of the swine. Civilization must have been at a low ebb, when there was neither ham nor lard, sausages nor bacon, salt pork nor roast pig. Let us begin at the bottom of the row. Look at that family of young porkies, white and round, and neither dull nor uncomely, the very thought of them, well roasted, would have put poor Lamb quite beside himself. Here are others of a "larger growth," though perhaps less interesting. Philosophers tell us that beauty always has something *petite* about it. As you go on the occupants of the pens grow larger and larger, till we finally come to the last enclosure where we see "the father of all hogs," as an Irishman expresses himself, weighing, as his voracious keeper informs us, eleven hundred pounds! As every where else, so in the kingdom of swine hogs have their gentle bloods and aristocracies. Here, therefore, are Berkshires, and Cheshires, Suffolks and Norfolks, the Prince Alberts and the Lunatic Asylums, and many other equally famous names, all proud of their pedigree, all patiently waiting for their final apotheosis. Hogs seem born to be eaten. It is their normal destiny, and no doubt they look forward with silent satisfaction to the period when time shall have its ravages, and the wretched bipeds who now despise shall be brought to swallow them!

Having thus looked at the "the beasts of the field," let us turn, for a moment to "the fowls

of the air." Here are geese wild and tame, white and gray, Native, Chinese, and African; turkeys, wild and domestic, black, bronze and white; ducks, great and small, of various colors and from different lands; hens without number, from the long-legged Shanghae, down to the trim little brown Bantam, scarcely larger than a quail. Here are Brahmas and Burram-pootus, Dorkings, and Dresdeners, Polanders and Spaniards, Game and Genoas. And just beyond them came whole cotes of doves, white and blue, big and little, flat-tailed, swallow-tailed, and fan-tailed, cooing and turtle. On the opposite side, and in immediate proximity with the doves, are boxes of rabbits, old and young, long-eared and short-eared, up-eared and down-eared; for while doves are distinguished by their tails, the poor rabbits, which their nature has denied that appendage, are worked into families and crowned with honors by their ears, of which commodity they have a double portion. This part of the show winds off, curiously enough, with a litter of black puppies and a family of spotted cats! So much for the "birds of the air."

We are getting on slowly, but we have now done with the animal creation, and have only a few departments more to go through with. We will first enter the building filled with machines and manufactures. What a medley! Here are steam engines, stoves, cheese-vats, ox-yokes, dog-churns, horse-powers, mowing machines, root-cutters, potato-diggers, ploughs, bush-hooks, pruning-knives, shovels, cheese-presses, hoes, forks, fanning-mills, spades, cattle-stanchions, horse-rakes, grind-stones, cider-barrels, pumps, wrenches, of fourteen patterns, barn-doors, well-curbs, wind-mills, hog-troughs, goose-yokes, O. K. Pyle's soap, patent leather, manufactured from flax and pine shingles, corn-cutters, spice-mills, horse-forks, scythe-smiths, harrows, whet-stones, saw-mills, and three hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and ninety-four other articles, which you may look at, but pray excuse me from naming. In the midst of this modern Babel we hear a preacher, and elbowing our way along through the crowd, we finally approach him. Like many other preachers, he has before him a parcel of dry bones, and is lecturing his audience upon the foot of the horse, and the true way of shoeing. A little farther on there is another orator. His subject is bee-hives, and he is explaining to a mixed and delighted audience, the prolific character of the queen, not Victoria, but the

queen bee, and the worthlessness of the drones, which neither make honey, bite nor sting, but only serve the purposes of a multiplied paternity. His patent hive is to make the land flow with honey. Yonder is another oratorical genius. He has a magic razor strop. With a touch of his wonderful paste, he will, in a trice, make your jack-knife of all work as keen as the Prince of Wales' razor. With a razor with which he was a moment ago whittling a piece of seasoned hickory, and which he has drawn a few times over his magic strop, he now splits a hair in eleven pieces!

But we must hasten on. Here we turn to the left and enter the department of domestic industry, where the good housewives are holding a levee. What a profusion of comforts and comfortables, beds and bed-quilts, night-gowns and tidies, head-dresses and ruffles, artificial flowers, bonnets and mittens, slippers, dolls, embroideries, hair-work, pin-cushions, collars, rugs, stockings, of woolen, linen, cotton and silk, wax-work, pickles, tarts, jama, night-caps, wine made of currants, elder berries, blackberries, rhubarb, and goose-berries, cat-sups of forty-three sorts, preserves, a hundred and seventy-nine kinds,—oh, it is useless to attempt their enumeration, or the one thousand and thirty-seven other beautiful, or palatable things which the women provide.

Here is the "Floral Hall," but how can I hope to do it justice? On this side is the contribution of Mrs. Jones, who is sharply contested by Mrs. Smith on the other, while at yonder end stands in his glory, surrounded by all sorts of beautiful things, Mr. Thomas, the gardener, who, like Solomon, is able to speak of "trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that springth out of the wall," and who is as much at home among the flowers as Flora herself could have been. Here are bouquets and garlands, festoons and May-poles, the flag of our country, and even the spread eagle, all in flowers. Here are dahlias blazing like red and yellow suns, roses that seem to have been born out of season, lilies, verbenas, crocuses, china asters, ladies slippers and bachelors buttons, foxes and fox-gloves, geraniums in their infinite varieties, narcissuses, poppies, cactuses, camillas, and on, down through the whole alphabet of flowers.

From the beautiful let us pass to the more materially useful. Here is the "Dairy." What tubs of golden butter! What magnificent cheeses! How our poor mothers, who used to make cheese with a common wash-tub and a



brass kettle, would be amazed could they come back to see these products of modern manufacture. Here is one weighing 1046 lbs. and whole rows averaging from 120 to 250 lbs. But this department is soon passed and now we enter that of the garden, orchard and field. In few respects do we mark a greater progress than here. Look at these several kinds of grain, wheat, oats, barley; examine these various sorts of peas and beans; see these minor seeds, willet, Hungarian grass, clover, timothy, &c., and then turn to admire the various products of the vegetable garden, or if you feel no attraction to these, except at dinner, you will not refuse to gaze upon these luscious grapes, these melting pears, these delightful peaches, and above all, as more valuable than all, this grand display and endless variety of apples. No land on earth can excel us here. But we are weary of sight seeing and will now retire from "the grounds."

*Outside* we have quite another kind of a cattle-show. Here are booths and shanties of every possible description, filled with every imaginable thing, edible or portable, from very questionable oysters and certainly ancient clams up to cold ham, alamode beef, and pickled tongues, with cakes and pies, puddings and ginger snaps, to be washed down by new cider, lager-beer, or in case of decided ill health, a drop of execrable "pure fourth proof brandy." Upon the shanties, fences, and every conceivable place where they can be seen, are pasted great placards announcing all sorts of things for sale, and calling attention to manifold patents, improvements and perfections to be had in no other part of the world, and which you are exhorted to procure without fail, as "no one should leave the fair, till they are in his possession. Across the street we have the "Fat Woman" on exhibition, a menagerie, a mammoth ox, an organ grinder and two monkeys, a box of snakes, including a copperhead, an Italian with a hurdy-gurdy, three patent swings, a moose and three flying squirrels. But we cannot stop to examine all these and so will bid good-bye to the Great Fair, and go soberly home.

On our way we are filled with odd and useful thoughts, partly moral, partly philosophical and some turning on economics. Our first meditation is on the variety of characters one meets with in such a world as ours, and especially at a Great Fair. Then we reflect on the goodness of Providence in creating such an infinite variety of useful things for the benefit of

creatures who very poorly deserve them. God, we think, must be very good or he would not lavish such treasures upon us. Then our mind takes a turn upon human ingenuity and skill, and we think what a wonderful race this "universal Yankee nation" is. We are only of yesterday. Why, the very ground where this great fair is held, was, seventy-five years ago, a mere wilderness, where the Indian pursued his game undisturbed. Now the whole country is a garden, with a dense population, wealth, schools, colleges, churches, free institutions, and a love of liberty, hardly rivalled in any part of the globe. We feel as Dr. Franklin did, that we should like to come back a century hence and see the progress that a hundred years more shall have effected. If Spiritualism is true, no doubt we shall do so—that is our present intention, and we hope they will be holding another Great Fair at the time of our visit.

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"THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE." The illness of our editor precludes the possibility of the appearance of a chapter of this story in the present number.

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THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.—Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spencer, the charming Spencer, died forsaken and in want; the death of Collins came through neglect first, causing derangement.

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,

For thee the tear be duly shed!

Belov'd till life can charm no more,

And mourned though pity's self be dead.

Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £15, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Otway died prematurely and through hunger; Lee died in the street; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle, to save him from the gripe of the law; Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of £8; Butler lived in penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

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The Holy Ghost is an admirable master-workman. He fills a fisherman, and makes a preacher of him; a persecutor, and transforms him into a teacher of the Gentiles.

THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## JANE HOLTON'S MARRIAGE.

Ry Miss M. Remick.

### CHAPTER I.

**I**F I only knew what was right." It was a pleasant room; the windows open, for it was the noon of summer—on a garden glowing with fruits and flowers; beyond lay the dusty pavements, silent now, with hardly a passing footstep, the stillness which always reigns save at morn and early eve in the outskirts of a great city.

"If I only knew"—the letter slipped from the speaker's hand to the floor, her brow contracted, as her gaze stole out into vacancy. She was young and pretty—still in the flush of girlhood—with some shadows in the blue eyes, and a few care-curlings around the red lips.

"I am sure he loves me, and he don't care for Frances; if he marries her they will both be unhappy."

"O, Jane"—

The young lady started as if the words were a reproof upon her half-murmured thought; but it was only her mother's pale face which looked in. "The paper has just come; bad news! The Ariel is wrecked, as we feared last night; nothing saved, not even the seamen; she went down altogether, in sight of the beach; this is hard for your uncle."

"Hard indeed!" murmured the neice; "what will he do?"

"He will have to sell this cottage—I don't know; he said last night he was hard pressed."

Jane's fingers tightened involuntarily on the letter in her hand.

"If Wallace had lived," said Mrs. Holton, with a repressed sigh; "but there it is. God always does right, they say; but it's hard to see these troubles coming on your uncle at his time of life; and I—I'm sure I've had my share."

Jane gave a little shudder at the first of this speech; she was not sure, after all, that some events had turned for the worst. She had never been really attached to Mr. Wallace, though she had promised to marry him; she had done so then, because she wished to give a home for her mother, and provide a home for herself, and because there was no other love to come between her and what as his wife would be her duty, *later*—

"Mother," she said, speaking up abruptly, "I have had a letter this morning which both pains and embarrasses me; it is from Mr. Lecompton. He is about to break his engagement with Frances Livingston, and wishes me to marry him."

She had told the whole; her cheek and throat reddened under her mother's glance, as the old lady stepped inside the door. "Well; I cannot say I am surprised," said Mrs. Holton; "but it's very strange, too. I thought he didn't come

here so often—and those rich bouquets of flowers—for nothing.”

“I have not answered it,” said Jane, faintly, as her mother took a seat. “It came last night. I do not know what to say.”

“Why? what is the difficulty? If he has broken off his engagement, as you say, and you have a preference for him—”

“I don’t know, mamma; is it quite right?”

“Pshaw! Mr. Lecompton is a good match; his aunt is worth millions, and he will be her sole heir—he is a great favorite with her; as to Frances Livingstone, if he has ceased to care for her, she is well rid of him; no woman would wish to drag an unwilling suitor to the altar.”

“That is true, mother.” Jane’s look brightened a little. She got up to go to her chamber. The air was very sweet with the perfume of a vase of roses which stood on her little dressing-table. She sat down by the open window for a few moments, before she began to write, and leaned her head upon her hand. Her heart stirred with a tumult of pleasant feelings, yet she was not *quite* happy. There was something wanting. It was a checkered life, short as it had been, upon which her absent eyes went back: A childhood of poverty and straitnesses, a sudden shower of affluence flooding early girlhood; a fortune wrecked and lost, her father’s death, the hard, stern lessons of dependence, always hard, even though when, as in this case, the helping hand is extended by one of near kin.

She stopped at this part, to define more strongly the pictures which followed. A man twice her years, wrapped up in business, cold, self-absorbed, tendered her the offer of his hand; of herself she would have rejected; but her mother prayed, her uncle counselled, and she yielded. On the day of her engagement she was introduced to Mr. Lecompton. Is there such a thing as love at first sight? Both were attracted, but opposite duties held each fast. They met again, instead of avoiding, they began to seek each other’s society,—at least, as the course of the gentleman, who

saw plainly the preference which the lady was either too ignorant or too indifferent to hide. Her marriage day came on apace; she shrank from it more and more. An unlooked for turn of events saved her. Mr. Wallace was taken suddenly ill; it proved a malignant typhus fever; and after two weeks of alternate delirium and suffering he died. Her mother consoled with her, her uncle commiserated; in her heart a new sense of unutterable relief was born. Lecompton was among the first to leave his card upon her privacy; his betrothed followed, evidently at her request, and her coming broke the way for the renewal of his own calls. He came now, twice or thrice alone, and soon rare hot-house bouquets began to find the way to her chamber. Both tampered with temptation—we all know the end.

“Frances is proud,” mused Jane, putting back the dark, pale face which rose up sorrowfully to confront her; “she would disdain to marry him knowing his fault—knowing that he loves me. How can I be so very wrong after all?”

She turned to the table; pens and paper were strewn over it; a slender stand of ink stood open; she had just stopped in the act of giving the finishing lines to a friend’s letter, when the bell had called her down. “If you are only sure it is best; that you will not regret”—the lines stared out before her; she pushed the sheet away; why was it the dull words seemed so instinct with life? was the path she was herself choosing, *best*?

It was a nine day’s wonder in the fashionable world, the sundering of Frederick Lecompton’s engagement with Frances Livingstone, and the almost immediate announcement which followed, of the gentleman’s rapidly approaching marriage with the daughter of the late broken merchant, Mr. Holton. Frances, proud and calm, bore her mortification and the deeper stroke of inward anguish with the fortitude of a true woman.

“What an artful girl!” said one, flinging disdain on the new bride; “he would never have thought of her if she

hadn't put herself in his way, I know." "The curse of God will follow them," said another; "such things never prosper."

The lover laughed; he was much too happy to care for these gossips, as his aunt, with a grave brow, repeated to him a few of their remarks. "It was impossible for me to marry Miss Livingstone," he said; "I should have been doing her injustice; she is charming and beautiful; worthy a better husband than I, at the best, could have made her. She will soon get over her disappointment, if there is any, and see our unsuitability for each other as plain as I do."

"But couldn't you have managed it in some better way, Frederick? Why not have left the sundering of the engagement to the lady, and waited a further time for the new affair which I hear is shortly to come about?"

Her nephew colored, a quick, nervous flush. "I did leave it to Frances' discretion, my dear aunt; nobody got a whisper of it from me."

"But your attentions to this new fancy, Miss Holton, were too marked not to disclose the whole matter; a gentleman cannot lounge in a lady's parlor every other morning without attracting observations."

"Perhaps I was indiscreet, aunt—but"

"And," pursued the lady, "though I never take you to task for your conduct, Frederick, as you well know, I must say this Miss Holton is not my choice; I do not fancy her in the least; a girl who could allow herself to break up a full standing engagement like yours, has no settled principle."

"But, aunt, I assure you, she"—

"Is of course blameless," said Mrs. Davenport, with a smile: "you are in love, and that covers everything; let it go; I only hope you will not come to a bitter awakening."

"The difference between age and youth," muttered Frederick, as he went out. "I am sure my aunt has forgotten how she ran away in her own girlish days to marry her late husband."

It was a quiet bridal — very quiet in-

deed. The crash of the junior Mr. Holton had just been made known, and Frederick, if he had entertained any brilliant expectations of a fortune to come by and by from the hand of his fair bride, suddenly found the folly of his anticipations before the indissoluble knot was tied. But such plans, to do him justice, had been wholly left out in his wooing. He made a cheerful offer of a home to his mother-in-law, an offer which, we need not say, was thankfully accepted, while Mr. Holton, after receiving the loan of a few hundred dollars from him, which he was to pay at an early day, how, Frederick did not know, went abroad.

"What a fortunate step for Jane!" everybody says so, and for once everybody seems right. Jane was happy in her new home; her husband was all devotion, and as for outward circumstances, she had passed at once from dependence and the close shadows of threatening poverty into affluence.

The first shadow which came upon her bridal days was the cool deportment of Mrs. Davenport, her husband's aunt. That lady, as we have seen, had not approved of her nephew's fickleness, but when the story of Mr. Holton's failure came out she began to look upon the matter in a still more unfavorable light. Her new niece was no longer in her eyes a mere thoughtless and carelessly principled girl, but an artful schemer; she knew well her uncle's circumstances, and had entrapped Frederick into this marriage. Mrs. Davenport's dislikes were strong; she had never liked Mrs. Holton, whom she had before stigmatized, perhaps justly, as a carefully managing mother, and now, not all Jane's grace and gentleness could propitiate her. She became a rare visitant in her nephew's home, to the secret anxiety of the young couple.

"Of course she won't be so foolish as to leave me out of her will," thought Frederick; "old people's favor is not to be relied on, but I can't think who could take my place."

"You must try to please Mrs. Davenport, Jane," said her mother; "her favor is of the greatest importance to you;

you know all Frederick's expectations depend upon her."

It was a light cloud to come up in the newly married people's sky, but it was destined to increase even before the honey-moon had fully waned. A few parties were given by Frederick's friends in honor of the bride, and at one of these Jane received a most astounding piece of intelligence.

She had entered the refreshment room at the close of a dance, and it happened that in the press of the crowd another couple with whom she was wholly unacquainted stood opposite her at the table. Her aunt's name in their conversation suddenly arrested her attention. "Is it possible?" said the other, "that old lady is about to marry? you must be jesting."

"No; I assure you it is quite a romantic story. Mr. Arnold was her first love; she eloped with Mr. Davenport and married him in a fit of jealousy; now at last, after a score of years, an *éclaircissement* has come round; her jealousy was unfounded; the old lover has actually kept himself single, in hope of her widowhood, and after an absence of years abroad turns up."

"Mrs. Lecompton, you are faint! let me get you some wine."

"No, Mr. Harwood; it is the hot air; let us go out into the conservatory, if we can get through the press; I shall be better in a moment."

The sudden cessation of voices, as she turned away, showed that her illness had been observed, and no doubt the cause of her seizure understood; her face flushed a little through its whiteness, at this thought, and she made an effort to let go her tightened grasp upon her companion's arm. The fresh air reached her from the open door of the conservatory; she felt its cool play upon her temples, and stepped with a full drawn breath into one of the fragrant walks. "I am relieved to see you are better, Mrs. Lecompton," said her escort; "the heat and the press in those rooms were intolerable — ah, good evening, Miss Livingstone."

The lady's muslin robe brushed Jane's satin dress; she looked up to meet her

bow and smile, for the beautiful eyes as well as the lips were schooled to the mockery; it was not a pleasant rencontre — certainly not at that moment.

Another voice greeted the couple who had passed them a few steps on — a familiar voice, and Jane looked up quickly to recognize her husband.

"What was this story about the fainting-fit?" said Frederick, drawing her hand lightly through his arm, as her escort very willingly quitted her to return to the dancing-room.

Jane stole a quick glance at him; it was not a pleasant piece of news to whisper here, but he might come upon it awkwardly, from some more unpleasant source.

"You are still pale," he added, looking at her earnestly; "take a seat in this orange-walk; have you danced too much?"

"No," said Jane, faintly; "O, Frederick! I wish we could go home, but that would attract observation; beside the carriage was not to come round until two — I have heard something very unpleasant, something about aunt Davenport."

"What is it now, Jane? why, you look as white as a ghost! The old lady hasn't boasted of making her will over, and cut us off with nothing?"

"Worse, Frederick; she is going to be married."

The gentleman burst into a laugh. "Nonsense, Jane; that's scandal — it's only a joke!"

"It's true, I tell you; hadn't she an old lover, a Mr. Arnold?"

"I declare she had; but he's been dead these twenty years."

"You are mistaken; he has just come home from abroad; he has never married, and so this little romance has sprung up."

Frederick gave a low whistle. There were steps coming in the direction of the walk. The orange-flowers were as sweet, the myrtle as green as, a moment before, he had been gazing at them — was looking at them — was looking at them still — but saw nothing.

"This is hard," he muttered, in an undertone; "hard and bitter; we shall

have to come down in the world, and that's a fact."

Jane stifled a little sigh. She thought of her beautiful drawing-rooms, and her train of skilful servants.

Voices in the opposite walk roused them; the speaker's were screened from sight by the thick foliage of a magnificent lanestinum in flower. It was a love story the one was telling—the other listening—a story ever new.

Jane rose; her husband started from his reclining position—both with the same thought—it would not do to have their absence noted. They went back to the rooms, the one to enter anew the dance, at the claims of a partner, the other to look on with forced smiles and careless words, hiding the uneasiness which throbbed beneath.

It was a new leaf in Frederick Le-compton's experience; the man of leisure, the gentleman whose comfortable fortune, inherited from his economical father, was already nearly lowered, must now enter upon the precarious paths of trade, to obtain a livelihood. Enough of his property was still left to make a venture, and after assuring himself, as he very soon did, of the truth of his aunt's expected marriage, he entered into a partnership with a young man of more capacity than means, and gave to the business as much of his time and thought as his old-formed habits would permit.

First, however, the sale of his costly establishment and its rich furniture came about, and the rent of a cottage in the suburbs, with one servant, took its place. Mrs. Holton lamented bitterly the change, but Jane bore up under it with praiseworthy resignation. She tried to cheer her husband, whose uneven spirits gave her fresh concern, and she sat herself resolutely to work to make the best of her lot, in the hope of better days.

#### CHAPTER II.

Three, four years passed on. Mr. Le-compton's affairs did not prosper; his business turned out to be unremunerative; he had a vague idea himself that his partner engrossed most of the profits;

but of this he had no proof, and lacked the energy to investigate. Two little children had come in these four years, to his home, pretty, winsome little girls, whose helpless dependence should have nerved him anew to exertion. It failed, however; he was little at home, and, if possible, still less at his place of business. Gay companions began to gather around him here and there; the wine in the glass looked purple and sparkling; he drank to forget trouble.

Mrs. Holton had happily died in the second year of her daughter's marriage, and was not living to share her anxieties and deprivations. Frederick was still kind under all his growing dissipations; there were no harsh words spoken, but the chill pain of neglect pierced to Jane's soul. She did what little she could; he heard her remonstrances with indifference, and, as for reproaches, her own good sense told her they would be powerless. She began to see that her marriage had been a mistake, and to feel that a retribution was returning upon her for the anguish she had given another. Frances Livingstone was married—and married well; her carriage went past her often on the street, and the serene, happy face showed that in her new ties she had quite forgotten the disappointment of her youth. All the pain and sorrow now lay with Jane, and this path she had chosen.

A fresh sorrow was at hand; one evening Frederick failed to make his usual appearance, and in the morning a note arrived in his hurried, and unsteady hand-writing, dated from a prison, and announcing that he had been arrested, on a charge of forgery. Jane sat down for a few moments to collect her faculties, and then proceeded at once to visit him. The kind turnkey admitted her to his cell. She found him in a state of utter despondency and hopelessness. He was innocent, he said; he believed the check to have been forged by one of his comrades, but he had no means of proving himself innocent. The check was for eight hundred dollars, and drawn upon Mr. Livingstone, Frances Livingstone's father. Jane felt her cheeks glow at this

discovery. If her husband were guilty, he was more contemptible than she could have thought him. She tried to fling the doubt aside.

"You must go to my aunt, Jane," he said; "I am sure she will help us in such an extremity."

"I don't know," said Jane, slowly; she had not met Mrs. Arnold now for more than three years. All intercourse had ceased between them.

"There is no other way," said Frederick gloomily; "she will help, if only to avert the disgrace of a conviction."

Jane got up with a submissive sigh. He was right; there was no other way. Her faded shawl and last year's bonnet were not very becoming for such a visit, but poverty has no choice.

"Take the car, Jane," said her husband, as she turned to go out, glancing at her wearied face; "it is more than a mile to Ilsey street."

She put her hand to her portemonnaie and drew it back; she knew very well the scanty sum it enclosed; that must buy bread for her children—for how long? She went out on the street. Passing out into the light and air, involuntarily she drew her veil more closely over her face as her steps turned into the fashionable promenade; ah! it was a needless caution. No one knew or recognized the once pretty Jane Holton, the once rich and admired Mrs. Lecompton.

She sent up her name to Mrs. Arnold. Her poor attire she well knew would procure her no attention from the servant, and followed, with a fluttering heart, up to her dressing-room. When she had crossed this threshold last, it had been upon her bridal calls; then a frigid kiss had welcomed her; now, to-day, she could expect nothing but a redoubled coldness and distance.

Mrs. Arnold sat in her comfortable chair, before the cheery coal grate; her sewing, some trifling work, lying idly in her lap; the uncut pages of a new book at her side. She bent forward without rising to receive her visitor.

Jane's pale cheek flushed a little, and a sudden light shot up to her eye. This woman was Frederick's aunt, the favor

which she had come to seek was one which the tie of close relationship as well as old claims entitled her to ask.

"Take a seat here, Mrs. Lecompton," said Mrs. Arnold, motioning her niece to a chair within the cheerful glow and warmth of the fire, and glancing generally at her dress as she did so; "the morning is chill; have you walked far?"

Jane took the offered courtesy without answering the last question. "I called to see you, madam, on my husband's account," she began, abruptly; "he has been very unfortunate."

"I know it," said Mrs. Arnold, with a little deprecatory movement; "between you and I, my dear, if he gave more attention to his business, and less to company, his affairs would be in quite another train."

Jane winced; this was not a pleasant introduction to what she had come to say. "I know," she replied, in the tone of a reluctant admission, "but I have hopes of his reformation; he is now in a position of great difficulty."

"Involvements?" queried Mrs. Arnold, lifting her eyes with some interest.

"Is it possible, madam, you have not yet learned of his arrest last evening?"

Mrs. Arnold looked surprised. "On what charge? forgery?"

Jane colored—her eyes dropped at the last word.

"I feared it would come to this," said Mrs. Arnold, her voice catching a tone of impatience; "how could he be such a fool?"

"He asserts his innocence," said Jane; "that he had no part in this crime. The check must have been forged by one of his associates."

Mrs. Arnold looked incredulous.

"I hoped," said Jane, "I trusted you would assist us. Frederick has no friends, as you know."

"What is the sum?" asked Mrs. Arnold, reflectively.

"Eight hundred."

"Upon whom was the order drawn?"

"Mr. Livingstone."

"Ah! I do not see what can be done."

"Since he is innocent," said Jane.

"My dear, do you believe that? it is the sheer resort of shame—a falsehood."

Jane remembered how much hung upon her errand, and sunk back in the chair from which she had made a gesture to rise.

"I am sorry for him," resumed Mrs. Arnold; "sorry for the disgrace. Livingstone will press to the full measure of the law—but I see no way to help you."

"If we had only the means to get counsel," said Jane, her hands tightening together.

"It would do no good," said Mrs. Arnold, shaking her head; "it would only make the sentence more painful. There is but one way; intercession with the injured party."

Jane shuddered. "O, no, Mrs. Arnold; you cannot advise that!"

"I do advise it; it is bitter, but better than to see him a convict. You would not do it to save his life, but you might do it to save him and your children from such shame."

Why would not Mrs. Arnold take this commission herself? Jane's pleading eyes asked the question. How could she force herself into Mrs. Staunton's—Frances Livingstone's presence? The woman she had outrivalled and insulted.

Mrs. Arnold turned away her eyes. "I have given you advice," she said, coldly, "to the best of my ability; I can do nothing more."

Jane rose at this dismissal. Her glance went around the room, taking in, in the second, its sweeping crimson curtains, its luxury and taste—only a tithe of this abundance for her little ones at home, so soon to be foodless and shelterless. Mrs. Arnold bent forward with rigid politeness, to return her parting bow, and she passed out. A fierce struggle was going on in her heart. How—how could she ask pity of the woman she had wronged? The walk home was long, full of troubled thoughts and uncertainties.

The baby was crying in the nursery, where she had lain in her little crib since her mother had left her. Fanny was sitting on the floor, demolishing the remnants of a book which had come within

her reach. Bridget was sulking in the kitchen.

Jane took up the child from the cradle, removed the fragments of the torn book from the fingers of the little girl—it had been one of her husband's love gifts in the early days of their marriage—and went down to the kitchen. There was nothing in the pantry for dinner; she took out her portemonnaie reluctantly. To dismiss Bridget at once was out of the question; she needed all her time and thought, at present, for her husband, and she had no friend to whom to intrust the children in her necessary absence. She went back to the little room she used as a nursery, and leaned her head despondingly on her hand.

The short winter day was wearing on apace; already the sun was sloping downward in the west. She was as far from reaching the end of her reflections as ever. Her judgment acknowledged Mrs. Arnold's advice, that it was the only course to follow—her whole soul stood up against it. But why? was anything too much to sacrifice for these helpless little ones? Her mother's heart gave a quick negative. Surely after this experience Frederick would reform—such devotion must win a return. His heart was not bad—there were some good places in it, only a more powerful stimulus was needed than had yet been in her power to supply.

She got up and threw a glance at the sky. An hour to sunset; it would be dark before she would be on her way, so much the better; the obscurity would hide the unfashionable bonnet and worn cloak.

Bridget from the foot of the stairs announced dinner, having twice rang; but she had no appetite for food. She spent a few moments in hushing the baby to sleep, threw on her bonnet and shawl, and taking Fanny down to the kitchen, went out.

It was a long walk in the chill wintry air; hurrying forms brushed past her on the pavement—the throng of people speeding to their homes. She was wearied and exhausted when she stopped at last before an imposing mansion with a



brown front, bearing a glistening plate inscribed with the name of Staunton.

Mrs. Staunton was in; the servant hesitated to admit her. "Tell her a lady asks a few moments' interview." The girl still lingered; she had framed her own ideas of the stranger, and had no wish to intrude a troublesome visitor upon her mistress' attention. She went away at last, however, and came back presently, asking Jane to follow her.

With an uneven step she passed up the stairs to Frances' dressing-room. Her veil was still over her face as she entered. Mrs. Staunton sat by the window; a book open in her lap—the red sunset skies poured a dim light through the room. She half rose from her seat at her visitor's appearance, and motioned her to a chair.

Jane took it in silence. Mrs. Staunton waited for her errand. Like her servant, the humble quality of her dress suggested to her some mission for charity. Jane tried to speak, but the words choked in her throat. She put back her veil.

"Mrs. Lecompton," murmured Frances, taken by surprise, "it is long since we have met."

The voice was kind; the changed and wan face before her plainly touched her sympathies.

"I have come on a very painful errand, Mrs. Staunton," said Jane, gathering voice; "you are aware of the charge against my husband? of his arrest?"

Frances bowed, a faint tinge suffusing her cheek.

"He is innocent, but he has no means to stand a trial; we are poor, very poor—if it proceeds he must be convicted."

Mrs. Staunton looked down—the momentary glow of pity seemed to be dying out of her face.

"For my own sake," resumed Jane, "I would not have come here—I would have submitted to the worst; but my children, I cannot give them up! Frederick too, is innocent. Mrs. Staunton, dare I—may I entreat you to ask your father to withdraw his charge? We will make up the deficiency some time; it is trifling—but to my husband the conviction

would be everything—a felon's sentence—ruin."

"Yes," said Mrs. Staunton, quietly, looking down. "Do I understand you, Mrs. Lecompton? what is it you ask of me?"

"To desire your father to stay proceedings."

There was a moment's hesitation—we are all human; could Frances forget, at that instant, the bitter pain of the past? how her heart had been wrung by this man's selfish wickedness? God only knew! If there was a struggle her better feelings soon triumphed. From her own peaceful lot, she threw a glance at the sorrow and wretchedness of another.

"I will do what I can to assist you, Mrs. Lecompton," she said, breaking the pause, and turning to Jane, who sat trembling in her chair, "I think I can promise you."

The look which answered her was eloquent; the lips refused to move. Frances rose to ring for the servant, and ordered her to bring a glass of wine. "You are pale," she said, "with your long walk; it will revive you."

Jane took it thankfully; without it she wondered how her strength would have kept her up to reach home. It was too late now to visit her husband in the prison; she would keep her good news for the morrow, and she turned her steps homeward.

Wearied out by the exertions of the past day, it was late when she woke on the morrow, and scarcely was breakfast over when her husband made his appearance. It was a glad meeting.

"I can't think to what lucky accident I owe this release, Jane," he said; "it is entirely unexpected. I thought Livingstone would press matters with a high hand."

Jane hesitated for a moment and then told him all. His face showed his emotion as she ended. "It is like you, my noble wife," he said, warmly; "no other woman would have stooped to such a humiliation, and for so unworthy a husband—please God, you shall never repent it."

But how—how indeed, were his tangled affairs to be separated?

"I will tell you what it is, Jane," he said, after a long night spent in dubious reflections, "I must go to California, and try my fortune at the mines; I don't see any other way. It's no use to be looking round here for business; nobody will trust me, and I've no capital or brains besides."

Jane sighed as she thought of the temptations such a life would open;—temptations more to be dreaded in that distant land than the perils of death and sickness.

"It's hard to leave you and the little ones," he resumed; "but I can't do any better; it's the last way left, so I shall begin to plan about it and make my preparations to-morrow."

Jane said nothing; the prospect was dreary, but, as he had said, there was none other open.

Frederick made all the arrangements which his scanty means would admit for his family in his absence. These were few enough; the cottage was given up, and two rooms taken near by.

"I shall send you from my first earnings," he said to his wife, at parting; "keep a good heart, and hope for the best."

He wrote her on the passage out—then three months passed and no letter came. Her little sum was speedily exhausted, and she was reduced to the necessity of taking in sewing. It was a hard lot; many mothers, with little helpless children sink under it. Jane did not. She bore it bravely through the long, dark spring, the hot summer, until the first cool breezes of the reviving autumn fanned her pale cheeks. Then the long-looked for letter came; Frederick was living; he had not been very successful at the mines, but what was better, he had kept his parting vow unbroken, and he enclosed a little sum which, though small, would go far in her household economies. He had written thrice before, but his letters had failed. There was joy in Jane's heart that night.

Another course of months went by. Letters came now at regular intervals, and all spoke cheerily. Frederick had amassed a small sum of money, sufficient

to establish himself again in business, and he had resolved to await no longer the tardy possibilities of growing rich, but to return at once, to his long-expected wife and little ones. Jane welcomed the decision; she knew that the man who had so successfully encountered temptation in its worst forms would not fail when again entering on the scene of his old allurements. And she was right.

We pass over the joy of that return. It was a strange place to learn business habits, but Frederick came back, even in this respect, an improved man; the old tastes for idleness and exhilarating company were gone; a stronger principle of duty had grown up out of his sense of his wife's self-sacrifice, to nerve him to action.

But we had nearly forgot to add that he did not return from this long absence alone. He was accompanied by Jane's uncle, Mr. Holton, whom he had encountered in one of his excursions at the mines, and who had, by this time, after repeated disappointments, accumulated a small sum, hardly larger than his own.

Together they began business, and entered upon the mercantile world anew.

"How astonishing!" said Mrs. Arnold, now in her second widowhood, "has Frederick really come back and gone into business? Why, I thought that California life would finish him; he was ruined already."

"But he had a good wife," said her visitor, "after all. You don't know the sacrifices people say she has made for him. If there was anything good in him she has brought it out."

"Ah! I know," said Mrs. Arnold, reflectively; "I'll never judge a woman again because she has made one mistake. It's what the best of us will do sometimes when we are tempted."

"I shall send for Fred to call on me," she mused, as her visitor quitted her, "after all he is my late sister's son, and the only relative I care to own in the world."

Give, sister! to the lonely orphan, a portion of thy abundance, and bless the needy stranger.

## THE DISPATCH.

## PATRIOTIC SONGS.

By Mrs. Helen M. Rich.

"Orders to march," (so the letter ran)  
Engagement expected the third day noon,  
Ready to fight, and to die to a man,  
Delayed for months, now alas, too soon!

That would be now, and this midday sun,  
Warm and golden, that seemed to me  
Out of yon beautiful deep to shun  
Nought that sorrowed, looked down on thee.

Looks down—O, angels of mercy! "dead!"  
White and cold, with the dreadful stare  
In the eyes that over and over said,  
That "I was precious, and good, and fair."

Trying to warm to a flush the mouth,  
Blue, and curved to a smile so sad;  
Oh, demons of wrong! in that cruel South,  
Must he die because ye are treason-mad?

The dispatch is here, (and something beside,)  
A pictured face, with a raven tress;  
Is the ghastly message a thing to hide  
Near the heart his loving was made to bless?

It is brief (as my dream of delight, alas!)  
"A sabre wound through the heart — quite  
dead!"

And he lies there now in the crimson grass,  
And I may not pillow the princely head!

Should a war-horse dashing—oh heaven! I rave!  
He died for "Freedom," "the flag" and me;  
Martyr, and darling, the gory grave  
Hides all the glory and pride with thee.

The colors are streaming, the guns ring out  
A nation's joy for a battle won;  
It is well, but I stand in the dark without,  
My sun went down upon Donelson.

A dreary thing is a woman's life,  
And a sacred truth in its every "throe;"  
And if she loses, the woe, the strife,  
Makes chaos here, in the brain, I know.

*Island Home, June 1st, 1863.*

The true poet possesses something more than truth, or knowledge which is based upon truth. He must commune with that of which truth is the going forth or utterance,—the spirit that lies behind all, which is love.

## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

## CHAPTER V.

By —.

(Continued from October number.)

The sultry heat of July gave way at last to the sultrier heat of August. All the city looked jaded and weary, and worn. Every one asked his next neighbor when he was going to the seaside, or the mountains; and nearly everybody joined the great procession of pleasure-goers, who daily, by car, or boat, or stage, took up their line of march from the smoking chimneys and sweltering brick walls of the city, to the refreshing nooks which the country offered.

Nell and I had held a consultation on the best and most feasible way of spending our vacation. We longed for the breath of the hills, as only those can long who have lived amid their hallowed influence. We were weary, not as denizens of cities are, who take their country recreation only as an interlude in their ordinary life, but weary as only those can be, who are strangers to the unnatural cause of their weariness, and would be refreshed by the atmosphere to which they are native.

We had planned to gratify this longing, by spending our vacation in the little country town where we were born, amid the Green Mountains in Vermont. It was many years since we had been there. Not because our inclination would not have led us thitherward every summer of our lives. But while we were living on so small a salary, and had so many demands for money, we had not thought it possible for us to go. Among the first plans that we made for the spending of our "Thousand a Year," was the taking of this long desired journey. Now that the time had nearly arrived for our going, we began to take a second sober thought about the expediency of it. Our necessary expenses had already been so great that we had come to ask one another now, whenever the subject was broached, Can we, ought we to afford the expense?

While we were weighing the matter in

our minds, and the magnet prudence was trembling nearer and nearer to its coincidence with inclination, I was accosted one day on the street by Mr. Hersey, one of my wealthiest parishioners.

"Ah, I am glad to meet you," said he; "I was intending to call at your house, but being pressed with my business cares this morning, I shall gladly accept this opportunity of saying what I wish to you. Where are you going to spend your vacation?"

"We were going up into Vermont," I replied, "to visit some relatives, and spend a few weeks among the hills where we were born."

"Oh! I am very sorry that you have matured a plan, for I came to invite you to go with our family to Niagara."

"Thank you," said I. "I should have been delighted to have accepted the invitation had circumstances been different with us. But we have promised ourselves this visit for a long time, and I think Nell could hardly be persuaded to give it up now."

"Wouldn't another summer answer for your visit to Vermont? My wife and I have really set our hearts on having you go with us to Niagara, and we don't know how to yield now. If there be no reason but this for your declining our invitation, won't you talk the matter over with your wife, and see if you cannot consent to suit your plans to ours?"

I wanted exceedingly to go to Niagara. It had been all my life one of my darling hopes, but I had never yet been anywhere near the chance of its realization. I wanted to go as I had wanted few things in my life, but I knew the expense of such a trip ought not to be incurred by us the present year, so I said frankly,

"I should love to go above all things, but even if our other plan were out of the way, I think we ought not to afford so extensive a journey as that this summer."

"That shall not stand in your way," said he; "I will cheerfully furnish you with tickets for the entire trip, so you can put the money consideration out of the calculation entirely."

I was quite overcome by this sudden

and unexpected piece of generosity. I did what people usually do on such occasions; made a very awkward attempt at thanks, and promising to communicate with him soon again on the subject, I hurried home to tell Nell the wonderful piece of good fortune, and ask what she thought of it. One command I certainly disobeyed on my way home that day. I did not let my "moderation be known among men." From the time of my leaving Mr. Hersey to the time of reaching my own door, was a shorter period than I had ever before occupied in going over the same space.

I burst into Nell's presence with an air of elastic joy, which only the bearers of good tidings carry about with them.

Nell, with true woman's instinct for divining, anticipated my message, and before I could get my breath to speak, she broke the silence, saying,

"What wonderful fortune has happened to us now? Your face indicates good news."

"The indications then are truthful," I replied. "I have something to tell you that I think will smooth the wrinkles temporarily, even from your care-worn brow."

"What is it? do not delay. I cannot afford to content myself long to-day with anticipated joy; I need now to rest in realities."

"Then," I replied, I will not aggravate you by delay. I cannot be selfish enough to keep such good news long to myself. Mr. Hersey and his wife are about to start on a journey to Niagara, and to the many kindnesses which we have already received at their hands, they add the offer to make us their travelling companions, and pay the expense of the entire trip. What think ye, my quiet little wife, of that much generosity?"

Nell looked at me incredulously. She sat a moment mute, even holding her breath, as if she were thinking that a sudden expiration might blow away this gilded bubble of good luck which was swinging before her eyes. Then came the beautiful smile which always comes over her face when the look of patient endur-

ance gives way before a sudden joy. O, ye aspiring artists, who weep that you cannot bring forth on canvas your conceptions of the beautiful, who,

"Through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,"

have striven to perfect the conception which still eludes your eager grasp, why may you not find rest for your souls, in practicing in this new department of art?

If you cannot create your ideal of beauty on canvas, try with the pencil of kindness, your gentle traceries upon the human heart, and you shall evoke such miracles of brilliant beauty upon the human face, that no regrets for your lost gift shall sadden your heart amid your new possessions. You are working then for the gallery of a high Master, and he will reward you with richer treasures than any earthly patron can offer.

I watched for a moment in silence the tracery of this changing beauty upon her face, and then I broke the spell by saying,

"Give us your decision; shall we make ourselves and our friends happy by accepting this proffered kindness, or shall we adhere to our original intent and take the long promised journey to Vermont?"

There was no delay in the answer. She said without hesitation.

"Of course we will go to Niagara. There is no reason in the world why we should deny ourselves this high privilege. Mr. Hersey is abundantly able to afford us this pleasure, and I see no reason why we should shrink from accepting the favor at his hands. We can go to Vermont another summer, when we are better able to bear the expense of a journey ourselves, while this season we will enjoy at the expense of our neighbors. Isn't that a comfortable as well as an economical plan?"

"It is certainly comfortable," I replied; "but it remains to be seen whether it prove the most economical journey of the two."

"How can you make such a sugges-

tion?" Nell inquired, "when you have just told me that Mr. Hersey proposes to pay the expenses of the entire trip?"

"Did I make the statement in that way? Then I was mistaken in my use of words, for, as I remember his proposition, it was to furnish us tickets for the entire trip, though he said nothing about the incidental expenses, which you know, on such a journey, must be considerable.

"Yes; something must of course be expended in that way; but nothing as much as we would spend on our journey to Vermont. You know our travelling expense to Vermont and back would have been little less than fifty dollars. We certainly shall not let as much money as that slip through our fingers at Niagara."

"Well; that remains to be seen. I think we may with safety try it, and see what the result will prove. Shall I go and tell Mr. Hersey that we have decided to accept his offer?"

"Yes; and ask particulars as to the time that we are to start, the number of weeks that we are to be gone, &c., &c.

Thus we were decided on an entire change of plan for our summer vacation; and in place of a free month amid the scenes of our childhood, we had bound ourselves to a plan which was to hold us fast to the conventionalities of fashionable life, and give us no rest, save what communion with Nature's rarest beauty was able to impart to our souls. Such pleasure is bought at a dear price, whatever be the attendant circumstances. But it is particularly unfit; yes, I may go farther, and say it is mockery to class it under the head of recreation, when taken in the place of, and as a rest from, the same unreal life that it represents.

On the afternoon of that day Mrs. Hersey came down to see Nell, and talk over with her the items of preparation for the journey.

The door from my study into the back parlor chanced to be open when she came in, and I became thus involuntarily a listener to the following conversation.

Before I report it, let me premise it by saying that Mrs. Hersey was of the Mrs. Stebbins type of character. She

regarded the opinion of the fashionable world as the standard to which she must look for praise or blame in regulating her conduct for life. She was going to Niagara because it was fashionable to go. She had invited us to accompany her, partly for our pleasure, but mainly as I was afterward convinced, because the name of such generosity would tell well among her circle of friends. Now, having attached us to her caravansary for effect, she could not allow us to defeat a part of her object, by appearing in a style very much inferior to her own. It was with reference to this plot that she had called on Nell.

As soon as the compliments of the afternoon were exchanged, she entered upon her mission by saying,

"I am so glad that you have decided to go with our party to Niagara."

"Are we to go with a party," said Nell, with some astonishment in her voice. "I thought it only Mr. Hersey and yourself that were going."

"Why, you were greatly mistaken. There are certainly a half dozen families beside our own going, and they are the most aristocratic people in town, too."

"Do they belong to our congregation?"

"No; none of them except the Joneses. The others are friends that belong to the circle in which I moved before I was married. Then you know I attended the Episcopal church, and my associations were of the very best character. I know you will be delighted with the people with whom you will come in contact on this journey. These families that we go in company with are widely acquainted in the most fashionable and aristocratic society in the country, and I know you will have a delightful time in being introduced to this class of persons."

"But," said Nell, and her voice now had really that faint tremor which characterized it whenever she was overborne by any anxiety. "I am afraid that we, with our simple manners, and unassuming style of dress, shall not feel entirely at home in the circle of which you speak."

"Oh, that can be made all right,"

Mrs. H. responded cheerfully. "You know minister's families are not expected to assume all the conventionalities of fashionable life, and as for the dress, we can easily renew your wardrobe, as we are not to go until next week. You know people are not like birds doomed to wear one style of plumage forever. They may renew their styles for the season, or the occasion, at their own pleasure."

"I know they may if they have a mine of wealth to draw from in making their purchases; but this is not the case in many minister's houses. I really feel quite discouraged about undertaking the journey."

"Nonsense; you are not talking like yourself now. I thought you were cheerful in co-operating with us in this scheme for your pleasure. All these things can be managed easily, if you only think so. 'Tis true ministers' families have not a mine of wealth to draw from, to satisfy their needs, but with this, like everything else in this world, the supply is in proportion to the demand. Don't you see it is so?"

I listened with interest to hear how Nell would dispose of this curious appeal. Her voice when she commenced her reply, was low and meek, and yet it had an unmistakable flavor of dissent as she said,

"I must confess that I am not yet fully convinced of the truth of your proposition."

"I think I can convince you. In the first place, ministers have a certain and established, and it is usually a very liberal salary, on which to support their families. Now the world does not make the same demands upon a minister that it makes on other men, with regard to the acquisition of wealth. He is not expected to amass riches as other men do, consequently he has all of his salary to meet present wants. In this way he may make his family luxuriously comfortable, on a salary which might trouble a man in another profession."

And then again, the world is very lenient in its demands on ministers' families. The 'fashionable world' will accept some innovations even on its rigid rules, when the ministers' comfort or con-

venience is in question. Now, to return to the subject on which our conversation started. You, Mrs. G——, can presume on a great many privileges, in making up your wardrobe for this journey which would never be given me. You will not be expected, when it is understood that you are a minister's wife, to present so great a variety in your costume as would otherwise be demanded. Your travelling suit will of course be expected to harmonize with the dress of the remainder of the party, as we, not being labelled like our trunks, shall stand to the travelling public, on equal footing, and be held equally responsible for our appearance. But after we arrive at Niagara, we shall soon be each understood, and placed in our right relations. Now, your black silk dress will bear repeating a great many days in succession, when the fact is accepted that you are a minister's wife. As such you will not be expected to appear in gay attire, except on festive occasions. And again, you will not be expected to attend many 'soirees,' as ministers' families are not supposed to be gay; so your party dress of the spring will answer your purpose very well.

Now, with regard to your travelling-dress. When I was coming down here this morning, I saw a beautiful piece of goods in at 'Smith's' which I know you would like. Wouldn't you like to go with me and look at it? I am going to have my travelling-dress from that piece, and it seemed to me that it would be pleasant for us to dress alike."

"What is the price?" Nell ventured to ask timidly.

"Only a dollar a yard," was Mrs. Hersey's reply.

"That seems a good deal for me to pay," replied Nell.

"Yes; I know it seems a good deal when you first think of it; but it will be money well expended; for it is an excellent piece, and the dress will be of service to you for other use after the journey is over. Come, you cannot refuse me, I know, for I have set my heart on our dressing alike."

Nell came into the study to me with this query, "Shall I get an extravagant

dress which my judgment disapproves, or shall I disoblige and perhaps offend a friend who has laid us under obligation, by so many acts of kindness?"

This was a question not difficult for me to answer.

I replied, "Get the dress by all means, and save the friend. We will try and save the price of it in some other way."

Mrs. Hersey and Nell went out and purchased the dress which, it proved, was only a "decoy duck," to get her on to the street, and betray her into a multitude of other purchases. She came home almost frightened at the extent of weakness (as she called it,) that she had exhibited, but in extenuation she said,

"I am not my own since we came to this parish, and sold ourselves for 'A Thousand a Year,' and sometimes, as to-day, I get tired of trying to struggle for independence, and I yield, not because of an over-temptation to buy, but simply to escape from my persecutors. You may think that is a strong word to use with reference to friends, but I believe it is a just word, and I must indulge myself in dealing justly once in the midst of such a day as this has been."

We looked over the bills, and to my astonishment—though I here protest that I felt no shadow of blame toward my gentle wife—we found that to make her wardrobe "presentable" at Niagara, had cost us upwards of fifty dollars, and all this, still left us with the consciousness that she would be odd and uncomfortable among the people with whom she was to mingle, for her extreme plainness of dress; and that they would apologise for her on the ground of her being a minister's wife. Thus, like Cain of old, we bore about with us our separate badge of distinction, and understood that we were not as other men. Was it our glory or shame? our joy or our pain? that circumstances had lifted us into a position where we should be forever humiliated by reason of our difference from others?

Let those who are concerned in paying ministers so meagre a pittance, to meet the necessary outlay of their position, answer this question for themselves.

The extra expense necessary to make

me comfortable for the journey, I decided could not possibly be afforded. I ought to have had an entire new travelling suit, but this I could not think of doing. Lacking this I should have travelled in a partly worn suit of clothing, which would have answered my purpose well for the journey, and left my new suit fit for future use. I say this would have answered my purpose equally well. It would, had Nell and I been making the journey by ourselves; but, going in the company that we were, and especially after receiving so broad a hint about our appearance, I had not the moral courage to appear otherwise than in my best. I wore it, and as a consequence, it came home so soiled and worn, that for the following three months I had the mortification of appearing in my pulpit with the consciousness that my people were thinking their minister too shabby and unfit for his place. How I, at the end of three months, was able to lay aside this condition of demi-shabbiness, and appear again in fitting plumage, I will report in another chapter. Let me now confine my narration to the joy and economy of our journey to Niagara.

By the time the day of our departure arrived, Nell had arranged all the articles of her toilet, in a manner to make the very most of her scanty resources.

I had watched her with anxiety, and yet with a certain feeling of pleasure as she had gone over with her nimble fingers each of her partly worn articles of dress, rubbing, burnishing, new trimming, and in a most marvellous way, rejuvenating articles, which, at first sight, I should have said could never have been rescued from the ignominy of age which had overtaken them. The question may still be open for discussion, whether the "leopard can change his spots," but certainly, into my mind there has never crept a doubt from that week onward, that a woman can, in a most astonishing manner, change from blue to green, from gray to black, from pink to purple, and so on, to an almost indefinite number of transformations, articles of her outward attire, when she desires.

Let others say what they will, or think

what they may of the poverty of Nell's dress on that long-to-be-remembered journey. In my eyes, who knew the materials of which her variety was made, she blossomed marvellously. All honor to the ingenuity by which she transformed little to much, old to new, and poverty to riches, as her circumstances demanded. She has had from me ever since, something of the devotion which I would bestow upon a magician of the east, had I witnessed his wonder-working.

When the day arrived for us to start on our journey, we had the satisfaction of appearing at the depot dressed as well as any members of the party. We were at least gratified during the few hours of travel, by seeming in as good circumstances as those with whom we associated. We tried to leave trouble and care behind us. We strove to unmoor from our old personality, and to appear, for the nonce, as if we were born kings or princes of the land. Can you, dear reader, appreciate or sympathize with such weakness? Not if you were born and bred in luxury, with abundance to supply your every want. Not if you have been a leader in the world of fashion, moving like a central sun amid the satellites which surround you. I do not look to you, if that be your social status, for sympathy. I would not expect to find a man enthusiastic about Hamlet, who had never heard that Shakspeare lived. I should not expect a tender appreciation of art from one who had never seen a picture. We must be cultured in any particular direction, before we can understand the path in which we tread.

Do I therefore despair of sympathy in the story of our common trials and weaknesses? Not by any means. I know that wealth and luxury are the exception, and not the rule of life. I know that while the few wrap themselves in "purple and fine linen," the many struggle and strive, and by patient bearing with the crosses of life, find their way to heaven over thorny paths of pain, and through tangled wildernesses of self-denial. By the majorities then I shall be understood, when I confess to having felt joy over so simple a thing as being able



for a day or two to appear richer than I was.

Mrs. Hersey seemed gratified with our appearance, and I thought I detected a manifest pride in her voice when she introduced to her friends "our minister and his wife." Nell blushed like a girl at Mr. Hersey's compliment on meeting her. He said,

"Really, Mrs. G——, you have renewed your youth. I never saw you look as well in my life. If your beauty improves in this proportion throughout the journey, you will be the belle of the season, and the young girls will have to look out for their laurels."

It was well that we commenced the day with compliments. Had they been delayed a few hours, they could not have been truthfully uttered, for we fairly swam through dust the livelong day. By noon we were so black as to be almost unrecognizable, and the coming of the night made little appreciable difference with the color of the party. We arrived at Niagara at midnight, dusty, weary and worn. I am about to make a most humiliating confession. Notwithstanding I was for the first time in my life within sight of that wonder of the world, I went to sleep like a weary child, without realizing my privilege and joy.

I could never be guilty of the same sin again. I have been introduced now to its beauty, and from this time forth it is forever mine.

Is it not so with all our joys? The persons that we love best, those who are now most essential to our happiness, were nothing to us before we met them face to face. We were not conscious of the vacant place in our hearts, which was waiting for their reception. We did not know that our lives were imperfect and wanting, before they came to us. But once having received them to the inner sanctuary of our hearts, there is darkness in that room forever after, when the light of their love is withdrawn. We stayed a week at Niagara. A week which, notwithstanding its wearying complicity with the conventionalities of fashionable life, I count as among the happiest weeks of my life.

For the most part we were hampered and beset by the obligations which our friends imposed upon us. We were continually compelled to ride when we would rather have walked, Nell was always dressing for breakfast, or dinner, or tea, or for the evening, when I wanted her to go out with me. We were constantly called upon to enliven the company with conversation, when we longed to flee away from the silly drawing-room chit-chat, and listen to the voice of God amid the great waters. But in spite of all these annoyances, there was joy, high, noble and true. There were hours when the others were sleeping; that I stole out alone to worship God in this most superb tabernacle, where his majesty, and might, and power are forever vindicated.

Shall I ever forget the lessons which that week taught me, of reliance, of patient trust, of unquestioning leaning on an Arm, whose strength could thus hold the mighty forces of nature in its grasp. It was a lesson which, recurring to my heart in after years, in many a troubled hour, brought quiet, rest and peace.

Did I regret the expense of the journey, when in after months I was perplexed to know where the money to meet my daily wants was to be procured? I cannot truly say that I did. Of all the luxuries in which we indulged during that troubled year, those hours at Niagara should be most unwillingly spared from my memory.

I can bear to be poor in outward surroundings, I can omit without regret, the external adornments of my body, but the memories of beauty which decorate the inner chambers of my mind, these are mine forever, and I can never regret the money with which they have been purchased.

At the end of two weeks the members of our party began to grow uneasy, and to long restlessly for a change. They resolved to leave Niagara, and finish the season's pleasuring by a trip down the St. Lawrence, and a visit to the White Mountains. When this decision was made, Nell and I concluded to turn our faces homeward.

Mr. Hersey kindly offered to continue

us as *attachees* to the party, but while he did so, something in his manner convinced me that if we declined his offer, we should stand as high in his opinion as if we accepted it. We accordingly refused to go farther, pleading our family cares as a reason for our return home, and I have always had a secret consciousness that we were commended for our judgment by every member of the party from whom we separated.

The journey home was delightful. We had the satisfaction of knowing that of the happiness created by our decision to return home alone, we were large sharers. We were entirely free in our actions. We chose the route that we most preferred. We dressed as we chose. We dined when we liked, and if it was our preference to make our meals cost us one dollar instead of five, that was our own concern, and there was none to say us nay.

No one looked askance at us, when, overcome with the weariness of travel, we preferred curling ourselves into the shape of a rainbow for sleep. (We had tried the upright position on our outward journey, through deference to our friends' opinion, and the consequence had been, we had jerked the muscles of our neck to a most uncomfortable soreness, and bumped the back of our head until we despaired of its ever being useful again as a sound member of our body. Now we were free to rest our weary, ill-treated bodies, and we did so without fear of reproach.

I know of no place where one can be so free and fearless of criticism as on the highways of travel, or in the heart of a great city. No one should go outside the proper limits of civilized life in either place, but restricted by decent limits, it is a luxury to indulge yourself in ease, without your next neighbor having the right to say, "This shall not be."

I believe ministers feel this joy in an unusual degree. Think of the privilege of owning one's-self for twenty-four, forty-eight, or any undefined number of hours, without being once reminded of your chains of servitude.

I was happy, and Nell, too, seemed

like an uncaged bird. She sang and laughed with the abandon of childhood. It made no inconsiderable part of my joy to see her seem so like a girl again. We enjoyed ourselves as much as it was *possible for us* to do, and those words mean a great deal, for we have a way of thinking that our capacity in the direction of joy is as great as any one can boast.

But this journey, like all our earthly joys, came to an end. We reached home without accident, found the home hearts beating warm for us, and with cheerful resignation we fell into the old routine of cares and duties as if we had never been away from them.

A few days after our return, Nell asked me timidly if I had dared make an estimate of the expense of our journey.

I replied, "I had hoped, Nell, that you would not ask me that, for your peace of mind may be disturbed by my answer."

"Not in the least," she replied; "I am prepared to hear you say that a deep dent has been made in your purse by the expenses of this journey. I will not shrink from knowing just how much it has been."

"If you wish to know, I can tell you; for I have been looking over the items very carefully this morning. Our hotel bill was fifty-six dollars, and our incidental expenses nearly as much more; adding it all I find that we have one hundred and four dollars less than when we started. This, with your bill for clothing, to fit you for the journey, takes about one hundred and sixty dollars from our salary."

"Well, said Nell, "Mr. Hersey's generous offer has not proved quite as advantageous for us as we first thought, has it?"

"Not quite," I replied; "yet our bill would have been much larger if we had had all the expense of the journey. We will be thankful for what of favor we have received. Mr. Hersey was very kind to think of taking us with him. Had it not been for him, we might never have seen Niagara. We will be grateful for this, and make the most of the high privilege which we have enjoyed, while at the same time it must be too as a whole-

some lesson for future use. We must understand now, how to take the offer of a friend, when he will spend five dollars for us with the understood privilege that he shall see us spend fifteen.

[To be continued.]

### HE DIED AT HOME.

By F. W. G.

He died at home. Where far Potomac glides,  
He would do battle with the foe no more;  
He had come back from Rappahannock's side,  
War-worn and weary, to his mother's door.

Wailing and cold, the late March winds were  
blowing,  
Around his home, deep hid, 'mong Northern  
hills,  
But he had heard once more the river's flowing,  
And the sweet ripple of his native rilla.

And his old mother stood beside his bed,  
And beld in hers his thin and wasted hand,  
And smoothed the dark locks o'er his precious  
head;  
Her boy—now dying for his father-land.

And he had told her of white-tented hills,  
Lying afar, beneath the Southern sun;  
And of great battle-plains, where pulsing rills  
Of friend and brother in one red stream run.

And where, unwept, the dearest loved must lie  
In crowded graves, with hundreds of the  
slain;  
Of night winds sobbing as they wander by,  
And the sad weeping of the summer rain.

Oh, blessed heart! that in the morn can go  
Up to the village grave-yard, where he rests,  
And in the sadness of thy bitter woe,  
Plant pansies o'er thy dead boy's silent breast.

But, ah! poor mother-hearts that throb with  
pain—  
Poor wives, whose eyes with tears are ever  
dim—  
Poor orphans, searching o'er the world in vain,  
To find where comrade's hands have buried  
him.

The father, husband, and the tender son—  
The household glory, and the heart's dear  
pride;  
Who, when the fight was being lost or won,  
Upon some red field laid him down and died.

And oh, dear heart! so stricken with the blight,  
Throbbing with sorrow through her every  
vein;  
Pray, when will break the darkness of her night,  
The brightness of her morning come again?

When will her erring children heed the Right?  
When will oppression, scorned and hated, fall?  
When shall we learn that Truth and Love make  
might,  
Of that great Heart, that holds and loves us  
all?

### THE SECOND WIFE;

—OR—

### THE TRIALS OF A STEP-MOTHER.

A Christmas Story.

I was married. The final vows had been spoken, and I was no longer Agnes Park, but Agnes Fleming. I was the wife of a widower of thirty-eight, and the stepmother of three children! Not the first chosen, first beloved bride of a young, ardent lover, such as my girlish dreams had pictured; but only a second wife.

The reflection was not sweet; nevertheless it was the thought with which I took my seat in the carriage which was to convey me to my new home. The short wedding tour was ended, and we were "homeward bound." A long ride was still before us, for the village in which Captain Fleming resided was twenty miles from the nearest railway station; but he had ordered his own carriage to meet us there, and thus I began fully to realize that we were nearing home.

The road over which we journeyed was level and smooth, and for a long time wound close by the bank of a beautiful river. Fields lay on one side, stretching far away, until they were skirted by low woods and hills; here and there a white farm house stood, looking cheerful and almost gay in the afternoon sunshine. The whole prospect was rural, and very beautiful.

My gloom began to pass away, smoothed by the sweet influences of the summer landscape, and visions of future usefulness began already to float through my brain. I had ample opportunity to indulge in these day dreams, for Captain Fleming, tired with the long ride, was half asleep by the side of his new wife. I was weary of taking the lead in conversation, and resolved to leave him to his meditations, as he had left me to mine. After weaving for myself a very profitable future, I looked for a short time upon the past.

Oh, the past. Mine had been no gay and pampered girlhood; but looking back, I saw, on the contrary, years of loneliness, of weariness and of sorrow. For four years I had watched a young, beautiful, and gifted brother, as stricken

with consumption he had wasted gradually away. We two were orphans, the last of our race, and all in all to each other.

But at last I saw him laid in the coffin, and all my love and hope were long buried with him. Not that I became sad and misanthropic. No: life and duty were not dead, and looking forward I saw that there was yet much for me to do, perhaps suffer; so I planted sweet-brier and violets on my brother's grave, and then went out to act and strive with the rest of the striving world.

About a year after my brother's death, I met Arthur Fleming. I had been so shut out from the world by my brother's sickness that I had no lovers, and very few friends, and I hardly believed I could ever again feel an interest in my own; but Arthur Fleming's kind, genial manner and delicate attentions, warmed my heart to a new life. Unconsciously, my whole heart, all the more ardent for its long stillness, was given to this new friend. It was with bitter disappointment that I learned he had already been once married, for I could not bear the thought of a rival, living or dead; yet I loved him, and when he asked me to become a mother to his motherless children, I accepted his hand, feeling sure that I should win from him, in time, an affection as deep and steadfast as my own. I know he did not marry me for love. His house was lonely, his children were poorly protected, and he needed a wife. I had been recommended to him as one who would keep his house in order, and be a suitable companion for his children; after a brief acquaintance he proposed in due form, and soon it was all settled.

"Almost home!" exclaimed Captain Fleming, rousing himself to look out of the window. The words sent a thrill through me, and I looked eagerly out, through the twilight shadows, to the house we were approaching. It was large and stood at a distance from the village street, and it seemed to me in rather a desolate situation. Great trees swung their branches over the gateway, and as we rode between them the wind made a sighing sound among the leaves. But the lighted windows shone cheerfully

in the darkness, seeming in their brightness to welcome me home.

Jane Fleming, my husband's sister, who had been his housekeeper since his wife's death, came to the door to meet us. The moment her cold fingers touched mine, I felt there would be no sympathy between us; and when we had entered the lighted parlor, and I had scrutinized her face, I was sure of it. Without a word she stood beside me while I took off my bonnet and gloves—she carried them away; then as silently walked into the room again, leading the three children. I feel now the chill of her presence upon me.

The three ran into their father's arms and embraced him affectionately, and as he caressed them in return, I perceived that there was a fountain of warmth in his heart, which, could I reach it, would be enough to shield me from cold and darkness forever. This show of passionate fondness made me glad, and, going to his side, I tried to win the notice of the children to myself.

"It is your new mother," said their father. "She has come to take care of you when I am gone to sea again. Julia and Mary, go to your mother."

Mary, a pretty blue-eyed child of ten, came shily toward me, and kissed my cheek; but Julia, the eldest, merely gave me her hand. Julia seemed to have imbibed something of her aunt's icy manner, for she sat aloof and watched me coldly. The little boy now lifted his head, from his father's shoulder, and seeing that Mary stood by me unharmed, ventured to approach me.

"Come to me, Edward!" said Miss Fleming, with a frown.

Was his name Edward? I caught him to my arms and held him closely so that he could not escape to his jealous aunt, and I thought in my secret heart that I would make him like the brother Edward I had lost. In an instant the feeling that I was a stranger had vanished—my heart had warmed towards the little one whose auburn head nestled in my arms. My husband looked pleased, and smiled, giving his sister a gratified look, and I observed the shadow of a smile on her lips, but it faded again as she glanced at Julia.

When the clock struck nine, Miss Jane rose and led the children to their chambers. I bade them good-night as they went out, but I noticed that Julia made no answer.

The next morning I made it my business to go over the house and examine its conveniences. The first step upon the broad gloomy staircase, chilled me; but when, after visiting every room, I sat down in the parlor again, I was almost discouraged. Such a dreary, disordered house I never saw. In every chamber the curtains hung over the windows like shrouds, and the air was cold and damp as a dungeon. There was dust on the walls, on the windows, and on the furniture; there was gloom in every corner. The parlor, which might have been a delightful room, seemed like a sepulchre. The furniture, as well as the pictures, were covered with brown holland; a locked book-case stood in a recess, and a locked piano was by the opposite wall. I asked little Mary, who had kept close by me all the morning, why this was so.

"Aunt Jane does not like music," she replied; "and she keeps the book-case locked, because she says we must not read books until we are older."

"And why is the furniture all covered?" I asked.

"The parlor is scarcely ever opened," said Mary. "Aunt Jane wants to keep it nice."

"Well, Mary," I said, "go now and ask your aunt Jane for the key of the book-case. I want to see the books."

She ran quickly, and returned followed by her aunt, who delivered up the key to me with a dubious kind of grace.

"I hope you will lock the book-case when you have examined the books, ma'am," said Miss Fleming. "I don't allow the children to spend their time in light reading."

"What are they now reading?" I asked.

"They learn their lessons," she replied shortly.

She disappeared, and I opened the book-case, which I found to contain a most excellent selection of books. The best poets, the best historians, the best

novelists and biographers were there, making a library, small, but of rare value. It was the first really pleasant thing I had found in my new home, and I sat an hour or two, glancing over one volume after another, and re-arranging them on the shelves.

Suddenly Miss Jane looked in, and in a moment her face was pale with indignation, for there sat little Mary on the carpet, buried in a charming old annual. Miss Jane took two steps forward, and snatched the book out of the child's hand, threw it on the table, then led her by the shoulder out of the room. I was at first mute with amazement at this rough government; then I sprung up and would have followed her, had not the fear of an outbreak restrained me.

"Selfish creature!" I exclaimed, "you are trying to make these children like yourself: ruining them for all good and happiness in life. In Julia's sullenness and coldness I see the fruits of your labor. Was Arthur Fleming blind when he left his children in your keeping?"

I saw no more of the children until dinner, when, by questioning, I learned that they had been studying all the morning with Miss Fleming. I informed her that I should sit with them in the afternoon, as I wished to see what progress they were making. The look with which she received this announcement, plainly indicated that I should be an unwelcome listener to her lessons, and for a few moments my heart so failed me, perplexed by her contemptuous glances, that I half determined to have nothing to do with the children, but leave them to her since she was so jealous of them. But my better spirit prevailed over me. "They are *mine* now," I thought, "for I am their father's wife, and all his are mine. Their interests must be mine, whatever difficulties I find in the way. I have come here of my own free will, and nothing shall now deter me from doing my duty."

After dinner Miss Jane and the children retired immediately to the chamber which was used as a school-room. In a few minutes I followed them, and quietly took a seat at the desk. She was drill-

ing them in arithmetic, sending one after another to the black-board, and talking all the time in a loud and petulant tone.

"Julia!" she exclaimed, "if you make such awkward figures I'll put you back to the beginning of the book. Mary, will you stand upright or be sent to bed? Decide now!"

"I cannot understand the sum, aunt Jane," sighed Mary.

"Sit down then, until you can," was the reply.

"Do you not explain what they cannot understand?" I asked.

"All that is necessary," she replied. "Mary could understand her sums if she attended to me."

An hour passed, during which Mary silently hung her head over her slate, and played with her pencil, Miss Jane offering no explanation; Edward alternately counted with his fingers, the buttons on his jacket, and drew houses upon his slate; Julia, whose strong mind received knowledge almost intuitively, studied her lesson quietly, and without difficulty. Presently she gave her book to her aunt, and recited her lesson perfectly.

"Very well, Julia," said Miss Jane. "You may go into the garden and amuse yourself."

"Do they not amuse themselves together?" I inquired with astonishment, not pleased with the idea of solitary, mirthless exercise.

"Not unless they learn their lessons equally well," she answered. "Edward!" she suddenly exclaimed; "as I live, the boy is going to sleep! Stand in the corner, Edward, until you are awake."

Edward colored scarlet, and went to the corner, rubbing his eyes. I felt disgusted at the total lack of system, order and justice which prevailed in this mock school. I was growing frightened at the work before me, fearful that Jane Fleming had sown more tares than my weak hands could ever root out.

Seeing that Edward was crying, I went to him in his corner.

"Go away!" he sobbed, when I laid my hand on his head—"go away—you are not my mother."

I made no reply to this, but asked him why he cried.

"Because I am tired," he answered; "and you and aunt Jane wont let me sit down."

"I and aunt Jane, Edward?" said I.

"Yes," he sobbed out; "Aunt Jane says you are come here to live always, and will make me mind you, and make my father hate me;" and the poor child cried out as if his heart would break. I looked round, but Jane was on the opposite side of the room, scolding Mary, and had not heard Edward.

"It is not true, Edward," I whispered; "I love you, and want you to love me. Wont you love me, darling?" But he only thrust out his little hand sullenly, and turned his face away from me.

Jane now came forward, and I turned from the child with a sigh of disappointment.

"I will be patient," I said to myself; "they have long been taught to fear and dread me—I cannot at once make them love me."

The next morning Captain Fleming left for a six month's voyage in his new bark, the Mary Fleming. His parting with the children was most tender and affectionate, even tearful; with me it was kind. After he was gone, I stole up to my room and spent the morning in bitter weeping and sadness. What would become of me if I should fail in trying to make myself beloved by his children; if their hearts were irrevocably steeled against me! Would not his own grow gradually colder and colder toward me? Fearful prospects! an unloved wife, a hated step-mother!

I heard a soft tap at my door, and little Mary entered—she, too, had been crying; and when she saw traces of tears on my face, she came gently up to me, and crept into my lap.

"Do you love father, too?" she asked, in her frank, simple manner.

"Yes, darling, I love him," I answered; "and I want to love you all, and be loved by you. Now he is gone, I am very sad and lonely. Will you love me, Mary?"

The child kissed me gravely, but did not reply to my question.

"Aunt Jane sent me to call you to dinner," she said, slipping from my arms.

When we had finished this lonely meal, and the children and Jane had gone up stairs to the afternoon lessons, I visited one or two rooms which had attracted my observation the day before. One was the attic chamber, where I had noticed a heap of old packages which I wished to examine. In one corner stood a pile of old pictures, some with broken frames, but which, on examination, I found worthy to be rubbed up and newly framed. One especially won my admiration—it was the portrait of a young and beautiful woman. The soft auburn hair and hazel eyes were very lovely, and the features, though not expressive of any great energy or depth of character, were faultlessly regular.

Hearing some one on the stairs, I opened the door to ask some questions about these pictures. It was Julia.

"Are you busy, Julia?" I asked. "If not, I wish you would come here a moment."

Julia looked surprised, but followed me without any reply.

"I want to know something about these pictures," I said. "Some of them are very fine, and it seems to me strange that they should hang here out of sight."

"They got injured," said Julia, "and aunt Jane has not had time to get them mended."

"Here is a beautiful landscape," I said; "see the warm, sunny tint of the water, and the fields look almost as if the grass was growing there."

I knew by the quick dilating of Julia's hazel eyes, as she looked at the picture, that she could appreciate its excellence, and I regretted that she had been so long debarred the privilege of cultivating her naturally artistic taste. I resolved to help her make up the lost time.

"Now here is one in which I am still more interested," I said, taking up the portrait. "Who is this, Julia?"

Julia started, and then the color rushed to her cheeks, as she answered in a low voice, "It is my mother."

I had suspected as much. The resem-

blance was striking between the pictured face and little Edward.

"Is this the way that you preserve your mother's portrait?" I asked.

"Aunt Jane put it away before—"

"Before I came, Julia?" said I.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Well, I shall take better care of it in future," I said. "I am not come to stand between you and your mother, Julia. I wish you to love and honor her memory above all others. I shall try to make you wiser and happier than ever, instead of gloomy and sad."

There was a slight quiver about Julia's firm lips, as she turned and left the room. I began to feel encouraged. That evening I had a fire made in the parlor; the piano was unlocked, and I took my music from my trunks. In the "glooming," before there was any light in the room, save that of the tremulous fire-light, I sat down to play. They were all there; Jane knitting in the corner, and the children seated silently about the fire.

I found the piano an excellent instrument, and, after playing a lively waltz, which drew a sigh from the depths of Miss Jane's bosom, and a shout of delight from my little Edward, I began to sing. It was an old, plaintive Scotch song that I chose—something to touch and melt the heart.

When I had finished, Mary and Edward were standing, one on each side of me, and their glowing faces expressed their delight.

"I like that," said Edward. "I wish aunt Jane wouldn't keep the piano locked so that nobody can touch it."

A loud, warning cough from his amiable aunt made him shrink a little closer to me. "Do sing another, please!" whispered Mary, and I sung Goeth's *Miller and the Brook*, that wild, merry old song:—

"What do I say of a murmur!

That can murmur be;

'Tis the water nymphs that are singing

Their roundels under me!"

Mary was in ecstasies. "Oh, will you teach me to play?" she added; "it would make me so happy!"

"Mary!" said Jane sternly; but the little girl did not heed it—her faith in her aunt was fast decreasing.

"I will certainly instruct you, if you wish it," I replied. "Both Julia and you may take lessons as soon as you please to begin. I do not wish you to be confined wholly to arithmetic."

I turned from the piano, and sat by the fire, after having lighted the astral lamp. Mary and Edward were dancing about the middle of the room, and even Julia smiled at their playful rudeness. Jane seeing that they took no heed of her dreary coughs and sighs, rose and left the room. I took quick advantage of her absence.

Going to the book-case, I selected an interesting volume, and sat down with it near the lamp. "You have heard of Joan of Arc, have you not, Julia?" I asked.

"I do not remember that I have," she answered. "Who was she?"

"Her story is a very wonderful one," I said; "I will read it if you would like to hear it."

"Is it true?" cried Edward, leaving his play.

"Yes, Edward," I replied; "it happened many years ago, in France. Shall I read it?"

Edward and Mary were already eager to hear it, and Julia looked quite interested, though she said nothing. I took Edward into my lap, and began to read the strange, thrilling story. All listened with the deepest attention.

By-and-by Julia interrupted me saying, "if you are tired, let me read a while, mother."

I was tired, and gave it up to her gladly—she had called me *mother*.

At nine Jane came and called them to bed. "No—no, aunty; we'll come as soon as we find out what became of poor Joan," cried Mary; "shall we stay, mother?"

"Let them stay a little longer," I said to Miss Jane. The door closed and Julia proceeded with the story.

"Sing us one little song!" said Mary, when the story was ended.

I complied willingly, and sang "Let

us love one another." When I had finished, Mary sprung up and gave me a good-night kiss; Edward followed her example.

"I want one more," I said, turning to Julia; and with a grave smile she kissed me and bade me good night.

That night my pillow was haunted by happy dreams.

Much of the ensuing week was spent in re-arranging the rooms, in order to give them a more cheerful appearance. I took down the portrait of the first Mrs. Fleming from its garret corner, and hung it over the mantel in the parlor. I had the beautiful landscape re-framed, and it adorned a little room opening from the back parlor, which had been used as a spare bed-room, but which I converted into a miniature library. I went with the children into the fields to hunt for early May-flowers, with which to fill the vases, and make the room bright and fragrant.

Mary took her first music lesson, and was already promising to sing "Let us love one another," on Christmas day, at which time her father would be home. Julia had so far descended from the cold heights of reserve as to ask me to teach her crayon drawing, and I was astonished at the talent she already exhibited.

One morning when I had been about a fortnight with them, Jane came to the breakfast-table in her travelling-dress. We were all surprised—I most of all, for I had hoped that the happiness of the children would win her kindness also; but I was mistaken.

"Where are you going, aunty?" asked Mary, her blue eyes expanding with astonishment. Miss Jane deigned no answer, but ate her breakfast in unbroken silence; then, turning to me, announced her decision:

"Mrs. Fleming," she said, "I cannot stay here contentedly when I see you daily undoing with all your might what I have been laboring so hard to accomplish. These girls were growing up under my care, discreet, sober and reasonable. I shut out the vanities and follies of the world from their knowledge; I reared them in prudence and seriousness. But



Arthur Fleming must bring a strange wife here, who, in two short weeks could, by her wily softness of manner, win their foolish young hearts away from their tried friend, and fill their heads with vanity. I will not stay where I and my instruction are objects of contempt. I leave you to your painting and playing, your singing and bouquet-making. I am not penniless, as you probably suppose. I have still a home to go to, now that I am driven thanklessly from this one."

My eyes filled with tears at these scornful words. The children looked wonderingly at me and at her.

"Don't go, aunty! Mother doesn't want you to go," whispered Mary, the sweet little peacemaker.

"I don't know who *drives* you from here," said Julia sarcastically.

"Jane, I wish you to stay with us," I said. "It is right that I, Captain Fleming's wife, should be a mother to his children, and take their care and education into my own hands. I mean to make them happy in their home, in their studies, and to fit them for good and useful lives. You can help me in this work, and I will be your friend. Will you stay, Jane?"

"No, Mrs. Fleming," she replied indignantly, "I will not stay where I am a mere cipher. But, children, I do not desert you. If you are ever fatherless or in trouble, I will come to you, and you shall have your home with me again."

The stage-coach which Jane had secretly ordered to call for her, now rattled up to the door, and, with her green band-box clasped closely in her arms, she took her seat in the stage. She gave a nod of freezing dignity to me, a farewell of compassionate affection to the children, and then the coach drove away. I now, with the children, felt at home and at peace.

Six months passed rapidly, and how pleasantly, my vivid recollection of them testifies. As the village school was extremely poor, and I was fully competent to teach the children myself, I spent three hours of every morning in study with them. Two afternoons in a week I devoted to Mary's music and Julia's drawing; on the other afternoons they

were free to practise at home, or to visit their village friends, and receive visits in return. Our evenings were spent in reading, and in the three months of that summer they gained more intelligence than in years before. Their interest in knowledge was aroused, and whatever they read was made a subject of free and cheerful conversation, thus fixing important facts in their memories, and training their minds to habits of active thought. Julia adorned the walls of our sitting-room and little library with several very fine crayon pictures, and Mary added to our evening readings the charm of her sweet singing.

At Christmas time we expected Captain Fleming. With what a glad pride, I looked upon my happy group, and thought of the gratitude he would feel when he saw their improvement and witnessed their affection for myself. I looked forward with a beating heart to the meeting.

It was a fortnight before Christmas, and we were already deeply engaged in preparation for the merry season. Green boughs, with which to decorate the rooms, were being made in festoons and garlands, and in a sly corner the Christmas-tree was waiting its hour of triumph. Julia was hurrying to finish a picture of Santa Claus, to hang over the Christmas-tree, and Mary was practising incessantly, "Let us love one another," at the pianoforte, while little Edward entered with even greater zeal, if possible, into the preparations for the festivities. Seated in his little chair, which, with a show of secrecy, was turned with its back to the room, he was working with his knife on a present for "mother," which, from occasional glances, I judged would be a little wooden vessel.

It was afternoon, and Julia and I had been discussing the propriety of inviting some friends to enjoy our Christmas-eve with us. We were now in daily expectation of Captain Fleming, and every sound of wheels made us rush to the window.

"Father is come!" cried Julia, as the sound of wheels, instead of passing, stopped at our door, and we simultaneously sprang up, and ran to the window.

There, indeed, stood the expected coach ; but who was that old lady, with a green bandbox held tightly in her arms, now bundling out of the coach-door, sending sharp glances up at the windows, while the coachman took down her trunks.

"It is aunt Jane!" said Julia, with a long sigh of disappointment, as she looked into my face inquiringly.

"It is too bad, too bad!" said Mary, half crying, "for her to come and spoil all, just as we were to have such a merry Christmas!"

"Well, meet her kindly, and give her welcome, I said, and by that time the hall-door had opened, and Jane Fleming stood in the midst of us, receiving our greetings with a kind of grim smile. The girls divested her of all her many shawls, and cloaks, and furs, and Edward drew a chair for her close to the fire.

As she warmed her feet at the grate, Miss Fleming looked around her with a singular expression of pity mixed with triumph.

"I have kept my promise, children," she said. "I told you if anything happened, I would come to you."

I started from my seat, and a shudder of terrible forebodings passed through me, as I remembered the promise to which she referred. "Jane! Jane Fleming, what do you mean?" I cried.

She wiped the corners of her eyes with her handkerchief. Then she said, "Ah! it is as I thought. You see that I, living on the seashore as I do, get news some days in advance of you. I said to myself, when I heard it, that it would be printed in your weekly paper, and you would not get it before to-morrow. So I thought I had better step into the stage, and ride down to prepare your minds. Poor children! poor children!"

"What is it?" said Julia, grasping her aunt's wrist with a kind of nervous fierceness.

This suspense was growing intolerable. Jane fixed her eyes steadily on Julia's countenance, and answered slowly, "Last week, in the great storm, the Mary Fleming was wrecked."

A low cry escaped Mary's lips. "Jane," I gasped, "my husband — where is he?"

She looked at me composedly, as she replied, "The Mary Fleming was wrecked and sunk. Save the mate and one sailor, who floated two days on a broken plank, every soul was lost."

I could utter neither cry nor moan, so stunning was this terrible news. I only looked into the faces of my children, who gathered about me, indulging their wild sorrow in pitiful cries. Julia only, after a brief time, seemed to comprehend my bewildering anguish. She put her young, strong arms about me, and led me, unre-sisting, to my chamber — there, watched by her alone, I lay silent and motionless, all day long.

But my brain was busy. "Is it to this, an untimely death," I thought, "that all I love are fated to come? My heart was wrapt in my beautiful brother, and he laid down to die in the glory of his youth. My love rose out of his grave, and gathered itself, strong as life, about my husband; and now, in so short a time, he is gone also. Was it for this, that I gave my mind, my heart, my soul, to his children, only that they should look up to me with their pitiful faces and cry, 'we are orphans!' Where was he, when we, his wife and children, were making Christmas garlands? We were singing and weaving the holly and evergreens by the warm fire-light, while he, now struggling, now fainting and sinking, was smothered in the horrible waves."

Such thoughts as these filled my brain with ceaseless horrors, and all day I lay as one benumbed. But suddenly, as it grew dark, and Julia brought a light into my chamber, I was struck by her settled expression of woe. I had forgotten that I was not the only sufferer. That thought gave me strength. I rose, took her by the hand, and went down to the other children. I gathered them about me and we all wept together. Then, and not till then, did I feel that I could speak to them of comfort.

The next morning our paper came, and its long account of the wreck confirmed the sad tidings. Days passed — slowly, tearfully. I was beginning to realize that we, of late such a joyful group, were now "the widow and fatherless."

It was evening, and we all sat in

little library. The door of the parlor behind us was ajar, but there was no light in there; only one lamp burned on the pianoforte, which had been moved into the little room.

Edward lay in my arms asleep, his soft curls falling over his forehead, and half-veiling his fresh, fair face. Julia and Mary on each side of me, sat at work on mourning dresses. Jane, too, in the corner, was sewing black thibet. How different our labor from that with which we had expected to usher in the Christmas-eve.

By-and-by Julia looked up with an anxious expression, "Mother, are we poor?" she asked.

I was glad that I could answer in the negative. "But," I added, "we know not how soon we may be. This great misfortune has taught us that nothing is certain. We must not lean idly on what we possess, but prepare ourselves for labor if need be. To-morrow I wish you all to begin again your studies."

Jane dropped her needle and thread. "I thought it was understood that the children should go home with me," she said. "Perhaps you think I am poor and helpless; but you are mistaken. On the contrary, I am probably better able than you are to take care of the children."

This announcement startled me, but there was no need. Mary threw her arms around my neck, and whispered, "I will not leave you, mother;" while Julia, her eyes glowing with excitement, answered quietly and firmly, "Our mother has the best claim on us, aunt Jane, and until she sends us away, we will never leave her. More than a mother she has been to us, and we have never been so happy, as in this past half-year. We love her better than all other friends, and now that our father is gone we will not leave her alone."

My heart thrilled with gratitude that I could not utter. I could only give my noble Julia a look of thankfulness, and say, "I will be as faithful to you as you have been to me, Julia."

"Hush!" said Mary, starting to her feet, "what was that sound?" She went

to the window and looked out. "It was only the wind," she added, and sat down by me again.

Jane shot indignant glances at the children. "I little thought," she said, "when I came here to work and wear myself out for you, that you would so soon desert me for a stranger."

"Aunt Jane," said Julia quickly, "remember it is our mother of whom you speak; our second mother, to whom we owe so much."

Miss Fleming looked stern, but was silent.

"I *do* hear a footstep," said Mary; and again she peeped from the window, but all was dark and silent. My heart ached with weary dissension, and I made a last attempt at peace.

"Sister Jane," I said, "you shake your head, but you were *his* sister, and must therefore be mine—for his sake I forgive you for the many attempts you have made to turn my children's hearts against me; but forever after let there be silence on this theme. I am no stranger in this house, but hold a mother's place to the children my beloved husband left in my care. For them henceforth, and for them only, I shall live and labor. I have thus far tried to do them good, and they themselves bear witness to my success. Trust them to me, and let there be no unpleasant feelings between us—for his sake."

Jane Fleming looked at me for a moment and then burst into tears. She wept a few moments, and her heart was softened.

"Agnes, forgive me!" she said, to my astonishment and joy. "You think me heartless, but indeed I am not, though I have been harsh. It was love for my brother and his children that made me wickedly jealous of you. But I am now a mourner with you and them. For his sake, forgive me!"

There was a moment of silent, pleased surprise; and when I clasped her hand warmly, and called her sister, Julia gravely stooped down and kissed her, and little Mary rejoiced, sprang to the pianoforte, and sung with her whole heart, "Let us love one another."

As she ceased, and turned her smiling face towards us, there was a sound behind—a quick footstep toward the hall. The door was flung open, and — had one risen from the dead?

"My wife! my children! my blessed Agnes!" exclaimed Captain Fleming, his voice hoarse with emotion; and before we could utter a word of welcome or surprise, we were all clasped in his strong, living arms. The rapture of that hour who would attempt to portray!

"Forgive me, Agnes, for playing the listener," he said—"it was not premeditated; but as I came in I heard your voices, and could not but pause a moment before surprising you. How can I ever thank you, how repay you for your love to my children and to me!"

These words and many more fell from his lips as he clasped me again with warm affection. I was repaid for all my labor, all my sorrow.

Then followed questions, explanations, words of joy and welcome. His good vessel indeed, had been lost in the fearful storm, but the account of the loss of men had been exaggerated, in the excitement of the news. Many were lost, but not all. There were other homes of mourning made glad that night, as well as mine.

And what a merry, joyful Christmas we had! How the Christmas-tree sparkled under its many tapers, loaded not only with the gifts of the children to each other, but with more costly presents to me and to them, from their delighted father! How proudly did Julia lead her father to the pictures her industry had wrought, and say, in answer to his surprise, "Mother taught me!" — how sweetly did little Mary sing her favorite song, and throwing her arms about her father's neck, say also, "Mother taught me!"

Very sacred and full of peculiar trials is the position of the second wife, where the children of a buried mother claim her care and love; but if, with a true heart and zeal she enters into the work before her, rich is her reward, and its pleasure endures forever.—E. R. L.

## A LIFE.

By Miss M. Remick.

She gathered the roses of summer  
To twine in her golden hair;  
Life was a vision, a picture,  
All that she saw was fair;  
The brook made her dainty mirror,  
The kingcups were richer than gold,  
The child in her joy and gladness,  
Was sporting a wealth untold.

Years come; see, the wild red roses  
Are put from her soft brown hair,  
She is taking a woman's burdens,  
She learns of the sorrow and care;  
The brook flows as thick with kingcups,  
The flag-flowers darken the grass,  
The birds and the bees are as joyous,—  
But longer the shadows that pass.

Years come; in her cheeks are the roses.  
This is her June of life;  
All the air is sweet with incense,  
All the world with bloom is rife;  
The bird-notes trill out sweeter  
Than they did in the long ago,  
And the hills and the distant valleys  
Have caught up a richer glow.

Years pass; and the dream still lingers,  
Faded, and changed, and cold,  
Or it may be that in the background,  
It lies in the light of old;  
But the path is rough and thorny,  
Which spreads for her journey's way,  
And gone is the ruddy sunshine  
Which bathed all its early day.

Years pass; and an aged woman  
Stands by the rippling brook,  
Still the violets white and slender,  
Crowd in each grassy nook;  
Still the kingcups flaunt their splendor,  
And the flag-flowers deck the grass,  
And the bee sings with the robin,  
And the soft south breezes pass.

Only a year of changes!  
It seems but a little day  
Since a fair child's face was mirrored,  
Full of her happy play;  
Locks with the wild red roses  
Twining amidst their gold;  
O, life! in all your changes,  
It is saddest to grow old!

O, no! in those calm, still features,  
Is a noble life begun,  
It will live when these fields have vanish'd,  
And gone is the radiant sun;  
Not to be child or maiden  
Would she lay her lessons by;  
Another step on her journey,  
A home beyond the sky.

The foundations of many a cause now strong and flourishing were laid in tears and blood. Digitized by Google

## JULIA CRÆSUS.

By J. Kendrick Fisher.

(Continued from October number.)

"I inquired about him when I saw that he wanted Mary. I heard good accounts of him. I believe he is honest; and I am assured that he constantly opposes the low tricks of his political associates; and that, for the most part, these associates are by no means his private associates. Your father knows him well, and speaks decidedly in his favor. I think he would be a good match."

"Well; they are both very much in earnest, and have begged me to invite them whenever they can meet her; and to do all I can for them. Now, as I think them both eligible, I suppose I must do what I can to give her a choice. What say you?"

"Why, just so. Let them meet whenever it can be done without apparent design. But why this manoeuvring? why don't they visit me or her? They have a cordial invitation."

"I suppose they fully understand that Mary's unwillingness to leave you is the main difficulty. They wish me to talk with you, with a view to have you consider that; but of course they have said no such thing."

"I understand. I don't know what to do. Mary is a dear, good girl; I certainly don't want to exchange her for any man, and I believe she has the same regard for me. I have ample means to do as I please, and I have pretty much determined to live independent. She chooses to live with me; and while that is really her preference I shall be glad to have her. At the same time, I believe such an amiable girl as she, ought to be married; and, I suppose I should add, it may in proper circumstances, be a duty. Now, dear, you look as if you would ask whether I might not regard this duty on my own account and hers too,—whether I might not solve this difficulty by marrying, and leaving her free to do the same."

"Dear Eliza, I would not ask such a question, knowing that your feelings have been too much wounded."

"Well; that is past. We will say no more of it. As for these gentlemen, do as they wish; but tell them they ought to be more direct. I shall constantly tell Mary that I desire her companionship above all things except her happiness. I don't see that I can swerve from that which has been my course thus far."

"And you leave me to do as events may seem to require? Very well."

Cræsus was in his glory. Reins in hand, with four ladies in the coach, and Drake beside him on the box,—he was driving the best pair of horses he ever bred, over the best road he ever paid for,—to the satisfaction and derision of his wise neighbors. There had just been a capital shower; there was neither dust, nor mud, nor puddle. All was right, and the horses understood it. Cræsus had a language for them, which they understood. He never used a whip.

"Halloo! colts; there's a fast team ahead; catch 'em! go it! go-ho-ho-o-o-o-ho—hip—go it."

Accordingly, they dashed forward with a spirit that whips cannot confer. The team was soon overhauled, but as for passing it, there was the difficulty—the driver dodging to prevent it. But Cræsus, nowise perplexed, watched his opportunity, gave his shout for the direction of his horses, and dashed by, just wiping off the dust, without scratching the shining surface of the oil-boxes. Turning round, and raising his hat to the discomfited party, who had spent an enormous sum for a pair of horses to take the shine out of him; and on he went with unabated speed, leaving his would-be rival far behind.

Julia and Eliza Williams occupied the back seat; Mrs. Bowman and Mary Tyng the front. They were going to see the place of the great cutting that was to drain the broad meadow. The bargains had all been completed, and a liberal discount made for cash, which had been paid. Mr. Timmins, whom few had heard of, had become a great landholder. Where he got his money none could guess, unless he borrowed it—a way of

getting money which he was said to have become expert in.

They came to the river at a bend where a rocky formation shut in a deep alluvial meadow and swamp filled with maples, alders, coarse grass and cranberries, reaching more than four miles, and spreading nearly a mile, in parts. Below the bend, for a quarter of a mile, there was a rapid, interrupted by spars of rock, and by detached fragments, some of them rocking under the force of the current. The descent was rapid, and the current so swift that sheets of water were thrown up wherever the stones rose near to the surface. Looking down stream, the effect was startling and grand, and made exceedingly picturesque by the overhanging foliage of hemlocks, pines and shrubs that grew on the cliffs that bounded the rapid stream. Looking up stream all was placid, and like a mirror, rippled here and there by a fish, and fringed with a profusion of white lilies.

The engineer explained to the ladies how he would cut through the rocky barrier over which the stream rushed, and lower the bed of the sluggish river about nine feet. This would complete the system of drainage he had begun in the brooks, and would leave the whole region entirely free from swamps; only reservoirs of deep water, with proper sluices, to feed the brooks at all times, were to be kept. These beautiful ponds, with dry banks, abounding in fine fish, and navigable for pleasure-boats, were already formed in some places, as they had seen in other excursions. But in the artificial cutting, nature was to be the guide, and the picturesque preserved; the engineer was to do in a season what nature might do in a thousand years or more.

While he was dilating on the beauties to be attained and preserved, Miss Williams observed a boat which seemed to have been hidden behind a rock floating slowly into the current. A lad of about fifteen was in it, busy with fishing, and unconscious of the movement of the boat. She called attention to it.

"That boy is in danger," said Mr. Drake. "He will be in a swift current in a few minutes. Halloo! my lad! take care of yourself! pull ashore!"

The boy started, looked up, saw his danger, and instantly seized his oar, and attempted to skulk, but in his agitation he dropped the oar.

"Jump overboard; swim for it," shouted Mr. Drake.

"I can't swim, sir; and the water is over head."

"Good God! there he is in the current. It is too late to swim to him. There is but one way to save him." So saying, he ran to the stream, and, leaping from rock to rock, got below the boat in time to seize it as it struck on a submerged table scarcely a yard wide. It was a precarious foothold, and the poor lad had become so terrified that he was helpless. Mr. Drake succeeded in bringing the boat broadside against the table, in a position so balanced that he could hold it; but it was fearfully thrown up and down by the current; and it was evident that it would soon be broken in pieces, and that Drake himself could not long withstand the rush and agitation of the stream, and the violent surging of the boat.

"Can I help you?" cried Cræsus from the shore.

"You can't help me, here. There's no room for you to stand. I don't see what you can do unless there is a barn near, where you can get a hay-rope."

"Good! I always carry a rope in the carriage. Hold on—don't fatigue yourself." So he ran for it, and with admirable readiness of judgment, attached a carriage-cushion to one end of it. Leaping from rock to rock, as Drake had done, he came near the boat.

"Stop there," said Drake. "It is too hazardous for you to take the next leap."

"Not more hazardous for me than for you, my dear fellow."

"That may be; but it is unnecessary. You must allow me to direct in this job. I want you elsewhere. You see I have studied the currents and obstructions here, and know all about them."

"Well; give your orders. I'll do my best to obey them."

"Can you throw the cushion, with a coil, so as to get the cushion about three feet beyond and above the boat? There is one turn too much in the coil. That will do. Now be deliberate."

It was a delicate operation, even if there were no danger; but Croesus was perfectly intrepid, although his foothold was so narrow that he could not recover his balance, if he lost it in the act of throwing, and certain destruction must attend a fall. Holding the cushion and coil together, as he had been accustomed to hold a quoit, he pitched the cushion fairly into the boat. The poor boy was still incapable of service, but Drake managed to make fast to the midship thwart. The next object was to attach the rope to the ring in the bow of the boat, so as to bring the bow to the current, otherwise the rope would not be strong enough. This service the terrified boy could not perform, although he attempted to execute Drake's order to attach the rope to the ring by his cravat.

"My dear Drake," said Croesus, "I think you must let me come there, and hold the boat while you make the attachment."

"You are mistaken, my dear Croesus. If you jump this last channel you may upset me or yourself, and then we must all drown. You must go ashore with the end of the rope, and see if there is not something about the carriage or harness that can help us."

"But I fear it will be too late: the boat has too much water to live long. It is my duty to tell you that you ought to save yourself, which is all we can now hope for."

"Pray go! you are mistaken."

Away he went, and soon returned with the reins and a forked stick which he had cut. These were successfully thrown into the boat, and by their help, after near a quarter of an hour's trials, the rein was got through the ring, a noose made, and the rope drawn up to it. Ten minutes more served to bail most of the water out, with the boy's hat. In the meantime Croesus had gone safely to the shore, got the rope with a half-turn around a small tree, considerably up stream, and the ladies and himself hold of it. They were directed to draw so as to swing the bow up-stream. This was done with the help of Drake; the boat was swung into line with the current; at

the instant Drake sprang into it, and it swung clear of the rock, and struck violently against the next rock towards the shore. The force of the current was so great that the half turn around the tree could not hold it. Croesus sprang to make a round turn, as the sailors call it, and succeeded in doing so, but overthrew and seriously hurt Miss Williams. The force of all was then exerted to draw the boat up stream, but not a foot could be gained. However, all was safe, so long as the rope held good; but there was some chafing against rocks which threatened a rupture of it before much time.

During these efforts there was a striking difference in the expressions of the seven persons concerned. The lad was deathly pale, and chattering with terror, and unable to raise himself from the bottom of the boat. Miss Williams was pale, and trembled much, but otherwise perfectly self-possessed, and efficient in her exertions at the rope. Miss Tyng had an expression of extreme agony, but without change of color. Mrs. Bowman was pale but firm. Julia was slightly flushed, and had the expression which we sometimes see in persons of resolute character, in cases of great emergency; it was noticed that her hands were much blistered by the exertions at the rope. Croesus was self-possessed and vigilant, but had a look of deep concern. Drake seemed as if he were directing an operation of skill, in which there were no personal danger, although he well knew that a slip of his foot would be fatal.

"Well, Croesus, we are safe until the rope wears out. Now, how soon can you get help?"

"In half an hour, probably. But I think I can draw you up with the horses."

"I'm afraid they will break the rope."

"Any other horses certainly would break it; but I know my horses, and they know me. They will pull as gently as men can pull."

"Well, try them."

"It is a hazard that I don't like. Can't you make fast that poor boy to the rock, and jump ashore; and then we shall have time to get help?"

"No; the boy will not live through it. — We must take the risk."

"But, my dear Drake, you can now jump from the boat to the rock. When we haul you eight feet further up it will be too late to jump; if the rope then parts, there is no chance for your life. It is my duty to urge this upon you. Better do what you can for the boy, and save yourself."

Drake looked at the rope, took out his rule, measured its diameter, took out his engineer's pocket-book, looked at the table of the strength of ropes, and then took out his field-glass, and examined the rope where it was chafing; after these observations he said: "No, my dear friend: I could not feel justified in such a course. The rope is strong enough, except where it is chafing, and it is not much chafed yet, so put on your horses."

This Cræsus promptly did. With the disposable straps he contrived to make fast to the rope, and he made the horses pull so gently that the boat was started gradually, and drawn up stream without other violence than a few side knocks against the rocks, which did not endanger the rope. Drake sat in the bow, with one foot held over the water, and sometimes in it, to turn aside from rocks in front. There were two narrow escapes from front obstructions, due partly to Drake's expertness, but more to Cræsus' extraordinary control of his horses. At last the boat was drawn into still water, and the poor lad got safely ashore.

"Now, my dear Drake, let us rig up the harness as well as we may. Sit down, my boy; you can't help us. Here, put on this overcoat; first pull off your wet coat and vest. There! Now while the ladies have retired, I suppose to examine Miss Williams' hurt—"

"Good God! is she hurt? how?"

"Oh, I was obliged to run over her, when you swung clear of the first rock; the half turn I had would not hold. I trust it is not serious. We shall soon hear. While they are away, I wish to give you a word of advice—I've been thinking of it for a long time. I suspect you would not need it if you were as well off as you ought to be, in the way of

property; but you must allow me to make all that right, which I shall feel safe in doing, as a matter of business, to say nothing of friendship, which is an ample inducement by itself. Well, there's a woman with a most pure and excellent heart, worthy of the best man in the world, and I'll be shot if I can see why you haven't proposed to her, unless it is because you are poor and she is rich. I advise you to consider the matter. Of course, I ought not to give advice without a reason; but what I want to say is, that you may just as well have your fair share of the wealth you are creating; so you needn't be kept back on that account."

"Thank you, with all my heart. Julia has already encouraged me to look that way; I—"

"Ah! there now. You never could have a better adviser. Julia is my better half,—God bless her. If she says so, you may depend on't. I used to be afraid that she hadn't much of a heart, but it was only because she is guided by reason and not by mere feeling. Now, if she advises you to look after Eliza, I'm sure you will both be well satisfied if you come together. Here they come. And we're tolerably rigged, but this harness must be overhauled to-morrow."

"Miss Williams, Mr. Cræsus tells me you are hurt; pray are you much hurt?"

"No, I thank you; a slight bruise that will not trouble me longer than a few days. Are you hurt?"

"Nothing more than a few scratches on my hands; a mere trifle."

These expressions were sufficiently common-place, but the tone in which they were made conveyed more than the words; so, at least, it appeared to the company.

The young lad was conveyed to his home, not far off, and the party returned, rather late in the evening, to the Cræsus mansion.

Not many days afterwards Mr. Drake called to inquire after the health of Miss Williams. She had had a slight fever. Miss Tyng received him and reported that Miss Williams was comfortable, and nearly well.



"And how is your health, my dear Miss Tyng?"

"Quite well; quite well. I have been anxious to see you. You are not offended with me, I hope; that is, you are not displeased; I mean, you will allow me to count on your friendship."

"Always; why should I not?"

"Oh, I don't know; but I'm so glad to see you." This was said with a look that very much excited the feelings of Drake. Would she at last consent? Too late! She held out a note which she had in her hand. It was his own note to Miss Williams, in which, as he could not see her, he had offered her his hand. "Eliza will see you in a few minutes. I'm so glad of this. I want you to know why I treated you so; it was because I thought you ought to come to this,—holding up the note. Now, Eliza and I have no secrets, as to events; but I don't know what her feelings are towards you, except that she esteems you highly. I shall be delighted if you are successful, as I believe you will be. Oh! while I think of it, do you know a Mr. Timmins? he is a friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes; and a friend of yours. He tells me he has proposed to you."

"And what do you think of him?"

"So highly that I have trusted him in matters of the highest importance, and shall trust him again, if there is occasion. Here comes Miss Williams."

Away tripped Mademoiselle de Trop, like a sensible person, as she is.

"Good morning, Mr. Drake; I am glad to see you. Have you recovered from your hurts? Julia tells me they are much worse than you thought them."

"And I am delighted to see you looking well. Are you free from pain from the bruise Mr. Cræsus had the misfortune to give you, in his exertions to save me and the poor lad?"

"Yes; I am quite recovered. It was not the bruise so much as the excitement that brought on a slight fever."

"You received my note last evening. Can you allow me to hope?"

"I am highly gratified by such an expression of your regard. I don't know why I should not consider it favorably.

As friends we have been long acquainted, and I am well assured of your merits; but we should speak more fully on matters that will necessarily concern our happiness, before it would be prudent for either of us to be absolutely committed."

"And will you allow me to begin now? Well; I suppose you know that I have but recently done all I could to persuade a friend of yours to marry me; and years ago, I was equally unsuccessful with another friend of yours. All the while I was acquainted with you. It is therefore a question for you whether I can love you as I should. I can say that I always esteemed and admired you, and if I didn't love you it was because you seemed not likely to return my affection; rather, I thought you incapable of loving any one as I think some women can love. I now believe I was wrong to entertain such an idea; and attribute to reserve what I once attributed to insensibility. Had I not been thus mistaken, I believe I should have loved you from our first acquaintance; but the consciousness that I cannot render you an equivalent, or anything approaching it, has also had its share in preventing me from aspiring to your hand. I do not know whether I should explain how my hopes and desires have been changed; but they are so changed that I believe I can love you as well as if I had never loved others."

"Better, I believe. I do not think that one who is capable of appreciating such excellences as are possessed by the two ladies you allude to, can be long in their society without loving them; and I should despair of exciting much affection where they had failed. Do not suppose that I shall be much influenced by this consideration. But if I were, I should have to correct it by reflections on my own affections, much less wisely placed. It is not these matters that I would consult about. We know each other's disappointments, fully, I believe, and have no occasion to speak of them. What I wish is, that when we meet, which I hope will be as often as is convenient for you, we shall speak of our private opinions and sentiments, with a view to judge whether we can agree heartily as well as formally.

On one important subject I suppose we do not much differ; I have seen you so often at the same church, and heard some expressions to confirm the view, that I can trust we should not fail to be content with each other in this respect."

"So I judge from what Julia tells me. But will you permit me now to explain matters of a worldly nature, that you ought to hear from myself and at once. I am a poor man, and what is worse, I fear that I have not the faculty of making money. All the schemes I have engaged in on my own account, have been unsuccessful, and that from deficiencies of my own. I believe I have been useful to others, but I have little confidence in my abilities to amass wealth."

"I am timid in these matters. I have expected to live singly, and have, by the advice of Julia and Mr. Cræsus, been induced to invest in land, hoping to rent it, and get a small but sure income. I believe your plans have already doubled the value of what I have bought. Now, would you wish to change from this investment, and from the plan you have aided me to settle upon?"

"Supposing that our lot is to be one, I would not wish to make much change, except in improvements such as are already contemplated. As I have said to you as an agent, I think it would be best to follow the routine of Mr. Cræsus, who is an excellent farmer's man in the old way, and by all means to avoid speculations that involve much more than current income. Novel speculations are often ruinous; they are like new inventions; they may be well-founded, but few men have the talent to carry them through; one after another fails in them; they are sold out again and again, until at last a talented purchaser makes the whole profit. I should wish to act on this view."

"If you would be content in this course, it would be entirely satisfactory to me. As to the circumstance that I have more than you, to start with, I trust that neither of us would ever in any case, make account of it. But I believe you will have been the cause of more than half the income from the land around here."

"Still, any other civil engineer might have done the same service, for the compensation I have already received. Professional talent, though more useful than is generally supposed, cannot be deemed an equivalent to a fortune like yours."

"We will not dispute this point. It will be sufficient to say that I shall not decline your offer on account of it."

"Julia wished me to inquire whether you will be able to dine with us to-morrow."

"I hope so. I will send her word in the morning."

"My duties will not allow me to remain longer now; may I call this evening?"

"Come to tea; can you? Always call when you can; if I feel unwell, you will allow me to tell you, and leave you in the care of Mary. I believe she wants to talk with you about your friend Timmins. Pray tell me what you think of him?"

"I think him a man of talent, and strict commercial principles, and of good disposition. He has told me of his views towards Mary; I believe he is worthy of her."

"And I am sure she is worthy of him. Good morning."

According to the last accounts Mr. Drake was firing mortars under water, downward, against the rocky bottom of the rapids, and breaking it into fragments, which he hoisted out by machinery, making such progress as has enabled Mr. Timmins to rent all the farms of Julia and Miss Williams, for more than even Drake anticipated. This is attributed to the peculiar talent of Timmins. Outside of the lines, but connected with the drainage system, he has speculated on his own account, in a dashing style, buying on mortgages, and selling for cash, chiefly. He has contrived to get over six hundred acres, unencumbered, in a very short time. He has also made great bargains for Drake. In short, he has raised the ideas of the wise old fogies, until they no longer laugh at the follies of Cræsus & Co. The sluggish river has fallen four feet, and become a lively

stream with dry banks, and next year it will be all right."

As Miss Williams and Mr. Drake call each other by Christian names, it is understood that they are likely to be married as soon as they are sure that they can converse pleasantly in long winter evenings. Timmins occasionally inquires when the event is to come off, and urges his friend to hurry up. It is supposed that Mary Tyng will be married very soon after her friend, but whether Timmins, or Heath, or Welsh is to be the happy man is not yet decided, so far as the neighbors are aware; but Drake believes that Timmins can take care of his own interests, in all cases. Mrs. Bowman guesses that she will not decide until Miss Williams is actually married.

Dix & Co, have got most of their old claims collected. Julia's share of the profits is regularly drawn, and invested in the improvements. The knowing ones think it lucky that there has been such means to pay for improvements, otherwise there must have been a crash, as they predicted. Timmins says "Ah!" to all such information. Drake informs my friend Bowman that the costs have not been so enormous as many suppose; that Croesus, at any time could have pulled them through, if there had been no profits from the mercantile firm; that, in fact, he figured up all the old and new values of the property, and considered it all safe — provided the engineering did not greatly exceed the estimates. Timmins has taken these valuations as the basis of his operations, only adding the premium on gold to them.

Drake writes to a friend that he had better quit the city, which is under the dominion of beastly savages, and come into his civilized region, where there are no mosquitoes and other vermin—at least, none worth mentioning; and will be none at all next year. His friend thinks he can persuade the city rulers to get rid of such evils. Drake replies that he might as well attempt to persuade them to keep the Ten Commandments.

Let no one despair so long as he has power over his own soul.

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

By Lizette.

I sat at my window and gazed on the scene  
Of a midsummer, moon-lit night;  
The far-reaching shade of the noble old elms  
Lay asleep in the silvery light.

All was silence without—not an insect's hum  
Disturbed the deep, brooding profound;  
Not e'en the light rush of a feathery wing  
Gave the night air an audible sound.

E'en *Æolus* slept—not a note of his harp  
Was borne on the night air mild;  
But it played round my brow as dewy and soft  
As the breath of a slumbering child.

The river lay still; in its smooth, glassy waves,  
The dark rocks, and green skirting bowers,  
Lay mirror'd in light, like another bright  
world,  
Looking smilingly through at ours.

All nature reposed, and the beautiful moon  
Seemed patiently watching its rest;  
I gazed on her face, and methought she looked  
pleased,  
That her vigils so sweetly were blest.

All was tranquil and calm, save my own rest-  
less soul.

Every eye I deemed slept, save my own;  
But I ever have loved at the deep hush of night  
To commune with my own heart alone.

When still'd are the cares and harsh turmoils  
of life,

And the pulse of tired Nature stands still,  
Thought released, soars afar, and my drooping  
soul laves

In the waves of Elysian's pure rill.

The larger the nature the larger the love. Little, mean natures are uncharitable natures. . . . The man that always has a hopeless, sarcastic sneer for his fellow-men,—who is in perpetual fear that he will be cheated by them,—look out for that man. But the man that hopes or trusts, though none sees the evil more keenly than he; the man who sees something brighter than the sin,—who sees the light shing around all,—that man has a noble nature,—a larger and more persistent love.

## THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

By Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

Continued from September number.

## CHAPTER VII.

The stillness of the night, which in towns and cities is every moment broken by some noise, dissonant or harmonious, up among the mountains was profound. The monotonous chirp of the cricket or the occasional complaint of the Katy-did alone startled the deep solitude. A cold dewy atmosphere slumbered under the quiet stars and deposited its burden of moisture on tree and shrub and knee-deep grass, to be gathered ere morning into ten million transparent globules whose polished surfaces should each mirror the dawning sunlight, and send back its darting rays like sparkling diamonds.

Entering upon the scene, you would have said no life existed in these wild and thick tangled solitudes, so breathless and lonely all things seemed. But even here, high up among the Cumberlands, amid the dense forests of these mountain fastnesses is a rude and uncultivated, but daring population. The guerilla warfare which distinguishes and disgraces the rebel side of the great national contest now being waged between barbarism and civilization, between freedom and slavery, attests to the savage bravery of those mountaineers, as well as to their bandit character. For it must not be supposed that this peculiar phase of character has been suddenly developed among a generous, peaceful and law-loving people, or that the ferocity which marks their deeds is a quality not before inherent in their natures. It was surely latent where least developed, and only needed the faintest spark to cause it to burst into a hideous flame. The mountains of the Abrazzi, that stronghold of Italian banditti, so dreaded by all who are not allied with them, never furnished more daring, unprincipled, lawless marauders than do the mountains of the Southland at this day. An outgrowth, this, without controversy, of that cruel and barbarized system which nurses despotism and tyranny, and ordains ignorance and licentiousness.

On the night in question our scene lies in a little hamlet consisting of some dozen scattered log cabins of the smallest capacity and rudest architecture, nestled in an elevated ravine which is sheltered from the mountain winds by its wooded declivities, and surrounded by few traces of civilized life. A building of more pretentious size, but of the same rude material and finish stands at the head of the little valley and at some distance from the smaller dwellings, a little stream goes leaping along in the starlight, directly by its door, making a foot-bridge necessary to gain access to the building. A little enclosure on one side fenced in with the roughest material, and in fashion the rudest, holds the sound sleepers of the hamlet, whose work in this world is done, and whose resting places, marked by here and there a stone of artificial form, showed that even among the wildest and rudest of the race reverence for the dead is not forgotten. It is the graveyard of the hamlet, and probably of a much wider neighborhood, and the log house, whose shadow falls across its weedy, briary precincts, their church.

It was midnight, and the inhabitants of the hamlet lay apparently bound in sleep. Not a glimmer shone from any window, or a door stood ajar. But pretty soon one solitary figure after another emerging from different points of the woods and even from the quiet houses themselves, walked quietly and rapidly toward the old log church, and after a moment's parley at the door disappeared into the interior. In a short time these also had passed, and the starry landscape was lonely and tenantless again.

A half an hour went by when another figure, wrapped in a large cloak, with a light and agile tread, entered upon the scene. He walked straight to the old church, and knocked at the door through which the others had disappeared.

"Who knocks so late?" was the instant question.

"Ross!"

"The password!"

"Freedom!"

"Enter!"

The door swung heavily back and the new comer entered.

It was a singular spectacle which presented itself to his vision. Around a coarse and unpainted altar was ranged a circle of not less than fifty men, of every aspect and color, standing, but mostly crouching on their heels or leaning forward over the low railing separating the body of the church from the little chancel. The attention of all was intently fixed on one object. Their fierce and eager eyes peering out from their hairy faces and under their unkempt locks, which, long and sunburnt, were generally suffered to fall straight down over their foreheads, had a peculiarly keen and strange expression as they intently gazed into the face of one of their number, who, occupying the centre of the group, seemed to be the speaker and chairman of the occasion.

The appearance of this man was striking. The light of a single pine torch threw its lurid and fitful gleams over his face, as he turned from side to side, now flashing his wild eyes on his audience, and now leering on them with a wily and sinister look, as his tone and manner varied from the violent and the loud to the low and deceitful.

He was tall and dark, broad of shoulder and satwart of form, and his disagreeable countenance was thrown into wonderful relief by the glaring torchlight and the black wall behind him; for the entire church except in the spot occupied by the group in question was, with its time-stained walls in deep shadow.

The last comer, instead of advancing towards the chancel, remained in the shadow of the entrance, where, leaning against a projecting log he quietly listened.

"He is absent again to-day," the speaker violently exclaimed. "We must watch him, and know where and how he spends his time."

"Yes," interrupted one from the circle of listeners, "he must give new bonds, surer perhaps for his honesty and fidelity, or we must begin to look out for our own safety."

"That is all nonsense," exclaimed a third, "Who has given us better security than he, I should like to know? Who

has travelled night and day and exposed himself to more danger? And I'd like any man to tell me who has put us in the way of getting arms together, if he has not?"

"That doesn't amount to much," rejoined the first speaker, "and if it does, hasn't he kept himself high above us as if he was better than we? He spends like the richest and grandest, living like a prince, while we have all the work and trouble—"

"And very little of the danger," interrupted the other.

"Little danger, ha? If we were found out I reckon you'll find that our necks are no safer than his. He is spending at our cost, I tell you! and besides, he interferes, as if he was our master, and forbids our carrying out any little plans of our own for making money."

"Yes, I know he does, because he will not allow our great plans to be disgraced by the pilfering and meanness of such fellows as you."

"Disgraced? I should like to know what you mean by that? I am as good as you, or he either for that matter."

"Order! order!" was called by two or three of the worst looking ones, "no contentions in the meeting!"

"Wilson, Johnson, you are both too rough."

"We have got to live," retorted Wilson suddenly, "and who will give us a crust to save us from starving or nakedness, I'd like to know? If Captain Ross would let us make something for ourselves we wouldn't complain. Let him allow us enough to live as he does and we'll be satisfied. But no! What is he keeping our money for? for himself to spend in luxury while we starve? Are we robbing our masters for him, do you think? I tell you we must watch him. Who knows what big plans he is laying up for himself, or what he is doing to ruin us when our eyes and ears are not in the way?"

"Miserable, *calumnious fellow!*" exclaimed a deep, stern voice, as throwing aside his cloak, with sudden and indignant step, Ross appeared in the circle. "Because I will not permit you to be-

come vulgar thieves, stealing for your own base gratifications, you dare to accuse me of selfish, villainous dishonesty. If your eyes and ears were not equal to learning what I am, mine have taught me what you are. I know you!"

Wilson shrank back.

"What would you have of me?"

Ross continued, turning to the assembled men, "What have you against me? You suspect me of treason because I seldom attend your useless meetings. I call them *useless*, they are *dangerous*. Do you suppose because they are held at midnight and among the mountains, or in some remote plantation cabin, that they have escaped detection? I tell you they are more than suspected and it will not be long before you will be marked men. Your insane presence last evening at the festival on Mordant plantation might have ruined all, for more than one observed you. What business had you there?"

A peculiar look of intelligence passed between several of the circle.

"You do not tell me why you thus expose yourselves and our cause to ruin, but that you were there is sufficient proof of your egregious folly to say the least. Suppose you had been arrested? You might have been, for keen hounds are on the scent for you."

An uneasy movement was observed among the company, and they looked anxiously in the face of Ross.

"Have I not cautioned you about exposure? Did I not save you from detection two weeks ago, at your meeting on Granby's plantation by riding twenty miles through storm and darkness to save you?"

"You did, it is true."

"Did I not save you one week ago, by false information that your meeting was being held in the mountains, when you were insanely gathered within a stone's throw of Rushton's overseer."

"You did! you did!" and a dozen voices were now raised in defence where none but tones of accusation had been heard before.

"And now what do you think I have done to-night? I have sent the hunters to look for you where they will not find

you, ten miles south, at the old marble quarry."

The commotion among the listeners increased.

"And yet you suspect, accuse and calumnize me. I know the reason. There are among you those who would ruin the great cause of freeing your enslaved race for the sake of some miserable gain to yourselves. I know that some of you have deserved to be hanged for your robbery and plunder. But let me tell you this," Ross stood forward, with a look and tone which spoke his earnestness, "I will not allow this longer. I will command and you shall obey in this matter, or I leave you to the fate that you would bring upon yourselves in one week were it not for me."

He stood looking around the assembly like a threatening judge; the few, and they were but few, whose consciences told them that they were mean traitors to their own cause, cowering back from his indignant glances.

"You are right!" said twenty voices. "Order us and we will obey, for you are our leader, and we know you think only of our good, and the great cause."

The leader smiled proudly, "I came among you to-night to say what I have said, not to share in your miserable, dangerous councils, nor to support your more than useless plans. Now I must leave you again."

"No, no! don't go now—"

"I must, for time passes. What we do must be done quickly, or not at all. A few more false steps and we are lost. I must see many others before to-morrow night, and I order you, the leaders only, to meet me then at the old gathering place four miles north. The rest of you who still have masters, I order to go quietly to their work, and neither look nor speak to one another on anything but your work. Now separate at once. If you do not strictly obey me, I will throw up my leadership, and as I said before, leave you to your fate."

With these words the leader turned on his heel and left the church.

For a few moments after his disappearance the agitation and uproar among

those he left behind him was intense. The darkest among them, the negroes who had hitherto kept silent, now broke out. They had an unbounded reverence for their bold and disinterested leader, whose devotion to the cause of their emancipation, of their oppressed race, they believed could have no motive nor end, but pure, unmixed benevolence. They loved and trusted him, and would follow and obey him while others, whose predominance of white blood in their veins, blood drawn from impure and infamous fountains, from sinister motives of their own, belied and traduced him.

"What for you talk 'gainst Massa Ross?" inquired a tall, stalwart negro. "Cos he wear fine clothes and ride in a carriage? He ought to. He shall have all de money I can get for him. He good friend, and mean to free de poor slave, and make de hard massa gib us watin we've earned. You no right to talk agin Massa Ross."

"No he hasn't; Massa Ross our leader!" ejaculated a dozen others who had been boiling with anger at the attempts of two or three ambitious white men among them to displace their Captain that they might assume the leadership themselves. Too timid to interrupt the tirade against him themselves, they gladly followed in the wake of the first who dared speak in his defence.

"We not goin to hear Massa Ross abused. Massa Ross our Captain, and nobody else. Massa Ross tell us to go home and keep quiet, and go to work, and we go."

A faint attempt on the part of the leaders of the meeting to get a farther hearing among the slaves or the free colored men failed of any effect, and the meeting dispersed, it must be confessed, more noisily than was at all consistent with safety, to men plotting that dangerous movement, an insurrection.

They were, however, apparently undetected, and the next morning found all at their accustomed toils as assiduously as if no thought of the enormous wickedness of endeavoring to gain their freedom was in their heads.

(To be continued.)

## THE FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT.

Ry M. C. Peck.

A fountain in the desert burst,  
And weary travellers stopped to drink;  
Though all the ground about was cursed,  
Yet flowers grew upon its brink.  
Faint hearts and drooping hopes it blest  
With visions of the coming goal,  
And travellers called it "Pilgrim's Rest"—  
"A blessing for a weary soul."

I know a desert worse than this,  
I was a traveller, pilgrim-shod,  
Life's bright mirage, its faded bliss,  
Had left me but the waste and God;  
When lo! a fountain sprang from Christ,  
A blessing for my weary days;  
I named the place "The Pilgrim's Rest,"  
And marked the spot with prayer and praise.

When sunset trails the golden west,  
With hues of purple and of gold,  
Night hides the jewels in her breast,  
And leaves the twilight grey and cold.  
And when we mourn the daring theft,  
We see the great stars shine above,  
With eyes of every look bereft  
Except their one expression—*Love*.

So when the hopeful suns of life,  
Fade early in a western sky.  
Through wasted hope or fever-strife,  
We scan the stars of peace on high—  
Calm pilots in a darksome sky,  
Instruct us in your quiet ways,  
Like yours, be ours the prayer of peace;  
Like yours, be ours the song of praise.

THE further we penetrate the embankment of evil the thinner the strata appears, while the great underlying power of life is goodness. When we rise above the earth-shadows which cover us, and which dwindle away in the universal space filled with God's love,—the further we pierce, and rise, and penetrate,—the more do the exceptional facts fall away, and the general rule of goodness appears. The most intelligent faith is the most cheerful faith. Instead of being a mere sentimental conception of God, that he is good, it is a conception confirmed by the broadest knowledge, and by the most solid intelligence.

## LETTERS FROM THE TOP OF A HILL.

By X. Y. Z.

*To the readers of the Repository :*

In the introduction to you which preceded my first Letter—on the whole a very flattering one—the accomplished editress hints that I may be somewhat “less profound” than I would have you think.

Now be it known to all and singular, that profundity in any department of human knowledge is what I was never charged with. It is not my besetting sin. I am not one of those who measure progress with a “Thus far into the bowels of the land.”

My residence at the top of a hill favors, in all respects, *superficial* knowledge; and it is just this, in which I claim an advantage over those unfortunate beings, who, for lack of *comprehensive views*, are fain to go below the surface and look at nature on the “wrong side.” As though one should insist on examining the lining and seams of my coat, but refuse to judge of its beauty and quality by an examination of the side intended for exposure; because, forsooth, that would be superficial. Spoiled children of science, who are never satisfied with a toy till they have broken it, and exposed its secret springs.

With regard, however, to the more specific suggestion that I stated, “The Old Lady who lived under the hill,” to be “a parent,” when not one word on the subject is uttered by the writer, I beg to say one word. I did not, in *terms* affirm her to be “a parent;” but parenthetically, ventured a mere opinion that she was; and this, by the way, I am prepared to defend by intimations and implications from Mother Goose herself.

It is no doubt known to the very intelligent readers of the Repository, (intelligent, as is proved by their *taking* the Repository, and rendered more so by reading it,) that there is much more implied and involved in language than at first strikes the eye. You all remember how much has been squeezed out of the simple question, “Do you ride to town to-day.” Indeed, an English logician has

shown that one of the simplest propositions in the language contains by implication, no less than fourteen entirely distinct propositions. Now this property of language is a special characteristic of great writers. Shakespear, Milton, and Bacon are examples of it. Nor is Mother Goose an exception to the rule. Why, the whole doctrine of *conversion*—logical, I mean, not theological, is but a scientific statement of what is implicitly contained in the different classes of propositions. Now, what is directly stated by the memorable author referred to? For I admit that “not to know” Mother Goose, “argues oneself unknown,” and I am particularly desirous of showing myself “sound on the Goose.”

After stating categorically the fact of her former existence and residence, and hypothetically, her present whereabouts, we are informed that she “sold apples and she sold pies,” and then follows what indeed renders her worthy of the immortality which her own virtues and the fame of the veracious historian has conferred on her,—the fact, that,

“She was the old woman that never told lies.”

Now I put it to any candid business man,—I use the term in its most generic sense,—“male and female created he them,” whether, under the peculiar temptations incident to trade in general, and to the retail department in particular, it is possible that she should have preserved her integrity intact, without some strong and unusual restraining influence, from which, even in business hours, she was not exempt?

And what could that restraining influence have been? Moral principle, say you. Nonsense, say I. Where do you find the man, woman, or child, whose appetites and passions are so schooled, that moral principle is *always* dominant? And we are expressly told that,

“She was an old woman that never told lies.”

Never, for a moment, under whatever complication of temptations to represent her merchandise other than it was, did she swerve, by so much as a hair's breadth from the strictest veracity.

“Ye prudes in virtue, say, say, ye



severest, what would you have done?" Or, rather, what have you done, when away from the restraining influences of home, and assailed by the temptations and perplexities incident to trade? To ask the question is to answer it. You have in *some evil hour* yielded, and a careful self-scrutiny will reveal to your consciousness, if not to the perception of your neighbors, the old scar on your character.

And so I might go on with every conceivable influence which can be supposed to restrain one, thus situated, and show that though the power may be potent, it will sometimes be caught napping. How many a man, for instance, have you and I known, standing high in church and State, and in all the public walks of life, who yet does, *sometimes*, in the market, or in the political meeting, or club-room, "being wrought, perplexed in the extreme," so far forget himself as to behave but "little better than one of the wicked?"

Are there not many men, who in their offices are sometimes betrayed into falsehood, and even into the utterance of an oath, whose "walk and conversation" at home, in the presence of their children, is marked by the most scrupulous regard to the proprieties of life, and the claims of morality and religion, and who would be shocked to know that their children were ever guilty of a like malfeasance?

The restraints, then, implied in her *maternal* relationship, and the *constant* presence of those "little responsibilities," for I infer from the nature of her wares, that her residence "under the hill" was of contracted dimensions, and her nursery and shop probably, one and the same apartment, these, I say, furnish the only conceivable influences of sufficient potency to hold her *uniformly*, and with no exceptional lapse, to her integrity. Or, to adopt the form of argument, used with such crushing effect by the veracious historian of New Amsterdam, if it were not these, what was it? Therefore it was Q. E. D.

But I forgive the insinuation of the learned editress, since it has afforded me an opportunity "to define my position," as the politicians say, and to display an

amount of scholastic learning, which, had I volunteered it without provocation, might have subjected me to the imputation of pedantry, a weakness which I condemn in others, and perhaps the more severely because I have a lingering suspicion that, at times, I am half inclined to fall into it. This, between us, as a matter of confession. But let no one *charge* me with pedantry.

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SPEAK NO BAD WORDS.—"How is it I don't seem to hear you speak bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a boy on board a man-of-war.

"Oh, cause I don't forget my Captain's orders," answered the boy, brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old sailor, "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jem, and I keep 'em safe *here*," putting his hand on his breast. "Here they be," said Jem, slowly and distinctly: "'I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: nor by earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.'"

"Them's from the good old log-book, I see," said the sailor.

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A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION. — If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour, some heavenly blessings, only the iron in God's sand is gold.—O. W. Holmes.

## STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE BROTHERS.

Crowfoot lane, though never a place of much traffic, used, when I knew it some years ago, to be often frequented by little foot passengers, as it led from the principal academy of E—— to one of the large suburbs of the town.

One June afternoon, some years ago, after all the other little students had passed along, there remained two stragglers in the lane. There was small resemblances between the two, the one being stout and ruddy, while the other, though nearly as tall, had a slight figure and somewhat peevish expression of face.

"Keep off, out of my road there, you little goose," cried the elder, pushing the younger one rudely off the foot-path to the centre of the road.

"I'm not going to do your bidding," retorted the other angrily, and again trying to get footing on the pathway till he was repulsed as roughly as before. "You have no business to push me into the dirt, and I'll tell mother, he said in a whimpering voice.

"Oh, you'll tell mother, will you?" replied the other; then I'll just give you something worth telling her about;" and he swung his satchel in the air, as if meaning to let the whole weight descend upon the boy, when his arm was arrested by a hand stronger than his own. He turned angrily round and found himself in the grasp of a stranger. There was something in the calm gentleness of his eye that the angry boy shrunk more from than if it had been the sternest rebuke.

"What is your name?" asked the stranger. He had never felt ashamed to give his name before, but he did not like this kind of introduction, and waited till the question was repeated.

"George Bruce."

"And that boy's?"

"Arthur."

"Arthur what?"

"Arthur Bruce."

"Bruce!" exclaimed his interrogator,

"Bruce! surely you are not brothers!" But neither of the boys answered.

"It must be so," he added, "though I could not have thought it possible. I too had a brother long ago, but he is in heaven now, and I thank God no words like these ever passed between us. Go home, boys, go home, and ask your mother what this means, 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' He released his grasp of George's arm, and the boys slunk behind him in silence while he passed rapidly on.

Mrs. Bruce could not fail to remark the unusual quietness of her boys that evening; and at last George, whose open disposition seldom allowed him to keep anything secret, told her of their quarrel and the reproof of the stranger. "Oh, mother," he ended with saying, "I do wish I could love Arthur; but somehow he does not suit me. He has such a whining way I just think I'll beat him and make him cry outright. And then I think he does mean, shabby things, and it makes me ashamed of him."

"George," replied his mother, "when you and Arthur were quite little boys, your father and I used to be glad to think that you were the older, as we thought you would help us to strengthen the weak points of Arthur's character; but your want of brotherly patience has sadly disappointed all our hopes.

"I would like to help you, indeed I would, mamma," said George.

"Arthur is a very loving little boy," she answered, "and if you would be patient and kind to him he would love you dearly, and would be proud of his elder brother and try to imitate him. But if you continue to be so overbearing to him, the time may come when you will need a brother's love and find that the priceless treasure can no longer be yours."

It was little more than a fortnight after this, that the boys returned home later than usual, on Friday afternoon. Arthur kept in the back-ground, but George entered the parlor with a flushed and eager face.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Bruce, "what good news have you brought us?"

"It is not good news, papa," he answered, looking a little redder than before; "but I promised Mr. Bentley to tell you that Arthur had copied his theme out of one of the elder boys' books, and he said he hoped that you would punish him for it."

Mr. Bruce looked very grave. "This is a sad business indeed," he said "George," he added, more gravely still, "I think you must have the pleasure of choosing his punishment. What shall it be?"

George would not answer, but Mrs. Bruce said, "Arthur must remain in his own room this evening and to-morrow also; and I hope he will think what a great sin he has committed, and ask God to forgive him. Did you not think, Arthur," she asked, "that God saw you all the time you were copying the theme?"

"No, mamma," he said, "I did not think of that; but I could not understand the meaning of it at all, and was so afraid of being punished, and nobody would help me."

"Did you ask George?"

"Yes, I did; but he was too busy."

Mrs. Bruce turned away with a heavy sigh, and Arthur went weeping up to his room. There was almost perfect silence during dinner-time that day, and George was glad when it was over. He hastened into the public gardens that were in the neighborhood, hoping to meet some of his companions, and to silence his reproachful conscience by a game at foot-ball. He was earlier than usual and could see none of his friends. At last he thought he heard familiar voices in a by-path, and turned toward the sound. "Indeed I cannot come, Edwards, I am too busy," said the voice of his own chosen friend, Walter Dixon.

"Well, you are a born crammer, I declare!" replied somebody whom George did not know; "I'll see if I can't find some other fellow, who knows the use of his feet as well as his head!" and George heard him running off in an opposite direction. He found Walter sitting with his brother Henry on the bank, while a book lay open between them.

"I cannot come now," he said, in answer to George's entreaties; "you see Henry has a difficult lesson to-night; I was getting cross in the house, and he was getting dull, so we brought our book to this quiet corner, to see if fresh air would brighten our faculties."

"I wonder you can bother with his lessons after your own; how can you have patience for them?" said George.

"Oh," replied Walter, looking kindly at the rather stupid face of his brother, "I do give Henry a good deal of patience, but he pays me back with plenty of love; and as my mother says, that is good coin. But really, George, you must go away, or we shall not get finished to-night."

George turned away in no better humor than before. He could not help feeling that this was a brotherly love which he and Arthur knew nothing of; but he tried to think of other things. His conscience was not silent, only he would not listen to her voice, and all her pleasing was in vain. The summer vacation soon came, and was spent by George and Arthur on the beautiful lake of Loch Long; but many of its sunny days were imbittered by their angry disputes with each other; and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce began seriously to consider whether it might not be wise to send George to England during the coming winter; but on his earnest entreaty they agreed that they would give him another trial at home.

When they returned to town the first thing George heard from their old servant was, that Walter Dixon had come home a week before very ill.

"Indeed, master George," she said, "their cook Jane tells me there is no betterness to be looked for now."

"No, no," cried George, "that cannot be true. Jane is a wicked old croaker; but I shall go this very minute and see Walter."

So he ran along the street and was soon at the door of his friend's house. The nurse opened the door for him, and told him master Walter was very ill, and that Mrs. Dixon had gone out for a few minutes, but had said if he

called he might see Walter. George ran up stairs and found the two brothers alone. Walter in bed and strangely altered since he had seen him last. As dark clouds sometimes suddenly obscure a summer sky, so the shadow of death had stolen over his bright young life, and George felt it must be so.

"I am so sorry!" he said, bursting into tears. Henry whispered to him not to cry, but George thought he was crying too, for he ran out of the room.

"What a comfort it is to have a brother when one is ill!" said Walter, quite cheerfully; "you cannot think how kind Henry is to me. He never wearies of reading to me, or of sitting beside me. Do you know, George, I used sometimes to wonder whether I did not love you best, you are so clever and amusing; but I now feel that there is nobody like a brother!"

George thought he would like to tell Walter about his quarrels with Arthur, and ask his advice; but just then the nurse came in and said he must not stay longer.

All the way home he thought of the two brothers he had left, so unlike each other, and yet so happy together. "Arthur and I," he thought, "are not so unlike, and might be as happy. I will try now and be patient, and make a friend of him."

When he reached home he wished to run up to his own room and speak to no one, he felt so sorry, and was ashamed to be seen crying; but, as he passed the parlor, Arthur saw him and cried, "Do come here, George, and tell me about Walter."

George pretended not to hear, and went on; but remembering that this was breaking his new good resolution, he returned and told Arthur how ill he thought Walter was, and all that had passed between them.

Walter did not live many days after this, and when George came home from the funeral he wept more bitterly than he ever had done in his life before, although he struggled hard to hide his grief.

"My dear George," his father said,

"you need not be ashamed of these tears. I should be sorry indeed if my son could part unmoved with his earliest friend; but I would have you seriously to think what is the right use to make of this trial. You have lost a friend, will you not try to find a brother?"

"I will, papa, indeed I will," said George,—and he kept his promise.

From this time he honestly and prayerfully tried to fulfil his duties as an elder brother. When he dropped his proud, contemptuous manner towards Arthur, it astonished even himself to feel how much happier he was, and how readily Arthur gave him his confidence and love. As a stream flows readily into its natural channel when some barrier is removed, so the little boy's love freely returned to the brother who had so long estranged it; and, as his mother had predicted, he learned to admire and imitate George's more brave and generous character.

A few years after this, no stranger who had met these loving brothers in Crowfoot lane, (still their favorite path,) could have dreamed that there had once been so little union or brotherly kindness between them. Perhaps had he followed them home, he might have guessed the secret from two cards which still hung on the wall of each of the brothers' rooms, and which had evidently been there for many a day. The inscription upon them was this:—

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"—Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another."—Rom. xii. 10.

I would not give anything for the most eloquent preacher in the world who had not back of that the eloquence of a life of moral power, of a consistent character; and then it is not so much the words that are said as the unction streaming as it were from God himself that has the effect.

## Editor's Table.

### AUTUMN.

The wild flowers of autumn still bloom in the glen,  
The hillsides are verdant as May;  
The song of the robin and chirp of the wren  
Still herald the advent of day.

But the flowers from the glen and the garden  
ere long  
'Neath the breath of November will fade;  
The robin and wren with their chirrups and song,  
Will vanish from orchard and glade.

And the loud piping wind will come down from the moors,  
Where all the year Winter is King,  
And wailing a dirge by our windows and doors,  
Will sweep the wild earth with its wing;

Till the lonely night-watches, so solemn and deep,  
Are haunted by tones of the lost,  
And the thresholds that bound the still chambers of sleep,  
By the pale forms of Hades are crost.

And up from the Isles of the traitorous South,  
And up from her mountains of blue;  
From the founts of her broad rivers down to their mouth,  
From many a blood-stained bayou,

There will come a drear undertone, such as the sea  
Calls up from its caverns of gloom,  
When ships gather close their white canvas and flee,  
And man sternly faces his doom :

A drear undertone that pale mothers will hear  
As they listen with white lips and say—  
'It sounds like the wind sweeping over the bier,  
Where my soldier-boy slumbers to-day.'

But high o'er the wildest, the wof lest strain  
Ever knelled by the winds of the North;  
Above all the dreamiest dirge-note, the main  
From its gloomy caves ever sent forth,

There will swell a proud anthem that all the wide land  
Shall hear from the East to the West,  
An anthem of victory, royal and grand,  
Poured out from a free people's breast.

O, mothers, whose sons in a soldier's grave lie,  
When you hear the triumphant refrain,  
Lay your garments of sorrow and heaviness by,  
And in festal robes join in the strain !

Aye ! swell the loud anthem, then ! Noble and bright  
Shall the day in its majesty be,  
When the red hand of treason is shorn of its might,  
And the slave from his master is free !

How pleasantly the autumn is gliding away !  
After a few stormy and unpleasant days, and, in sooth, some cold ones, when a fire on the hearth seems pleasant, and one is glad of an excuse to indulge in the luxury of seeing the bright flames leap up the old-fashioned chimney, the weather has settled down, apparently into that most delicious season, the Indian Summer. I look out upon the distant hills, and as I watch the smoky light that softens and beautifies them, and the gorgeous foliage of the season shining through them, I feel that the out-door laborer is a very happy man. We 'women-kind' whose avocations render an indoor life so unavoidable, lose many delightful episodes which should make Jim and Pat very happy men for the nonce, and perhaps they are so, for as they go slowly jogging along with baskets of apples on their stalwart shoulders, they whistle with a peaceful and contented air, which I have not observed for many weeks. The women husking corn in the fields among the rustling stalks, too, seem filled with a pleasant satisfaction that is quite refreshing to behold. Even the sweet-breathed kine with more amiability than is their wont, as they stand yielding their still brimming udders to the sometimes not over gentle hand of the milkers, chew their cud as if happiness and they were one. Aye, even cows are happier in this beautiful Indian Summer ! *They* too, can be out of doors.

I can look out, and a pleasant prospect it is that meets my gaze. Far off in the distance stretches the long line of the Deerfield hills, hazy and dim in their beautiful undulations. Had I but a few feet more of altitude, I should

see the gleaming of a very beautiful lake, the Oneida, which is made memorable by the many historic recollections of the red men and their warfares with the intruding pale faces, some of whom are not yet passed away. How strange it seems that there should be those living who knew this beautiful country, now so prosperous, and dotted with so many charming villages, so teeming with schools, and mills, and workshops, when it was only a wilderness and covered with forest, and traversed by the red man and the wild deer alone!

But I was about to describe the landscape I see from my window. Between me and the Deerfield hills, whose graceful sky-line bounds the horizon, stretches a vista of surpassing beauty. The gently undulating surface is covered with massive forests, and broad meadows, studded at intervals with little groups of hemlocks, maples, beeches and other deciduous trees, while over all tower vast elms of rare and beautiful form and foliage. Before me, at the distance of a mile or more, rises College Hill, crowned with its stately halls of learning, its chapel and observatory. Down its charming slopes I see numerous tasteful residences surrounded by carefully kept and artistic grounds, while at its foot winds the beautiful Otiskany, modestly styled a creek, by the unambitious dwellers of the valley, but deserving of the more dignified title of river. Its gentle waters, ever murmuring of the green solitudes many miles away wherein it has its birth, cheer the valley with its song. Nearer still I see the spires of the village churches, and the spacious and well kept edifice devoted to the education of the young men of our own communion. And last of all, on the nearest plateau, the one on which stands my own little cottage, rises at the left the flourishing Houghton Seminary; while at the right, like a fair palace, gleaming through the dreamy haze which softens the intervening atmosphere, stands the stately and beautiful edifice, the Female Department of our Liberal Institute. This is *par excellence*, our pride and boast, and well may it be so; commanding in its situation, grand in structure, it overlooks the loveliest, most fertile valley, and never was an institution of the kind more judiciously and more carefully managed. Happy are the young ladies who dwell under its roof, and beneath the firm, serene, and loving sway of her who is its beloved and honored head. I call them blest to possess the privilege of being inmates of this noble institution, and as the years roll away, and the young

heads, now curling and bright, begin to be sprinkled with the silver of coming age, I know they will look back to the period so happy and profitable passed under that fair roof as among the brightest of their lives and mark it evermore with a white stone.

But my appreciation of our schools has wiled me from the landscape, to which I still instinctively return, for "there is a perpetual pleasure in a fair landscape, seen from your own door," as saith the Country Parson. I think there is truth in the assertion. You do not get tired of and wish to hurry away from your own landscape as you do from every other. The trees, the fields, the skies with their sunset clouds are always varying in the color of their beauty, and perhaps the very fact that you are anchored before them and, they are in a sense your own, may render them more attractive. It is said that the inhabitants of the barrenest, most savage countries love them as the most delightful, and I have no doubt that the homeliest spot has beauties if they be but looked for. The green of the summer, the frosts of autumn and snows of winter, are fairy coverings for many a skeleton form, and no place can be ugly that is rich with grass, or sparkling with frost, or lying under the magnificent ermine of snow.

The landscape I look at is beautiful at all times and in all seasons. I wish, my reader, you would tell John to harness your pony and come and see it.

The following old story in a pretty new dress, was sent us by a contributor who has modestly withheld her name, but which we should like to know.

#### RED RIDING HOOD.

Oh, blue-eyed little fairy,  
Why linger now at play?  
The dew is on the flowers  
And shady is the way.

The sun far o'er the tree tops,  
In heated summer mood  
Will melt your ball of butter,  
So hurry, Riding Hood.

There, take this tiny basket,  
Be sure and mind grandma,  
Nor loiter by the wayside,  
My little truant star.

Her eyes were all abeam,  
Her cheeks were all aglow,  
Her heart as pure I ween,  
As e'en the mountain snow.

Her hair a golden mantle,  
Like a cloud that's slightly purled  
Round its edge with summer lightning,  
O'er the bosom of the world.

Through fields into the woodlet,  
She wandered on her way,  
And mocked the happy birdies  
That sang from spray to spray.

She sat down by the brook-side,  
In a lovely little dell,  
And thought of fays and fairies,  
And the story of the well.

The violets on the margin,  
She braided in her hair,  
And laughed till the wild echoes  
Were answered everywhere;

Till it seemed as if the Brownies  
Were holding festal day;  
She listened now intently,  
To hear what they would say.

From under a dark fern-leaf,  
The Imp of all the land,  
A dart of night-shade holding,  
Now grimly shook the brand.

Up spake his Impish majesty :  
"I'm king of all the wood;  
Invade not my dominions,  
Or changed is Riding Hood,

Into a loathsome creature ?  
And your curls of wavy gold  
Shall crowd with hideous reptiles,  
Through valley and o'er wold!"

She crossed her tiny hands,  
And a faintly uttered prayer  
Bore its fragrant breath to heaven  
On the softened summer air.

This so changed the wicked Brownie,  
That a tear stood in his eye,  
Like dew within a flower,  
Beneath a burning sky.

He said, "dear little angel,  
Go wander through the wood,  
No living thing shall injure  
My gentle Riding Hood.

"In a little hazel yonder,  
You will find a downy nest,  
And birdies three in number,  
Belonging to red breast.

"Put a feather of the moultings  
In your bosom for a charm;  
You are safe in Elfin bower,  
In dingle or near cairn.

"'Tis the token of the fairy,  
Of the Brownie and the fay,  
And will prove an 'Open sesame,'  
In uncanny night or day."

She stooped and kissed the birdies,  
Took a feather from the nest,  
And whispered, "little robin,  
Come nestle in my breast"

Coquetting with her pinion,  
And chirping, "pretty guest  
I'll bring a mountain daisy,  
To wear upon your breast."

And soared away toward heaven,  
To bathe her dewy wing  
In waves of golden sunlight,  
And matin songs to sing.

She took her basket gaily,  
And trudging by the rill,  
That like a thread of silver,  
Wound far around the hill,

That led into a dingle,  
Where raspberries clustered wild,  
As food for fay or fairy—  
Thus thought the merry child.

Her basket 'mid the mosses—  
For coolness now was vain—  
Soon dress and hands were blushing  
With many a crimson stain.

"I know," she said, "I've loitered  
To listen to the wind,  
And dally with the flowers,—  
The path I cannot find.

While to herself thus chatting,  
Without a fear of harm,  
There came a scream so piercing,  
She started in alarm.

From a dark and lonely thicket,  
Amid the tangled briar,  
A grizzly wolf came bounding,  
With eyes like balls of fire.

A deep low growl he uttered,  
Gazed in her azure eyes,  
And wondered if a mortal,  
Or angel from the skies,

Had changed his savage nature,  
And quenched his thirst for blood;  
For a radiance as of heaven,  
Seemed falling like a flood.

He said, "Dear little fairy,  
How came you in the wood?  
I'm sure you need not fear me,  
I mean you nought but good."

She answered, "mamma sent me!  
With butter for grandma;  
I cannot find the opening,  
I have wandered off so far."

"I will be your pilot,  
Through the woods so dark and grim;  
And you shall join with grandma,  
In your sweet evening hymn."

She thanked the noble creature,  
Quite fearless, though alone  
While smilingly she prattled,  
As if with Rove, at home.

When they emerged, 'twas twilight,  
And dreamy as a spell,  
The green and gold alternate,  
In shadows deep'ning fell.

The tall and cone-like poplars  
Seemed a ladder to the sky,  
Which Jacob, dreaming, peopled  
With angels from on high.

He gazed around, and beauty  
Seemed slumbering in the air,  
She saw him looking upward,  
And answered, "God is there!"

He said, "Oh! yes, my darling,  
Your Father's face I see  
In starry lights of heaven,—  
Good night, remember me."

She spied the little wicket  
Within the garden wall,  
And crept in like a birdlet,  
With a sweet and silvery call.

Surprised the dear old grandma  
Ran quick with open arms,  
And clasping her to her bosom  
With a flutter of alarm.

She asked how came her darling,  
Alone at that late hour;  
Then told all her adventures,  
And of that higher power.

Which brought her safe to grandma,  
Through bushes and by tarn,  
And gave a little talisman  
Within the birdie's charm.

They knelt before their Father,  
To thank him for his care;  
The hymn of praise died faintly  
Upon the still night air.

Gentle, child-like reader,  
Peruse this twice told tale  
And from it draw a moral,  
That innocence ne'er fails

To make a mark as shining,  
As Iris of the sky,  
Sure as the bright promise  
That holds it there on high.

Conversing with a friend the other day on the very curious subject of *VENTRILLOQUISM*, he related the following anecdote, vouching for its authenticity.

A few years ago, toward the dusk of the evening, a stranger in a travelling sulkey was leisurely pursuing his way toward a little tavern, situated near the foot of a mountain, in

one of the western states. A little in advance of him, a negro, returning from the plough, was singing the favorite Ethiopian melody of

"Gwien down to shin-bone alley,  
Long time ago."

The stranger hailed him with, "Hullo!—uncle—you—snow-ball!"

"Sht!" said blackey, holding up his horses.

"Is that the half way house yonder?"

"No, sah—that Massa Lemon's 'Otel."

"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemon?"

"Yes, sah. You know Massa Billy? He used to lib at the mouf of Cedar Crick—he done more now, do—keeps monsons nice tavun now, I tell you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes sar. You stop dah dis ebenin, I spec—all suspectable gemmen stop dah. You chaw backah, massa?"

"Yes, Sambo; here's some real cavendish for you."

"Tankee, massa—tankee. Quash my name."

"Quash, eh?"

"Yes, sah—at your service. Och!" grunted the delighted African, "dis is nice—he better den green ribber. Tankee sah—tankee."

"Well, Quash, what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Lemon?"

"Oh, he nice man, sah—mounsous nice man—empertain gemmen in de fuss stile, and me takes care ob de hauses. I 'long to him, and I do say it, Mas Billy mighty cleber man—he funny, too—tell heap o' stories 'bout ghosses and spirrits, notwithstanding he feard on 'em, he sef do, in my 'pinion."

"Afraid of ghosts, eh?" said the traveller, musing; "well go ahead, Mr. Quash; as it's getting late, I'll tarry with Mr. Lemon to-night."

"Yes, sah; gee up—hoa!—go along lively;" and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in—

"Gwien down to shin bone alley,"—

The burden, "Long time ago," was taken up by some one apparently in an adjacent corn-field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with

"Dah I met ole Johnny Gladden,"—

The same voice again responded from the field,

"Long time ago."

"Who dat?" said the astonished negro, checking suddenly his horses and looking round on every side for the cause of his surprise.

"Oh, never mind; drive ahead, Snowball; it's some of your master's spirits, I suppose."

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without uttering another word. Halted before the door, the stranger was very soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. Lemon, a bustling, talkative gentleman who greeted his customer with

"Light sir,—'light—here, John! Quash! never mind your umbrella, sir—here, Quash, take off that rug—give me your whip, sir—John, take off that chair box—come, sir—and carry this horse to the stable. Do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?"



"If you please, sir. He's rather particular about his lodgings."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and tend to him well—I always like to see horses well tended, and this is a noble critter, too," continued the landlord, slapping him on the back.

"Take care, will you!" said the horse.

"What the d—!" exclaimed the landlord, starting back.

"None of your familiarity!" said the horse, looking spitefully round to the astonished tavern-keeper.

"Silence, Beelzebub!" said the traveller, caressing the animal; and turning to the landlord, he observed: "You must excuse him, sir, he's rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of education, merely."

"He's the devil, sir."

"Wo hoa, Beelzebub! loose the traces, Quash—what are you staring at?—he wont eat you."

"Come, landlord, said Beelzebub, "I want my oats."

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the porch, and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle and drive round in search of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned to the tavern.

Anon supper came on—the eggs had all apparently young chickens in them; the landlord was in confusion at such a mortifying circumstance, and promised the traveller amends from a cold pig, which, as he inserted the carving fork into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the cold perspiration began to grow in large beads upon the forehead of the landlord, as he stood looking fearfully at the grunter; his attention was soon taken, however, by voices from without calling: "Hilloa! house! landlord!"

"Ay ay—coming gentlemen—more travellers—do help yourself, sir."

"Landlord!"

"Coming, gentlemen; here John, a light—bring a light to the door; Sally, wait on the gentleman."

And out the landlord bounced, followed by John with lights; but soon returned with a look of disappointment, he declared there was no living being without. The voices called again, and the landlord, after going out, returned a second time declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted by evil spirits.

The stranger arose presently from the table, and drew his chair to the fire, having made a pretty hearty supper from the eggs and young porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor saith, Mr. Billy Lemon slept with a Bible under his head, and kept a candle burning in the room till morning, and those who pass there to this day, may, upon close examination, discover the heels of old horse shoes peering over the casement, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins, and all other evil spirits.

Having ascertained the name of his guest, in the morning, mine host proceeded to make out his bill—

MR. J. S. KENTWORTHY,  
To William Lemon Dr." &c. &c.

It is needless to add that Mr. Kentworthy was a most accomplished ventriloquist as well as something of a wag.

The following poem is suited to the latitudes of other countries besides Germany. Its homely, everyday guise is piquant and every way suited to the subject, and the familiarity of the translation with the language in which it was originally written as well as his own poetic taste is a guarantee of its fidelity.

#### THE GUIDE POST.

[Translated by Bayard Taylor, from the German of John Peter Hebel.]

D'ye know the road to th' tar'l of flour,  
At brake o' day let down the bars,  
And plow y'r wheat fields hour by hour,  
Till sundown—yes, till shade o' stars.

You peg away the livelong day,  
Nor loaf about, nor gape around;  
And that's the road to the thrashin' floor,  
And into the kitchen, I'll be bound.

D'ye know the road where the dollars lay?  
Follow the red cents here and there;  
For if a man leaves them, I can guess  
He wont have dollars anywhere.

D'ye know the road to Sunday's rest?  
Jist don't o' week-days be afraid;  
In field and work-shop do y'r best,  
And Sunday comes itself, I've heard.

On Saturday it's not far off,  
And brings a basketful o' cheer—  
A roast, and lots o' garden stuff,  
And like as not a jug o' beer!

D'ye know the road to poverty?  
Turn in at any tavern sign;  
Turn in—it's tempting as can be,  
There's bran new cards and liquor fine.

In the last tavern there's a sack;  
And when the cash y'r pocket quits,  
Jist hang the wallet on your back,  
You vagabond, see how it fits!

D'ye know what road to honor leads?  
And good old age? a lovely sight!  
By way o' temperance, honest deeds,  
And tryin' to do your duty right.

And when the road forks ary side,  
And you're in doubt which one it is,  
Stand still, and let your conscience guide;  
Thank God it can't lead you much amiss!

And now the road to church-yard gate  
You needn't ask! Go anywhere!  
Go, whether round about or straight,  
All roads at last'll bring you there.

Go, fearin' God, but lovin' more!—  
I've tried to be an honest guide;  
You'll find the grave has got a door,  
And somethin' for you t'other side.

THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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MADAME ROLAND.

By Rev. E. W. Reynolds.

## PART I.—GIRLHOOD.

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### I. — THE JEWELLER'S CHILD.

**A**BOUT one hundred years ago a jeweller and engraver named Philippon kept a prosperous shop on the banks of the Seine, in the city of Paris. He was a coarse, burly man, with a loud voice, a sharp temper, an acute eye for business, and a brood of snaky appetites not yet warmed into life.

Besides dealing in the common trumpery of the shops, Philippon speculated in diamonds, invested something in sculpture, and had commerce with artists.

He had married a woman so superior to himself that he was never able to appreciate her; and, by her, he had had six children, of whom only one survived. This was a girl named Marie, who seemed to contain the mental power of all the departed children—so precocious, high-minded and matronly was the child.

At nine years of age she sits reading a translation of Plutarch's *Lives*, and is being penetrated by the heroic atmosphere of Greece and Rome. She broods over the *Adventures of Telemachus*, and feels the burning splendor of Tasso's verse. When Lent approaches, and she is obliged to go to church every day, the

plausible little sinner takes Plutarch instead of her mass-book, and reads the glorious old heathen all through the service.

In her passion for reading, she seizes upon every book within reach. Among those that impressed her most vividly was a French copy of the Bible, and a "folio edition of the *Lives of the Saints*." The element of heroism in these books, as in the stories of the Greeks and Romans, filled her susceptible mind with admiration and wonder: and the halo of religion, that invested the characters, warmed and subdued her heart, lending to her expanding ideas a spiritual lustre.

Thus Marie Philippon grew the strange, unconscious flower of girlhood, — never suspecting what fruit these early impressions and ideas would bear — much less, what a blood-red sickle her destiny would bring to reap the generous harvest.

Her father, the jeweller, saw the dark and slender girl every day; but he knew as little of the peculiar world in which she was beginning to have her being, as he did of that immortal world to which his dead children had been raised! He had, however, learned something of his child's peculiar dignity of character. He had found that arbitrary severity was lost upon her; no despotic force could bring her to obedience. She disdained brutal suasion. On one occasion, when she was but six years old, she had endured "three

severe beatings" in silence and without a tear; but she held out bravely as a martyr, though she was violently sick afterwards. The passionate father, a fair judge of diamonds, confessed himself at fault here, and never resorted to the rod again. To gentle influences, on the contrary, she was ever obedient; and an appeal to her self-respect brought her to terms in a moment.

The education of Marie Phlippon was graduated to the manners of her age, and to the moderate social rank to which she belonged. The basis of it was religious instruction, according to the ideas of the Catholic church. Her mother was a religious woman, after the style of those days; and was delighted to find that her child, at the age of seven, could master the catechism, and deserve the praise of the parish priest.

After due instruction in the mysteries of the church, the child learned something of geography and music, and acquired a facility in writing and in dancing. Whatever she applied her mind to, she generally mastered. She even surmounted a "treatise on heraldry," during a mental famine, when she could find nothing more inviting; and afterward tried the flavor of an old Essay on Contracts; but this last proved rather too musty even for her intellectual hunger.

She was eager to learn Latin, and, when a brother of Madame Phlippon, who was priest of a neighboring parish, offered to instruct her, she felt sure of the language. She waited on him three times a week, but the priest was usually occupied with something more practical than Latin rudiments. One day, he would be wrangling with the choristers; on another, he would be at breakfast with some merry friend; and the third morning perhaps, on the track of some parish scandal. Whatever the idle priest may have been good for, he was a good-for-nothing teacher, and the bright-featured girl never mastered the Latin tongue.

## II.—IN THE CLOISTER.

At eleven years of age the jeweller's daughter had probably grown as much thought, and developed as profound sen-

sibilities, as an average girl is conscious of at twenty. She had imbibed into her capacious nature the odor of Classic Heroism, the wine of Hebrew Piety, and drank from the enchanted cup of Faith—brimming with Mediæval Supernaturalism—passed down to her from the shining hands of saints and martyrs. In her heart and brain, Plutarch and Tasso, the Bible and the Church Legends were all fusing in the white heat of reverential enthusiasm. The girl who can burn this costly fuel in her breast and brain, perfumes her soul with a fragrance that expels vanity, and transforms even Love into Worship. Marie's mind became profoundly colored with spiritual impressions. Hence we read in relation to this period, that "In her quiet retirement she felt the high value of this life—this short, black line of time, so prominent in the bright endless stream of eternity." She "trembled before the presence of the all-pervading Spirit, and humbly hoped to appease him."

Her religious impressions were intensified by the approach of her first communion. To a Catholic, this sacrament is invested with an awful solemnity, unknown to us. This is due to the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to the belief that the rite is essential to salvation. "The preparation for an act of faith on which eternity depended, was indeed of awful moment; and, impressed with a sense of this, the young girl was dissatisfied with her present life, and longed for the solemn shelter of a convent." To that dim, strong sanctuary, this frail young heart, (wise beyond its years, yet rendered morbid by thoughts unsuited to its youth), yearned to flee, till she could arm herself against the vanity of life.

In the Faubourg St. Marcel there was a house of this character, where thirty-four young ladies—whose ages ranged from six to eighteen years—were being gratuitously educated by the worthy sisters who presided over the establishment.

Entering here, as a pupil, in May, 1765, "Marie produced a favorable impression upon the sisters. She was placed among the older girls, whom she soon equalled in their studies, by unwonted

diligence and quickness of apprehension. The calm seclusion of the cloister seemed to cheer and strengthen rather than depress her. The high-walled garden, jealously shut out from the busy, wrangling world beyond; the lofty, dimly-lighted chapel, filled with the swell of solemn music, where, from time to time, some high, sweet woman's voice rose, like an angel's, above the deep murmur of the organ; the sober silence that reigned through the whole building"—all tended to awaken and foster a certain subdued enthusiasm, that might well be mistaken for genuine piety. "It was easy to believe that one loved God, where there could be no temptation to love the world, and where all that was beautiful and majestic seemed to bring him near to the humbled spirit."

The estimate she expressed, in after years, of those pictorial effects, will be accepted by every discriminating thinker:

"It must be confessed," writes the philosophic woman, "that the Catholic religion—though little suited to a healthy and enlightened judgment, which subjects the objects of its belief to the rules of reason, is well adapted to captivate the imagination, which it strikes by the grand and terrible; while it takes possession of the senses by means of mysterious ceremonies, alternately cheerful and melancholy. Eternity, forever present to the mind of the devotee, calls him to contemplation, and renders him a severe examiner of good and evil; while, on the other hand, the daily religious exercises and imposing ceremonies rather relieve and support the attention, and offer easy means of advancing toward the end in view. Women have a wonderful facility for performing these religious exercises, and investing ceremonies such as these with everything that can lend them beauty or effect, and the sisters of the convent excelled in this art."

### III.—A WOMAN'S DOOM.

During her abode in the cloister, Marie witnessed the imposing ceremony of "taking the vows," and we can well believe that a person of such lively susceptibilities must have been deeply affected

by the spectacle that sundered a young girl irrevocably from the world, and devoted her, in the bloom of beauty and in the effervescence of sensation, to the long martyrdom of crucified nature.

The causes that imposed upon those girls that great sacrifice were numerous, no doubt; but one of them is worthy of special notice and reprobation. It seems that in France, where there were sons and daughters in a family, and where the property was small, it was the uniform practice, before the Revolution, to give the whole estate to the sons, and bury the daughters alive in the convents. In India, as we have all heard, they destroy, under certain circumstances, the female children in the Ganges; but the system, as practised in France, appears as a refinement of cruelty, under the veil of Christian humanity!

It is, indeed, possible to suppose some girls so tempered and influenced as to wear the monastic veil with contentment, the potent attributes of their womanhood soothed by the pensive gloom of the cloister; and never wakened by the summons of mortal love sounding beyond the convent wall. But, how many must there be, under such a custom as I have mentioned, who are led to the cloister like the convict to his cell; who have no fitness for the vocation, no appreciation of the sombre scenery, no deep consciousness to which the awful mysteries of religion correspond; poor victims, in whom the white robe of the nun covers glowing passions, and where the frantic heart beats against the everlasting doom, till the tide of life ebbs out, in daily drops, in the blood of its secret bruising.

And yet, in view of another social custom of France, it may be questioned whether marriage, in all cases, appeared preferable to the convent vows. In that country, girls were and are kept under most vigilant subordination—knowing no such liberty of action or of will as the customs of England and America allow. Not admitted to the society of the opposite sex, the French girl seldom made the acquaintance of her husband before marriage, and must walk blindfolded to meet her fate.

Her personal feelings were not consulted, nor perhaps developed, beforehand. Her father or guardian received the suitor's proposals and perfected the contract that made her a wife. She might be conscious of a positive repugnance, if the man were old or ugly, or obviously hateful; it seldom made much difference with the event. She might be indifferent, and the result might bring the bliss of true wedlock, the vacuum of mutual antipathies, or the stinging fetter of petty despotism. The alternative, to a clear-sighted mind, was not very seductive;—and, where the disposal of life was by a game of hazard—perhaps the dreamy oblivion of the cloister offered less to dread than the dubious possibilities of domestic rupture or servitude.

#### IV.—NOT A DEVOTEE BUT A PHILOSOPHER.

On the expiration of her term at the convent, Marie regretfully left the peaceful retreat.

Her home was not precisely as she had left it a year before. Her father had become interested in politics and fond of being abroad; and her mother was trying to supply his place in the shop.

The pensive girl, with nobody to divert her, pined and moped in the old place, and was finally transferred to her grandmother, a cheerful old lady of sixty-five, who lived in the Isle St. Louis, in the middle of the Seine. Here, as I find it written, "The future leader of the Girondists passed a calm life, quite happy if she could get a new book or a fresh nose-gay from time to time."

Her reading and her habits of reflection ever tending to the enlargement of her mind, contributed to give her reason ascendancy over her imagination. The effect of all this was to open her eyes to some of the palpable errors of Romanism. The first dogma of her childhood's faith that staggered her growing reason, was that which denounced damnation upon all who did not adhere to the Catholic church, whether they had heard its doctrines or not. The clear-sighted thinker could no longer accept this horrible belief; and the more she read in defence of it, the more she felt constrained to reject it.

Having repudiated this dogma, she was naturally led to subject other "assumptions of the Church of Rome" to "the test of reason;" and so, of course, the papal infallibility went down, with all the nonsense and imposture that had sprouted therefrom.

In pressing these bold investigations, the precocious girl was only yielding to the spirit of the age, which had rebelled, in power and scorn, against all the ancient convictions of mankind. I said she yielded to that spirit, but she never suffered it to drag her to its wildest extreme. While her countrymen welcomed the tide of atheism with delirious joy, and rode its crimson billows like madmen, she resisted the last excess, and kept the image of God burning as a lamp in her breast. Romanism destroyed for her the Christian faith, but the revolutionary carnival left her still the philosopher's idea of God, and the woman's heart-vision of angelic rest beyond the grave.

In relation to the philosophic faith that supplanted Romanism in her mind, the future Madame Roland wrote thus, in after years: "In the midst of the country, and in the contemplation of nature, my heart, moved by it, rises toward the Intelligence which orders it, the Goodness which in it supplies me with so many delights." "I could live with the atheist," she writes, "better than with the devotee, for he reasons more; but he is wanting in feeling, and my soul could not coalesce with his. He is cold to the most enchanting spectacle, and seeks a syllogism, when I can only give thanks."

In prison, near the culmination of her tragical career, she wrote this touching sentence: "When measureless walls separate me from what I love, and all the evils of society together strike me as if to punish me for having desired its highest good,—I look beyond the limits of this life, to the reward of our sacrifices, and the happiness of meeting again."

It is made evident by these observations, that the deism of this great woman was the effect of the recoil of her reason from the superstitions of the church, and not the natural outgrowth of her heart. If she had been bred under a rational

form of Christianity, she would have remained a loyal adherent of its doctrines, and become a noble exponent of its spirit.

#### V.—A GLIMPSE OF VERSAILLES.

While the reading and reasoning of Marie Phlippon exposed the fallacies of the established religion, they tended, scarcely less, to convince her that the organization of society was based on radical errors. She saw that social distinctions, based upon the accident of rank, without respect to character or brains, were absurd in theory and unjust and mischievous in practice. Her intercourse with society confirmed the result of her reflections. She saw that the superior rank lorded it over the inferior with reckless insolence, though it was generally notorious that merit dwindled just where assumption increased.

Some of her aristocratic acquaintances "excited her indignation." One displayed the haughty bearing that betrays the empty head; and another was "so fond of money, and so insensible to fame, that, seeing the success of a tragedy written by a relation of his, he exclaimed, 'Why did not my father teach *me* to write tragedies? I could have knocked them off on Sundays!'"

She "made one short visit to Versailles;" and her small respect for rank was not increased by what she saw at the royal residence. In that splendid court—the gayest and wickedest in Europe—a profligate king and bankrupt nobility, gorging like vampires on the blood of a groaning nation—danced and sung ditties, gambled and made love, sinned and sought the confessional. Spending thus the revenues of a great Empire, and the golden days lent them by the patience of God,—that sceptred sinner called Louis XV., and the courtiers who warmed their vices in the splendor of his palace, feasted and played, revelled and slept, but saw nothing of the Divine judgment that was embodying itself in the vengeance of the people, transforming hungry thousands into howling wolves, and spurring the infuriated pack till they should leap over the palings of society, and devour the priest, the noble and the king.

The young girl who looked that day on the pomp of Versailles, knew as little as any one of the hurricane that was coming, but she despised the dazzling pag-eant that found nothing better to ornament than folly, and she looked down the impudent frippery that could jest and lie and be false to the core. She tells us, significantly, that she preferred the statues in the gardens, to the people she saw about the court.

#### VI.—A MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTER.

From her communion with books, and her speculations on social rights, Marie Phlippon was roused by the knowledge of her womanhood, and by the information that many susceptible men were seeking her for marriage. "Her appearance at seventeen,"—the marrying age in France—has been described as "attracting," less on account of its beauty than its interest. Her features, though not ill-proportioned, were not in themselves beautiful. Her profile was better than her full face, which was round rather than oval. The point of the nose was thick, and in the dilating nostril you saw more ambition than taste. The mouth was large, but the smile soft, and the expression gentle and kind. The brow was high, broad and calm, as if inclosing a large brain. Above it the hair parted freely, and fell in long, luxuriant curls over her shoulders. The eyes, of a deep blue, which looked in some lights brown, were full of thought and animation. The eyebrow was peculiarly elevated, dark and full, so that it gave to the face an expression of frankness and loftiness combined with vigor. The whole frame of the woman had more strength than loveliness about it,—the bust being full and high, the shoulders broad and manly, the figure slight, tall and supple. But in the thoughtful and daring expression of the face was a charm which, in after years, gave her a command over the wild spirits of the Revolution, and made even the men who despised woman as a chattel, her willing servants. Added to this face, she had a fortune of 20,000 francs, being an only child; and it was natural that many suitors should seek her, some from

admiration of herself and her talents, and others from affection for her ducats."

Among the numerous company of her suitors I find special mention made of a Spanish music-master, who bore a guitar and a sighing heart. But Marie was not sentimental, and her father would have despised the embodiment of all the virtues if he had come wooing without money to back his suit; and so the Spaniard was exiled from the house. There is an allusion also to a butcher who had already disposed of two wives, and made a respectable sum of money in business; he fell into the habit of meeting Mademoiselle Phlippon and her mother on their walks, all through the summer, and making them a devoted bow, in a suit of irreproachable clothes.

The money of the butcher recommended him to the father, who tried to second his addresses with paternal authority; but the daughter's reading and reflections had convinced her that she had the right of choice in this momentous affair, and that marriage would never be tolerable except with a man of some mental cultivation.

She seems to have connected with marriage scarcely any idea that we can term romantic; there is no evidence that she was ever "in love," in the sense usually attached to the term; but she evidently did aspire to wed a man of thought and honor, whom she could heartily respect, and who could appreciate and share her higher life.

In deciding against the butcher, she incurred her father's wrath; and from this time she had much to suffer from his mean ideas and domineering temper.

A young physician desired to make her his wife, and, in view of his profession and probable acquirements, she rather favored his suit, in spite of the wig he wore, and which gave him, (as she tells us) a ridiculous appearance. But, Monsieur Phlippon, with an insolence and vulgarity that were becoming habitual with him, contrived to offend the young man, and so relieved his daughter of the importunities of this suitor.

In the midst of these matrimonial debates, a great blow fell upon Marie in the

death of her mother. The heart-stricken girl "lay ill for many days after this event," and came slowly back to the uses of life to find that nothing remained for her to love. "Her father had never merited much affection," and their conceptions of life were so different that they could hardly be said to have any sympathies in common. He had contracted dissolute habits, and had neglected the living wife more than he mourned the dead. She made an effort to reclaim him, but the power of appetite and the proclivities of native baseness were too strong for her. He drifted toward the gutter, as she aspired toward the stars, and it did not take many days to utterly alienate them.

And thus was passing swift the girlhood of Marie Phlippon. In that lonely house, where she sits bereaved—in those hours of reverie, when she ponders the great mystery of life—what token can we see of her brief, meteoric career? In what direction is the veil to be lifted, revealing her brilliant future? On what road of destiny rides the man who shall lock his soul with hers, and walk in the light of her blazing genius, across the dismembered Monarchy, in the sight of all the nations?

### GOOD HUMOR.

By Mrs. Caroline A. Soule.

If we would be contented and happy ourselves and agreeable to those with whom we associate, we should strive ever to cultivate our good humor. It is the disposition, of all others, that is best calculated to make the sunshine of life. Indeed it is to the heart what the possession of health is to the body, a priceless blessing. A good-humored person never repines at his lot, let it be ever so thorny. He is so busy smelling the roses that he has no time to notice the scratches he received while plucking them. He is a truly benevolent man, too, disposed to sympathize with both the tears and smiles of those about him, and wishing neither to give nor take offence. He looks at men and things, and the whole world about him as through a golden glass which tinges every object with its own rich hues.

## POEM.

[The following touching poem commemorates the death of James Melville's child, which occurred in Scotland nearly three hundred years ago. The allusion to the two milk-white doves recalls to mind an incident related to me a few years ago by a Vermont friend. A brother of hers, a young lad just fairly in his teens, had tamed two of the beautiful creatures, both spotless as snow. They would fly in at the open window at every meal-time, and perch upon his shoulders while he ate, cooing softly all the while, but never stirring—patiently waiting till he had finished, when he would scatter crumbs upon the floor for them. One day, in haying-time, he pitched from the front of the loaded wagon and the wheels rolled over him, crushing him fearfully, but not killing him. They brought him home and carried him to a bed in the sitting-room. Almost immediately the doves flew to the window-sill, and there they sat, moaning piteously, while his wounds were dressed. As soon as he was quiet, they perched upon his pillow and there they remained during the two nights and one day of his aching life, refusing utterly to pick up a single crumb. He died soon after sunrise on the second day, and while closing his eyes and binding up his chin, the doves were seen to flutter out of the window. A few moments they lingered upon the white rose-bush that grew just under it, and then, spreading their wings, they flew away, and though diligent search was made for them afterwards, they were never seen again.—C. A. S.]

One time my soul was pierced as with a sword,  
Contending still with men untaught and wild,  
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd,  
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child!

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,  
A very sunny fragrance was its life;  
Its clear eye soothed me as the blue of heaven,  
When home I turned, a weary man of strife!

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,  
How soon the wakening babe would meet my  
kiss;

With outstretch'd arms its care-wrought father  
greet;  
Oh! in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart,  
A few short mon he—else toilsome all, and sad;  
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,  
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying;  
(The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night!)

And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,  
Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,  
But gradual faded from our sight away!  
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,  
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day!

My blessed Master saved me from repining,  
So tenderly He sued me for His own—  
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,  
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to my board at noon and even,  
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,  
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,  
Gazing the while on death, without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid—  
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,  
That the sure truth, of grief a gladness made—  
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeem'd!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had  
nourished,  
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand—  
Marking how each the other fondly cherished—  
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!

So tame they grew, that to his cradle flying,  
Full oft they cooed him to his noon-tide rest;  
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,  
Crept gently in and nestled in his breast!

'Twas a fair sight, the snow-pale infant sleep-  
ing,  
So fondly guarded by those creatures mild;  
Watch o'er his closed eyes, their bright eyes  
keeping—  
Wonderous the love betwixt the birds and  
child!

Still as he sickened, seemed the doves too dwin-  
ing—  
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty  
play;  
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,  
One gentle bird would not be frayed away!

His mother found it, when she rose, sad-hearted,  
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;  
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,  
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home riding,  
As with a human sorrow in its coo;—  
To my dead child—and its dead mate then guid-  
ing,  
Most pitifully plained, and parted too!

'Twas my first "handsel" and "propine" to  
heaven!  
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod—  
Precious His comforts—once an infant given—  
And offered with two turtle doves to God!



## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

## CHAPTER VI.

By —.

Not long after our return from Niagara, we were in the study one evening, Nell as usual, bending over her work-basket, and I, weary with my day's work, lounging on the couch beside her.

Nell seemed unusually thoughtful that evening, and I, enough accustomed to her moods to know that there was always a background of trouble when she was very serious, insisted on knowing what was the subject of her thought.

"I was thinking seriously," she replied, "whether we ought not to abandon this city parish, and go back to our old home in the country."

"Why, Nell, I am astonished to hear such a proposition from your lips. I thought you were all courage about this experiment."

"I was, at the commencement, but we are like children going into the water, who have never learned to swim; we are getting out beyond our depth, and going daily farther and farther, with no knowledge of a way to get back again. I have been as economical as I could possibly be in our domestic affairs, but, doing my very best, see how deeply we are involved in debt."

"But," said I, "Nell, we cannot go back now, if we would. You know that with the salary we got there, we barely existed, and how could we hope, ever to pay our debts, unless we earned more money than we got there."

"But we did manage to live without getting involved as we are doing here, and bad as that pinching life was, it was better than this terrible oppression of debt. If we never get the debts paid that we already owe, by going there we should be prevented from going deeper, and that hope we cannot have while we remain here."

"We can't tell that, Nell; we haven't given this place a fair trial yet. We have only been here six months, and of course we expected a great deal of expense in getting settled. It has taken half a year to make a beginning, the next

half year will decide whether that beginning has been made wisely or unwisely. It seems to me that there would be no justice in deserting the ship before we really know whether she is sea-worthy or not. And furthermore, we have not begun to have the perquisites yet, about which you were so hopeful, when we talked of this matter before. Don't let your courage run down with the thermometer. It is coming cold weather now, and there is the more need of our all being brave and hopeful."

"I know it," Nell replied. "I feel ashamed of myself that I ever have a discouraged feeling, but with so many and varied troubles besetting one on the right hand and on the left, it would take more than human endurance to always seem cheerful. A fitting shadow may drift over one's landscape of life, and, with an effort, we may be able to meet its approach, and endure its presence with a smile. But a long continued weight of cloud lying between us and the sun, leaves the heart chill and dreary."

Before I had time for reply, while I was weighing in my mind the question whether, having once had our hearts bathed in a golden flood from the Sun of Righteousness, we ought not thenceforward to retain enough of its light to make our pathway bright, my wise reflections were all interrupted by a violent ringing of the door-bell.

I waited immediately on the impatient comer. The night was wild and stormy, and as soon as the door was opened the sudden gust which entered extinguished the gas in the hall, so that my visitor and I stood face to face in the darkness. I could only discern before me the figure of a man, but the deep blackness made it impossible for me to distinguish a characteristic of his person, or a feature of his face. It is always a peculiar sensation when we hold converse with a person without seeing them. It is especially so, when we are meeting them for the first time. We depend so much upon the capacity of sight to reveal to us the characteristics of a new acquaintance, that we have come to regard our eyes as the principal medium through which we receive

our introduction to the fleshly man. Seeing one, is our natural earthly meeting. But when we meet, greet, and pass the observances of companionship, without seeing, it is as if we had passed the bounds of sense, and with our spiritual impulses had reached out and touched the spirit of one unclothed of mortality, and adorned with the garments of light. How much of prejudice, and all uncharitableness will be taken from us when we no longer criticise the friend we meet through the instincts of our bodily organs. We shall not then be deceived by imperfect vision, but with the eyes of angels, looking into angel's eyes, we shall see truthfully as we are seen, and know perfectly as we are known.

But I have left my guest waiting long at the threshold; and though I cannot introduce you to him more fully in narrating the events of that night, than I have already done, I can at least recur to the conversation, and tell you the errand on which he came.

His purpose was to propose the coming of a wedding party to my house on the following evening, and to assure himself that I would be at home when they came. Having accomplished this, and made the time of the service known, he took his departure without my learning of him even so much as the name he bore.

I returned to the study, and narrated my adventure to Nell, much to her amusement, and not without a manifest excitement of her curiosity.

"Why could you not have asked who the parties were?" she said, with evident annoyance at my carelessness. "No woman could have performed a feat like that. If one had chanced to have done so, it would have been told as a specimen of feminine incapacity for business, to the latest day of her life."

"Well," I replied, "I can't see that it makes any very material difference in this case, whether our curiosity is gratified before the morrow or not. It is only necessary that I be ready to perform the marriage ceremony. Whether the parties be rich or poor, black or white, comely or otherwise, I don't know that it matters to us in the least."

"There's where you are mistaken, certainly," said Nell; "it does make a good deal of difference to us, whether the parties be rich or poor. You know that the question of John's going to the Commercial College this winter, is to be answered in some such way as this. We cannot, must not, afford it, unless we get some extra help, outside of our regular income. We must save every dollar of that, to pay the debt which we have incurred."

"You don't think that one wedding would lift us over that pitfall, do you, Nell?"

"That will depend on what kind of wedding it is. If, with the certificate tomorrow, you should find a hundred dollar bill, it would supply John with all the necessary means to defray his winter's expenses. O! I do so hope that it is one of the rich weddings!"

"It is nowise probable that there will be more than a twentieth part of the sum you mention coming from the wedding. As for John's prospects, I must confess they have troubled me not a little. We cannot, in justice to ourselves, do anything for him this winter. He will have to break out a path for his own feet. Perhaps he can get into some business this season, from the proceeds of which he may be able to save enough to take him to the Commercial College another year."

"But that will be a great disappointment to John and Katie, for I believe they were intending to be married another winter, if John could succeed in getting into business by that time."

"I know it, Nell; but we cannot always order the events of our lives as we would wish. John must consent to the necessities consequent upon our position in life, as we have ourselves to do. I would like a great many things which would add to my usefulness in my profession, but I deny myself, because our circumstances actually demand it; and our children must learn the same lessons of self-denial."

"I suppose they must learn many of them, but we must shelter them as much as possible, lest they grow discouraged on the very commencement of the pathway

of life. We can bear disappointments better than they, and beside their development being just begun, they need more expense and care lavished on them now, than they will ever need at any other time in their lives."

"They need care and watchful guidance, I know," I replied; "but I have a theory, that what of true metal is within them will be burnished brighter by the polish of necessity. If they are true gold, they will only shine with a better lustre; if they be spurious coin, the gilding may as well be washed away in youth, and they find their true level and fit place in life."

"I know that all sounds very well in theory, but when we come to the practical test, there is not one parent in a thousand, who would not sooner educate his own sons, and fit them for the work of life, than to drive them to bitter necessities in their early years."

"Granted. But we have no choice. I only preach the doctrine of contentment, with the circumstances in which we find ourselves."

"I am going to hope for the best. I believe the wedding to-morrow will bring the circumstances for which our hearts hope."

"Hope on, but temper your hope with moderation, lest your disappointment to-morrow outweigh the joy you feel to-day."

Thus we dropped the conversation and betook ourselves to sleep, or I should more truthfully say, I did; for Nell afterward confessed that her golden visions chased sleep from her eyelids through the greater portion of the night. Do not look upon these words with a derisive smile, dear reader, or think of my gentle Nell with severe and sarcastic criticism. It may seem a paltry reason to give for a night of wakeful watching. If it does seem so to you, thank God that you have never learned by bitter experience, the lesson which would enable you to understand and sympathise with such restlessness of heart.

The morning came, dull and dark, and dreary. Clouds lay low, which in the afternoon ripened into a storm. I chanced

to be unusually busy that day in my study. My duties pressed me to close and earnest labor. I did not leave my study-table at all, save a few moments for a late and hurried dinner, which, as was my custom on those very busy days, I took alone and in silence.

Nell so well understood my habits of mind that she never disturbed me at such times by questionings or suggestions. I am not a morose man, nor, at my hours for genial intercourse am I thought unsocial; but there are times when I am so closely occupied with my mental work that I must have days when my soul stands alone before God. I work under his superintendence, in the mines of thought, where lie hidden the richest treasures which have ever been concealed. I stand a solitary worker in his presence. I toil, and am weary, and sometimes I grope in darkness; but I know my Master watches me and I toil on. I labor unfalteringly, where thousands before me have struggled to upturn the mysteries of wisdom. I see the bleaching bones beside me of the multitudes who have perished, spending their sands of life to make part of the great beach which girdles the shores of time. I look upon them sadly, thinking that I too shall soon depart, and mayhap leave a trackless pathway over all the way that I have trodden. Yet I toil on. What matters it, if the footprint of each traveller cannot be distinctly traced. The path is hardened and perfected over which we tread, and generations yet unborn shall march down this great highway of thought, and bless the workers who have gone before them, and beaten the track for their feet. A single wave of time may blot out my memory, and my footprint from the earth. Yet I toil on, for I know that my feet now weary and travel-soiled on time's rough shore, shall be strengthened by their toilsome marching, and that one day, as my Master before me, trod the troubled waves of Galilee, I shall go forth upon the boundless, shoreless sea, untroubled, though alone.

But I wander. I must not let a waif of thought sweep me thus away from my narration. An occasional reader may

feel an interest in the account of my daily pursuits, but the majorities, I know, would urge me on to describe the wedding-party, and its attendant incidents.

The evening came, dark and stormy. Nell had arranged our parlors in a manner to display in the most telling way every item of luxury of which we were possessed. The rooms looked cheerful, and bright and cosy. It mattered little to us, who were gathered under that secure and comfortable retreat, that the storm beat wildly without.

Nell recognized the cheerful tendency of beauty, with a more appreciative glance than others were able to do. She had an artistic eye which caught and gathered up gleanings of beauty, and wove them into a fabric of joy, while a more ordinary person would have passed them by entirely unheeded.

The warm, soft atmosphere of the room would have melted our hearts into the most social, genial converse, had we not been held under partial restraint by the thought that interruption was certain.

Why is humanity in trivial, as in great things to be fettered forever by expectancy? We never sit down to pleasure with a whole-hearted enjoyment. The mind, reaching out its tendrils of anticipation, must forever touch the skeleton which would not sit with us at the feast, did we not thus rudely reach to seek its companionship.

Nell gave proof of this tendency of human nature by saying, "I almost wish this wedding-party were not coming. How happy we might be if we were going to enjoy all this evening by ourselves."

"But your golden dreams, dear Nell, where have they vanished? Could the evening be ours, it would be but a present joy, while your hope whispers of many hours of peace and profit to come, as the result of this evening."

I said this laughingly, for from the first I had built no air-castles about the wedding.

"You need not laugh at my anticipations," Nell replied. "I feel more and more sure that they will be realized; and now that the time is so nearly come, your

opportunity for criticism will be soon past."

"How fortunate we are," she continued, "having our parlors furnished in a manner befitting such an occasion! Now if some wealthy, aristocratic families are represented in the parties coming to-night, (and I feel sure they will be), how uncomfortable we should feel if we had to receive them in a small room meagrely furnished."

"Like yourself, again, Nell," I replied, "gleaning comfort from sources whence others would never have thought of looking for it. We have reason to be thankful for our temporal surroundings, but we have more reason for thanksgiving because of the cheerful spirit which enables you to turn dross to gold—anxiety to peace—and sorrow to a reconciled joy, amid all the conflicts and troubles of life."

I was pleased with my course of thought, and should certainly have pursued it farther had I not been pushed from my balance of reflection by the sharp click of the door-bell. Physiologists tell us of our sense of touch, through the medium of which we communicate with the outward world. I raise this query in passing:

Does not sound through its contact with our external ear, telegraph to our mental being, and as really touch us as the hand of a friend, which, laid in ours with a gentle pressure, says, "you are dear to my heart." My friend *says* he loves me, and his words *touch* my heart. He touches me with his hand, and the *touch speaks* to every fibre of my being. Thus laced and interlaced, our words and thoughts and sensations make up the web and woof of that strange spiritual being, which is to-day touched and spoken to, and communicated with, through the bodily senses, but to-morrow reads with the alphabet of the angels.

You are waiting to receive the wedding guests, dear reader; so were we, at the moment of which I write. But you, as were we, are doomed to disappointment. I found at the door only the child of a neighbor, who had called to tell me that his father was very sick and request-

ed me to visit him that evening. I returned to the parlor to meet disappointed faces, and to say to Nell, jestingly,

"Had you been expecting your dearest friend your look could not contain in it more of disappointment than it this moment wears."

Thus we opened a new topic, which kept us in amusement another hour. We were cheerful and happy, yet we realized that we were waiting expectant, and that our looked-for guests had not arrived. When the clock struck eight we looked at one another inquiringly, for seven had been the hour appointed by my unseen visitor of the previous evening.

During the next hour the conversation grew dull. We listened at every sound, as if something of importance awaited us. At half-past eight I proposed a book, and we tried to drown our cares with others' thoughts, when the tide of our own had failed us. Just before nine there came a soft pull at the bell, as if some one half undecided whether to come in or stay out, had finally concluded on the former. I answered the summons immediately, not in the least expecting to find the wedding-party, as I, though I had been listlessly, had not heard the sound of carriages approaching. At the door I found a gentleman and lady unattended, their dress much disordered by the wind. They had evidently walked a long distance, as their clothing was quite wet. Their umbrella turned wrong side out, had manifestly been a very poor protection to them. Their whole appearance might be described in one word — *dragged*.

I was in doubt. Could this strange couple, so alone, and forlorn, have any connection with the wedding-party that we were expecting? Surely not; they must have come on some other errand; perhaps they were beggars and wanted shelter for the night. All these thoughts drifted through my mind, much quicker than I have written them. They were all annihilated at once by the man's saying in a stentorian voice,

"Wall, parson, aint this gittin' married under difficulties? We've had a blue time on't, so far, sartain."

It took me some time to find my voice before I could make reply. Meantime my guest broke silence again, saying,

"Aint you going to ax us to come in? It'll be bluer yet if we've got to go back agin without gittin married arter we've took all this trouble."

"Certainly, certainly; walk in," said I, finding my voice, at this unexpected questioning of my hospitality. Then by way of apology for my hesitation I said,

"I didn't know before that you wished to be married."

"Zounds!" said the stentorian voice again, "didn't *her* dad come here last night, and tell you we was goin to get married to-night. He said he'd come; now, ef he's lied to me, I'll—"

I hastened to interrupt the threatening, thinking what disastrous consequences might follow, if "*her* dad," and his new son-in-law should begin life with a disagreement.

"Come in, come in," said I; "it is all right. I was informed last night, that I should be expected to perform a marriage ceremony this evening."

"Then what did you say you want a lookin for us, for? I thought you was off your reckonin, all the time; for I didn't believe the ole man would darst begin that way with me."

Evidently I had before me a rare specimen of the *genus homo*. I opened the door for his entrance, and observed him under the full light of the hall, much as I would have examined any natural curiosity. He was very tall, and his immense height seemed more conspicuous, by reason of his clothes being as tight as the skin over which he wore them. In this respect, his pants seemed an exact model of his skin, but, in another respect, quite different; as the pants stopped about half way between the knee and ankle, but it was easily to be observed that the skin continued into the slip-shod shoe, which loosely covered the foot. There was an attempt at a pair of stockings, but the magnetic currents of the ankle seemed repellant to them, and they lay down over the shoe in a most affectionate manner. There had certainly been an attempt at hair-dressing, on his

part; for despite the drabbed look which the rain produced, manifestly grease predominated in the black matted locks which covered his head and neck. Of the face, I will not attempt description further than to say I think Michael Angelo would not have selected it as a model of beauty. It was not a desperate face, nor did it bear evidence of unbridled passion; but unmitigated verdure dwelt in every feature.

The woman, what shall I say of her? Not as much as I have said of her companion, for, though she seemed not to have more of culture than he, she—woman-like, preserved in her demeanor, the semblance of better things. She had made a tawdry attempt at a wedding-garment, which, like that of her liege lord, lacked both in quality and quantity. Her bonnet and shawl had suffered from the inclemency of the weather. Her face, (except a slightly frightened look) was bright and sunny. The whole figure gave you an impression of an attempt at joy which had been overtaken by adverse and boisterous circumstances. Immediately on her entrance, she dropped into a chair which stood by the door, with an air of abandon that might have been envied by a careless child. Every item of her attitude said, "I have arrived at my journey's end, and am content."

Another chair sat near her, and I hoped that the hero of my tale might imitate her example, and put himself in an attitude of quiet, and thus give me an opportunity of preparing the minds of my family before I ushered these strange guests into the parlors. But no inclination of that kind seemed to possess his mind. Standing directly between me and the door of the parlor, he said,

"You say *her* dad bargained with you to do a marriage with ceremony. Neow, I tell you I don't want nothin of the sort. We aint that kind of folks. I want you to jest marry us straight up and down, without any sort o' chicken fixins about it any way. I haint no objections to goin in your parlor, for it. Specially if you've got a fire in your fire-place, for I must own I feel like a feller what's had a wet blanket thrown over his calculations."

He did not wait for me to enter protest or give assent, but pushing the door open he made his entrée before I could overtake him, with a single question respecting his name, that I might introduce him to the family within.

Inviting the lady to follow, with a strange mixture of the surprised and the ludicrous in my mind, I went in the footsteps of my extraordinary guest into the presence of my family. Never shall I forget the look with which Nell greeted my entrance. It was to me the most amusing part of the whole scene. She had evidently overheard the conversation in the hall, and knew thereby that the expected wedding-party had arrived. She had arisen when the door opened, but instead of approaching to give her usual cordial, graceful greeting to her guests, she stood close to the chair from which she had arisen, as one transfixed. All those golden visions—all those anticipations of aristocratic guests seemed to have started out from her countenance and surrounded it with a halo of indescribable surprise.

The bridegroom expectant seemed not to notice the air of astonishment which surrounded him. He was making a hasty circuit of the room, seeming to take an inventory of its contents. A manifest look of discontent settled on his features as he finished his examination. Turning to me he said abruptly,

"Can't you afford no fire-place?"

"We don't feel the need of one," I replied, "since our house is furnished with a furnace. If you will come here to the register, you can find heat enough."

"No, you don't," he replied. "You aint a goin to catch me in that trap, bein registered afore I'm married. I aint agoin to lose time in that way, I tell you. You can do your registerin arter we're gone."

"Come Sal," said he, turning to the lady. "let's we get married, and be off agin to dad's chimney corner, for they haint got none of the comforts of life in this house for all they pretend to be so starchy."

"Sal" made no objection to this proposition, neither did she make any advance

toward its fulfilment. She sat in the first chair which she had encountered after her entrance to the parlor, the same stolid content on her face, mingled with a bewildered look of astonishment at the variety of beauty about her.

"Come on, Sal, I tell you," he repeated in a more peremptory tone than before. "If you expect to get married to me, to-night, you'd better be about it, for I aint agoin to wait in this ere oncomfortable fix long, I'll let you know."

Surely, I thought, comfort is relative, governed in part by the persons interested. We had thought our parlors the "*sine qua non*" of all excellence in this respect, but here into our midst drops an uncultured plebian, who finds only weary restraint and discomfort in our symbols of joy.

While this thought was passing through my mind "Sal" had found her way to her admirer's side; he had seized her hand, drawn her arm to the elbow through his own, and with herculean strides they were bearing down upon me like a seventy-four gun-ship under full spread of canvas.

Delay was impossible, even if it had been desirable. I went through with the necessary preliminaries of getting the certificate, and informing myself of the names of the parties as quietly as possible. But I smile when I write, to think how *impossible* quiet was. I said sotto-voce,

"Have you a certificate?"

"Wall, I reckon I has. You didn't think I'd be fool enough to come here without one, did ye? And I aint one mite ashamed of it, so you needn't be whisperin about it that way."

The names were not written very distinctly on the certificate, and to assure myself I asked him what they were.

"My name! what, don't you know that yet? My name is Abinidab Brown, and that's a name to be proud on, if there's any use in pride about anything."

"And the lady's name," I suggested.

"Her name! why, her name is Sal Higgins, it is. But we aint spectin twill be *that* long, if you get to marryin us within any reasonable distance of this time."

Then I proceeded with the ceremony.

"My Christian brother and sister, I require and charge ye both, as ye will answer at the awful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it."

"Wall, now," said Abinidab, "I can't see how that is any of your business, any way. But if ye must know, Sal stutters, or has somethin that I believe they call a '*pediment*' in her speech.' Now, if I'm willin to take her for all that, (and I am, for she's a darn sight smarter than any of the rest of the gals, and I never thought it was any improvement to a woman to talk like a house a fire) if I'm willin, I say, to take her, I don't see why you shouldn't go on marryin us."

It has been my wonder ever since how I ever got through the remainder of the ceremony, for I was really choked with smothered laughter. But I knew that Abinidab's keen eye was upon me; and I suspected that any dereliction on my part might call down imprecations from him, so I controlled myself and went on.

"As an acknowledgment of your desire to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony you will take one another by the right hand."

Now came a most ludicrous scratching and scrambling, in an attempt at obedience. Neither of the parties seemed to be entirely sure which was their right hand; and as Abinidab was standing on the wrong side of the lady it increased their difficulty. They tried first his right and her left hand, then her right and his left; then the two left hands, and then returned to their first mistake—his right and her left. Here they paused and I proceeded:

"Do you, Abinidab Brown, take the woman whom you hold by the—hand—(I came near saying right hand, but discovered my mistake in time.)

"Yaas."

"To be your wedded wife."

"Yaas."

"To love—"

"Yaas."

"And to cherish—"

"Yaas."

"In sickness—"

"I don't want to promus nothin for sickness, for if there's anything that I dew despise it's a woman that's puling round, sick half the time; so I've picked a good stout one to begin with, and it's in the bargain, that I shall go a huntin whenever she takes it in her head to be sick. That's all agreed 'tween us. So you go on."

"In health?"

"Yaas, allus."

"And forsaking all others keep thee unto her so long as ye both shall live?"

"Yaas, I will."

Then turning to the woman, I said,

"Do you, Sally Higgins—" Here I was interrupted by Abinidab, saying—

"Taint Sally, nor never was, and I never told you so. 'Twas Sal that she was christened, 'twas Sal I courted, and it's Sal Higgins and nobody else that I'm agoin to marry."

"Very well," said I; and I began agoin: "Do you, Sal Higgins, take the man whom you hold by the right hand, to be your wedded husband, to love and to cherish, in sickness and health, and forsaking all others, keep thee unto him so long as ye both shall live?"

No audible response was made during these questions, but the delighted Sal curtsyed and bowed in the most astonishing manner. There was no mistaking that the symbols meant assent, and I accordingly proceeded to say,

"In virtue of the authority vested in me as a minister of the gospel, I pronounce you husband and wife, and what God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

"That's it," says Abinidab, bringing his hands together with a hearty crack, and smiling all over his ruddy face.

"We're hitched now, Sal, sure and strong. There'll be no slippin that noose. Let's go home, now, and tell the old man how neat it was done. He'll want to see us, I know, by the time we've beat down there agin this wind."

They started for the door, but Abinidab seeming to remember that he had not

paid for this ceremony which had pleased him so well, turned back, saying,

"You wait a minit, Sal; I haint been up to the captain's office yet, to settle;" and turning to me, he said abruptly,

"How much do you ax?"

"Anything that the parties choose to give," I replied. "I never set a price on such service."

"Wa'll neow, that's a queer way of doin business, it seems to me."

While he was speaking he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, first on one side, then on the other. Then felt in his coat pockets, and finally proceeded to the vest pockets, turning each wrong side out in its succession, and muttering to himself,

"Wa'll neow, that is a pretty piece of business if I've lost that ere bill the ole man gin me."

He was about to give up in despair, when suddenly he bethought him that he had put it into the watch pocket of his vest. He was delighted at finding it again, and he thrust it into my hand with the air of a man conferring a fortune upon another.

I received it thankfully, thinking that this was the last act in this ludicrous drama, and that the opportunity was now come for us to be alone, and enjoy its memory. But not so. My guest showed no inclination to leave. He stood before me, with an eager look on his countenance, which it was impossible for me to interpret. I grew embarrassed under it, and turned away, hoping that he would imitate my example and thus close the interview; but this formed no part of his intention. Taking a quick step toward me he asked sharply,

"Aint there no change a comin?"

"Yes," said I, only too glad to know the cause of the delay and that it could be so easily obviated. "How much change do you want?"

"Wa'll, about a dollar, I reckon. I shouldn't think you ought to ax more'n a dollar for a little job like that, that didn't take you more'n two minutes to do. Wont a dollar do ye? If it wont just say so, and I'll give you more, for I aint agoin to be mean about a thing of this."



sort, specially when I've got such a gal as Sal, into the bargain."

I looked at the bill which he had given me. It was two dollars. I gave him a dollar from my purse as quickly as possible, and he departed evidently in the best of humor. I threw the bill into Nell's lap, when the door closed, saying as audibly as I could, amid my convulsions of laughter,

"Here is our first perquisite. Our salary is one thousand and one dollars this year, certain."

[To be continued.]

### SUMMER IS DEAD.

By Mrs. Helen M. Rich.

The royal summer died to-day,  
Expired upon her couch of green;  
The gorgeous crown she won from May  
Had paled and dimm'd, I ween;  
Her purple tresses 'mid the hills,  
Her pearly mists athwart the lea,  
The charm of all her laughing rills,  
Her soft embrace is lost to me.

She bent above me in the hush  
Of starry midnight, as we traced  
Heaven in the eyes and tender flush  
That lights some idol's kingly face;  
She touched me with a breath of balm,  
When, in some rosy morning's kiss,  
I felt the wings of perfect calm  
Bear me to isles of perfect bliss.

She turned to amber darksome waves,  
And beaded them with creamy foam;  
She hung rich garlands from her eaves,  
And whispered in a zephyr, "come;"  
She flung her brilliant banners out,  
From mossy crag and dreamy cove,  
And, where I watched the dappled trout,  
Bright golden throats sang "love!"

Her boats were out on azure seas,  
With dimpled cupids at the oars;  
While snow-white saints on bended knees,  
Made Eden of the angel's floor;  
Her incense came from lily cup,  
And floated round the dying rose,  
Until the south wind bore it up,  
Where all that's dear and precious goes.

O summer! not a leaf could stir,  
No sunbeam dance across the lawn,

But joy caught up thy worshipper,  
As heart to heart is drawn;  
Why must the music of thy birds,  
The rainbow splendor of thy flowers,  
All that can thrill the spirit's chords,  
Pass from this world of ours?

I hear thy sobs in dismal rain,  
In fitful gasps amid the trees,  
And know that now a sense of pain  
Usurps the reign of ease;  
That grief is grief unsoothed by sense  
Of beauty to the waiting heart,  
That life in conflict stern, intense,  
Is with me—summer thus we part.  
*Island Home, Wegatchee, Aug. 31st.*

### A CINNAMON ROSE-TREE.

*Growing at the head of a neglected grave.*

By Miss M. Remick.

A hundred years! as fresh and bright,  
These sweet pink roses blow,  
Scattering their red leaves o'er the sod,  
The narrow sod below;  
Choked with green grass the myrtles shine,  
A pale bud here and there;  
But fresh as in the morning hours,  
These roses scent the air.

A hundred years! the crumbling stone  
Wears dim the cherished name,  
And hushed in other silent spots,  
The feet that hither came;  
Ragged and gray the larches stoop,  
Their years are well-nigh done,  
Only a rose-tree slight and frail,  
Lives on forever young.

O, roses! in what tender hands  
Came you to deck this grave?  
Above this silent, sleeping dust,  
Year after year to wave—  
Year after year to burst in bloom,  
Your branches thick with flowers?  
O, well I know the love which gave,  
Survives this world of ours!

Christianity is, in society, like that agency in the physical world which drives suns and systems on their tremendous track, yet binds them in glittering harmony, holds them to a central order, fills them with joyful life, and illuminates them with universal beauty.

## JACOB PERRY'S STORY AND ITS SEQUEL.

By Cousin Maggie.

Old Mrs. Perry and her maid Jane had gone to bed, but the comfortable sitting-room with its glowing fire and the pattering of the rain against the windows, tempted Jacob and his friend Godfrey to sit still longer and enjoy their quiet chat. They talked of the many adventures they had braved together, in their distant wanderings, then of their early life, and Jacob chanced to mention a friend of his childhood of whom Godfrey had never heard before.

"Come, tell me about it, Jacob. You never spoke of her to me, before."

"No; I seldom mention her name; but somehow I cannot help thinking of her to-night. Do you suppose, Godfrey, that the friends who have gone from earth, ever come to us in spirit, and impress us with their presence, so that we involuntarily look around expecting to see them?"

"I cannot tell. Why?"

"Because, if so, then I think Milly Hart must be here to-night." Jacob drew his chair nearer the glowing grate, and shading his face with his hand, went on:

"I cannot remember the time I did not love her. Her parents lived in the red house at the end of the lane. There Milly was born, and there she lived until she was twelve and I seventeen. She was a pet for us all, and my especial care. At work or at play, her little feet were sure to wander near. Many times I have been fishing in the trout-brook below the meadow, and have seen her little brown head all speckled over by the sunshine, peeping over the grass, as high as she was, and heard her voice, which sounded like a robin's call, saying:

"Jake, Jake! tell the fishes not to be 'fraid, for it's only Milly coming."

Then she would sit on the bank and watch to see the trout dart from under the rocks, and I would forget to watch for them, looking at her eyes reflected in the water, for they were prettier to me than the sunshine beside them. Sometimes in her roguish frolic she would

spring into the brook with her little bare feet, like two snow-flakes, and make a great splashing, crying, "I'll scare the fishes so they won't dare come for their dinner, then the ugly hook can't prick them."

Milly's father was an ambitious sort of man, and he thought he could do better than to farm it, so he sold his farm to father and moved to Derryville. As I said, Milly was twelve then, and as pretty a girl as ever was seen. I felt very bad to have them go, and I remember I told Milly that those big feeling village boys would flatter her till she would forget me who had always been her best friend. But she was certain she should always love me better than any of them.

From that time till I was twenty-one I saw Milly occasionally; but as she grew up, she became more distant and dignified in her manners. Instead of running to jump into my arms, as when a little girl, she only said, "How do you do?" as politely as if I were a stranger. This troubled me. I did not know much about a woman's heart, but I have thought since, how red her cheeks always grew, and how bright her eyes looked whenever she saw me unexpectedly. I thought her very lovely, and of late when I recall her looks, it makes me think of Mrs. Hemans' "Charmed Picture."

"Thine eyes are charmed—thine earnest eyes,  
Thou image of the dead!  
A spell upon their sweetness lies,  
A virtue thence is shed."

The summer that I was twenty-one, I went West with a party of surveyors and spent several months. The first thing I did on my return was to go up to the village determined to ask Milly to be my wife. It was the evening of the day on which I returned home, that I knocked at Mr. Hart's door and inquired for Milly. She had gone to the singing-school, and I turned into the street and took my way to the meeting-house where the school was held. I heard a step behind me and turning saw Jo Lake, a wild fellow, who lived in Derryville.

"Just got home, have you?" said he.  
"Yes."

"Then you haven't heard of the grand wedding we are to have in town, this week, have you?"

"No. Who is it?" I asked.

"O, Walter Marshall is to be married to Miss Milly Hart."

"You lie!" I turned upon him with this before I had time to think, or I should have been more cautious.

He looked at me a moment and then a queer, mischievous expression came into his face.

"Well, if you don't believe it, read this;" and he drew a bunch of matches from his pocket, and lighting them, pointed to a paper upon the meeting-house door. It was a publication of the intention of marriage between Walter Marshall and Milly Hart. There was no mistaking the names. I don't know what I did. Jo went into the house with a derisive laugh, and through the opening door came that beautiful old tune, Pleyel's Hymn. I recognized Milly's clear, sweet voice, and it had a happy, joyous tone, I thought, as though life was opening bright and rosily before her. I could not bear it. She had always known that I loved her, though I had never told her so since we were children. Yet I knew she must know it, for I had never hardly noticed any other girl. All my attention had been bestowed upon her, and this was what she gave me in return! I found my way home and to my own chamber. There I watched wearily for the dawn, and when it came, I took my yet unpacked trunk, started for the next town, took the stage, and so commenced my twelve years of wandering. I gave my parents no explanation of my conduct, for I could not speak of Milly. It was not until miles of wave and mountain lay between me and home that I grew composed and rational enough to plan for future action. Then I took my way to California. You who have shared a part, know of my adventures, and now you know what led to them.

"You stayed in California three years after I left. What brought you home at last?"

"Yes it was just about three years

after you left that I happened one day to pick up an old newspaper that had been used as wrapping-paper. It was printed in this county and I looked it over with eagerness. How shocked was I to read in that old, torn paper an account of my father's death. I felt that the hand of God was in it. Like the prodigal I felt that for my undutiful conduct I was punished more than I could bear. The image of my good mother, old, forsaken and perhaps dying alone, rose up before me. Full of remorse, I started for home, determined, if my mother lived, to cherish her the remnant of her days. She was alive, and you can imagine her joy at again beholding me. They had long thought me dead, and the sight of me seemed to give her new strength. I trust she will live many years longer, that by my care and love I may in part repay her for my long neglect. She is all I have on earth to love, and my heart clings like a child to my good old mother. It was many months after my return before Milly was mentioned, and then it was my mother who told me of my blind, foolish mistake. It was not my Milly who was married to Walter Marshall, but a cousin of hers whom I had often seen. But I thought only of *her*, and it never entered my head that there could be any mistake. Lake immediately guessed the cause of my agitation, and being piqued at a slight which Milly had given him, he determined to revenge himself at my expense. So he went directly to Milly and told her of my mistake with many ludicrous descriptions of my expressions and conduct. Therefore when it became known that I had left town, no one was at a loss for the cause. Milly, like the noble, true-hearted girl that she always was, came to my parents and told them the whole story, at the same time begging to know of my whereabouts that she might write to me. They could not tell her anything about me, and so they waited and hoped for my return. Years passed. Mr. Hart died, leaving his family penniless, and his wife in a decline. The physician said change of climate was necessary to her recovery. Then Milly

consented to marry a gentleman from Pennsylvania, who had fallen in love with her modest beauty, and just a year before my return she and her mother left for their distant home. Since then I have heard that the yellow fever has swept the whole family into the grave. And now she is where I can never miss her again. I have only to wait until God calls me, then I know she will come for me."

They sat a long time in silence, listening to the driving rain, and Jacob thought of Milly in her heavenly home, where no clouds ever changed the sunshine to darkness. There was a lull in the storm and they heard a sharp knock at the door. Jacob started from his reverry and hastened to open it.

"Is this the right road to Derryville?" asked a man, dripping with rain.

"No sir. You are two miles from the direct road?" answered Jacob.

"Then the darkness has misled me, and if you will give a lady traveller shelter for the night, you will have performed an act of charity, for this storm is terrible."

"Certainly; I could refuse no one shelter at such a time as this. Take your horse up to the door, and I will be ready to wait upon you."

Jacob called the maid, and hurried on his hat, coat and boots. Setting his lantern upon the step, he lifted a lady from the carriage, saying—

"Here, Jane, take off the lady's wet shawl, and then make some warm tea, for they must be chilled through." Then springing to the side of the driver, he took the reins and drove round to the barn.

Jane came forward to remove the heavy shawls, but she almost screamed at the ghastly face which met her eyes. The lady saw she was frightened, and, forcing a smile, she remarked that she was cold and tired, but should soon be better. But when Jane had closed the kitchen door between them, she covered her face and wept. Throwing herself upon her knees, she murmured, "It must be so! I should know that voice anywhere. O, God! am I indeed spared for an unexpected joy?"

When Jacob came in he sought the stranger to welcome her to the hospitality of his house. She sat so that the light shone full upon her face when he entered the room. The words he would have spoken were forgotten. His head swam, and he grasped a chair for support. Scarcely less agitated than himself, the lady forced herself to say,

"You know me then, Jacob?"

"Milly! is it a vision?"

"No; I am no ghost, Jacob, see;" and she arose and extended her hand.

That voice and smile went to his heart and aroused its pulses to a wild joy. He clasped the little hand of her he had loved so faithfully and hopelessly all these long years, and covered it with tears and kisses. But a sudden thought curdled the blood in his veins. He dropped the hand he held, and with an effort said—

"Forgive me, Milly; but this is so unexpected. I thought you were in heaven."

"And you, Jacob, have arisen from the dead as unexpectedly to me as I to you. When I thought to visit the home of my childhood once more, I little dreamed that Providence was guiding me to the presence of a dear friend of those early years."

"Where is your husband, Milly?" Jacob forced himself to say. A sigh struggled in her voice as she answered—

"He and my poor mother sleep side by side in his distant home. I prayed that I might die with them, but I could not."

"Thank God that you could not," said Jacob, once more taking her hand.

Godfrey has just returned from his yearly visit to his old friend Jacob Perry. It is three years since the stormy night on which Jacob told his story, and Milly came back so unexpectedly. She will never go away again. She is Jacob's wife, and they three, Jacob, Milly, and old Mrs. Perry are very happy, enjoying the wealth he brought from the "land of gold," in the dear old home of their childhood.

When thine heart inclines thee to assist the needy, leave all and do it, and happy thy rest.

## LINES FOR A COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

By Anna M. Bates.

I would not write upon this page,  
 To mar it with a single blot—  
 When dearer dreams thy heart engage,  
 I pray forget me not;  
 And when around thy future way  
 The wreaths of greener friendships twine,  
 Though it be vowed to lone decay,  
 I pray remember mine.

I would not with a studied grace,  
 Nor as a work of poet art,  
 Upon these shining pages trace  
 The wishes of my heart;  
 I see thee on life's pathway grow,  
 A lily bud with snowy leaves,  
 That in its sinless heart I know  
 The dew of heaven receives.

But this world's blasts are rude and wild,  
 They shake the blossom from the tree;  
 They rend the lily pure and mild—  
 A fitting type of thee;  
 But when the winds of sorrow rise,  
 And life's frail stem is almost riven,  
 Remember there are brighter skies,  
 And always stars in heaven.

Kind wishes, tender, fond and deep,  
 They throng me like celestial things,  
 They rise before me as from sleep,  
 Angels with starry wings;  
 O, would were mine some magic power;  
 And they should shield thee evermore,  
 Bear thee, at last, O lily flower,  
 Home to the shining shore.

Faint odors that from isles of bloom,  
 Far off in Fancy's rosy sea,  
 On gentle winds unto me come,  
 I prison here for thee;  
 Our paths like all life's ties must part,  
 Our spirits may alike be riven;  
 May angels keep thy stainless heart,  
 And may we meet in heaven!

And if thine eye should ever read  
 These lines in distant, future years,  
 O, unto her a thought give heed,  
 Who wrote them through her tears;  
 Who viewed thee an immortal pearl,  
 Born on the Saviour's brow to shine—  
 When done with earth, my gentle girl,  
 May that blest lot be thine!

## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

By M. A. H. S.

There was Betsy and Sally, Hetty and Abby, and myself, named Lucy; five grown up daughters, still dwelling in the paternal mansion, with no prospect that either of us would be called to preside over any other, for I, the youngest, had arrived at "a certain age," and my days of romance, if I ever had any, were over; Hetty and Abby were middle-aged maidens, and Betsy and Sally were going down the declivity of life. I do not know why we were left, withered roses, clustering on the parental stem, while so many, no more beautiful, were plucked in their fragrance and borne away to grace new scenes and new homes. We had never been sentimental; we did not make our names French, by spelling them with 'ie' instead of y; we made no use of feminine artifice to entrap unwary men; neither were we repelling in our manners, or shunned by the other sex; in fact we were much favored with their society and attentions, in a general way, but not by proposals or particular devotion. However we did not "pine on the stem," or bemoan our fate, and one might go far to find five more women so jolly and contented.

We had one brother, the youngest of the flock, and the object of no small amount of sisterly devotion. We belonged to the "upper ten" of a small village. We had a large farm, and lived in a dear, old-fashioned dwelling. Ah, how delightful it was in summer! The great elms making a cooling shade and a lulling sound around it; roses climbing about the doors and windows, and the sweet scent stealing in from spring blossoms, summer flowers and fruits of autumn. In winter, too, what cheerfulness reigned there, when the naked elms wrestled with the winds and the snow-covered lawn and garden; when the bright sun shone into the "south room" where the fire blazed upon the hearth, and the glowing coals fell down, and the sparks flew up the chimney. And pleasant were the evenings when the firelight danced upon the tall brass andirons, of a golden bright-

ness, the striped carpet of gay colors, the full curtains of flowered chintz, sweeping to the floor, and the round table drawn near the hearth, littered with books and needle-work. There were lighted candles in the silver candlesticks upon mantelpiece and table, apples and nuts upon the side-board; the mother, not yet very old, was seated in her arm-chair in the cosy corner, with her full bordered cap, and kerchief folded over her bosom, and the stocking growing in her hands. The sisters gathered around the table, Jack took his flute and "practised," or entertained us with reading. The neighbors dropped in, old and young, some of us were singers, and with chat and music the hours flew away.

Thus happily the years went by; our only sorrow had been in losing our father, who had reached a good old age. I had often wondered whether Jack would keep his sisters company in remaining single, but when people were beginning to call him an old bachelor, he met his fate in the shape of a young lady who came to visit in the village, and as there seemed to be no reason why they two should not become one, they in due time joined themselves together, and another sister was added to the family. We were well pleased to have it so, and took the young wife to our home and hearts. Her name was the same as my own, and finding it rather puzzling to have two Lucy's, we somehow fell into the habit of calling her "Mrs. Jack."

Mrs. Jack was such a lively body she made us all feel young again, and the old homestead was more hilarious than ever while she reigned there a bride. After she had been with us a little more than a year we were startled by Jack suddenly proposing to build a house.

"What for?" said mother.

"Why, to live in," answered her son.

"But is there not room enough here?"

"O, yes, now there is; but if there should be any little Jacks."

Mother laughed and said, "That would not be frightful."

Jack thought differently. He had been cogitating the matter for some time we found, and his head was full of the notion

of building a Gothic cottage; they were just then coming into fashion. He had never seen one except as pictured in the papers, where they were described; we had none in our region. Mrs. Jack approved of the plan, and her husband said we were spoiling her, not letting her take part in the domestic affairs; how could she ever be a housekeeper, if she did not learn while she was young. So it was settled that a cottage should be built on a lot adjoining the homestead, and it was not to be a very expensive one. He intended with the help of the hired man to get all the lumber ready during the winter. It was a busy winter for him; he had a carpenter from another village come over several times to help make the calculations, talk over the plans, &c. It made a great subject of conversation for us, and our heads were all full of it, mine especially; I felt much interest in the matter. I had always been deep in Jack's confidence—I was nearest his age, and he was pleased to see with what spirit I took hold of the project: I was in danger of having the whole building on my hands. There were altogether too great a variety of suggestions and plans, and so many amateur architects were quite likely to spoil the house.

The following summer was a season of excitement in which not only our family but also the whole village shared. There had not been a house built there within the memory of the oldest sister, and this was to be not only a *new* house, but a house of the sensation kind. We boarded the workmen, and it was a busy time with us, in doors and out. We found that a house was not built in a day, or without a good deal of worry and vexation; and poor Jack was almost worn to a skeleton with the heat of the weather, and the care and wear of the undertaking. He had only the assistance of Mr. Clapp, the carpenter before mentioned, in planning and superintending the work; and he, although an excellent workman, had no experience except in the ordinary style of building, and made no pretensions to much knowledge of architecture, and the rest of the help were rather raw hands.

But finally the frame went up, with its

steep roof and gables, its long windows, its balcony, and high arched doorways. Thus the outside made a pretty appearance, and seemed to my uncultivated taste quite "architectural;" but I must confess I was not so well satisfied with the inside arrangements, though I did not like to tell Jack so. The parlor and sitting-room were pleasant, and of good size, but the bed-room and kitchen were too small; the chambers were low — there were only two of them: the stairs came down into a dark entry, there was no garret, and worst of all, no fire-place in the house. Stoves were then getting to be the rage, and it was easier and cheaper to build without fire-places.

The work went on slowly and took a good deal more time than we had calculated for it. Jack had the farm-work on his hands as well as the building, and was wanted here and there and everywhere, till I thought there would be nothing left of him when the summer was over. The call for nails was incessant, and glass and oil, and paint and putty were wanted, with hinges and latches and locks, door knobs and window fastenings; and "the store" was so far off it took "a team" to get the smallest article. At the home-stand there was a great destruction of provisions, and roasting, boiling and baking were going on continually. Such a consumption of ham and eggs, pies and puddings, tea and coffee, preserves and apple-sauce had never been known before, even in our large family.

Betsy and Sally, with "the hired girl," took the worst of it upon their shoulders — they were the workers; the rest of us were ready for the light skimming; we handled the dishes, helped in the dairy, kept things tidy, and were busy as bees. We had some compensation for the toils of the day in the society of Mr. Clapp, who lodged as well as boarded with us, going home Saturday night and returning on Monday. Though rather a grave and plain appearing man, he was very agreeable, and helped to make the short evenings pass pleasantly. He and I seemed to fraternize very well together, I suppose because I took so much interest in the work he was doing,

and we all liked him well. One day Abby said to me she supposed Mr. Clapp was a bachelor; I said he might be a widower, but I had not thought about it particularly.

"Well," said she jokingly, "you had better ask him what his intentions are."

I told her she had better ask him herself if she was anxious to know. Some time after that I found myself wondering how it was with him, but the matter did not disturb my sleep or spoil my appetite.

Finally the work was done and the workmen dismissed. Mr. Clapp went home, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack moved into their Gothic domicile, where I fancied they felt rather lonely and discontented sometimes, when winter came again; but when little Jack came too, they had company enough, and of course all the sisters were neighborly before and after that event. We did not like the stoves, they were so gloomy, and seemed to make the air, or the want of it, stifling. Jack and his wife got such bad colds, and so blamed the stoves; then Mrs. Jack sprained her ankle on the dark stairway and was lame for weeks. When the snow melted, and the spring rains came, the roof leaked badly, the walls were soaked, and great cracks came in the plastering. Jack scolded some, but did not know who to blame particularly; he said some of it would have to be done over again before winter.

It was a picturesque little place after all, and attracted a great deal of admiring attention from those who passed by. It had not been built upon a barren spot; there were beautiful trees around it; father had planted them when we were children, telling mother that one of the girls might get married and want a house there.

It was looking its prettiest one warm Sunday in midsummer, as the sisters in the big family wagon took up Mr. and Mrs. Jack, and Jack junior, on their way to church in a neighboring village. We had a long sermon, and as we rode home with the sun high overhead, the heat was excessive. As we reached the top of a hill from which we could look down upon

the farm, we saw smoke rising in that direction. We met no one upon the road, but as we drove down the street we came upon a crowd of sober faces, and found Jack's house burnt to the ground. The fire had devoured everything it contained—nothing was left but the smouldering beams and rafters. It was supposed to have caught from the stove-pipe, but how it happened we never knew. All the people were at church, or dozing away the warm morning, and it was too late to save anything before it was discovered.

It was just one week from that day of disaster, on the Sunday following, that Mr. Clapp came over to see "the ruins." He had not made his appearance among us since his work was finished there, and now he informed us that he had been in California, not digging for gold, he said, but to help a friend who had a contract to put up a large public building in San Francisco. After he had given us some little incidents of his life and experience there, we walked about among the trees, and he spoke of its being sad to see such a wreck of a home. I told him the first shock was dreadful, but Jack bore it very well, and I thought if he were to build again it would be in a different style. He supposed the cottage would not rise again, like a Phoenix, in the same shape; he thought one might be a little superstitious about raising a facsimile of a structure that had thus gone down, as some people fear to name a child after one they have buried.

Then he said, "You like old-fashioned houses best?"

"Yes," said I.

"And old-fashioned people, too?"

"I believe so."

"Am I old-fashioned enough for you to like me?"

I laughed and said, "You'll do; I like you very well."

"For better, for worse?" he asked, looking in my face beseechingly.

"I might like you better, if I tried," was my answer.

Then he took my hand in his and said, "You will try;" so we walked about a little longer, and he went away.

After the fire came the wedding, and I

do not know which caused the greatest excitement in the village, the burning of the house that Jack built, or my marriage, but I am sure the latter was the happiest event to the parties concerned.

## THE RAINBOW OF PROMISE.

By Frederic Wright.

'Twas morning, all gloriously bright and serene,  
Not a cloud on the sky to o'ershadow the scene;  
From the blossoming boughs of the orchard and grove,  
And the depths of the forest came peans of love!  
Chiming in with the murmuring cadence that fell  
On the ear, as the brook wound its way thro' the dell;  
And the odorous zephyrs, so lightly they pass,  
Scarce ruffled the bloom on the dew-laden grass;  
Over rich vale and mountain, with rocks bald and bare,  
The Rainbow of Promise rose smilingly there!

Still onward in glory majestic—the sun  
Rose upward, unveiling the splendors of noon;  
When lo! in the west, on the verge of the sky,  
A dim cloud arose—like the shade of a sigh!  
So gauze-like it hung for a moment, and then  
Like a flash on the wheels of the tempest it ran,  
Enveloping earth, sea and sky, in a gloom  
Half fearful, half grand, like a pall o'er the tomb!  
Yet high, over all, 'mid that thunder and glare,  
Rose the Rainbow of Promise exultingly there!

Then eve, in her pensive gray shadows came down,  
With her breastplate of stars, and the moon for her crown;  
All nature lay hushed in that moment of rest,  
As placidly calm as a babe on the breast;  
Not a sound broke the stillness o'er valley or hill.  
Save Echo repeating the song of "Poor Will;"  
And the voice of the brook, as with murmuring tone,  
Its limpid waves dashed o'er the moss-covered stone;  
While high over all, 'mid the ambient air,  
The Rainbow of Promise shone gloriously there!  
Delta, Ludo Co., C. West.



## THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.\*

NO. XXXI.

The Rhine at Bale — Excursion to Lowach — Goethe; a conflict with Mentor—Vanquished in the same—Visiting a manufactory—A curious custom.

Though it may require considerable stretch of imagination to see in the muddy river at Rome that "yellow Tiber," with its waves of liquid amber rolling over golden sands, and sparkling beneath the deep blue of a southern sky,—which has haunted the fancy when dwelling upon this storied stream, not thus were we disappointed in the Rhine at Bale, whose first appearance fully realized our previous ideal of its grandeur and beauty. From the windows of our hotel we could look down upon it, stretching out broad, and shimmering beneath the sunlit sky. Waters of the deepest blue rushing on with arrowy swiftness—(for here at Bale the current is very strong)—laden with its freight of rafts and barges,—on it sped through the many arches of the long, open bridge which connects this part

\* ERRATA.—In this connexion we would fain notice a few of the errors and blunders (of which, good printer, we take our full share) that have crept into the back numbers of these sketches, much to the jarring of the writer's nerves—and doubtless to the trial of compositors' patience—and mystification of the reader. Of words omitted and *committed*, misprinted, &c., we will not speak; but certain errors we like not to see standing without a brief notice; for instance, the remains of Madame Rachelle, the tragedienne, were removed to *Pere la Chaise*, instead of being interred at Cannet, where she died; of this we were misinformed at the time.

The medallion mosaics mentioned at St. Peter's in Rome, were heads of *Evangelists* instead of Popes, as our description was made to say. Next, the quotation from Shakespeare's "Tempest," inscribed upon Shelley's tomb at Rome, was not credited to the "Bard of Avon," but read as if a production of Shelley. Let this brief allusion to a few of the grosser errors found in these sketches, suffice, while we beg the kind reader's indulgence, past and future, in following our recollections of a tour abroad, undertaken partly for health's sake, and partly for study; sketches brief and crude—written for the most part without notes—often hurriedly, and under the pressure of physical and mental disability, and which, but for a sense of obligation to contribute, even of our weakness, to the contents of *our only ladies' Magazine*, would long since have been discontinued.—M. C. G.

of the town with the German shore opposite, laughing in the sunshine, and singing merrily, like a fresh, blue-eyed lass at her spinning-wheel, as content, nay, happy to hear its allotted part in the practical business of life, so long as its efforts could contribute to the general good, through the industrial channels of the world. Though lacking its more picturesque attractions of scenery—of moss-grown tower, ivy-wreathed ruins, dark green forest, or frowning castle,—skirting the busy town on its way to more quiet sylvan scenes.

The aspect of the Rhine at this point, though quite utilitarian in character, was one of great beauty, fresh and inspiring in its effects upon the beholder.

Crossing the bridge, (which F., always willing to exercise himself in the collection of facts,—ascertained to be 360 feet long) we enjoyed a fine drive on the German side, through a portion of Lorrach, which consisted of groves and pleasure-grounds, interspersed with winding-paths and roads, and pleasantly arranged for the accommodation of that truly German taste, seeking its amusements and social recreations as much out of doors as the climate will permit,—rather than in the vitiated atmosphere of crowded drawing-rooms, or heated saloons. Thus driving slowly on, beneath canopies of fresh, young foliage, a carpet of delicious green, enameled with early spring flowers, outspread on each side, with here and there accommodations for pleasure parties, with arrangements for an orchestra always included; the deep quiet around us, yet telling in these preparations, of a happy, social intercourse, enjoyed by the healthful dwellers of this land; this, together with the pleasant green vistas opening to the view, rendered our little excursion quite charming, despite the chilliness of the air, which continually reminded us that we were journeying northward, where, slower-footed, the spring still backward, lingered, as if to enhance the value of her sweet gifts by delay.

Alighting in a sheltered nook, we gathered a handful of native flowers and leaves to preserve as a memento of the land of Albert Durer, the good, the gen-

tle, the glorious in art! In memory too, of thee, spiritual Novalis, with thy soul gone heavenward, while yet the fresh dew of life's morning was upon it; of fiery and impassioned Schiller; of Goethe, too! nay, for we hate him. Alas! faithful mentor! sayest thou reproachfully, "it is a wicked word — this 'hate,' upon mortal lips, and its spirit cherished within the heart leads to devilish deeds!" True, O guardian spirit! Yet, n'athless must we continue to hate that which is mean and unlovely, and, unquestionably great as is Goethe's genius, admirable as are many of his works, for one book that he has written, which we could mention, and for the cruel wronging of at least two hearts as pure and beautiful as ever blest an ungrateful man, do we hate his character as a man among honorable men.

"O! wickedly incorrigible," whisperest thou? Nay; bless you! Not so bad as that, we hope! an honest hate of unpraiseworthy deeds, may be held without *personal* malice, that deadly sin which we should never allow to enter into our hearts.

But enough! Gone from the seen to unseen worlds, let the good and the beautiful deeds alone be remembered in our thoughts of earth's departed great ones, just as we would deal with the memory of our friends who are departed; just as — weak and erring though we are, — we would desire to be remembered by those who love us.

The chief business of Bale, or Basle, (for the name is spelled both ways) is its extensive manufactories of ribbons, large quantities of which are yearly exported to the United States and the British Islands. An inspection of one of the largest of these establishments was rendered highly interesting, through the politeness of one of the managers, who kindly showed us over the building, explaining the various processes necessary in the manufacturing of this article of commerce—from the raw material as first wound from the cocoon until it reaches its finished state, which is often a marvel of richness and beauty, fit to grace the toilette of a queen.

Many females were employed in the different departments, in pattern making,

reeling the silk, weaving, &c. It was wonderful to see with what nicety their nimble fingers arranged the gossamer threads without the least entanglement; constant practice had imparted to them a delicacy of touch and skill in the work, truly astonishing.

As a class, these female operatives looked tidy and intelligent, and appeared cheerful and happy at their work, which, if not as remunerative as it might be, falls less hard upon them, because the ordinary means of subsistence are quite cheap, and their artificial wants are fewer than among the same class in our own country, where too many aspire to such an extravagant array of fine clothes as would never be dreamed of by one of these Swiss maidens.

Large quantities of cheaper ribbons are woven in small hand-loom, by people of this and neighboring districts, in their own homes, materials for which are distributed by agents appointed for this purpose.

In a wee bit of a room scarcely larger than a good sized closet, we were shown a large quantity of raw material, suspended from the wall in large skeins of white and yellow, the natural color just as produced by the silk-worm.

We do not now recollect the precise value of this cheap-looking floss, as told us by the gentleman present, but it was many thousands of dollars; hence the great caution necessary against danger of fire, which, in a few moments, from one careless spark, might destroy a large fortune.

There was something fascinating in watching the weaver's plying their busy shuttles, and bringing out, tint by tint, the beautiful figures and shadings, as if by some magical incantation commanded into life and beauty — and magic it truly is—but the magic of science and skill, through whose incantation, so stirring and eloquent, step by step, and piece by piece, these results have been evolved!

After visiting the principal objects of interest in Bale,—as in duty bound,—we took a last look at the glorious river, whose flashing waves were sweeping cheerily on their busy way, still reflecting the blue of heaven upon their surface, we

left our quarters at the Three Kings, (Hotel Troi Koi) whose gorgeously painted effigies looked down a gracious farewell to us from their elevated station above the door, we took seats on the night train for Paris.

Before leaving this last of the Swiss towns at which we stopped, we remarked a curious, and to us novel appendage to the front windows of dwellings contiguous to the street; this consisted of a small mirror in an adjustable frame, which by turning toward the house would give the occupants of the room within an opportunity of seeing passers-by, without the trouble of moving their position. My lady, sewing in her parlor, or the poor seamstress in her only room, could without effort have a continued street-show brought within their own private precincts! This simple and innocently open arrangement, whether originating in curiosity—that weakness which the gentler sex has borne by imputation of the “lords of creation,” since the days of mother Eve—or for the mere purpose of utility,—is certainly quite convenient for madame, who sees at once, in the reflection of her visitors at the door, whether a change of coiffure be necessary; whether a stately call is her portion to bear, or a congenial mingling with dear friends is in store for her.

As for pedestrians, the custom is so common and perfectly understood, that probably no one takes it ill-natured of his or her neighbor, to be drawn in thus for inspection; we fancy the effect would incline people to a tidiness of exterior at least; but we fear that in our States it would foster still more that love for fine dress and admiration for the same, which is already too prevailing a characteristic of both sexes with us! We incline to the opinion that the custom would have a better effect in Swiss-land than in our large towns, as it would be less liable to abuse among the people of Bale, who seem imbued with a good share of the honest, simple-hearted, German element, the result of their proximity to that country, than with our own more mercurial, and perhaps less sincere natures.

*Lilfred's Rest.*

M. C. G.

## MILE-STONES IN MY PILGRIMAGE.

NO. I.

By F. W. G.

It was a cold December afternoon—a Sabbath afternoon. The snow was deep and white before the parlor windows, and the frost lay in clear, pearly gems upon the white paling of the narrow, city yard. The roads, though smooth, and evenly beaten, were almost deserted, for morning church-going was over, and there was no more service until early evening.

In a cosy niche of a large window overlooking the white paling I have mentioned, sat two fair girls, beautiful and happy with the fresh glow of young existence; the winter sunbeams played hide-and-seek amid the chesnut locks of the one, and deepened to a yellower gold the soft braids of the other; while, from the cherry lips of either spoke the guileless thought and the simple trust of unshadowed hearts.

There were words of cheerfulness and tender confidences, and memories of the past, and sweet, pleasant dreams of the future; and she of the broad, deep brow, and chesnut hair pictured to her friend how she should come and see her, when that new home—that bridal home—away in New England, was ready; and how, together, they would climb the mountains, and sit by the rivers, and roam along the tinkling brooks, and gather, in the sacred and beautiful places, sweet-scented blossoms for the soul, that should garland with unfading beauty all the years that lay out before them.

Only a few months since then! Twice hath the fair young spring touched, with her flower-sanded feet, the cold breast of the dead winter, and sitting here, in the glow of the August sunshine, under the shadow of my heavy roof-tree, I look over the days, until I come again to that Sabbath afternoon, and to her of the golden braids, (my youngest sister) I send this memory of her happy friend—this gentle, loving thought of

## HEARTY.

"You will come, you will come, when I stand  
by his side,  
When he calls me his darling, his beautiful  
bride;  
When the hills of New England rise grandly  
and green,  
With rivers and brooklets soft singing between;  
You will come to the home we so fondly call  
ours,  
And we'll wreath it with garlands and deck it  
with flowers."

"And the haunts of my childhood, how they  
gladdened my view,  
With what fondness and pride I shall show  
them to you;  
And the dear hearts whose kindness no lan-  
guage can tell,  
As much as they've loved me, they shall love  
you as well.  
You will come, with your heart full of innocent  
mirth,  
And your blessing to hallow our pleasant  
home-hearth. .

Oh loved! how wildly thou art pleading to  
know  
Why the loving should perish, the beautiful go;  
With no hearth light to beacon thy coming at  
night—  
The earth grown so weary—all faded its light,  
And the glory all gone from its valleys and  
streams,  
Like the music we heard in long-vanished  
dreams.

But far o'er the valley and over the sea,  
And afar from the shade of the heavy roof-tree;  
Away from the home thou hast builded with  
care,  
With the freshest of blooms in her soft chestnut  
hair;  
And her young face as fair as an angel's can be,  
In the "Land of the Seal," waits thy chosen for  
thee.

Oh friend! look away to that beautiful land,  
No mad billows break on its clear, sunny  
strand,  
No wild cry rings out on its mild, balmy air,  
No harsh word of passion, no shriek of de-  
spair;  
But sweetly and gently the loved voices fall,  
And the smile of the Father illumines it all.

## THE WITHERED BUD AND BLOSSOM.

By Mrs. O. S. Matteson.

"Mrs. Minard wants her pay for the  
washing, ma'am," said Hannah, as she  
thrust her head into the luxurious apart-  
ment in which her mistress was lazily  
yawning in her arm-chair, twirling back  
and forth a heavy gold chain, to which  
was attached a splendid locket set in dia-  
monds.

"For the washing," exclaimed Mrs.  
Baxter; "why didn't she call for the pay  
before the clothes were out. Tell her I  
cannot pay her now, but if she'll call to-  
morrow she can have it. Such a hurry  
as these washer-women are in for their  
pay, and such a trifle, too. Just as  
though they were afraid to trust a body  
for a day or two," muttered the still beau-  
tiful Mrs. Baxter. "I suppose I might  
have paid her, for here's plenty of change  
in this purse; but then I hated to trouble  
myself to run down to the kitchen, and I  
couldn't think of sending for her here!"  
and she glanced around the room as she  
replaced the heavy purse she had drawn  
from her pocket. "But, dear me, how  
it rains! What a dull day. How I  
pity that poor woman plodding across the  
street in the mud and rain. I've a mind  
to call her into the kitchen till the rain is  
over. Pshaw! it's nobody but our wash-  
er-woman, now," and Mrs. Baxter drew  
her head from the window, and settled  
back in her easy-chair. It was a cosy,  
cheerful room in which she sat, and the  
furniture rich and imposing; and the mind  
loves to dwell on such scenes; but, leav-  
ing such warmth and beauty, we will en-  
ter another dwelling, and peer into the  
darkness of that other home.

It was on the ground floor of a shabby,  
comfortless house in a back alley, and on  
a ragged straw mattress, there reclined  
the emaciated form of a young girl, not  
sleeping, nor moaning, but lying still as  
death, listening breathlessly for a well-  
known footstep—one that would bring  
her nourishment, for no food had passed  
her lips for three long days. Beside her,  
in a cradle, lay a sickly-looking babe, to  
whom merciful Heaven had sent a wel-  
come angel, who in its mother's absence,

had wafted its spirit home, unknown to the gentle invalid, who so anxiously watched her return.

On the hearth lay a ragged form, a boy of some five summers, who had cried himself to sleep, but who, as the door softly opened, sprang up and rushed with a piteous howl, to his mother's side, and begged for a mouthful of bread, while his great eyes were raised wildly to her face. "Only one mouthful, mamma, just one mouthful."

"I have no bread, my child, nor money to buy any with," gasped Mrs. Minard, as she strained him to her bosom.

A pitiful wail burst from the invalid, as she caught her mother's words.

"How is the baby, Lizzie?" exclaimed the tired, fainting mother, as she approached the cradle with a tottering step.

"Oh! it's been so quiet, mother. It has cried only twice since you went away this morning. It's been such a good baby."

A wild, heart-rending shriek burst from Mrs. Minard, as her hand rested on the clay cold face. She clasped the stiffened form to her bosom, with a frantic wail, and from her white lips came the fearful words—"The baby is dead, Lizzie! Oh, Lizzie! the darling baby is dead!"

A moan of despair broke from Lizzie's lips, as she saw her mother sink down by the cradle, with the marble form still clasped to her bosom, and her white lips pressed convulsively to its face,

"Do give me some bread, mamma; do, or I shall die," still plead the famished boy, as he wound his arms around his mother's neck, and kissed her cold, pale cheek. "Mamma, don't you hear your boy, your little Franky?"

Mrs. Minard noticed nothing, save the little form still closely pressed to her bosom. "Franky," at last spoke Mrs. Minard, and a strange calmness was in her words. "Franky, your little sister is dead. Kiss her, Franky, for she'll never kiss you again. She'll never open her large blue eyes again, never, never. She'll never laugh or cry any more. Oh my babe! my babe!"

Again Mrs. Minard covered the dead

form with kisses, and then placed it back in the cradle. Straining Franky to her bosom, and pressing a fond kiss on Lizzie's brow, she rushed from the house, and, with hands clasped, and eyes raised toward heaven, passed wildly through the street.

"In Heaven's name, woman, what ails you?" said a richly dressed gentleman, as he stopped before her, and looked sternly at her.

"My babe is dead—my little babe."

"Is that all?" and the man of the world passed carelessly along.

"All!" sobbed the agonized mother, as she pressed on. "No, not all!" and the stately buildings caught up the strain and echoed, "not all," and pitying angels whispered mournfully, "not all,"

The spirit of Lizzie Minard passed softly away as the last echo of the mournful "not all" died away, and when Mrs. Minard returned after her long and frantic walk, she found her there pale and ghastly, still beautiful in death. One agonized clasp of the slight form, one frantic press of the cold lips, and a strange calmness took possession of the widow's heart. Tenderly, tearlessly, she performed the sad offices of the dead, and when the two, the smiling bud and the tender blossom lay side by side, on the rude mattress, she led her blue-eyed boy to the side of her treasures, and bade him look on their still forms. With a fearful shudder the child slid from her arms, and slunk away into his favorite corner. Long and wistfully gazed Mrs. Minard at the dead, then knelt beside them. All that long, dreary night she watched by the sleepers. The morning came in with a glow, and golden clouds floated across the western sky. The streets were thronged with the gay and careless, all unmindful of the suffering in that dimly-lighted chamber. Wealth and fashion floated in the sun's soft rays, and the sound of the rumbling wheels of the drays and omnibuses hurrying to and fro, aroused the widow to a sense of her utter loneliness.

"Franky," said she to the timid boy, as she smoothed his shining curls, "you are all that is left me now. Go to Mrs. Baxter's and ask her for the money she

promised to-day. Oh, if I could have had it yesterday—*yesterday*! Perhaps my children might have lived. Go, Franky;” and Mrs. Minard bowed her head while Franky went softly away.

“What a fair, broad brow, and shining curly head!” said Mrs. Baxter, as she leaned from the window, and listened to the tiny, shoeless feet pattering quickly on the still wet pavement. Mrs. Baxter was in good spirits, for the rain of the previous day had left a fresh and healthy odor in the air, and little drops still glistened in the sunshine, as they hung suspended from the carved pillars, the iron railing, and the shining snow-drops, that blossomed in the garden. She watched him as he ascended the marble steps and attempted to pull the bell. Mrs. Baxter turned from the window, wondering what he wanted, so early in the morning, and who he was, dressed so shabbily. At last the servant entered and said,

“That woman has sent for her pay; what shall I tell the boy?”

“Send him in here.” Mrs. Baxter’s heart was not a bad one, and she wished to know why she had not called in person.

How wildly Frank gazed around the room, which was so different from his own squalid home. How he shrank from Mrs. Baxter, as she approached him, dressed in her rustling silks, and satin slippers. It was a morning robe of delicate purple that she wore, and Franky gazed at her with a frightened look, and big tear drops trembled on his eye-lashes.

“Where is your mother, little boy?” she said, kindly, as she laid her white hand on his shining locks, and strove to win his confidence.

“She’s at home with sister and the baby,” faltered Franky, as he grew more at ease; “and she’s so hungry, and I’m so hungry. Oh, I wish I had a piece of bread, just one piece,” and he opened and shut his famishing jaws eagerly. “May I not sit down on the floor? oh, I’m so tired.”

His weakened limbs would support him no longer, and he sank to the floor. Mrs. Baxter raised him, all ragged as he was, and placed him on a luxurious sofa.

“Hannah,” she screamed, not waiting

to pull the bell, “Hannah, bring here some of the hot cakes, and beef-steak, and omelette, and—and—oh, everything. The boy is starved—he’s dying.” Again she was by the sofa, and eagerly chaffing his temples, for Frank was exhausted, and only showed signs of life by his faint breathing. Mrs. Baxter wept such tears as she had never wept before. The odor of the hot cakes and fragrant beef-steak aroused the boy, who clutched at the tray as it was placed beside him. Eagerly he devoured mouthful after mouthful, and after his appetite was satisfied, he said,

“Mayn’t I carry some to mamma? do let me; she’s so hungry!”

“Tell me about your mamma,” said Mrs. Baxter, as with new feelings of warmth she watched his every movement and stroked his shining curls.

“Mamma cried and cried, and kissed Lizzie and the baby so much, but they’re so cold and hard, and baby don’t laugh at me, nor Lizzie don’t call me her good brother, now, but lies so still and quiet! Oh! I wish mamma had some of this good bread! Mayn’t I carry her some?”

Mrs. Baxter did not answer, but said hurriedly to Hannah, who was clearing away the salver and crumbs—

“Bring me my hat and shawl, and send John up. Tell him I wish him to accompany me. Fill the tray with muffins, and rolls, and everything to eat. Now, my little fellow, show me where your mamma lives. Come, I want to see your mamma quick.”

Mrs. Minard sat buried in her own thoughts as the door opened, and Frank bounded in, followed by Mrs. Baxter. One look at the cold sleepers in the corner, one glance at Mrs. Minard’s sorrowful face, and the destitute apartment, and Mrs. Baxter’s heart overflowed. Bitter tears course down her cheeks, and for some moments neither spoke. Meanwhile John had placed a covered tray on the hearth, and stood awaiting his mistress’ orders. Mrs. Baxter pointed to the tray, and as the widow partook of the plentiful supply of food, she gave thanks to the Most High. Not a shade of regret passed through her mind, for through that long night of suffering she had

learned to think of her loss as their eternal gain.

Next day there was a decent funeral, for the sympathies of rich Mrs. Baxter were engaged, and that fact insured the pity of her intimate friends.

"If I had only paid her," murmured Mrs. Baxter, as she turned from the coffin in which rested the bud and blossom, so calmly sleeping side by side. "If I had only paid her when she asked for it, perhaps these lives might have been saved. 'Might have been,' " she repeated.

Years after, when she heard how Frank Minard was prospering in his Western home, and of the serene happiness of Mrs. Minard, a feeling of gladness sprang up in her bosom, for she had helped them to gain this home. The only thought that intruded to subdue the earnestness of the feeling, was the still remembered "If I had only paid her before."

Mrs. Minard was the only one who ever suffered through her thoughtlessness, for ever after that came the vision of those rigid faces before her, and the purse was drawn forth eagerly. Oh, that we might say as much of every one who employs the poor and destitute. But what harrowing home scenes might we chronicle, with no Mrs. Baxter to step kindly in.

### THE WOMEN OF A NATION.

I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times I have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their sides women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the domestic influence transforming a man, naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, common-place, place-hunting, self-seeker; thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absent.—*De Tocqueville*.

### THE CRICKET.

By Fannie Frank.

A cricket all through the August night,  
Hid in my chamber, and when the lights  
Were out, began his chirp, chirp, chirp.

He never tired throughout the night,  
Until the hours of morning light,  
But still kept up his chirp, chirp, chirp.

I held my patience very long,  
Hoping he soon would end his song,  
If song he called his chirp, chirp, chirp.

"What good?" I soon began to doubt,  
And e'en my patience then gave out,  
With his everlasting chirp, chirp, chirp.

From side to side I tossed about,  
With pillows tried to drown his shout,  
For shout it seemed, his chirp, chirp, chirp.

Upon the walls I thumped and knocked,  
(Which my child in school-lore stocked,  
Knows means be quiet); still chirp, chirp, chirp.

I hunted for his hiding-place,  
I sought in vain his smutty face,  
I only heard his chirp, chirp, chirp.

September came—was almost gone,  
But not Sir Cricket—he kept on—  
Still nightly singing, chirp, chirp, chirp.

I only slept when weariness  
O'ercame with its own blessedness,  
All sense of cricket's chirp, chirp, chirp.

At last, like others I have known,  
When harsher failed, tried milder tone,  
And coaxed his grace, who chirped, chirped,  
chirped.

I told him I was very sad,  
And weary, and I would be glad  
If he would cease his chirp, chirp, chirp.

The summer passing then away,  
I said was the dreariest, saddest day,  
I e'er had known—still chirp, chirp, chirp.

I counted all the sufferings o'er,  
Our dear, distracted country bore,  
More earnest still his chirp, chirp, chirp.

I bade him see the cloud o'er all,  
Spread out a dismal, funeral pall;  
Merrily went his chirp, chirp, chirp.

In silence then awhile I thought,  
What can it mean, and what has brought  
This cricket here to chirp, chirp, chirp?

I listened then, very intent  
On finding pleasure, at least I meant  
To know the meaning of chirp, chirp, chirp.

While as I then began to muse,  
Plain as the language mortals use,  
He chirped the words, cheer up, cheer up.

Cheer up, this then was the key-note,  
This the song he sung by rote,  
Through the dark night, cheer up, cheer up.

Learn this lesson then we should,  
What we call evil may be good  
Disguised; oh, then, cheer up, cheer up!

And ye who labor for the right,  
Hailing deaf ears with all your might,  
In labor still, cheer up, cheer up.

And learn to wait and persevere,  
The light will break—deaf ears shall hear,  
In God's own time—cheer up, cheer up.

“YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN.”

By Fannie Frank.

From the highest source is brought,  
This all-glorious, pleasing thought,  
We're not our own, but we are bought  
With price that cannot fail;  
We are not left without a home,  
Beyond this life's tempestuous to am;  
Or on a trackless sea to roam,  
With idly flapping sail.

Happy thought! we're not our own,  
But His who our full worth had known,  
Before the precious price was thrown,  
To free from sin and death;  
May this bring pervading peace,  
All our love and zeal increase,  
To work for Him who has the lease  
Of all our time and breath.

If we are hazarding opportunities, and gifts, and faculties, for mere earthly and sensual gain; if we are playing for wealth, or pleasure, or fame, instead of living for another life,—instead of seeking that we may grow like Christ,—what are we but gamesters all?

KEATS.

By Mrs. Helen M. Rich.

It has long been a tacitly received opinion that Keats, the pure and most transcendently imaginative poet, of such delicate susceptibilities, and fine organization, *died from an unkind criticism in the Quarterly Review*, and some cutting lines of Byron are quoted in confirmation of this theory. It has detracted somewhat from the exquisite beauty of his character, this idle story that one so great should die of a wound inflicted by an inferior; we confess the idea was always distressing, even repulsive to us, and when we found the real ill of which he died, the hurt from which our idolized poet never recovered, we said “this may be credited—this dying of a broken heart for one fair as a dream of Eastern loveliness—imperial and unapproachable as one of his own goddesses;” this we can believe. It would be possible, with his ethereal soul, his refined mentality, his fragile frame, it would be most natural—we had almost said, *fitting*. Mrs. Jameson, in her “*Loves of the Poets*,” a work of such perfection and womanly grace that all eulogy seems impertinent, as if one should say to the regal lily, “You are fair,” or to the midnight heavens, “you are magnificent;” Mrs. Jameson records the life and the death of martyrs, to love in the ranks of the poets, and certain it is that if ever poet loved to his mortal hurt, it was John Keats—if ever despairing passion tore and blighted a royal flower, it was when poor Keats lay dying in the arms of his friend Se-  
new.

Envied “friend to catch” the last smile of so beautiful a spirit, so glorious a genius! When he wrote to his friend Brown, “The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. *I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her*. I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her, to see her hand-writing would break my heart.” What a heart was that for a man! “Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;” if it was thwarted ambition that killed him! Who can believe such an absurdity? Keats had



the masculine intellect, the heart of a woman; here is the proof of the latter. "There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment." Burns attributes such love as this to woman, when he says,

"I'm all the world to you, Jenny,  
You're half the world to me."

Who this peerless being was, who could so fill the brain and heart of the author of "Hyperion," and the "Eve of St. Agnes," either of which poems contain poetic wealth enough to enrich a score of poets—what was her charmed name? what destiny was hers, who ought to have worn the fadeless crown of her most regal lover's name, we may not know; and her very initials were shrouded in the mystic veil of silence and mystery, that seems to shadow him as one of his own saintly spiritualized characters. He said she was "an Oriental beauty—a Charman, if not a Cleopatra, of so noble and enchanting a presence," that he says, "I forget myself wholly, because I live in her. She walks across the room in such a manner that a man is drawn towards her with magnetic power." "She makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess." It was to this magnificent creature, this darling of the sun, with eyes whose mournful midnight beauty, haunted him with their tender, adoring love—for, thank God, she was endowed with a lofty soul, that recognized the divinity of his, and she gave herself to his sinless embrace with all the sweet, womanly tenderness of one who receives the homage of a Godlike nature with befitting humility.) It was to her he wrote,

"What can I do to drive away remembrances  
from my eyes,  
For I have seen,  
Aye, an hour ago, my brilliant queen;  
Touch has a memory. O, say love say,  
What can I do to kill it and be free?  
In my old liberty?  
Oh, the sweetness of the pain!  
Give me those lips again;  
Enough, enough, it is enough for me  
To dream of thee."

People read and weep over romances.  
Here was a tragedy of a most touching

kind. Its subject—far above kings. Here in that Roman grave slumbers a genius that might have illumined a world; that did reproduce its most wonderful creations in deathless song. Matchless, stainless incarnation of mind!

"Nought that is named with thee but is immortal."

Yet who can tell her grief, her despair, when the dark Angel closed those eyes that deified her; that wept all their rich splendors dim, *for her presence*? Well might she be named the most unfortunate and the most envied of women; around whose wondrous beauty and genius was thrown the halo of inspiration, the divine effulgence beaming from the soul of one who loved with a poet's ecstasy, and a truth "passing the love of woman."

*Island Home, Wegatchee, N. Y., Sept. 1863.*

### THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

Homer was a beggar; Plantus turned a mill; Terrence was a slave; Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with them all. Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; Camocus, the celebrated writer of the "Lusiad," ended his life, it is said, in an alms-house, and at any rate was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon, for the only man in Portugal on whom God had bestowed those talents which have a tendency to erect the spirit of a down ward age; and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons, to pay his debts as far as the money would go.

A respectable English writer observes: "All pages of human life are worth reading; the wise instruct; the gay divert us; the imprudent teach us what to shun; the absurd cure the spleen."

Boldness in the defence of the oppressed exalts humanity. But to the oppressor, degradation is upon him.

## THE RETURNED VOLUNTEER.

By Lizette.

Poor, poor youth! Oh, if that sadly, terribly shattered, battered specimen of humanity represents the glory of war, then, gracious heaven defend me from the sight of objects and knowledge of events that mark its darker, bloodier course. Those features, that figure so horribly defaced, so ghastly now, were once familiar and pleasant to my sight. But a few months ago he walked in our midst erect and vigorous, with the proud consciousness and fair proportions of early manhood. What is he now?

I cannot see that poor mutilated form, made in the image of his Creator, with the divinity so sacreligiously crushed out, and refrain from weeping. I would my head were indeed a very fountain of tears, if by shedding them, I could restore to its former beauty and promise that young soul's so wickedly desecrated fane.

Burning with resentment—honest, perhaps, as roused by those whose business it was to quicken by inflated speeches the young blood against a people who dared to resist the rule that galled them, and fired with enthusiasm to subdue the belligerent to the constituted power; and, if it might be, to distinguish himself as a defender of national (liberty,) he left his widowed mother, his sisters and little brother, to return so soon, with purposes unfulfilled, with unrealized aspirations, withered hopes, and a marred, irreparably blasted frame, an almost loathsome burden to himself, and a pitiable, heart-moving spectacle, to others. The strong right arm torn by a cruel shell from the shoulder-socket, the precious light of one eye darkened forever; an unsightly gash across the once full, fresh cheek, now sunken and deformed by a chattered jaw; one foot crushed beneath the iron shod hoof of a plunging steed; what to him, now, is the cause he has served so fruitlessly? what the Union, the Constitution, or the Star-Spangled Banner? What are either or all to him now? What to him is earth, or earth life, when he knows that he must drag that war-

scathed body, feeble, tottering and bowed as if by the weight of many years, a mangled receptacle to the grave? And to that sad, curtained chamber, as a refuge from the inquisitive gaze of cold, un pitying eyes, and a resting-place from weariness and pain, it must be that he looks with the yearning desire of a broken spirit.

How unsatisfactory to him must be the thought that the objects for which he perilled life, limb and happiness, are all unachieved? And how exasperating to his sense of justice, and stinging to the deeper, finer sensibilities of his nature, the fact, that of all those who gave him brave words of cheer on his departure, so few are found to utter those of sympathy on his inglorious return; so few, so very few, even among those who exerted their eloquence to incite his youthful passion, and rouse his patriot ardor, now meet him, and with warm, fraternal feelings, take him by that one wasted, trembling hand and call him brother.

It is to me a matter of no little curiosity to note how few there are from among the wealthy, the professional,—those who have the most at stake—the clergy included—who harangue in public so zealously, and on all and every occasion counsel our young men to deeds of blood, who have been found ready to sacrifice their own in the cause which they defend so bravely, and contest so valiantly with hotly flashing words and gestures which, should the foe be so indiscreet as to cast himself within the compass of their force, would, if they did not indeed annihilate, at least prostrate him at the feet of the Etna-lunged, flame-worded Goliath.

There are, it is true, exceptions among the classes named; there being an occasional devout worshipper of the golden calf, who willingly, even eagerly, and, if we may credit them, with great self-abnegation, (and I opine, with no less self-gratulation), devote themselves to the—bless me, I came near saying *lucrative* when I should have said *honorable* office of burning incense to their shining idols. And instances, rare, it is true, have occurred, in which men who had enrolled

themselves as followers of the Prince of Peace, have descended from the sacred desk—or, more correctly perhaps, political rostrum, girded on the harness of war, and forsaking the Word of Life for the death-tempered steel, have gone forth to battle for what they profess, and doubtless believe to be the right. And though they receive high sounding plaudits from orators and statesmen, great and small, I am strangely disposed to honor them less for their Christianity, or even their patriotism than for their consistency.

I could instance a case in which a preacher of tolerably respectable talents as a sensationist, left his parochial charge and his motherless children, and true to the cause which, in season and out of season he had exerted his loftiest powers in advocating, for a somewhat remunerative appointment, flung himself with the burning zeal of a hero-martyr, into this deplorable, fratricidal contest. And now earth numbers him not among her living! Mangled and bleeding he went down in the captured ship on whose gore-slippery deck he fell; and in that day's official report his name merely was numbered with those of the slain; another sacrificial offering to the insatiate Moloch of the time! It is devoutly to be hoped that the munificent dispensers of a nation's treasure will not only pay due tribute to his memory, but likewise provide for and protect his friendless, portionless orphans.

Oh! how sadly is our goodly land being despoiled of its fair proportions! stripped of its noblest productions! Sons, brothers and husbands, in the bud, the bloom, or the ripeness of manhood, the nerve and sinew of the country, by hundreds and thousands bid farewell to friends and firesides, and oh, how many are the places that have known them that shall know them no more forever! And of those who escape death by slaughter or disease, and perchance return once more, it is too often but as a blight and a mildew to the homes they love and the hearts that love them. As, for instance, the life-blighted subject of this little sketch, who still stands on the sunny side

of the street, his back braced against a building, leaning wearily on his crutch—his constant and almost only companion—his head bowed low, preserving an unchanged attitude, as if waiting the completion of his picture, and thinking such thoughts as only He who made him can ever know.

How bitter to him must be the reflection that henceforth, instead of the staff on which he had purposed his feeble mother should lean, the strength, guide and guardian of the weaker and younger of the household, he must be to them an object of helplessness, compassion and care; and to feel that the pride, the spirit, almost the semblance of manhood is crushed out of him. God pity him, and the thousands who, like him, are pitiable blots on the once smiling—now clouded—face of the communities in which they dwell; the mournful monuments of a nation's crimes; and give them grace to bear life's painful burden to its weary, fruitless close.

*Old Town, Aug., 1863.*

### ONE ENCOURAGING WORD.

An ambitious boy at the age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words, that at an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no ability to rise. But while all thus appeared so dark around him, and he was so often told of his faults and deficiencies that he seemed to himself the dullest and worst of boys, and while none of his good qualities or capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none, a single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. He was often heard to say, "that word saved me." The moment he thought he could do well he resolved that he would—and he has done well. Parents and teachers, these are important considerations.

The people should always know their servants before placing their trusts in them.

## THE OLD LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE.

By E. W. Putnam.

Do you remember, Mary,  
Where the old school-house stood,  
By giant oaks o'ershadowed,  
Far in the tangled wood?

Do you remember, Mary,  
The path we followed then,  
Across the brook and o'er the mead,  
And through the fern-clad glen?

And through the arching corridors  
Of grand old oaks we sped,  
While beechen leaves and maple boughs,  
Gave melody o'er head?

Do you remember, Mary,  
Our sapling "horses" green,  
And how we "galloped" up and down,  
The leafy boughs between?

Do you remember, Mary,  
The crinkle-root that grew,  
Along the marshy border,  
Our pathway led us through?

And do you call to mind, dear,  
The spring so far away,  
And how we loved to seek that spot,  
On a warm summer's day?

And that sweet spot, of all the rest,  
The four-leaved clover knoll,  
Where a romping band at noon-time,  
So oft we loved to stroll?

Do you remember, Mary,  
The winter greenings, too,  
And the soft-stone that we gathered  
From the sparkling brook below?

And do you still remember,  
Our boat moored by the bank,  
Our lake, a monstrous mud-hole,  
Our craft, a single plank?

And when mischievous steersmen  
The oar unsteady plied,  
How sometimes we plunged headlong  
Into the murky tide?

Then shouts of childish laughter  
Rang out upon the breeze,  
And flying feet flew faster  
Among the bending trees.

Do you remember, Mary,  
Our play-house in the shade,  
When we were milliners, you know,  
And toadstool bonnets made?

And clover-leaves were specie, then,  
And bonnets brown and gold,  
And red, and white, we sold each day,  
In numbers yet untold.

And you remember, Mary,  
The lad with raven hair,  
And the little younger brother  
With brow and locks more fair.

And do you still remember,  
Their young hearts' love of flowers;  
Oh! have they ere forgotten  
The loves of childhood's hours?

Out from the parent shelter,  
Out in the cold world's storm,  
May God direct their footsteps,  
And guard their hearts from harm!

And does your heart still treasure  
Dear little Julia, too?  
Full five and twenty springs she's slept  
Beneath the violets blue.

And others dear and precious,  
Those loved companions all,  
Ah! do their bright and laughing eyes,  
Come back at memory's call?

Those bare old logs have crumbled down,  
And sunk into decay;  
But never from my heart will pass  
Their imaged form away.

## A HINT TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

We had the rare pleasure of listening, the other evening, to a speaker who could be distinctly heard in every corner of the vast lecture-room. To most of the audience, the accomplishment of this feat was a mystery, but it is easily accounted for. The gentleman was careful to do justice to his *consonants*, enunciating each one clearly and distinctly. He knew the vowels could take care of themselves, and so bestowed his attention on their dependent neighbors, and by so doing became perfect in his elocution, fascinating his hearers, not so much by his subject, as by the exquisite modulation and perfect distinctness of his tones. C. A. S.

## AUTUMN.

By Mrs. Caroline A. Soule.

Acres of golden-rod and sun-flowers, patches of asters and knots of blue-bells crisp grass and brittle weeds — they tell me that autumn is here again. Autumn! And yet it seems but yesterday that I was waiting for the Lion of March to growl out his last fierce note—listening for the soft bleating of April's tender Lamb—hunting in the forest for wild-flowers and blood-root petals; parting the low grass of the prairie for pale blue violets; dipping my fingers in the brimming sloughs for yellow cowslips, and creeping over gopher mounds in search of snow-white strawberry blossoms. Only yesterday, and yet the freshness and greenness of the spring has long since passed into a memory, and all the blushing flowers that give triumph to the path of summer have lived their day and died.

Autumn, golden, mellow autumn-time, reminding us of the flight of months and bringing us, as it were, to a pause in the annals of the year, to a stepping-stone between Life and Death! The forests, fields and gardens have fulfilled their mission to the earth, and are now robed in the brilliant hues of a sublime carnival. A gorgeous beauty rests upon the belt of woodland that bounds one half our view, and all over the broad prairie that on the other side stretches off into the dip of the horizon; a beauty that would bewilder the eye, but for the light amber-colored haze that floats over it as a veil. The mornings are lovely, with their fresh, life-inspiring breezes, and their faint, silvery mists through which the sunbeams run as threads of gold in India robes. The evenings are splendid, with their piles of crimson and amethyst clouds, in the heart of which quivers the setting sun, its flame-colored light straggling through them in broken masses, out of which stream long lines of glory, subtle rays which give a misty brightness to the leaden pall which shrouds the eastern sky. Fruit trees droop low with their luscious harvests; there is a purple stain on the grapes which hang in such heavy

clusters from the brown and tangled vines; the ripened corn waves its yellow tassels in the face of the reaper; the sun-mach flaunts its regal plumes on the edge of the forest, while all through the lanes and groves is heard the low, musical sound of falling nuts and the plaintive rustle of falling leaves.

Magnificent, rare autumn-time! season of perfection and decay; of glad and melancholy sounds; of memory and hope; thou readeest to us through all thy changes the grand and glorious truth that life shall finally triumph over death, for we know that where the fires run over the prairies, leaving only grey ashes, crisp cinders and blackened earth, there will grow next spring green grass, fragrant flowers, and scarlet berries — that violets shall blossom where asters died. Beautiful lesson! A sun-spot for every cloud! A rainbow for every shower! A smile for every tear! An angel for every grave!

## FACTS ABOUT UNIVERSALISM.

We wish to note a few facts about the doctrine of Universalism, or that part of it which teaches that all men will finally be saved through Jesus Christ.

This doctrine of the final salvation of the race was never condemned by any Christian writer, until the year 394. During that year a quarrel broke out between the celebrated Origen, [a Universalist] and their opponents who found fault because Origen believed the devil would finally be saved; but they did not at first object to the final salvation of all men. Some of the Christian Councils afterwards expressed the same opinions.

In the year 553, a Christian Council at Constantinople condemned Universalism, but it still continued to be held and maintained in the church, until Popery was established. In what have been called the dark ages Universalism did not flourish. It never does flourish where there is ignorance, and moral darkness, and superstition.

Universalists, as a distinct denomination, were known in England as early as 1770.

## AN INCIDENT.

During my residence in the city of Baltimore, I spent one of my summer vacations in the vicinity of Boonsboro', Md. In my rambles in that wild and uncultivated region I found a venerable old man who was a real *child of Nature*. I say child of Nature, for although he was possessed of remarkable powers of mind, that mind had never been cultivated. He could read only our simplest words—never having attended school nor journeyed twenty miles from the place of his birth.

As I approached the old man's cottage, he sat on a rude bench constructed by his own hands, viewing the beautiful valley that lay stretched out before him. As I alighted from my horse, he invited me to take a seat by his side, when the following conversation ensued. He began by saying:—

"I presume you are a clergyman, and did you know my religious opinions you would hardly have dared stop here."

I replied, I came not to controvert your religion; that is a personal matter; you can only believe or disbelieve according to evidence, and the evidence I have may never have been presented to your mind. I came here in search of health, to view these lofty hills and peaceful vales, and to listen to the sweet songs of your birds. I will not trouble you about your religion, but since you have greatly excited my curiosity, may I entreat you to tell me what you believe.

He responded in a plaintive tone of voice—his words were taken down by a pencil with my own hand, a few moments after they were uttered—"You perceive I am an old man, just ready to fall into the grave. This land on which I live was given me by my father—his remains repose in the garden in the rear of my house, but his spirit rests in heaven. I know but little of the world, never having been twenty miles from home. I have heard but few preachers, but those I have heard did not preach the Gospel. There is no comfort in their words. I cannot believe them. I tell you, young man, *you are all wrong*. God is not the

being you preachers have described him to be."

My reply was—Perhaps it may not be the same with me; my faith may be different from those you have heard. It is possible that we may agree in our opinions.

"No," said the old man, "it is not possible for there is not a man on this wide earth who believes as I do! To speak plainly, I abhor religion as taught by the preachers I have heard—I despise it from the bottom of my soul. True, I have read but little that men have written in books; but I have read *God's own book*, and printed by his own hand, and in *this* there can be no *mistake*; and this tells me that he who made this beautiful world will never leave a child of his to perish. No, no, young man, I cannot—I will not believe your teachings! I read *God's book*, you read what *men* have written.—Who is the most liable to be mistaken?"

I rejoined—My friend, the faith you have described is my faith. No child of God's creation will ever be left to suffer forever. The entire race will ultimately be redeemed from all sin and pain, and every soul partake of the joys of heaven. You prove the creed by the works of Nature while I have the tripple cord of Reason, Revelation, and Nature combined.

When my response was ended, the tears trickled down the old man's furrowed cheeks for joy, and he exclaimed, "God be praised that you have come to see me! I have long told this truth to my friends but you are the *first man that ever believed me*! I feel like one in a dream. Can it be possible that you, a clergyman, believe this great truth? I am now ready to be offered! Falter not in your mission, and when you return to the people of your charge, tell them there is a poor old man in the mountain who claims a faith like theirs."

I did verily bless God for permitting me to visit that venerable man, who had received the prominent item of our faith from Nature alone. It was *Nature alone* which taught *that man* Universalism.—*Rev. James Shrigley.*

## STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

## HOW TO SPEND A SOVEREIGN.

"I don't think a present ever came more when it was wanted," exclaimed Eliza Harman to her cousin, Janette Way; "now I shall just be able to buy what I have been longing to get for the last three months."

Eliza was an orphan, and had lately come to reside with her uncle and aunt Way, and the present to which she referred, was a sovereign which each girl had been given in the course of the day, by Mr. Hill, who was godfather to them both.

Janette looked up quietly from her work, and said, smiling, "Why, what do you want so badly as that? it seems to be an absolute necessity!"

Eliza colored a little as she replied, "No; not exactly a necessity, but it's what I want very much. I shall buy a fan like Emily Ward's, and I'm so glad that I shall be able to have it in time for Mrs. Henderson's party."

Janette looked surprised and grieved. "You don't mean, Lizzy," she said, "that you intend to give all that money for such a trifle as a fan? It is a thing you could very well do without, and you know we are not rich enough to spend so much upon a fancy. I think you could choose a great many things that would give you more pleasure."

Gently as her cousin spoke, Eliza looked somewhat offended; and she answered rather sharply, "At any rate the money is my own, to do what I like with; and Emily made such a fuss about her fan, that I should like her to see that other people can have one as well."

"I did not mean, my dear," replied Janette, "that you had not a right to spend the money as you please; I only thought that you might by-and-by recollect something that you would have liked better."

"What are you going to buy with yours?" asked her cousin, a little abruptly.

"I really don't know, yet," answered Janette, good humoredly. "A gold coin

so rarely finds its way into my purse, that I think the spending it is a matter not to be entered upon rashly."

"Well, I never was one for hoarding my money," said Eliza, as she turned away.

The next morning, without asking her cousin to accompany her, Eliza set off for the milliner's, where she knew a fan like Emily's was to be had. But the milliner had lately had in a new stock, and there were many so much handsomer than the one she had for months coveted, that it no longer seemed to her the thing she wanted. The idea came into her mind, too, how delightful it would be to have one *better* than Emily Ward's—not only to *equal*, but to *eclipse* her!

But these new ones were much dearer. Eliza knew she could not afford it, without spending what she owed to a poor dressmaker who had been lately working for her. She did hesitate, but not for long, for she was vain and selfish. She didn't suppose the girl would press for her money (she didn't care whether she would *want* it); and, worse come to the worst, she could borrow of Janette; she would not spend her sovereign in a hurry.

And so Eliza went home with a two guinea fan, but she was ashamed to show it to her cousin, whose quick eye would, she knew, soon detect its value.

Janette, meanwhile, had been pondering over the way in which she should spend her money, for she was, like her cousin, only a very young girl; but she had had the advantage of being brought up by very excellent and sensible parents, and she was incapable either of the silly vanity or the unamiable envy that spoiled Eliza's character. An easel was one thing Janette had a great desire for, it was so much pleasanter than stooping over a desk; but then came visions of various books which had long been beyond her reach on account of their high price. A book-case was another thing she had often wished for; but could she get any sort of a book-case for a sovereign? she decided that she might perhaps get a plain one of painted wood; and then she sat fancying how she would

have it made, how many shelves there should be, and whether the doors had better be of glass or wood.

Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who said, "O, if you please, miss, would you mind coming down a minute, to speak to little Ann Simms, the washer-woman's child. I told her master and missis were away for a day or two, but the poor little thing seems in such trouble, and she wont say what's the matter."

Janette ran down stairs instantly, and found Ann (whose merry little face she had often noticed at her mother's cottage) standing in the hall, her eyes red with crying, and her bosom heaving from time to time with deep sobs.

Janette drew the child kindly towards her, and inquired what ailed her. Tears choked her words for some time, but at last she contrived to say—

"Oh, Miss Way, we are in such trouble, and I hoped perhaps your mamma might help us; for it is all my fault, and poor Ben wont be able to go and see Dr. Montague."

Not much enlightened by this statement of the case, Janette questioned the sobbing child, and learned from her that the evening before, after lighting a candle, she had thrown the match away without taking care where it went, and it had touched a muslin dress which was hanging before the fire, just ironed, and before anything could be done, it was entirely burnt."

"It was Mrs. Ironside's dress," continued poor Ann, "and mother says she must buy another; for we were so unfortunate last year as to lose one of her collars; she was very angry then, and said we should pay for the next thing that was lost. Mother thinks Mrs. Ironsides didn't believe the collar was really lost, and she says she'd sooner sell her bed than not put the dress in place again."

"And what does your mother think the dress was worth?" asked Janette.

"She thinks it cost about sixteen shillings," answered Ann; "and then there would be four or five more for the making, for it has many flounces."

"And has not your mother money enough to pay for it?" said Janette.

"Yes, she has the money," replied the child, with another burst of tears; "but that's the worst of it. It's what she has been laying up for weeks and weeks, to take Ben over to Hardale and ask Dr. Montague about him; and now he wont be able to go, and all because of me; and then he'll keep on being ill and weak, and perhaps he would have been cured if he could only have gone. I lay awake last night trying to think what I could do to get the money, but I can't earn so much as that in a long while; and then I remembered how kind Mrs. Way was when I was ill last year, and I thought perhaps she might lend me a sovereign, and let me work for her in some way till I had paid it back. I would do anything. I could weed the garden, and I can do coarse crotchet-work, and I could do a little washing, if it wasn't very large things."

Janette looked down pityingly at the small hands that could do a little washing, and at the tearful eyes that were raised so imploringly to hers, and she asked gently, "Who is Ben, Annie, and what is the matter with him?"

"He is my brother, miss; and we don't rightly know what ails him? Farmer Merry thinks he's caught a chill, but he can't walk, and he's getting thinner and paler every day, and somebody told mother, a long time ago, that Dr. Montague was a famous doctor, who could cure most all things, and so she's been saving up ever since; and now she had enough, she was going over on Monday with Ben, and Farmer Merry was going to lend his cart; and poor Ben was so happy, for he believed if he could only see the doctor he should soon be able to be out again. And now it's all over," said the poor child, with a trembling lip, "for I don't know anybody I could ask but Mrs. Way, and she isn't at home."

"Stop a moment!" cried Janette hastily, as Ann courtesied and prepared to go away; "perhaps I can help you; wait a minute!" and she ran up stairs.

There on the table lay her books. in the same rows she had placed them as she



was imagining how they would look in the new book-case. She gazed at them now with tears in her eyes; but when she remembered Ann Simms' sad little face, and thought of poor Ben pining after the advice that he believed would restore him to health, she walked with a resolute step towards her little desk, unlocked it, took out her purse, and laid it upon the table. There was another struggle then. Couldn't she wait till her father and mother came home, she thought, it would only be a few days; it would only delay Ben's journey a week or so?

Janette had a habit of looking into her Bible when in a doubtful state of mind like this; she therefore took it up now, and opening it her eye fell upon the words, "Bear ye one another's burdens." This decided her; she instantly took out her sovereign, ran down stairs again, and putting it into Ann's hand, made her so happy that she cried a great deal more for joy than she had done before for sorrow.

The next day, as Janette was passing Mrs. Simms' cottage, the widow saw her and ran out to thank her. She begged her to come in, and there was Annie with her face as bright as ever, mending up Ben's best coat, that he was to wear at Hardale on Monday; and there was Ben himself, pale, indeed, and delicate-looking, but with hope in his thin face, and full of gratitude to the kind young lady.

I may as well say here that Farmer Merry brought his cart on the appointed day, and Ben was put into it in a comfortable chair, and the widow got in too; and they drove to Hardale, and saw the doctor, who gave great hopes of Ben's recovery, if he would attend strictly to his advice, which the poor boy promised to do, and did; and by degrees he got sronger and stronger till he was able to walk about on crutches, and then with only a stick, and at last he got quite well.

And now, how long did Eliza remain satisfied with her purchase? She enjoyed looking at it extremely as it lay in her drawer, and fancying how Emily would be astonished at its elegance. She certainly felt a little shame when Janette noticed it as they were dressing for the

party, and could not avoid remarking upon her extravagance. When they reached Mrs. Henderson's, Eliza sat opening and shutting her fan, anxiously expecting Emily, and quite unable to pay attention to anything that was said to her, which made her look very foolish. By-and-by the Wards came; but judge of Eliza's disappointment when she saw in Emily's hand a far, far handsomer one than hers, which she was not long in hastening to show the cousins, telling them that her uncle in India had sent it to her.

Eliza had hidden hers among the folds of her dress as Emily approached them, and she took the first opportunity of slipping it into her pocket, so that was all the satisfaction she had for her two guineas.

Nor was this all; the poor dress-maker, who had met with some losses, did press for her money. Eliza applied confidently to Janette, and was in consternation to find her cousin unable to lend her anything. At last she was obliged to appeal to her uncle, and tell him the story of the fan,—which she did with many blushes; and it is to be hoped that the advice he gave her and the lesson she then learned will teach her to be wiser and less selfish another time.

### EASY QUESTIONS.

While a gentleman was stopping on Broadway to buy a newspaper, he took out his purse to pay for it, and dropped a quarter of a dollar on the ground. The gentleman did not see the money fall, but the boy did, though he did not seem to notice it till the gentleman was gone. Then he stooped down, picked it up, and put it into his own pocket. Was that right? why not?

Julia went out to spend the afternoon with her little friend Maria. Maria had a great many pretty books and toys, and she showed them all to her visitor. Instead of being made happy by seeing so many beautiful things, Julia grew very silent and cross. What was the matter with Julia? She was wishing that she owned all Maria's books and toys. Was this right? Why not?

CHRISTMAS, 1863.

Ry Mary C. Peck.

'Twas down in the vales of Judea, and there  
The hilltops lay fair;  
Embosomed in mist in the hush of the air,  
At dawning of day,  
The labor-worn shepherds in weariness lay  
Asleep on the plain;  
While angels sang loudly the first Christmas  
lay,  
With choral acclaim.

God's glory they sang in the clear, breaking  
morn,  
That heavenly dawn.  
"To you, oh, ye people, a Saviour is born!  
A Prince and a King;  
Glad tidings of wonderful goodness we bring.  
Peace, Mercy and Love.  
The merits of Christ our Redeemer we sing,  
The Lamb and the Dove."

No shepherds with flocks, and no angels with  
palms,  
Or heavenly psalms;  
But the red eye of Battle, and soldiers in arms,  
Are watching to-night,  
To see the Star rise with its halo of light,  
The Christ-star of old;  
The camp-fires burn dimly, the tents glisten  
white,  
As the story is told.

And they hear through the shimmering moon-  
light again,  
That glorious strain,  
Of Christ and His love, of his passion and  
pain,  
The heritage sure—  
He brought to the penitent, humble and poor,  
Who live in his fear,  
Who fight the good fight, and bravely endure,  
Till the Master appear.

Jehovah, our God, is the Help of his flock,  
Their Strength and their Rock;  
His wing is their shield in the battle's rude  
shock;  
The might of his arm,  
Shall guard them, and lead them, and keep  
them from harm,  
When danger impends,  
No foes shall pursue, and no dangers alarm,  
When Jesus defends.

Ho! soldiers of Jesus! be strong in the fight,  
For God and the Right;  
There's a city whose gates are not shut in the  
night,  
That city is yours;  
There's a glorious Christmas on those happy  
shores,  
Which never shall cease;  
Where the Shepherd shall gather his people  
once more,  
In pastures of peace.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

This ancient emblem of Scots' pugnacity, with its motto, \* "Nemo me impune lascessit," is represented on various species of royal bearings, coins and coats of armor, so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine, original thistle. The origin of the national badge is thus handed down by tradition. When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp being heard, they marched barefooted.

They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot, upon a superb prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.—*Scottish Journal*.

\* Nobody shall touch me with impunity.

Since the Reformation, in the time of Luther, Universalism has been advocated by some of the most able and distinguished persons in the Christian church.

The first Universalist preacher in the United States was Dr. George De Benneville. He came to this country in 1741.

The first Universalist society in the United States was formed between the years 1771 and 1780.

## Editor's Table.

"This world is the best that we live in,  
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;  
But to beg or to borrow or get a man's own,  
'Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was  
known."

Making my way lately over the railroad and down the Hudson river in one of those spacious but gaudy steamboats, called in our bombastic *lingua* "floating palaces," I was impressed among other things, with the numerous indications I saw, of the facility with which people get rid of their money. Indeed, this impression was not at the time altogether new, having before, in my own small way, demonstrated to myself if not to others, the truth of the distich with which I commenced,

"'Tis a very good world that we live in,  
To lend, and to spend and to give in."

Who will dispute this assertion? Certainly no one who lives in this age of enormous expenditures, when the ladies of Richmond pay eight hundred dollars for a bonnet, and twice as much more for a plain dress. When diamonds are a necessity, and a nation goes to war for the privilege of having little picaninies to wait on its indolent women and despotic men. I think, in fact, it may be set down as a truism to be accepted as a distinguished woman now no more, "accepted the universe," that one of the easiest things in this world is to spend—to cast away incontinently, the filthy lucre wherewithal we may be possessed. I could see proof of this in the *nonchalant* way in which costly and beautiful silks, bedraggled and soiled at bottom, were trailed over the filthy, tobacco-spotted floor of deck and car, as their fair and reckless wearers swept superbly by "all creatures of a meaner mould." I could read the story in the vulgar profusion of diamonds flashed out upon the dusty, smoky ways of common travel, and upon the dazed and wondering eyes of vulgar wayfarers. and I heard it in the stories at my side, of exorbitant expenditures at fashionable watering places, of the splendor of preparation for a Russian ball, the Oriental magnificence of its dresses, and the

imperial grandeur of all its appointments, and I grew sad as I listened. I thought of the desolate wives and daughters who, while this gay and extravagant, not to call it disgraceful, scene was being enacted, sat low in the dust weeping for their loved ones slain in battle, or slowly wasted in hospital or camp by dread disease. I thought of our suffering sons and brothers in the crowded prisons of Richmond, or stretched on the naked sands of Belle Isle, slowly dying of starvation and exposure, and I wondered if no thought of these intruded itself upon the careless hearts vainly beating at the consciousness of some idle conquest of the ball-room, startling them a moment from their giddy, butterfly pleasures. It was hardly to be expected. They who could attend a scene of such unsurpassed luxury and extravagance in a time like this, would hardly permit their butterfly joys to be disturbed by the admission of pictures so repulsive. What was it to them that the two millions expended in a single ball, would have made thousands of poverty-stricken homes smiling and comfortable for years?

But to go back to the universal facility for spending, it is noticeable how many are the helpers in the good work. All around the monied worldling, stands ready the eager crowd, ever on the *qui vive* to assist him in emptying his pocket. Generally it is a harmless and comparatively innocent work, and if the purse is deep and full, what matters it? But the slender purse is not without its attractions, and to have but little is no security against another class of helpers, as was evidenced by a recent raid upon your unfortunate editor's pocket. Innocent of suspicion, and thinking not of the devices of the crafty, she quietly and blindly submitted to the delicate operation of having that useful appendage picked, emptied, made void by one of those light fingered gentry vulgarly cyleped pickpockets, who, in silks and velvets, and many diamonds, do nightly travel up and down in the "floating palaces" of the Hudson, in the not laudable exercise of their lucrative profession. Untroubled and unmolested by the bright-buttoned police, whose

sympathy with them was manifested by a careful injunction which I heard, "to make themselves scarce as quick as possible." A little gang of them on the morning after the raid in question, showed their grateful appreciation of the injunction by instantly obeying it, and leaving the boat with a well satisfied toss of the head. That their night had been a profitable one I was led to infer by seeing several ladies humbly following my example, and going to the "cap'n's office," meekly soliciting that "obliging and gentlemanly" individual for a check to go ashore with. "My pocket has been picked—I have lost my purse and my ticket!" was the unflinching argument.

"Good enough for you! You ought to take better care of it!" was the consoling remark accompanying the check. In the case of your editor he was magnanimous, giving her without a murmur, a sixpence in addition, for her stage fare.

It is dampening to one's brilliancy and ardor to be thus suddenly bereft and made poor on one's advent into a great and busy city. All one's visions of finery and unwonted indulgences to be purchased by the magic notes, alas! now cruelly abstracted, go out like a talow dip in a windy passage, and leave not a spark behind. But the event in question gave us an opportunity to disprove the closing lines of the stanzas already quoted.

"But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,  
'Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was known."

For did not my sudden misfortune elicit a sixpence?

I had designed to say a few words more of my travelling adventures, for a journey must be a bald affair indeed that offers nothing worth mentioning, and this was certainly not an exception.

A young lady of more than usual intelligence, who was thus far on her way from Lawrence, Kansas, to visit her Eastern friends, happened to occupy the seat by my side. I entered into conversation with her. She told me of the dreadful savage massacre of the people of Lawrence, which she witnessed, for she lived there at the time of its occurrence, and saw the cruel torch applied to the homes of all the Unionists, her own among the number. She saw the frightened, defenceless inhabitants cut down and murdered at their own doors when roused from sleep, they endeavored to

make their escape, or driven back into the flames to be burnt alive. She suffered the agony of a refusal enforced with a loaded pistol, when, with several other ladies, she implored the captain of the murderous guerrillas to permit them to bring a mother with her babe of two hours old from her burning dwelling, and she heard the faint screams of the wretched victims as they perished in the flames. She was compelled at the pistol's muzzle, to carry back into her own burning house, articles of bedding which she had tried to save, that they might not all be burned together, and when all was over she saw the ghastly spectacle of a hundred and eighty lifeless bodies, gashed, wounded and disfigured, laid in a trench together, and covered from the day which had looked on their fearful murder.

Every one has heard the tale, how that a guard of armed men had, every night for months, watched the town to protect it from the threatened invasion of Quantrill and his men, and how long security made them careless, and they one night determined to disband the guard. On the first night the town lay down to sleep unguarded, the barbarous guerrillas came and perpetrated their horrid deeds of murder. Every one has heard all this, but every one has not heard that it was a woman—a young girl who had been for three months in the city, sharing the kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants, who played the part of spy and traitor, giving them up to their enemies. She came in from the South, and under the guise of a friend and visitor, went from house to house, stealing into the confidence of the people, and learning the names of all the Unionists in the city. Of these she made a list and marked their houses, and on that first night of their false security, she was seen at early dawn, riding on horseback out of town, and never was seen there afterwards. She betrayed them to the demons in whose employment she had been working, giving them the list of men to be massacred and houses to be destroyed, and she did her work thoroughly, for scarcely a Unionist house remained standing.

Of all the infamous deeds of this war, this seems the climax, and one that has been and will yet be repaid with a vengeance that cannot be imagined. Most of Quantrill's men were killed in the pursuit which was immediately instituted, and the remainder are marked men. They will all meet the fate they deserve before the war is over.

"Lawrence will be rebuilt," said the young lady; "not a man living there but determines to remain and make the city more beautiful than before. Not one will leave Lawrence!"

I rejoiced to hear this. It is the spirit which is growing all over the North and West. May they be prospered, and may the hundreds of widows and orphans made by the raid of Quantrell, rise up and thank God that they live to aid in the brave work of rebuilding Lawrence.

One of the wildest and most striking poems ever written is the following whose authorship is unknown, though it has the sad ring of T. K. Hervey.

#### BY THE SEASIDE.

The swift winds run,  
Under the sun,  
And under the silver moon;  
They have taken away my little one,  
May they bring him back to me, soon.

He is strong and tough,  
And manly enough,  
But he hath a wayward will;  
My son is a sailor rude and rough,  
But he seems my little one still.

Blow winds, blow!  
And may he know  
The comfort that mothers lack;  
Follow him swift where'er he shall go,  
And change him and bring him back.

He sailed away  
On a stormy day,  
So many long years ago;  
For his heart was angry and stubborn—say  
Is my little one dead or no?

If the cold sea moans  
O'er my little one's bones,  
Let the waters be tranquil and blue;  
But blow him back, if he live, for he owns  
A wilful nature like you.

Blow winds, blow!  
Go, winds, go  
O'er the salt sea foam;  
And when with your changes, he changes, O,  
Let the sweet change waft him home.

Ye winds, I throw,  
I care not, now,  
Tho' your wild sea-mirth he has drank—  
He is still my little one, though his brow  
Be as dark as the seaweed dank.

Though his eyes be cold  
As the sea-caves old,  
Though his beard be fierce as foam,  
Though he be wayward twenty-fold,  
Bring my little one home.

Flee winds, flee!  
Ye are dear to me,  
For the sake of my little one;  
Full many a year, in my place by the sea,  
Ye have put me in mind of my son.

Full many a year  
Have ye both been dear!  
After him, swift winds, fly;  
Come back together, that I may hear  
Your voices mingling and die.

But if the above are wild and strange lines, the following are piercing and thrilling in their mingling of patriotism and maternal love and anguish. They were written by Laura Savio, of Turin, a celebrated poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta, and we print them feeling that they will find a sad echo in the heart of many a bereaved, American mother:

#### MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.  
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the  
feast,  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;  
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,  
The east and west sea rhyme on in her head,  
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain,  
What art is she good at, but hurling her  
breast  
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the  
pain?  
Ah boys, how you hurt! you were strong as  
you pressed,  
And I proud, by that test.

What arts for a woman? To hold on her knees  
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round  
her throats,  
Cling! strangle a little! to sew by degrees,  
And broider the long clothes and neat little  
coat;  
To dream and to doat.

To teach them—it stings there! I made them  
indeed,  
Speak plain the word "country." I taught  
them, no doubt,  
That a country's a thing men should die for at  
need  
I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed—O, my beautiful  
eyes!—  
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the  
wheels

Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise  
 When one sits alone. Then one weeps, then one kneels!  
 God, how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moid,  
 With my kisses—of camp life and glory, and how  
 They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,  
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
 With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"  
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street,  
 With a face pale as stone to say something to me.  
 My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,  
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it! friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime  
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time  
 When the first grew immortal, while both of strained  
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,  
 Writ now but in one hand, "I was not to faint—  
 One loved me for two — would be with me ere long:  
 And *Viva l'Italia* '—he died for our saint,  
 Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add, "He was safe and aware  
 Of a presence that turned off the balls — was impret  
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,  
 And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossess'd,  
 To live on for the rest."

On which without pause, up the telegraph line  
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta—  
 "Shot.  
 Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their,"  
 mother—not "mine,"  
 No voice says, "my mother" again to me.  
 What!  
 You think Guido forgot!

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,  
 They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?  
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven,  
 Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so,  
 The Above and Below.

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through the dark,  
 To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,  
 How we common mothers stand desolate; mark  
 Whose sons, not being Christ's, die with eyes turned away,  
 And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all  
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.  
 'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;  
 And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done,  
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?  
 When the fair, wicked queen sits no more at her sport  
 Of the fireballs of death, crushing souls out of men?  
 When the guns of Cavalli with final retort  
 Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,  
 When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green and red,  
 When you have your country from mountain to sea,  
 When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,  
 (And I have my dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,  
 And burn your lights faintly! My country is there,  
 Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;  
 My Italy's there, with my brave civic pair,  
 To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,  
 And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;  
 But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length,  
 Into wail such as this—and we sit on forlorn  
 When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east.  
 And one of them shot in the West by the sea,  
 Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast,  
 You want a great song for your Italy free,  
 Let none look at me!

Foreigners are apt to complain of the difficulties of our language, particularly of its pronunciation. I would like to have the young readers of the Repository parse the following, and tell me whether even our language cannot puzzle one "to the manor born."

## GRAMMATICAL TAUTOLOGY.

I'll prove the word that I've made my theme  
Is that that may be doubled without blame;  
And that that that thus trebled I may use,  
And that that that that critics may abuse  
May be correct. Farther, the dons to bother,  
Five that may safely follow one another;  
For, be it known that we may safely write  
Or say, that that that that that man writ was  
right;

Nay, e'en, that that that that that follow'd.  
Through six reflects the grammar's rule has  
hallowed,  
And that that that [that that that that began],  
Repeated seven times is right! Deny it who  
can.

The following ingenious specimen of alliteration will not be unacceptable to the reader.

As an altogether admirable and amusing at-  
tempt at alliteration, an anonymous author as-  
tonished all admirers of alliterative ability,  
some seasons since, by the subjoined singularly  
successful specimen:

"Surpassing sweet, seraphic strains she sings,  
Softening sad spirits' sympathetic strings;  
Such soul-subduing sounds, so strangely sooth-  
ing,  
She seems some saintly spirit sorrow smooth-  
ing."

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge; remem-  
ber that!"

"I shall not be frightened, then, for I never  
knew you pay anything you owed."

A correspondent sends the following anecdote  
of unsophisticated innocence:

An old gentleman some time since travelling  
in a stage coach, had two ladies, sisters, for  
companions. The younger, an invalid, soon  
fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his  
regret to see so charming a young lady in ill  
health.

"Ah, yes, indeed," sighed the elder sister;  
"a disease of the heart."

"Dear me!" was the sympathetic response;  
at her age? ossification, perhaps?"

"Oh, no, sir; a lieutenant."

Another forwards an anecdote of an equally  
unsophisticated elderly lady. She was sub-  
poened to appear as a witness on a rather deli-  
cate case. She did not come, and a bench war-  
rant was issued for her appearance, on which  
she was brought into court.

"Madam, why were you not here before?"  
inquired the judge severely.

"I couldn't come, sir."

"Were you not subpoenaed, madam?"

"Yes, sir; but I was sick."

"What was the matter, madam?"

"I had an awful bile, sir."

After a pause: "Upon your honor, mad-  
am?"

"No, sir: upon my arm."

## GOETHE'S MOTHER.

It has often been said that great men always  
have had remarkable mothers. Whether this  
be true or not, many instances are quoted to  
prove the position. Goethe, the German poet,  
was certainly a great man with some weak  
points in his character, and the following ex-  
tract from "Goethe's correspondence with a  
Child," gives a graphic picture of his mother,  
showing that in his case at least, the theory is  
not without foundation. Madame Goethe was  
a great woman, but her greatness was marred  
by a vanity as great as her intellectual pow-  
ers. The extract which is from a letter from  
his child-friend to the great poet and metaphy-  
sician. She is describing a reception given by  
the poet's mother to Madame de Stael.

"The interview took place at Bethmann-  
Schaaf, in the apartments of Maurice Beth-  
maun. Your mother, either through irony or  
fun, had decorated herself wonderfully, but  
with German humor, and not in French taste.  
I must tell you that when I looked at your  
mother, with those feathers upon her head,  
which nodded on three different sides—one red,  
one white, and one blue, the French national  
colors,—rising from out a field of sun-flowers,  
my heart beat with joy and expectation. She  
was deeply rouged—her great black eyes fired  
a burst of artillery; round her neck she wore  
the celebrated gold ornaments given her by the  
Queen of Prussia. Lace of ancient fashion and  
great splendor, (a complete heir-loom) covered  
her bosom, and thus she stood, with white kid  
gloves; in one hand, a curiously wrought fan,  
with which she set the air in motion, the other  
hand, which was bared, quite covered with  
sparkling stones, taking from time to time a  
pinch out of a golden snuff-box, in which was  
set a miniature of you, where, with powdered  
ringlets you are thoughtfully leaning your  
head upon your hand. The party of distin-  
guished elderly ladies formed a semi circle in  
Maurice Bethmaun's bed-chamber; on the  
purple-colored carpet, in the centre of which  
was a white field with a leopard—the company  
looked so stately that they might well be im-

posing. On the walls were ranged beautiful Indian plants, and the apartment was lighted by shaded glass globes; opposite the semi-circle, stood the bed upon a dais of two steps, also covered with purple tapestry, — on each side a candelabra. I said to your mother. "Madame de Stael will think she is cited before the Court of Love, for the bed yonder looks like the covered throne of Venus." It was thought, that then she might have much to answer for. At length the long-expected one came through a suite of lighted apartments, accompanied by Benjamin Constant. She was dressed as Corinne; a turban of aurore and orange-colored silk, a dress of the same, with an orange tunic, girded so high as to leave little room for her heart; her black brows and lashes glittered, as also her lips, with a mysterious red; her long gloves were drawn down, covering only her hand, in which she held the well known laurel sprig. As the apartment where she was expected lies much lower, she was obliged to descend from steps. Unfortunately, she held up her dress before instead of behind; this gave the solemnity of her reception a terrible blow; it looked very odd as, clad in complete Oriental style, she marched down towards the stiff dames of the virtue-enrolled Frankfort society. Your mother darted a few daring glances at me whilst they were presented to each other. I had stationed myself apart to observe the whole scene. I perceived Madame de Stael's astonishment at the remarkable decorations and dress of your mother, who displayed an immense pride. She spread out her robe with her left hand — with her right she saluted, playing with her fan, and bowing her head several times with great condescension, and said, with an elevated voice '*Je suis la mere de Goethe.*' 'Ah, je suis Charnee,' answered the authoress, and then followed a solemn stillness. Then ensued the presentation of her distinguished suite, also curious to become acquainted with Goethe's mother. Your mother answered their civilities with a New Year's wish in French, which, with solemn courtesies, she kept murmuring between her teeth; in short, I think the audience was perfect, and gave a fine specimen of the German grandezza "

#### THE UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY FOR 1864.

The character and position of nearly every sect in Christendom is estimated, to some extent, by the character of its publications; nor is this estimate an incorrect one. The denomi-

nation that can give to the world well-digested thought upon subjects of momentous interest to the community, is of more benefit than a sect that keeps within the narrow limits of ordinary newspaper literature. For twenty-five years Universalism has been blest with a publication, (The Universalist Quarterly and General Review), through which her best minds could find utterance; and although for many years this work was not self-sustaining, yet, by the publisher's interest in the success of Universalism, and at times by the aid of others, it was kept alive. Two years since the present publishers purchased the estate of the late Abel Tompkins, and with it the subscription list of the Universalist Quarterly and General Review. After one year's experience, at a loss, they resolved to continue for only one year more, and then make an even (twenty) number of volumes, and close up the work; and to this effect they advertised. Since then they have been repeatedly solicited and urged by many zealous Universalists not to stop the publication. To continue without some change was out of the question, for they could not continue at a pecuniary sacrifice. Therefore, after mature consideration, they have resolved to make such changes as will place the work on a permanent foundation.

The volume for 1864 will begin a new series, to be edited by Rev. F. B. Thayer. It is intended that the Quarterly shall represent the scholarship and literary culture of the denomination, as well as its Theology, and the general principles of Biblical interpretation and criticism current among us. At the same time it will be Universalist in the larger sense of representing the religious thought and progress of all denominations; so that the reader shall know not only what we, as a people, are doing and trying to do, but also what the religious world generally is doing and thinking, both within Christendom and without.

It will be the aim to give as much variety in each number as the space will permit. And while it is designed as a matter of course that the subjects discussed shall be treated in a more elaborate manner than a weekly journal will allow, we do not intend that the popular element shall be lost sight of in dry dissertations, laborious nothings, and long-drawn-out details of not the least possible consequence, however learned and scholarly. We shall not forget that the Quarterly is for the people as well as for the minister and the student.

The work will also, as in the past, deal with



the living world; giving place to the great interests of the day, and freely reviewing the prominent questions which agitate the political, social and religious world. And while it will not presume, without investigation, that everything new is false and dangerous, and everything old is true and safe; so on the other hand it will not take it for granted that everything new is to be accepted as true and divine, and everything old to be rejected as *effete* and false. While it will rejoice in all the knowledge of the present, and accept the prophecy of a more glorious future, it will not ignore our many and great obligations to the past.

We have the promise of efficient aid from many of the best minds in our denomination, and feel confident, with the assistance already pledged, that the Quarterly will deserve the generous patronage of Universalists throughout the country.

One hundred pages will be added to its present size, and the subscription price will be \$3 per annum, and in this way we hope to place the work upon a permanent footing.

Will you give this matter your early attention, and secure as many subscribers as you can. With a very little aid from you and others, we shall be able to present to the public a Magazine that will rank among the very best. Let us not ask in vain. By helping *this work* you are helping the cause of Universalism.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**LITTLE CHARLIE AND THE DEACON;** illustrating the Power of God's Love. By Mrs C. M. Bruce. Boston: Tompkins & Co., No. 25 Cornhill.

We sat down to the perusal of this little volume thinking that as it was written for children, there could be but little in it to interest us "grown up boys and girls." But we soon became attracted by the easy style of the author as well as interested in the story, and we read it from beginning to end, saying as we closed the book, "that story will do good wherever it is read."

Mrs. Bruce is doing our denomination good service in the production of such little works as this, for there is no department of our literature so sadly deficient as that of good reading for the young. We have long felt the need of books adapted to our children, in which the peculiar beauty of our faith is brought home to the understanding of our little ones. The authoress of the work before us has shown how

this may be done. As a story this little miniature is full of interest for children, but its greatest value lies in the touching lesson which it is intended to impart.

The happy influence of little Charlie's faith on the mind and heart of the poor sick and dying boy, stands out in striking contrast with the cold and dismal counsel of Deacon Tripp. The one carried sunshine and joy into the invalid's heart, while the other only filled his soul with sadness. Let all our children read this little story of "Charlie and the Deacon." We shall confidently look for more such works from the pen of Mrs. Bruce. B.

## ADVICE TO FARMERS' WIVES.

It has been suggested to the editors of the Repository that the following should be read once a month for a year.

"Sarah" in the *New England Farmer*, furnishes the following which, indeed, though especially designed for that favored class—the farmers' wives—may peradventure be beneficially appropriated by all housewives, kitchen maids, maids of all work, and feminines in general.

"Farmers' wives, as well as all other wives, should always be in season about everything. If 'fall work' is to be done, do it in the fall."

Be diligent and in season. Never cause your husband to wait a moment if possible to prevent it.

Be punctual as clock work in all things. Have a regular hour for dinner and supper, and breakfast also, if need be, and have the meal always at the appointed hour.

Never neglect your work 'o gossip with a friend. If one calls when your duties are in the kitchen, invite her to take a seat there, or if it be a stranger, politely ask to be excused, but never give to your husband as a reason for a late or badly prepared dinner or tea, that you had callers and could not attend to it. Better wait fifteen minutes yourself than have him wait five by your tardiness.

If your husband comes home from the field tired, dull of spirits, and almost cross, and finds you ready to meet him with a smile and a kiss of welcome, backed by a nice dinner or tea already waiting, believe me, unless he is love-proof, he will come down from his lofty pinnacle of sternness, and meet with an answering smile, and the meal will pass on pleasantly.

Learn, then, to have everything done in season, and the only way to do so is to commence whatever you have to do early.

Attend to these little points, and you will save many sighs and tears, lamentations and repinings, and live a far happier life than in indulging in a dilatory process of living.

It is a woman's duty to make home as happy as possible, to remove all just cause of complaint, and to be the bearer rather than the doer of wrong. Try it and see if my words are not true.

THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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MADAME ROLAND.

By Rev. E. W. Reynolds.

## PART II.

### MARRIAGE AND THE REVOLUTION.

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#### I. — A PHILOSOPHIC LOVER.

**I**N the city of Amiens, there was a gentleman superintending a factory who had more ideas effervescing in his head than he could invest in his business, so he became a Philosopher, for the good and sufficient reason that he had a surplus of intellectual capital.

And a Philosopher meant, in that day, a man with a lever, in the act of tilting over some social institution; or a man with a torch, ready to set the weather-stained old Monarchy on fire.

Monsieur Roland was the youngest of five brothers. Fate gave him his choice either to earn his living by becoming a priest or by going into trade. He had rebelled against fate, and would do neither one nor the other. He had run away, and engaged with a ship-builder to go to India. But fate overhauled him—burst a blood vessel for him, and compelled him to compromise for a mixed career. "At Rouen, he had a relation named Godinot, the superintendent of a large manufactory, and, at his suggestion, Roland entered this establishment.

He distinguished himself by his zeal, activity, and valuable head-piece," and was promoted in due time, to the head of the factory at Amiens. "The government soon detected his abilities in matters connected with manufactures, and employed him to inspect those of Germany and Italy."

In this way Roland had been admitted to the rare privilege of foreign travel. He had borne everywhere an observant eye, set in a sensible head; had formed the habit of writing down his reflections; had imbibed deeply of the Revolutionary spirit; but was high-minded, dignified, and pure.

At Amiens, Roland made the acquaintance of one Sophie Cannet, who had been a bosom friend of Marie Phlippon at the convent, and who still corresponded with her. From the ardent friendship of Sophie, Roland learned what a prodigy was living at Paris, and once he was permitted to see Marie's portrait. In the same way Marie learned what an interesting man had turned up at Amiens, in the person of the philosophical superintendent. Thus, both were prepossessed in each other's favor, by the amiable offices of a mutual friend.

One day, in the winter of 1775, Roland went down to Paris, bearing a letter of introduction to Marie Phlippon.

When first she saw him, he did not impress her as being a very enchanting

persons by means of "warrants of imprisonment," issued at his sovereign pleasure; and the great prison of the Bastille, and similar abysses of despotism were sometimes crowded with the victims of his caprice, his avarice, or his revenge. He disposed of property by confiscation, and swelled his income by arbitrary taxation. "The Parliament of Paris, it is true, had the nominal privilege of consenting to or refusing an impost; but the king, by what was termed a 'bed of justice'—(a conversation in which he appeared in person and made known his will, under the established maxim, that in the presence of the king all other authorities were suspended,) enforced a registration of the decree, and punished the refractory members by imprisonment or exile."

To the evils of a Government so ruthlessly despotic, were superadded the miseries of the worst social organization.

The country was divided into three classes—the Nobles, the clergy, and the Commons, or the People—sometimes called, also, the Third Estate. Each of these classes, again, was subdivided by position and self-interest, and was constantly in a state of petty irritation, in consequence of the friction of hostile tendencies.

Every class was sufficiently wretched; but the weight of mis-government, and the virulent effects of a bad organization, pressed most heavily upon the lower stratum. All the evils of the Nation—trickling down through the upper orders—dropped upon the Commons with aggravated virulence.

The Commons, or People of France possessed scarcely one-third of the soil, yet, upon this, they were "compelled to pay feudal services to their lords, tithes to the priests, and imposts to the king. In compensation for so many sacrifices, they enjoyed no rights, had no share in the administration, and were admitted to no public employments." Excessive taxation had begun to produce excessive privation and misery. The people had endured as far as human nature can endure without sinking into imbecility, or rising into frenzy.

Toward the end of the century, the attention of scholars and thinkers began to be called to the state of affairs, to the theory of Government, and to the rights of man.

The leading Philosophy of Europe was bold and aggressive; it revered nothing—it dared all things. Its intellectual centre was France; and here were abuses that fed its ardent flames, and that seemed to justify its radical doctrines.

A powerful spirit of opposition arose, to resist the tyranny of the Crown, and to refute the claims of the Church. It was a spirit fed from many motives; in some it was a pure aspiration toward an ideal state of society, and the supremacy of reason over superstition; in others, it was a furious passion for revenge, or an ambition to vault into the saddle of that tyranny whose hoofs had trampled them so long.

The desire for a temperate and just Political reform, actuated even many of the higher orders. Foremost among the liberal nobles, stood General Lafayette, who had borne from America that love of liberty which he had displayed in the battles of our Revolution, and who earnestly hoped to realize a Constitutional Government for France.

When Louis XVI. came to the throne he found that his predecessors had bequeathed to him an impoverished kingdom, an empty treasury, a diabolical court, a hostile public opinion, and ages of wrongs to be redressed. Louis was an amiable man, and willing to be a good king, but his shoulders were not broad enough to support the responsibility Providence had prepared for him. It wanted a clear, strong head to elucidate the problem of the hour; and, unfortunately, *his* was rather cloudy and weak. Besides, he had the further misfortune of being yoked with a petulant, coquettish, and silly woman.

It was natural that Louis XVI. should be jealous of his prerogative; that he should undervalue the agitation going on in his kingdom, that he should suppose that *privileges* belonged to the nobility and *sacrifices* to the people; that he should be influenced by the imperious

temper of Marie Antoinette, and believe that a few trifling concessions would restore peace to the kingdom. All this was natural, for such had been the tenor of his education; but it comprised a tissue of fatal illusions and sophistries, charged with boundless calamity. It was his practice to resist reforms till the popular torrent swelled above his authority, and bore down his opposition. Then he yielded, not from love of the measure, but from fear of its champions; and the nation despised his reluctant concessions, as they had been irritated by his ineffectual resistance. The passive Heir to a Legacy of Tyranny, he became as odious as the most aggressive Tyrant; and, after he had given away, one by one, all the prerogatives of his crown, he was hated as a churl, and hooted at as a beggar!

The first step of Reform was precipitated by the state of the finances.

The king, at the instigation of the Minister of Finance, convened what was called the **ASSEMBLY OF THE NOTABLES**. It was made up of distinguished members of the Nobility, the Clergy, and Magistracy—with a few scientific men,—and represented the Aristocracy, to the exclusion of the People. Yet, this unpromising Assembly contained the germ of the Revolution. When it came together, the element of Reform was found so far in the ascendant that the King's Minister was deposed, and Lafayette advised the assembling of a Convention that should represent the entire nation.

These symptoms alarmed the king and the privileged orders; but public opinion was becoming clamorous, and violent commotions were rising in the provinces. It was found expedient to act upon Lafayette's motion, and the memorable **STATES'-GENERAL** were convened for the 5th of May, 1789. "The States'-General was an extraordinary body which had no regular existence. It was a creation of the royal will, and had been convened on occasions of pressing necessity," to secure special objects. It had been nominally composed of the Three Orders of the nation—the nobles, the clergy, and the people; but, in reality, the latter had been allowed, hitherto, little or no

influence, the whole Assembly having been the obsequious tool of the monarch.

On this occasion, the character of the States'-General was to undergo a total change. The friends of freedom insisted, that, in the organization of the body, the representatives chosen by the people should be equal in numbers to those of the privileged orders, the nobles and clergy united. The king and his partisans objected; but the people had stout champions in Lafayette and other patriotic men, and that basis of representation was allowed.

The States' General assembled,—the deputies from the people, and a few from the other orders, sincerely wishing to reform the abuses and establish the Government in equity; the others bent only on raising obstacles, and retarding the good work by every means. The deputies of the People were patient, conciliating and firm; and, when they had borne long with the frivolous mendacity of the royal party, they, on the 17th of June, resolved themselves into a legislative body, under the title of the **NATIONAL ASSEMBLY**, and took the staff of Reform into their own hands.

The clergy and some of the nobility resolved to support and second their efforts.

The king, importuned by the Conservative party, adjourned the sitting of the new Assembly to the 22d, when he proposed to meet with them in person, and blocked up the doors of their hall with an armed soldiery. Whereupon the resolute Assembly repaired to the **TENNIS COURT**, where, in a gloomy room, with bare walls and no seats, it resumed its deliberations.

On that day, amid discordant shouts without and within the building—now for the King, now for the Assembly,—the members took a solemn oath never to separate, but to assemble whenever circumstances should require, till the Constitution of the kingdom should be founded on a solid basis.

This spirited action, backed as it was by an unmistakable popular feeling, greatly irritated the nobles and alarmed the court. The king was importuned to

interfere. He was also exhorted by Lafayette and his noble minority from the privileged orders, to yield to the wishes of the People, as now represented by the Assembly.

The poor king, knowing that his prerogative was already paralyzed—distracted by these counter-currents, and having no high-minded sentiments to guide him, stooped to Intrigue, and put his trust in Craft.

He adjourned his sitting with the Assembly to the 23d; and—in the hope of preventing their meeting on the 22d, the princes hired the Tennis Court, on pretext of playing there on that day. But the Assembly, not baffled by this small artifice, repaired to a Church, amid the acclamations of popular enthusiasm.

#### V. — THE REVOLUTION TRIUMPHANT — THE KING SUBMITS.

The next day, the Hall of the States, surrounded by a numerous guard, was opened first to the deputies of the Privileged Orders, and when the deputies of the people were admitted at length, they found *their* seats occupied by their rivals.

The king appeared, "surrounded by all the parade of power." He condemned the proceedings of the Assembly, confirmed the abuses under which the country groaned, and commanded the Convention to dissolve.

As the infatuated monarch left the hall, the spirit of the Revolution rose in the commanding person of Mirabeau, and thundered at the tyrant in the martial rhetoric of that great orator. The Assembly protracted its sitting, and, such were the indications of the popular will, in the provinces, and in Paris, that the remainder of the deputies from the nobles and clergy yielded; and "on the 27th of June the three orders had become united in one general Assembly, representing the whole nation."

Everything indicated a speedy collision between the king and the nation. Large bodies of troops were being concentrated upon the Capitol. "Versailles presented the appearance of a camp; the hall of the States was surrounded by guards, and entrance prohibited to the citizens. Mer-

cenary troops, and trains of artillery from abroad, were posted around Paris. These hostile preparations agitated the people, and disturbances were already commenced."

The Assembly moved an address to the king, requiring the withdrawal of the troops; but, the royal mind, barren of power, was plenteous in stupidity, and the dangerous excitement was fostered.

Unawed by the martial array that surrounded them, the Assembly, on the 11th of July, by the mouth of Lafayette, proposed a DECLARATION OF RIGHTS, which commenced in these words:

"Nature has made men free and equal. The distinctions, necessary for social order are only founded on general utility.

"Every man is born with rights inalienable and imprescriptible; such are the liberty of his opinions—the care of his honor and his life—the right of property—the uncontrolled disposal of his person, his industry, and all his faculties; the communication of all his thoughts by all possible means; the pursuit of happiness and the resistance of oppression."

In the meantime the king dismissed and exiled his minister, Necker, who was a popular favorite, and this act provoked an insurrection, that shook Paris to its foundations. While the intrepid Assembly sat for two days and nights, deliberating upon their proposed Constitution, a furious mob were assailing the Bastille—that gloomy and infamous fortress, crowded with memorials of tyranny. The almost impregnable structure fell before the fury of the populace; De Launay, its commandant, was beheaded; and the Mayor of Paris was sacrificed to the vengeance that ruled the hour.

These fearful events opened the eyes of the king, and brought him, on the 15th, a humbled and somewhat terrified man, into the presence of the National Assembly.

For the first time he recognized the Assembly as the voice of the kingdom; promised to recall the banished Minister; declared that he had given orders for the troops to retire from Versailles and from Paris, and avowed his willingness to trust

himself to the affection and fidelity of the nation.

These words were hailed with applause and the grateful deputies arose, and on foot, escorted the monarch to the palace.

#### VI.—MADAME AT THE JUBILEE.

The Declaration of Rights was adopted, and, on the 4th of August, the Assembly abolished, by solemn decrees, all the feudal rights and privileges, with their long train of abuses.

Thus, the Revolution appeared to be realized. The conflict had been waged, and the victory was glorious. All the rubbish of Medieval Barbarism was cleared away by the decree of the nation. The rights of the people were asserted, the king, like his subjects, was made amenable to the Law; and an Era of Liberty and Glory was inaugurated for France.

It was under the inspiring Promise that shone from these great events, that Madame Roland returned to Paris, and became actively interested in political life. It now remains for us to trace her brief and brilliant course through the relapse of the Revolution, and the disasters that blighted its blossoms.

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The first Universalist paper was published in England, in 1793.

The first Universalist paper in the United States was published in Boston, Mass., in 1802. The first weekly paper was commenced in 1819.

The General Convention of Universalists of the United States was formed in 1785.

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God never alters his methods. We may hurry ourselves but we cannot hurry him. After all, the grass takes just as long to grow, and the oak-tree to develop, and the great processes of nature to unfold themselves. And we may be sure that just so much effort must go to just so much result. The great laws of God must be obeyed, or the rewards which follow the obedience of those laws will not come.

#### THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

By E. W. Putnam.

I am weary, weary, weary.  
Of this sorrow, sin and strife,  
On a stormy sea, in darkness,  
Lost, I seek the better life.

Clouds obscure the starry heavens,  
Lightnings flash across the sky,  
Thunders roll in deep vibrations,  
And the waves are dashing high.

Pilot, pilot, shield me! shield me!  
From these wild and fierce alarms,  
Tearing at my very heart-strings,—  
Bear me in Thy sheltering arms!

Oh, I tremble, shrink, and shudder,  
As the cold waves o'er me roll!  
Yet thou sayest, these are hasting  
The redemption of my soul.

Lo! beyond the heaving billows,  
See a heavenly vision bright:  
Pilot, guide, O, safely guide me  
To that sweetly shining light!

Life, thou wild and stormy ocean,  
With thy billows raging high;  
Out upon thy heaving bosom,  
In my fragile bark I fly.

Storms of hatred, malice, envy,  
Beat in fury o'er my head;  
Cunning serpents hiss around me,  
In their wild and watery bed.

Life, thy bitter cup is offered,  
Lo, I quaff its contents all;  
Yea, and kiss the hand that proffered,  
For 'tis healing to my soul.

Darkly though the clouds of sorrow,  
Pall the sea and heavens o'er,  
Yet I know an unseen Pilot  
Guides me safely to that shore;

Where the skies are bright and cloudless,  
Where the rivers peaceful roll,  
Where bright seraphs welcome, sweetly,  
Every storm-tost, sin-sick soul.

—•••—  
There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there;  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
But has one vacant chair.—LONGFELLOW.

## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

## CHAPTER VII.

By —.

The marvellous wedding was over, and we who had witnessed it, were left with our memories for future pleasure.

Nor was this, by any means, all the result of blessing which was gleaned by our household, as recompense for that stormy evening's entertainment. Abinidab's dollar proved to be a bill with magical properties.

John, who had been taken into the council beforehand, and informed what use was to be made of the wedding fee, said immediately on the departure of the parties,

"That dollar is the 'Aladdin's Lamp,' which shall bring to me the treasure that the future has stored up for me. It shall pay my fare to Boston, and once there, I will struggle hand to hand with fate, as many a friendless boy has done before me."

Nell replied,

"God bless you, my son, for the resolution. We cannot tell what golden fruit may ripen on your tree of life, when the harvest time is come. Many a younger and fainter heart has battled alone in this great conflict, and come off conqueror."

The resolution was taken. In a moment's time, our purposeless, aimless boy, who had floated heretofore like a bubble on the river of life, assumed his place as a drop in the current. Henceforth he was to be a living force. He was no longer drifting idly with the tide, like a useless bauble whose only fate is to be broken ere it reached the sea.

On so slight hinges do the doors swing which usher us from one department of this strange life to another. We sit and wait for some great event to startle us from our *nonchalance*, and point us to prosperity, but our waiting is in vain.

Anon, some little accident of life occurs, some trifling incident which yesterday we might have contemplated without a quickened pulse. But to-day it is our destiny. It takes us with a vice-like grasp and shoves us into action. Life no longer to us glimmers and sparkles like

the shining surface over which, for so many years, we have watched our mirrored reflection. We are afloat with its tide, and we must struggle and be strong.

By the morning train, on the following Monday, John left us for Boston. He had no acquaintance, or friend in the city. No one to direct him in seeking employment, No one to counsel him as to the best means of finding a place. He had an honest heart and a willing hand, and with these alone, he undertook the battle of life.

I know of no way that I can give you so good an idea of those first struggling weeks, as by transcribing a few of his first letters home.

The first one was written on Wednesday morning following the Monday on which he left us. There was manifest throughout it, a veil of artificial joy spread over a background of doubtful shadow. But let me not anticipate. The letter ran thus:—

"DEAR MOTHER—I did not write you by yesterday's mail, as I hoped by waiting to have better tidings to communicate. I ought not to insinuate that I have had *bad* tidings to-day. Any one who is well and has blue sky over his head, the solid ground under his feet, and the assurance in his heart that God is over all, *ought* to be happy. I am trying to keep cheerful, but I must confess that my circumstances are not very favorable ones to promote good nature. I am pursuing my fortune as Abinidab did matrimony, "under difficulties."

On Monday, after I arrived here, I set myself diligently at work looking for a situation.

I wanted a place, (if it was possible to get such an one) as book-keeper in a wholesale house. I went from place to place, losing no time, and presenting my claims as modestly as I knew how, throughout the entire day. I couldn't seem to impress Boston at all with the idea that I was necessary to its well-being. Crowds drifted and hurried, and jostled one another in their eager haste, to attend to the claims of commerce.

The anxious marts of trade seemed to

have pressed everybody into their service but me—who longed so to obey their behests; me who, before night, grew so weary and worn, that I would have taken an opportunity to have done almost any honest work. But no door opened through which I could see the first ray of light.

I think I shall never forget the desolate, discouraged feeling which crept over me when the darkness came that night. So many hearts beating near me, yet not one beating for me. So many home lights peeping out into the drear darkness, yet not one inviting me to share its cheer, or even offering me a shelter for my head. I thought of you, dear mother, and of all the loved ones at home. How many happy evenings came to my mind, that we have spent together in the days gone by. We too have gathered round a home fire, closed our shutters, and left poor wanderers out in the cold and darkness, without giving them a single thought, or heart-beat of pity. Having had the experience of that dreary night, it does not seem to me that I can ever be as thoughtless again. When next I have a home, and am gathered with those I love beneath its shelter, I will not forget, I am sure, with the coming of the night, to breathe a prayer to the heavenly Father for the desolate-hearted.

I had so little money with me (you remember how wilfully I disregarded your counsel about taking money) that I hesitated a long time whether I would stay in the street, or try to secure some cheap lodging.

I sat down on the steps of a church and endeavored, for a long time, to compose my mind. I tried to think of the eternal verities, to fill my mind with the belief that God reigns and watches over every creature that he has made; I said to myself, "he careth for the sparrows," and will surely not forget me.

All these things I repeated with the vain endeavor to fill my heart with them. It could not be done. I forever recurred to the certainty—which was not an ambiguous trouble far away—that I was

friendless, homeless and alone. Had I been out on the quiet hills, under the open sky, where I could have felt the sweet, pure breath of heaven on my brow, I believe it would have soothed the throbbing pain. I think I could have felt the love of God more nearly. As it was, the sunlight of his face was hid from me by the shadow of the city walls, and his voice of blessing could not reach me, since the multitude of human voices intervened.

I am not ashamed to tell you, mother, that I wept that night; I know your mother-heart will understand my feeling, and not smile derisively, or think me unmanly, because of this confession.

I would not pain you by painting this desolate picture, if I were not going to tell you that a more cheerful spirit came to me with the next morning's light.

I did not stay on the church steps all night. I began to feel very chilly, and fearing that I should take cold, and make more expense than I saved, I concluded to seek shelter. I went to a hotel, took a room and went to bed. But having done this, I did not find myself much more comfortable than I had been in the open air. I could not sleep. It was my spirit that was chilled and not my body. No amount of covering could have warmed my heart that night.

I watched the darkness out with sleepless eyes, and felt thankful for the first faint rays of the dawning. I hoped the day had something in store for me, and I welcomed its coming as I would have done the face of a friend. I left my bed early, went to a restaurant and ate a light breakfast, after which I took up my search again for employment.

The returning light had brought me a braver heart. I said to myself, there must be *something* that I can do, in a city like this. I will keep a good courage and strive till I find it.

By this time I had ceased to be particular as to the *kind* of work that I should do. I only made one proviso in my mind. That was, that the work should be honest—something that should help the world forward, or at least not block the wheels of its progress.



A gentleman in a dry goods' store where I inquired for a place, told me that there was a vacant clerkship at No. 12 — street, where a young man could get a good salary, and not work very hard for his money. I made haste to find it with my heart full of hope; but, to my great disappointment, when I reached No. 12 — street, I found a large liquor store, and the place that they proposed to put me was behind a bar, where I was to retail destruction and misery to my fellow-creatures, for eight hundred dollars a year. Could I accept such a proposition? No! lonely and anxious, and desolate as I was, I would not accept such a place as that. I said to myself, "I can lie down and die for want of sustenance, if need be, and by dying honestly, I shall not have made the world poorer; but I cannot live a dishonorable life, and have the bitter thought forever recurring to me, that the tides of civilization roll backward under my hand."

I said to the pressing entreaty of the proprietor, (for he seemed very anxious indeed that I should stay), 'No; I would cut off my right hand sooner than occupy it with such work.'

He grew excited and angry at my plainness of speech, and was about to thrust me out of his presence, when a gentleman present interfered, saying,

"I would like to have a little talk with you, young friend. It seems to me that you are made of the right kind of metal. I have had a good deal to do with young men in my day, and I can tell by the ring of the coin whether it be true or false. What do you want to do? Perhaps I can be of assistance to you."

I proceeded at once to tell him what my desires were. I stated frankly the extremity in which I found myself placed, to which he immediately replied,

"I am glad to have found you. If you are satisfied to make a small beginning, I think I can put you at work this very day."

I told him I would be willing to do anything for the present, by which I could earn my bread honestly. He told

me to call at No. 22 — street, at two P. M., where we could finish the arrangement.

Of course I was punctual to the hour, and found Mr. Paton waiting for me. He asked me if I would take a place in a store as under clerk, where I should have only three hundred dollars a year at first. I replied that I would, and accordingly I was at once installed in my new quarters. I do not find the place comfortable. There are ten clerks in the establishment beside myself, and they do not seem to try to make the place very pleasant for me. I sleep in the store, and board at an eating-house, and have altogether, a most unhomelike prospect before me. But I am determined that I will be contented; that I will glean comfort from rugged pathways, and mayhap they will grow smoother for me by-and-by.

I hope you will write me very often; for, next to the sight of the dear home-faces, a letter from home will be the most welcome thing. I have written you a long letter, and I must close it now, for other duties are waiting me.

Give my dearest love to all the home friends. Share the kisses which I send with the children, and let me be duly remembered to all outside of the home circle, who care for, and inquire for me. With kindest regards for all, but above all, for you, dear mother, I remain —

Your loving son, JOHN.

P. S. In looking over my letter, I find that I have permitted a miserably sombre hue to creep over it. I am ashamed that it is so. If I had time I would burn it, and write you a long, cheerful letter in its place. But as I have not time to write another, and I know you will feel very anxious if you do not hear from me to-day, I will send this along, imperfect as it is, begging you, in these its last words, to think of me, not as the miserable complainer which the letter represents, but as a young man with health, a hopeful heart, moderately happy with his present circumstances, and expecting to be much more so in the future.

Again, lovingly yours,

J. M. G."

I think every member of the family circle was tearful, when this letter was read aloud. We had missed John, oh, so much, during the days that he had been gone. We had felt so anxious to hear of his welfare. If he had spent nights of sleeplessness, we too had watched the stars out with a dreary waiting for the dawn. We had never, through all the cares of our children's infancy, had nights half as full of anxious thought as these had been. So long as they were all with us, so long as our little ones were gathered in the home nest, and we could supply their wants, watch over their sufferings, and alleviate their pain, by our tender care, we were comparatively content. But the time had come when we could no longer do this. Our fledglings were trying their own wings.

The spell was broken. The winds of adversity were blowing coldly about the hearts that we had warmed and sheltered so long in the bosom of our love. We were anxious and sick at heart. Had we not remembered that God was over all, that he cared more tenderly for our dear ones than we were able, even in our most anxious moments, to ask or think, we know not how we could have borne the trial.

This new experience brought again to our minds the query, How are those who have never learned to trust God and rely on his strength, ever sustained through the emergencies of life? They could not be, surely, were it not that the tender Father forgives their rebellion, and listening to the cry of their wounded spirits, gives them help, when their lips will not utter the pleading entreaty for deliverance.

On Saturday of the same week we received another letter from our wanderer. It ran thus:—

"DEAR FATHER:—Two days have elapsed since I sent thoughts home, clad with ink and paper, but I trust you will not therefore think that winged messengers from my brain have not visited you through almost every moment of my waking hours, and oftentimes, from out my world of dreams.

You will all be glad to learn that I am feeling much more cheerful than when I wrote you last. I have reason to feel so, as my prospects have brightened materially since then. I have not yet been here a week, but I have been promoted in this short time, and I have a prospect of another advance in a few months, if I am faithful. You will wonder, I know, at this, and think I have fallen into the hands of a curious employer, who puts a young man in a situation one day, and advances him the same week to a higher one, so I must tell you how it came about. The day after I came, the head clerk brought a pile of dress silks down to my counter, just after we opened the store in the morning. He threw them down hastily, saying as he did so,

"There's a fine lot of silks. I hope you will sell them all before night."

I responded cheerfully, "I hope so," and proceeded at once to sort them out and arrange them in the most advantageous manner possible. In doing so, I discovered that some of them were slightly damaged. They had evidently been wet in transportation, and though they were not entirely ruined, they were injured to the degree of not being first class silks, and I felt that they should not be sold as such. I went immediately to Mr. Ames, the clerk who had brought them to me, and said,

"Mr. Ames, those silks you brought to my counter, just now, are damaged goods."

He looked at me with a peculiar smile, and replied,

"You are not telling me any news."

I waited a moment for him to proceed, but seeing him not inclined to do so, I asked,

"What shall I do with them?"

"Do what I told you, when I carried them to you; sell them all before night, if you can possibly do it."

"But—"

"None of your super-honest 'buts' here. Go and do what I tell you."

I replied, "I will not be interrupted, and prevented from saying what I have got to say about these silks. They are not first class goods, and ought not to be sold for such."

"Pooh! you are over nice," said he; "not one person in fifty would notice those spots in buying the dresses. They wouldn't find it out until they got home, and then they would contrive some way to cut round and trim over the spots, so the dresses will look just as well in the end. You trust a woman for getting her neck out of a yoke, if it fits ever so tight. They are all the more shrewd about these matters, for they don't want to own it when they have been cheated."

"That wouldn't make the sin any less in me, if I sold these goods for full price, knowing they were not worth it," I replied.

"You have got a real country conscience," said he, smiling again, his peculiarly derisive smile.

"You cannot turn me from my purpose by ridicule," I replied. "It is wrong to sell the silks as you desire them sold, and I will not do it."

"I will have no more words with you," said he angrily. "Go and do as I bid you, or your disobedience will cost you your place."

"I cannot do it," I said firmly. "If I am turned into the street before night, I will deal justly."

"You heard what I said," was his only reply.

I turned away with a heavy heart. Was I then to be thrust out of employment, so hardly obtained, and the crumb of bread snatched from my mouth, almost before I had begun to realize that I was fed, because, forsooth, I would not defraud my fellow-man?

I would not falter. I remembered your teachings, dear father. I knew mother would bless me for an honest purpose, and I felt that I would rather go back to her presence hungry and poorly clad, if I could carry a pure heart, than with the wealth of Croesus and the outward adornments of king Solomon, if they clothed a shabby spirit.

As I turned to go back to my counter, I noticed that Mr. Paton was in the store. He was standing but a little way from me, and I thought, (though I was by no means sure) that he must have heard the conversation.

He stood with his back toward me, and was talking in an unconcerned manner with one of his clerks.

I returned to my counter without attracting his attention. Once more safe in my own enclosure, I experienced a strange conflict of feeling. Temptation beset me sorely. The first flush of indignant feeling was past. The first impulse to right was over, and I had come to the state of mind in which I weighed possibilities, and counted the cost of results. Ought I to be ashamed to own to you, dear father, that I hesitated a few moments, and dallied with the tempter?

On one side of me lay the desolate, dreary city with its unwilling gifts of labor, into whose unwelcome jaws I was destined to fall, if I persisted in my honest purpose. I knew that I must go away, and probably wander for days unsheltered and hungry in the street. I looked out of the window at the cheerless prospect. There was a dreary storm that morning, and the rain, and hail and snow, always a pitiful trinity, seemed more desolate than I ever saw them before. I can endure such a storm in the country, where the warm, soft bosom of the earth receives the chill message descending from the sky. When God's great law of recompense is *manifest* among his works, I rest content. So when I see his broad fields and open acres receive his severest chastisements with joy, I know that he blesses them even while he seems to punish.

But I cannot see his love-labors so plainly in the city. The hail and snow only come to make the despicable black mud of the street more filthy and unsightly. Multitudes of little bare-footed children go crying by with frost-bitten toes, looking with their hungry, pleading eyes to heaven, to catch the first ray of sunlight which shall pierce the storm.

Perhaps the Father sees them, and answers their cry in ways that I know not of. Mayhap some day when the veil which covers my sin-dimmed eyes shall grow thinner, I shall see and recognize the blessings which are hidden in God's ministrations to the city. On the day of which I write I confess I saw nothing

but desolation in his dealings with us here.

This dreary fate lay before me on one side; on the other there was—if not joy—at least a present respite from suffering. I was under comfortable shelter, well warmed and sufficiently fed. By a simple trick of trade I could keep my place. I would not have to speak a word—no actual lie would have to pass my lips. The sin would be of omission and not commission. I queried whether God would see an overt act of wrong in me if I yielded. He saw my situation and knew my extremity. Would he hold me guilty if I held the lines of his law loosely? I knew by the way my protest had been received that this style of deceit was not unusual in city trade. The tempter whispered, "All your fellow-tradesmen do so, why not you? If you forsake this place it will be to repeat the same experience in another, and perhaps endure bitter suffering from want."

I had begun to listen to the syren voice, and I know not how far it might have led me down the path which leads to darkness, had I not been roused from my reverie by the appearance at my counter, of a morning customer. Her looks and manner indicated business. Such persons, who really mean to trade, and would make a clerk's attentions an object, often come in the morning, and quite often on stormy mornings. There is as much difference between this class of customers and the gaudy butterflies who swarm our places of trade in the afternoon, as there is between the dahlia whose only autumn recompense for heaven and earth's summer nursing, is a cluster of gaudy blossoms, and the rich fruit tree, whose abundant answer of thanksgiving loads the air with fragrance and makes the earth glad with its overwhelming cheer.

The lady whose entry I have noted came directly to my counter and asked to look at winter silks. I turned to my shelves, and laid before her some of those which I had just received, together with a large number of others, which I knew to be genuine. My hand trembled so as I laid the condemned silks before her,

that I was actually frightened at my own condition. If I had been a thief, and the goods had been my first stolen property, I could not have acted more guilty. I was wretched. But I said to myself, perhaps I shall yet be saved—probably she will prefer some of the unsoiled pieces, and I shall be alone with my temptation yet a little longer, before I am thrust over the precipice of sin.

I handled the silks deftly. I threw the spotted pieces underneath as much as possible, and covered them with what I knew to be genuine and good. But in doing so, one of them was exposed, and immediately my customer said,

"There's a beauty. Let me look at that purple silk, if you please."

I pretended not to understand her, and gave for her admiration one of the upper tier of silks, but she rejected it, saying,

"No; the bright purple underneath, is the one I want."

There was no alternative. My time of trial had come. I took the silk out with a fainting heart. The piece that she called for was not as badly spotted as some of them, indeed, the imperfections were few and slight, and the darkness of the day favored the deceit. I have since tried the same piece of silk in a strong light, and found the spots only by searching for them. But that morning they appeared to my eye large and bright, and they stood out before me like accusing spirits. I could not endure it; I was about to speak, when the tempter whispered,

"Wait; she may not take that pattern. If she does accept it, it will be time then for you to explain its defects. If she does not, you can gain time to think, before you will have another customer to put your strength of purpose to the test.

I waited, but each moment made my case more hopeless. She liked the silk, thought it would make a splendid dress, and with her slender fingers, she shifted the rich folds admiringly.

I took another piece of purple from the shelves, and exhibited it with my most skilful handling, saying, while I did so,

"Wouldn't you like this piece better?"

I believe it would please you better in the end, than that."

I smile since then to think what pleading tones my voice assumed. If I had been begging for my life I could not have done so with more earnest entreaty.

In one sense I was begging for life. The term of my happy, innocent life depended on her answer. And why should we live, or call existence life after we have passed our time of joy. Had I have sold that damaged silk that morning, I should have been adrift on a treacherous sea. There would have been no barrier between me and the deepest depths of deceit. Once having crossed that rubicon, I should never have struggled back to the shores of peace.

Had she accepted my proposal and taken the other silk without question, I should have had time for farther struggling, and I know not how the contest might have ended.

Long wrestling with the tempter, sometimes weakens us to the point of yielding, when a sudden exertion of our strength might swing us clear of the pitfall. I did not turn the wheel of fortune for myself, but, thank God, it was turned for me, and I was saved. The lady replied, looking me directly in the eye with a searching look as she did so,

"I prefer this piece, and, as it is a higher priced silk than the one you hold, I see no reason why you should wish me to purchase the other. If there is a reason will you give it?"

The way was open now and plain.

"There is a reason," I said firmly. "The piece you hold in your hand is slightly damaged, and it would not be right for me to sell it for a perfect piece, knowing as I do that it is not such."

The moment the words had passed my lips I was happy. Surely, the angels who came and ministered unto Christ when his bitter trial was over, have not deserted the world wholly since then. We, poor, struggling mortals, when we are tempted like as he was, and crush our enticing foes without sin, leave our besetting satans behind us, and the angel Peace comes in to take up his abode with us.

I have never seen a happier moment than the one of which I write. I think I could have borne hunger and cold, to a bitter degree,—had they come as the result of that act—without much suffering. I know that martyr fires bring not the bitter pain with their devouring flames, which we have been wont to imagine. When we are really "persecuted for righteousness sake," the blessing which heaven sends to us, a thousand times more than compensates for the hardest pain that man can cause us to suffer.

My customer dropped the silk immediately, which she held in her hand, and looked at me in astonishment.

"Really," she said, "you are an exception among clerks. I have never met with this degree of honesty in a salesman before. You will be likely to see my face at this counter very often in the future."

I bowed my thanks for her compliment, and she proceeded to look over the remaining silks, purchased two very expensive pieces, and left me with a kind good morning.

As she departed, Mr. Paton approached me. I expected hard words and a peremptory dismissal from his service. Instead of that, he said to me kindly,

"You are having some trouble, I see, about your silks. I will meet you and Mr. Ames this evening at six, in the counting-room, when we will settle the matter."

"But," said I, "in the mean time, what shall I do with the goods?"

"Let them remain on your shelves. I will give you further orders about them this evening."

His words were calm, his manner undisturbed. I had no clue to his motive in asking the interview. He had evidently been watching me throughout the whole contest. He was now to take the day to sit in judgment on the case, and at evening we were summoned to receive his verdict.

The hours of the day crept slowly by. My spirit was peaceful and happy, but I felt very anxious to know my fate. As the clock struck six, I lifted the latch of the counting-room door. Mr. Paton was

sitting at the desk writing. He bade me be seated, and he continued his work. We waited there a quarter of an hour. Mr. Paton looked at his watch impatiently. Another quarter elapsed, and Mr. Ames had not arrived. Then Mr. Paton closed his book and said,

"I will not keep you waiting longer for Mr. Ames. He and I will settle our matters alone. What I want to say to you is, that I find to-day, new cause for trusting and esteeming you. I have been in trade for twenty years, and all that time I have made honesty an unvarying rule. I do not swerve from it myself, and I demand it imperatively of the persons in my employ. Though Mr. Ames has been a long time with me, I have never before detected him in any remissness of this character. As I said before, he and I must settle that matter between ourselves. As a token of the estimation in which I hold your action, I have increased your salary to five hundred dollars; shall give you the fifth clerk's place, and the promise of better things by-and-by, if our future acquaintance prove as satisfactory as our past has been."

I thanked him as well as my full heart would allow, and returned to my labor.

I should have written you this good news yesterday, but we were so busy I had no moment of time. To-night, I steal the hour to write, from my sleep, but I am so happy, I can well afford to spare it. I know how happy this letter will make you all, and the privilege of communicating so much joy, rests me more than sleep.

With dearest love for you all at home, I remain your affectionate son, JOHN.

I cannot represent in words, the happiness that we received from this letter. We give ourselves to great joy and rejoicing when the news of the victory of armies reaches us—when a battle with carnal weapons has been won—how much more can we rejoice when the sword of the spirit has conquered, and innumerable angels join our notes of joy. Our first-born had wrestled with the tempter, and from the contest had come forth victori-

ous, with salvation written on his banner, and we, who loved him best, felt like strewing palm branches for his feet, and crowning him with never fading laurels.

—•••—  
IN MEMORIAM—H. C. S.

*Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. C. A. Soule.*

By Mrs. Mary P. Robinson.

Gone in the brightness of life's early morning,  
Ere thy pure spirit caught from earth a stain,  
And though our hearts with anguish deep are  
thrilling,

We cannot wish thee back to earth again.

Thou thought'st, young soldier, on the field of  
battle,

To strike a blow for freedom, and for right,  
But ah, a mightier far than haughty Southron,  
Hath smitten thee amid thy dreams so bright.

We cannot think that thou art dead, our Henry,

That we on earth again shall ne'er behold  
That youthful form in all its glorious beauty,  
That sunny brow, those clustering curls of  
gold.

Not on the battle-field, where death-shots rain-  
ing,

Strew thousands of our loved ones on the  
plain,

And blood is crying upward unto heaven,  
For vengeance, as did Abel's killed by Cain;

But in the hospital, by sickness wasted,  
Slowly and sure thy life-blood ebbed away;  
And yet thou wert not less thy country's mar-  
tyr,

Than those who fall amid the battle fray.

God help and pity thee, poor, weeping mother,  
Thine is a grief too deep for words to tell,  
Yet while thy tears like summer rain are fall-  
ing,

Look up to Him who "doeth all things  
well."

And though thy path is now all dark with sor-  
row,

Thy loving Father still is guiding thee,  
Remember that he loveth whom he chasteneth,  
And 'as thy day so too thy strength shall be.'

And when thy earth'y bonds by death are riven,  
Thou shalt behold those dear ones gone before  
Where spirit harps are ever sweetly sounding,  
And partings shall be known or feared no  
more.

## ONE TOO MANY.

By Mary C. Peck.

"Heinrich! Heinrich!" Yes, I heard them calling me; merry child voices, sounding through the usually silent old house, like a chime of silver bells. My little cousins with their white dresses, and blue breast-knots, peeped into odd, stray corners to find the naughty Heinrich, who was not glad his brother had come home.

The laughter came nearer. I saw the yellow curls of Beta glancing through the door-way, heard the triumphant tones of Mina, and darting from behind the heavy curtains, looked the door in their faces with a fierce passion in my eyes that frightened them.

I heard them going softly down stairs, with hushed voices, all save saucy Mina who stood at the locked door and cried boldly, "I'm going down stairs to tell Grandpa."

Franz had come home—my little brother Franz. Down stairs the rooms were all aglow with light; the old pictures looked out from fresh garlands; and all along the walls greenly and joyously the word "Welcome" shone down upon the happy faces beneath. Yes: all were joyful but I—his brother, who should have flown to embrace him; so they said to me. I stood haughtily in the deep window seat, up in my Grandmother's room, in the shadow of the dusky curtains, with a deeper shadow on my brow—the shadow of hate; for without ever having seen him, I hated my brother Franz with my whole soul.

The little footsteps had long since died away, and I heard my young cousin's voices as they floated up through the open window to my ears. My Grandfather was there—he would not seek me; he would leave the proud, bitter boy to fight through his wicked humor as he might; then when the tempest of rage was spent, he would come gently, and lay his hand on my head, and ask God to bless me. I had seen tears in those aged eyes for me, I had seen tears there for an only son. I had heard the yearning prayer—"My son, my son, would God I had died for thee."

That son, the child who fed his father with such bitter bread, and drove him into the wilderness in his old age, that son was my father.

I had lived since I was six years old with my grandfather Vivian, the old Pastor, falling into all the queer ways of the old people, and adding to a nature already sensitive, traits that were more quaint and poetic. I thought and acted unlike ordinary children. There was a deep underflow of grave and tender reverence come from a near intercourse with holy surroundings. My plays were never like other boys, of dead heroes and warlike deeds, but I can remember that our little garden was the scene where my youthful faith offered up Isaac; and that the mound with its porcelain urn to my eyes represented Sinai, while the flowers that nodded at its base were the hosts of the unsanctified Jews. In any other boy this intense life which manifested itself even in my play would have been unnatural as in me it was premature and unhealthy; but it was only the outgrowth of an earnest nature, unwisely deprived of a healthy childhood. My Grandfather never saw where his solemn gravity, and Bible lessons were leading me. I knew no other children; I read no stories of child-life. My romantic and poetic soul turned from the sweet and tender love of my Grandparents, only to the stern justice of the Hebrew prophets or the deepening influence of the story of our Lord. Thus it happened that at the age of fourteen I was a delicate, nervous boy, with a conscience as tender as a girl's, and an idea of morality which would have done honor to a reverend Doctor. As yet, I knew nothing of life, or even of the possibilities of my own nature. I shuddered with horror at the idea of a sin; my conscience shook with terrors if I had been led astray into any childish fault. This disposition my Grandfather fostered. "My child, sin is the only deadly evil," he would say, "be careful of the smallest one."

There was something singularly beautiful in our sheltered life. Some interest of more than ordinary force, I knew attached to me—something that tempered their voices to a richer sweetness when

they told of love and duty, self-sacrifice and forgiveness.

"The lad is holy-minded, good wife," my Grandfather would say, "we shall have a strong arm to lean upon in our old age."

Yes, they looked to me as to a son. Never one word of my father, the rich Hamburg manufacturer, whose great factories blackened the sky at the suburbs, and filled the air with the hum of labor.

No two could be more unlike than this father and son. My Grandfather was of the blood royal of goodness. Over a strongly modelled brow his parted silvery hair fell upon his shoulder. He had an eye deep and lambent, like the eye of a seer. His lips were thin and firm, but always wreathed with a smile of benevolence. Now my father inherited of all this only the physical beauty, without the powerful traits. There was the same brow without its noble development; the same blue eye without its outlooking soul. The mouth was decidedly heavy, with a mobility which showed indecision and weakness.

Once every year my father made us a solemn call, then departed to his second wife and other son. Why this was so—why I was not also a cherished child in the princely home of my father I never knew in those days. I only know that for weeks after one of these visits my Grandfather was more earnest in prayer, more solemn than ever in mien, and that both gave me gentler looks and words.

I remember my mother with a worshipping reverence. She was an embodied love—one of those winged natures, who abide in the upper glory while we labor on the earth. She had long ripply hair the color of the sunshine, and melting eyes as blue as her own English skies. She gave that measureless gift of her love to my father when he was a gay young student—the first flush of her youth, the first vigor of her unquestioning love. And it is as such I remember her—always young, beautiful, loving. When the boy of eight stood broken-hearted for her last blessing, he caught the expression of that unearthly beauty to carry in his heart forever. No more madonnas or vestal

saints for him! My mother was to me my angel, my risen love. I alone of her nearest, and dearest, saw the glow of the coming glory, and heard her say, "My boy you must always love your father. Take this ring, and when you look at it think of me."

Dear Mother! did I not think of you now as I stood lonely and cynical in the curtained window? I thought of you, and hated the father you had charged me to love. If there was one passion in my breast stronger than another, it was a desire to work out of my veins the blood that I considered an heritage of Satan—a birth-curse that stood between my soul and its manhood. In my childish days I had known my father only as a merry play-fellow, whose broad shoulders served me for rides, and his bright rings and seals for wonderment. Afterwards I knew him as a courtly gentleman, lavish, and tender to my mother, but absenting himself often from our pretty home. He made his dove a sweet nest, fit he said, for her modest beauty. It should be in no dusty thoroughfare, but out in the open country, where she could mate with her sisters, the wood-violets and anemones. I am certain he *loved* my mother with the angel part of his nature. I am certain that in heaven, he will look first for her blue eyes and calm smile to welcome him. I *know* that the Lady Blanche never entered the "holy of holies" of his soul—that she will never stand between them in the great beyond.

So all through these years of my youth, I had revered my father for my mother's sake. I knew so little of him; I could only love him as we do some memory we have been taught to venerate. He was a polished man of the world, quick, excitable, but believing in only one creed—the necessity of a gentleman's always preserving his calmness. We respect only those qualities which are deep founded in the vital heart of a man, which express themselves out of the necessities of his life, and this calmness of my father was so purely artificial, worn so like a garment on gala days, that it inspired me rather with distrust and coldness. My soul never went out to him with the filial gush of a



great love which we cannot and would not repress, but I looked indifferently, both upon him and his visits—neither loving nor hating; only glad to be back again to my old ways and old life,—to be relieved of the icy coolness of his common places, and to rest in the strong positive affection of my Grandfather Vivian.

Thus matters stood at my fourteenth birthday.

How unconsciously on the eve of a great trouble do we go about our duties, take part in our single games and joys, sport even on the brink of the gulf which receives us! The dew falls purely on the grass whose next dew will be battle-blood, the birds chirp cheerfully the very minute before the lightning blasts their home bough,—the innocent flowers bloom lovingly on the edge of the most deadly deeps; and man! man often smiles most lightly when the garment of heaviness wraps blackly about him forever. This is God's way—it was His way with me that night—the night fatal to my peace only one year ago.

It was Lent—the season so religiously kept in the German churches. According to custom, my Grandfather, in virtue of his office, had been instructing the children for Confirmation. They clustered about him, he was like Oberlin in the midst of his flock; few I think ever come home by a gentler or more loving hand. One night in the early spring I had gone out as was my custom to walk in our little garden, and look for the hundredth time at my well-beloved hyacinths. The parlor window was shaded by a Scotch larch which my Grandfather had transplanted at a great expense, and which now hung its delicate tassels in its first green luxuriance completely over the old fashioned lattice. A fancy struck me to peep in at the open window, and hear my Grandfather as he gave the closing instruction for the day. But the lesson was over, and all save two had departed. This boy and girl were cousins, my own age, and report said, destined for each other from their birth. These two were softly whispering near the window where I stood. I shall never forget that scene—it is stamped by the finger of agony on brain

and heart. I even remember how my Grandfather looked, as he talked to a young American in another part of the room, and could repeat word for word his remarks. They were talking about a head of Christ which hung against the wall, and which my Grandfather said was “the manly Christ;” the only one he had ever seen which did justice to his heroic vigor, and was not weakened by feminine softness. I noted how the evening sun lighted his gray hairs as he stood—and I remember too well, the words that made me what I was afterward; cold, proud, bitter.

“Hans, will Heinrich be confirmed this year? He is fourteen like ourselves.”

“Hush! Gretchen!” said the boy putting his finger on his lips. “Do you not know Heinrich cannot be confirmed? he has never been baptized, Mother says, we must be very gentle to him, for he will suffer much when he comes to know.”

Gretchen's eyes opened wide, with a vague wonder in them that asked an indefinite satisfaction. Children mature, and reason early in Germany.

“You know, Gretchen, his father married, and Heinrich was born in England. His mother is dead now; and people said she died of a consumption, but it was of a broken heart. Now, Gretchen, dear, you must never lisp a word of what I am telling you, for the family are proud, and think scarce any one knows, but they do—a deal sght more than is pleasant to know. His father was a wild young student, and fell in love with his mother at Oxford, while he was studying English law there. She was like an angel, people say, and loved him dearly, and he loved her, but for all that he did n't want to marry her; for if he married poor he should have to be a clergyman like his father, and he said he would rather drown himself outright. So he persuaded her to a private marriage. That could not be here you know, but in England they say it is so often. When his three years were over they came home here with Heinrich—and lived remote from town, and she thought, good soul, that all was right and happy; when one day the papers announced his marriage with the Lady Blanche, and she just dropped down like a dove with an arrow-

blow, and never smiled again. You see, dear heart, he had deceived her, and the marriage was a mock one. Heinrich was never baptized, for his birth was not recorded here; so it will have to be done now, and that is so odd, they will have to tell him all. The Lady Blanche is dead herself now, but they —"

I waited to hear no more, but crept softly away down the path, with a feeling that I should die, upon me. I was stunned. I remember wondering if I was the same boy I was half an hour before. I did not stop to question the truth of what I heard, or to be angry with any one. The facts were too stupendous. I must have time to breathe; to get over that sinking, stand-still feeling of the heart,—for the present I cared for nothing—I thought of nothing.

I gained my room,—put my gardening tools down carefully in their place, with a calmness that was an incubus on my soul. Then the dormant lion in me awoke. I realized what they had been saying—that I was a child of shame,—a thing to be pitied, to be cared for—with no claims upon any one, and who was claimed by none. My mother was vile—then I was vile too—my mother was murdered—I was murdered too. A heat broke out all over my face as I strode up and down the room; great waves of passion and of agony broke over my soul leaving it wrecked and undone, upon the shores of the Infinite mercy only. Who had done this? Who had dared to evoke a soul into life that God had not called—a soul one too many in the world? My father! Then I hated him; with all the force of my soul I would hate him forever. Not even God could ever make me forgive him.

Of all torments this was the worst to me. Brought up as I had been, the idea of personal impurity was worse than death. Upon my morbid conscience, my tender, poetic soul, this earth-weight was placed like mountains of lead. Over and over again I said, oh! if it had been anything else—anything else in all the world. Instead of my birthright they had given me a mess of pottage, I was one too many in the world, and the world and God had no

right to expect goodness from me. I had a right to cast loose from them all. I was a lopped branch. If the fruit was bitter it was their fault. I had a right to be as wicked as I felt.

There is no anger like the anger of a gentle nature when fully roused. I worked myself into a frenzy of grief and passion. This was the reason then, why they were so kind to me—they *pitied* me as we do all worthless and helpless things. I would rather they had hated me. This was the reason why my father had been so cold to me. He would not come to see the son who was unacknowledged and unloved. He feared the Lady Blanche might know why he married her great factories, and who lay under the white roses in the churchyard—her, his wife before God, my murdered mother.

Looking down, I chanced to catch the glitter of my mother's ring upon my hand—the one she had thought her wedding ring. I remembered how she had said, "When you look at it, think of me." A sudden resolve stirred me—I thirsted for action—for some means of expressing the fire of rage within me. In a niche in the wall, stood one of those marble figures, with which German's love to adorn their rooms,—the figure of a vestal holding her lamp, which we used for our candles. I lighted the tall candle, and held my finger with the ring yet upon it, unflinchingly in the blaze, until it had burned a wide circle in the flesh. Then smiling at the pain I drew out the blackened member, and grimly vowed that the ring of gold should be to me a memorial of my mother's love—the ring of scarred flesh, a memorial of my hate to my father. Then I went down to my Grandfather—showed him my finger, told him my resolve, and careless of his pain or affection, went out to spend the night on my mother's grave. Perhaps the night winds would take away from me, some of this new impurity.

All this had happened a year ago—but my soul had grown no more forgiving, nor was it so this festal night. No mortal force, I said, should drag me down to see the gayety with which they mocked my sorrow. My brother Franz had come home! Why, I could have laughed! He

## THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

By Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Continued from November number.

A huge fire of pine logs sent its flames crackling and roaring up the air in the midst of a little nook, a natural amphitheatre among the mountains, shedding its changeful and glowing radiance over the mingled rock and foliage of its precipitous sides, and throwing into strong relief many a grand old tree and gnarled and twisted vine. It was a strange scene! The wild fig-trees thrust out their dark limbs to catch the glow, and the pale green paw-paw bent its spectral branches out from among the giant pines, standing sentinel over the spot, to look at the unwonted sight. The snowy white foam of a little torrent that tumbled down the cliff, and went dancing along at its foot, caught a sheet of light, and shone like silver set in ebony. Craggy shapes of quartz and granite peeped out, laughing here and there from the foliage, and high over all leaned the purple arch of the starry skies, while beyond was the blackness and stillness of a forest night.

It was a picturesque scene which this forest fire revealed. Stretched in every rude and careless attitude lay a company of half a hundred men, bivouaced around the comfortable fire, and apparently given up to the rest and enjoyment of the hour. Some with their broad hats slouched over their eyes, and their feet towards the genial warmth, lay wrapped in sound sleep. Some, leaning on their elbow, lay watching the play of the fire-light on the arms and faces of their companions, or on the green walls of the amphitheatre which enclosed them, while others still, sat lounging against a log or tree, talking with one another in low voices as if fearful of disturbing the sleepers. A motley assortment of blankets and old bed quilts gave them protection against the chill of the midnight air which, even in summer, is, among the mountains, not to be braved without danger. Muskets leaning on the arms of most of them peeped out from the concealment of their coverings, and the

knives thrust into their belts, reflected many a truant gleam of the firelight. Broad hats, some of felt, and some of split chip, woven in the rude fashion of those still worn among the negroes of the South, covered most of their heads, and hid their faces so that little of them could be discovered save their shaggy and woolly beards and uncombed earlocks.

"How late is it, Bill?" inquired one of the waking ones, with a tremendous yawn. "It's mighty hard keeping awake so long."

"Past one o'clock, I guess. Most time for him to be here. I don't think he stays away so long for any good, I don't!"

"Don't you begin to be suspicious, Bill. That's your way, always."

"No, taint, neither," retorted Bill, a little waspishly. "But I'd like to know why he don't come."

"He'll be here as soon as he can, I know. You can depend upon him, I tell you. He wont stay longer than is necessary. Something else troubles me much more."

"What is that?"

"Why, that knave Sam is absent with Lun, and a few others of that gang. They went under the pretence of bringing some coffee and sugar from Knoxville, and ought to have been back long ago. I only hope there is no treason hidden behind their pretended errand!"

"Bah! you needn't be afraid of that! And yet perhaps it is so; I have seen them often with that old scape-grace who lives over there in the old mill—I forget his name."

"Do you mean Sol Hurd?"

"Yes; that's his name, I think. Let me tell you there's something wrong about that old fellow. He is always spying round somewhere. I've met him in Memphis, and a good many places, and I know on good authority, that he cottons mightily to old Joe, down at Mordant's, and if he's honest, then I don't know who isn't. Old Sol bags the game, and he hides it, and Sam has shared the spoils more than once."

"Well; they wont venture on such business any more now Capt. Ross is

with us. I heard him lay down rules last night, that put a flea in our ears. Did you go to the meeting over in the log church?"

"No; there he is now! The sentry has challenged him. Did you hear? That is his step!"

Quick, resolute steps drew near the entrance of the little dell. A man with a large cloak, a broad hat with a tall red feather, emerged from the darkness of the forest into the clear, sharp firelight. Two others followed him.

It was Capt. Ross. He stepped forward. "Halloa! wake up, you sleepers! It is time!" and his deep, manly voice rung over the little camp. Many sprang to their feet, but others just lifted their heads and dropped them again in drowsy slumbers. Taking a pistol from his belt, Capt. Ross discharged it over the camp. In an instant every one was on his feet.

"To arms!" shouted many voices.

"An attack!" cried others, and a confused and tumultuous minute followed.

"Silence! order!" sounded their chieftain's powerful voice. "I call upon you. I call you to arms. Shake the sleep from your eyes and the weariness from your limbs. You will need both. I have important tidings for you. Form a circle around me."

In a minute the whole company had gathered in a close circle around him, each gazing in his face with the deepest interest and expectation.

"Warren, you are here," said he, in frank and friendly tones, reaching his hand to the one whose conversation with Bill has been detailed. "Whatever happens we shall remain together. Is it not so?"

"In life and death," was the earnest and cordial reply.

"My brave fellows!" said the leader, with a touch of sadness in his deep and ringing voice,— "I know you well, and know that which brave men can do for their liberty and the liberty of their race, you are all ready to do. Andrew, George, Henry, all of you—I had hoped that a great blow was now to be struck by you for the emancipation of your unfortunate fellow-slaves. With my life

and all my energy I had hoped to aid you. Do you trust me? I have been calumniated to you, but, whatever comes, have you still faith in me?"

"We have! we have!" was the stormy answer from twenty voices.

"Where danger has been the greatest, and labor the severest, have I ever shrunk back?"

"No! no! never!" was again the enthusiastic and universal cry.

Well, then, trust me now; I have had news for you. The time has come for you to show yourselves men, for many of you to secure your own freedom, and leave the rest to me. Who refuses to obey my directions?"

"No one! no one!" was the still wilder answer.

"Well, then—our plans are betrayed. Traitors have been among us, and some of us are already arrested. Armed men are on our track, and will soon enter this valley."

A dead silence followed the noisy demonstrations that had just been made.

"We must separate into small companies of twos and threes, and you who are slaves and would be free and avoid capture and worse than death, must, without an hour's delay, start on a long journey, following the North Star. Your friends and families you must leave behind you, trusting that I will still labor for their freedom, and that, if possible, they shall yet join you in the land of freedom."

A wild and terrible commotion arose among the colored portion of the assembly which indeed was more than three-quarters. The eyes of some glanced fearfully from side to side, as if they knew not whether to fly or stay, while a brave and determined expression was visible on the faces of others.

"Hear me!" continued their leader. "I have provided means to protect and carry you forward. Friends will be found waiting to convey you from one point to another, and I have money to divide among you, to serve you when you have reached a place of safety. Until then you will not need it. But time presses and we must hasten. Warren!" The young man stepped forward, and the

leader, drawing a huge pocket-book from his coat, opened it.

"You have heard me accused of spending your money for my own private gratification, living in luxury on your earnings, while you remained beggars. I will tell you now, that never have I spent a dollar of the means committed to my charge for the sacred purpose of aiding in the emancipation of your unfortunate race. On the contrary I have used my own wealth to help along with the good cause; living as it was considered necessary to give me opportunities to mingle with those whom I considered likely to be drawn into the plans myself and others were gradually maturing for the liberation of the slaves of the South. These plans are frustrated for a time by the treachery of some we trusted. But the day is only postponed. It will come, perhaps, only the more surely, that it is deferred for the present. But time presses. I have here enough money to give you twenty-five dollars each, for your support after you get North, until you can procure employment. It will cost you nothing for your journey, for there are many all along the route to help you on and protect you."

"Massa, dat de underground railroad?" inquired a tall, stout, ebony-hued fellow, with a comical expression, which even the dangers of the present could not quite overcome.

"Yes; the underground railroad. You all know what that is now, don't you?"

"Yes, massa; we know;" chuckled a dozen of the darkies, showing their white teeth.

Ross and his companions were busily engaged in distributing the money already prepared in packages of twenty-five dollars, and the work was soon done.

"Now, my good fellows, you must go; but not by the entrance of the valley,—that will soon be occupied by a hundred armed soldiers, who are in search of us. You must follow the paths winding among the under brush up the cliffs. Make straight for the Ohio river, but not all from one point. As I told you, you must separate and go singly, or by twos and

threes. You will find men to help you across at every considerable town on the river. They will be watching for you, for I have sent messengers to tell them of our failure and your needs. Once across, have no fears, for you will be sent forward safely. You shall hear from me as soon as it is safe. TRUST ME, as I have said, and fear nothing for me. I am safe, and shall still work for the great cause. And now, good, bye, my brave fellows. Follow the North Star, which I have shown you so often, and keep among the mountains. Go now, and God bless you!"

The slaves gathered around their leader with sobs and tears, while he took each one by the hand and bade good-bye.

"Good-bye, massa! God bres you! God bres you! We be free! We soon be free!" They turned to go, but looking back they saw the arms of their leader stretched out as if to bless them, and, moved by a simultaneous impulse, the wild host flung themselves at his feet, embracing his knees and kissing his hands.

"Enough, my friends. You are losing precious time. Go, and God be with you!"

It was his last word. He turned away with Warren towards the woods, and when he looked back not a living form was visible in that narrow valley so lately filled with human life. The shadows of the great mountain forest had swallowed them up. The young leader stood gazing around him as if in a dream. The fire was by this time dying away, but from the immense pile of coals and embers, a casual gust of air now and then for a moment fanned up a tall, bright flame, revealing the trees, and the rocks, and the flashing waters, but nothing more.

"Come, captain," said Warren, "it is time for you to think of yourself; our pursuers will soon be upon us."

"A moment longer, Warren; I cannot bear to turn my back for the last time on this scene where I have so often dreamed of the emancipation of the unfortunate race whose representatives have just left it forever. It looks dark now, but God will show us light in his own time. War-

ren, do you think that because we are frustrated now, God has forgotten to be just and kind?"

"No, indeed, sir. I believe as you told them poor creatures, that their day of jubilee is only deferred. It will come by-and-by, perhaps when we are not waiting for it. God's plans are greater and surer than ours. *Ours* are defeated. *His*, when they are inaugurated, can only work on to their fulfilment."

"But to think that mean traitors should have power to defeat the best laid human schemes!"

Warren stood apparently listening, and then laid his ear down to the ground.

"I hear horses," said he; they even shake the ground."

"Good!" exclaimed Ross; "if they are here they cannot overtake the fugitives they are in search of. It will take hours by the usual path to reach the other side of the mountain, where they will soon be. But let us go!"

The two men made their way into the shadow of the forest, and stood still to observe.

In a few minutes an apparently numerous body of riders came galloping towards the narrow entrance of the valley, shouting and swearing at the impediments in their way.

"By George! here they are nicely caught in a trap! I see their fire; we'll toast them when we get them! There'll not many of them escape, I'll wager."

A huge guffaw from a dozen throats followed this brutal speech, and the leaders of the band entered upon the scene, followed closely by the whole train. They stopped short in amazement, looking round upon the wild scene lighted up as it was at the moment by a fresh gust of flame.

"The devil! What has become of them? Have they sunk into the ground? They could never get out of this hole any other way. Why, the cliffs are perpendicular, and more than three hundred feet high."

The band instantly scattered, searching every nook and corner of the little dell, for the prey that had escaped them,

but in vain. They looked in each other's faces with a startled look, and felt a certain inexplicable awe steal over them. The wind was rising and the light of the flickering flames played strange antics on the pale green foliage of the enclosing walls, and as they looked up hundreds of feet above their heads, it seemed as if the cliffs were closing over them.

They gathered in a huddled group and stood still.

"Let us get out of this," exclaimed their leader, "or we shall share the same fate as the plotting knaves who were here before us. They could not have left by this entrance. Our sentinels have been too vigilant and too near, and I'll be hanged if they could have climbed up to the sky by these cliffs, any more than I could have climbed up Jack's bean-pole."

It needed no urging of the half-frightened troops to persuade them to leave the dell. Without waiting to form in rank, they put spurs to their horses, and soon the last one had disappeared, and silence once more settled over the scene. The little flames snickered along the coals and embers, and threw great broad smiles on the branches of the wild fig-trees that held out their hands towards them; and the pawpaws nodded merrily with their spectral heads.

"Haw! haw! that's a good one!" burst out from the deep shadows of a dense cluster of oak trees, and Warren, with his mouth still stretched with roaring laughter, emerged into the fire-light, followed by Capt. Ross.

"A brave set of fellows, I protest. But the cliffs do look threatening, I must confess. I don't wonder a bad conscience inspired them with the thought of their shutting them up in prison, or toppling down upon their heads. Haw! haw! haw! if that isn't a good one!"

"It is a fortunate thing for us, perhaps, that their fear prevented their recruiting the fire and spending the remainder of the night here. We should hardly have escaped detection in that case. But come, we have far to go to-night, and Reno will be anxious at our non-appearance. We will delay no longer."

The two men crossed over the dell, and

parting the low shrubbery near the waterfall discovered a footpath which led winding up the face of the cliff.

"It is well we are familiar with this path," said Ross, as they struggled on their way, "otherwise we should find climbing it a dangerous operation in the darkness."

They had soon struck into a little recess in the cliff where stood a small log-cabin, from whose solitary window gleamed a light. A tall figure immediately appeared at the door, the light in hand.

"Good evening, captain; good evening, Warren. Glad to see you. Began to fear you had got into trouble, for I crept out on the edge of the rocks, and saw a mighty smart chance of soldiers down below. They didn't stay long, though, did they? They found the birds were flown, didn't they?"

"Yes; thank God," replied Ross. "Have you seen any of them?"

"O, yes; a great many of them. And they were making tracks, I—tell—yo—o—u!"

"And it is what we must do, also; for it must be getting towards dawn. Is my clothing ready?"

"O, yes; all ready. Walk right in! walk right in. And I have a good saddle of venison for you to start on, too. I hung it up afore a good fire yesterday, thinking you might need it!"

"Thank you, my friend; and here, I make you heir to this cloak and hat," said the leader, throwing the articles into Reno's hands; "and you will inherit all the rest I have on, when I get into your closet where my wardrobe is. For I must transform myself utterly from head to foot. Is everything here, Warren?"

"Yes, sir; everything is ready. I have only to bring out the horses."

"Very well; have they been well fed?"

"I have taken care of that, sir, I warrant you," said Reno. "They have had as much grass as they could eat, and a good slice of venison into the bargain."

The captain went into a little closet divided from the main body of the cabin

by curtains of deer-skin, and soon emerged clad in an elegant hunting-suit of dark green cloth, his hair and beard carefully arranged, a fine linen collar and silken cravat about his neck, tied with that exquisite elegance attained only by those who "make a business of it;" a light, handsome sack overcoat, and, hanging under his left arm, by a strap passed over his right shoulder, a small artist's haversack, a pistol and sabre completed his costume.

Warren had, meanwhile, clad himself in a handsome suit of gray broadcloth, while Reno brought forward the horses. They were two splendid, mettlesome animals, richly caparisoned, and seemingly impatient for a start.

"I will hold the horses," said Reno, "while you take a bite of venison; for it may be long before you have another opportunity to break your fast."

The two travellers sat down to a bountiful supply of cold venison and hot roasted potatoes, seasoned with a cup of excellent coffee, to which they did ample, and speedy justice, then immediately left the cabin.

"Many thanks," said Ross, "for your excellent entertainment, my friend. May your larder never be lean and your stomach never empty! Now, farewell, Reno. Be a friend to every fugitive, as you have been to me, and God bless you!"

"Stay; I forgot to tell you that I heard shots but a half hour ago."

"Did you?" said Ross, smiling.

"Yes; but not yours, down there in the valley; but since then, off here in the South; and as soldiers were about here yesterday, I think you may as well be a little careful."

"Thank you; I will be so. But we are armed, and could stand a pretty good brush with an enemy. Adieu, good Reno—perhaps forever."

"Adieu, captain." Reno would have reached him his hand, but Ross who had uttered the last words not without emotion, had turned and put spurs to his horse and was gone.

They were soon obliged to slacken their pace, retarded every moment by the stony path and the dense forest trees. Ross

rode in advance, the narrow path compelling them to ride single file.

"We must avoid the high road a long time yet," said Ross, turning his head to Warren; there will be many whom I would not like to meet, just now, for I have papers in my pocket that would be ruinous to me and many others, if they were discovered by the men-hunters who have been in the dell to-day. We must keep among the mountains, but which way to go I do not precisely know. I am too little acquainted with this region to venture to turn into a side path, and this will soon take us to the high road. Do you know this by-path!"

"No sir; not exactly. One must be born among these crooked and steep paths to be familiar with them. I know only the one we have lately travelled so often, and we almost always had a guide. We ought to have taken Reno with us."

"It is my fault that I did not think of it, Warren. But we will try whether it will bring us out right. We will leave this steep path by the brook, and push in among the rocks. After a while that valley must bend to the right."

They rode on for more than an hour. Ross spoke little, but he began to look around him very sharply, for the path seemed to him to lead them further away from the high road than he wished.

"It is strange," he remarked at last, "that we do not meet a single person in this wilderness—not even a boy picking berries, of whom we could inquire the way! What think you? According to the sun, we have been riding a long time towards the east, and we should have gone towards the south."

"You are right, sir; but how shall we get over the back of this mountain which rises steeper and steeper here on our right?"

"This brook cannot run in this direction much longer. It must turn to the south-west before long," remarked Ross in an anxious tone.

They rode on. The path became more and more difficult. They were evidently plunging deeper and deeper into the wilderness.

"I am afraid we must turn, sir," said

Warren, at last; "and try and find our way back, and then strike into the old, well-known path."

"Turn back two hours! It would be insupportable; and I want to be in Knoxville to-night—I *must* be there," exclaimed Ross, impatiently.

"Lord, sir, you will have to take a balloon, then, for you will never get there in any other way, to-night."

Ross stopped and gazed attentively around him. "There where the woody ridge juts out over the valley, the stream must turn," said he, compelling himself to hope. And with his profound geological knowledge he had judged right. The wild torrent made a sharp bend at the indicated spot, but it was impossible to follow it in the narrow cleft through which it ran. They had long ago left the proper path; the ground had become more and more difficult, until at last they were forced to descend into the torrent itself, which went now roaring over great rocks and rolling stones; now plunging down precipices, now hemmed in by some huge rock. Finally, no other way remained but to turn back a considerable distance, and clamber up through sharp and pointed rocks to the forest side, which was not quite so steep as it had seemed from a distance. Over the back of that ridge there certainly must be a path leading to the high road. The precipice was still steep and rugged. The riders were obliged to dismount and lead their horses with great care over the smooth and slippery rocks. Poor beasts! they were nearly exhausted, and yet the summit was not yet reached.

"Up, up, always up," murmured Warren; "and when we are at the top, we must go down again, and perhaps a steeper path than this."

"Well, well," comforted Ross, "then we will follow the ridge of the mountain its whole length."

They still climbed on.

"I have never been here, before," said Ross, after a time. "This mountain is too shaggy and steep for even a slave to live in. No, I was never here, and yet it seems to me as if I knew it all. I could almost believe that this old prime-



val forest with its pines and cypresses, and wild fig trees, its scrub oaks, its thorn bushes, giant creepers and wild grape vines, I had seen them all in a dream."

"Triumph!" he burst out, suddenly interrupting his dreamy remarks—"we have conquered! we have found our way out! Here are mule tracks which we will follow; by St. Peter, here are tracks of a horse. Heaven be praised! It is high time—now we can mount our horses again!"

They swung themselves again into the saddle. The wood, it was a primitive forest, continued dense and tangled, but there traces of a path which men and mules must often have travelled, although here and there it was obliterated. There was here and there a fresh impression of a hoof visible, where the rocks were covered a little with soft earth or moss.

"See, captain," exclaimed Warren, gazing before him; "what is that shining on the ground? Shall I pick it up?" and he pointed to a glittering speck among the moss.

"Strange! it looks like gold," exclaimed Ross; "we shall finish by discovering a gold mine in the end. Let me see it, Warren."

Warren stooped to raise it from the ground.

"By George! it is a bracelet!" he exclaimed, in the utmost astonishment, as he lifted a golden circlet from the moss, and he reached it to his young leader. But no sooner had the latter taken it in his hand than he exclaimed, "By all the saints in heaven! this bracelet belongs to Helen Mordant! I remember its peculiar construction, and this is her cipher set in diamonds. I saw it upon her arm three nights ago."

(To be continued.)

The devil has been painted swarthy, cloven-footed, horned and hideous. Do we expect to see him in that shape? O, surely it would be better for us, if he did come in that shape! The trouble is the devil never does come in that shape. He comes by chance, with unregistered signals, and in all sorts of counterfeit representations.

## "IT IS WELL WE CANNOT SEE."

By Miss M. Remick.

Mother, bending o'er the cradle,  
Weaving dreams of days to be,  
For the fair and cherished sleeper,  
It is well thou canst not see  
The dark years spread in the future,  
Paths of sin, and shame, and woe,  
Where that guileless heart will wander,  
Where those little feet will go.

Midst the scaffold's gloomy shadows,  
His fair star of life may set,  
On the dismal field of battle,  
May his destiny be met;  
Heavy grief, and pain, and sorrow,  
May his wanderings store for thee—  
It is well, O, happy mother,  
Thou the future canst not see.

Thou who standest at the altar,  
In thy bloom and happy pride,  
Dreaming that in peace and gladness  
All the coming years will glide;  
It is well, O bride, light-hearted,  
It is well, the days to be,  
With their changes, griefs, and sorrows,  
Mercy's veil hath hid from thee.

Thou who on the couch of sickness  
Watchest the long days go by,  
From thy ever-wakeful pillow  
Seest stars pale in the sky;  
From life's joys and labors banished,  
It is well the days to be,  
With their round of pain and stillness,  
The close future shuts from thee.

Thou who by the dying pillow,  
Faintly murmureth the farewell;  
Dimly painting in the future,  
The lone days that there will dwell—  
Loving care, protection vanished,  
Sorrows, wrongs in days to be.  
It is well, the darkening future,  
God hath kindly put from thee.

It is well, O, restless spirit,  
Who all mysteries would scan,  
That the future's written pages  
God hath closely sealed from man;  
In His hand are all things gathered,  
At His word all clouds must part,  
Through life's sorrows and its changes,  
Let us go with trusting heart.

## THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXXII.

Paris — City regulations public aspect, &c. — Place de la Concorde — Napoleon I. and the present Emperor — Cirque Napoleon — “Comedy of Errors.”

It is not surprising that the French people consider Paris the very sun of the earth's horizon, from whose refulgent rays all other nations, sitting in the darkness of outer barbarism, receive their illumination, be it more or less. It is the more remarkable that, with this idea ingrained into their very natures, they are, without exception, so kindly considerate to strangers, so invariably polite. True, one may detect underneath this really amiable attention and courtesy,—a slight air of patronage,—a semblance of something akin to a pitying superiority, which might be supposed to say to itself in an under-current of thought, “Ah! how sad never to have been in Paris before! but *now* you will see what is true life! *now* you will learn, *improve*, and enjoy much! Paris, of all cities, is the most gay, beautiful, learned, and enjoyable in the world!” And doubtless, this last assertion will hold true with many, very many of our own countrymen who would gladly escape from much that is harsh and angular,—much that is cold and unsatisfying in the social life of America. To one who considers gaiety and pleasure, or a life of the senses and intellect alone,—the desideratum of existence,—Paris life *is*, pre-eminently, of all others, the most desirable. We have heard of some of our countrywomen who, after visiting the gay metropolis, became so enamored with Parisian life, as to consider home insipid and distasteful, and a return to those scenes of former pleasure, of all things to be wished, for *their* realization of happiness!

In connection with this class of individuals,—that bit of sarcasm of a modern wag—“All good Americans go to Paris when they die”!! has a keen point. Gay, bright, and sparkling, and withal, very good-natured, (except for an occasional revolution and massacre gotten up in French style,) is this same Paris “la

belle”! Still must we confess to a predilection for a home among quieter scenes in a moral atmosphere, rather more invigorating than one finds in this resort of all nations; which preference, probably arises from barbaric tendencies that render one incapable of appreciating the high civilization of this acknowledged mistress of the polite world!

No one can witness the efficiency of police regulations, the absence of beggars and all disgusting objects on the streets; the cleanliness, thrift, and cheery aspect of the lower classes; the splendid improvements being carried forward in various parts of the city, and the superiority of sanitary arrangements, without praising the results, (in these respects at least,) of a Ruling Power,—which, whatever it may claim in the way of regard for the best interest of the people, is none the less despotic in farthing its own ambitious ends. The prompt and severe punishment meted out to offenders, who would attempt to adulterate wine, milk, bread, or any other article of consumption, insures pure, wholesome food to the poorest classes, an exercise of arbitrary power which our own magistrates would do well to imitate, and our own much abused people rejoiced, we believe, to see carried into practice.

Another excellent system worthy of great praise, is the practice of submitting all meats to the rigid inspection of competent officers appointed for that purpose. No animal is allowed to be slaughtered for food, if found in the least diseased—and proper and humane care is insisted upon towards all creatures brought to the slaughter-houses—which are always far out of the city, enclosed with high walls, and kept free from uncleanness and bad odors\* so often offensive in the suburbs of American towns. We believe the testimony of all foreigners who visit Paris concurs in this opinion, that under its

\* We are indebted to Sir Francis Head, in a volume treating upon the practical aspect of Paris at the present day, for much interesting information upon this, and other subjects connected with the humane and sanitary arrangements faithfully carried out, of that, in many respects, *model city*.

present rule, it is one of the best governed and regulated cities in the world, (*externally* we mean)—for doubtless in the extent and character of its vices, it rivals any Babylon of iniquity ancient or modern.

### *The "Place de la Concorde."*

What more beautiful and cheerful looking public square than this can be found, standing as it does midway between the garden of the Tuilleries, and the long, shaded sweep of the "Champs Elysees," whose extremity terminates in the triumphal arch of the "Barriere de L'Etoile"! The gigantic "Obelisk of Luxon," towering in stately grandeur toward the clear blue above; the laughing fountains, tossing their wreaths of silver spray; the emperor's palace of the Tuilleries, with its long lines of glittering windows and massive walls, forming a background to the scene! The gay throngs of people, the splendid equipages rolling over the broad, smooth avenue of the "Champs Elysees," give the spot an air of holiday festivity. In fact, such is the impression one receives of Paris at all times, from its external appearance, and the out-of-door life of its inhabitants.

Standing thus in the "Place de la Concorde," surrounded with so many beautiful and cheerful objects, it is difficult to realize, (and who would not be thankful that it is so?) this place as having ever been the theatre of such bloody scenes! Who could believe that where we now stand, the reeking guillotine reared its dreadful front? That royalty itself, gentle women, innocence and beauty, and the loftiest patriotism, as well as the grossest cruelty and wickedness, underneath this same smiling sky, met a hideous death! Here, upon this spot, too, crimsoned by the life-tide of the best blood of France, we behold the avenging arm of retribution destroying from the face of the earth, the detestable "Danton," "Robespierre," and their murderous minions.

### *Napoleon I. and III.*

How all Paris, and in fact all of France rings with these names! Is it a triumphal arch, it is Napoleons; a column,

or obelisk, or temple, or palace, they are erected in honor of, or by order of Napoleon!

What a genius of power must that have been thus to have enstamped itself upon the universal heart of the nation, notwithstanding that element of old nobility, always more or less felt in favor of lineal royalty, and that other still stronger ingredient of pure Republicanism, whose advocates have been, and still are among the best thinkers of the land!

To the magic of that name—"NAPOLEON," probably as much, as to the exercise of his own really great abilities, the present emperor owes his present exalted position. That he has benefitted France, and added lustre to the name, cannot be denied. No more can it be affirmed that he has labored indefatigably to achieve his own ambitious ends, as well as for the glory of France. In accordance with the spirit of his time, and his peculiar genius, he has chosen to pursue his designs, rather through the tortuous windings of diplomacy, than by force of arms, like his "illustrious predecessor!" Never failing of accomplishing his purposes, thus far, it remains to be seen whether his recent Transatlantic operations,—blending the two forces of martial prowess and diplomatic strategy, will eventuate in anything short of success.

### *Paris Nurses and Little Children.*

One of the prettiest sights among the animated objects which meet one's eyes in Paris, are the throngs of nurses—"Bonnes," as they are called,—leading or carrying their young charges. Attired in snowy caps with ample frills, their brown, healthful faces and pleasant expression at once attract a pleasing interest. What troops of little ones, thus conducted, are turned out for several hours daily, to wanton and frolic as only free and happy childhood can in the pleasant sunshine. Evidently Parisian mothers believe in the efficacy of a plentiful supply of fresh air for their offspring, and the result is, as merry-eyed, rosy-cheeked, happy-hearted little ones, as ever felt the invigorating influence of health! Trundling hoops, throwing balls, skipping ropes, amusing themselves with all pleasant sports—from

the baby's rattle and leading strings, to the fondling of dolls and pet dogs, these happy creatures enliven and beautify each park and garden, and give with their innocent gambols and merry laughter, a freshness and beauty to those places of resort in the city, which no other element could supply.

### *The "Cirque Napoleon."*

Contrary to any precedence in our life, we were induced to accompany some friends into the vast modern amphitheatre of that name, where most astounding feats of horsemanship were performed, and other wonderful practices of balancing, &c. But after the novelty and glitter of the first impression of the immense concourse had subsided, we cannot say that we were edified by this exhibition of daring on the part of performers; in fact, more than once we were obliged to sit with averted head or closed eyes, while some more seemingly reckless feat was performed, to the infinite delight of the spectators. We observed that one of the buffoons sang in English, once or twice, and was soon hissed back into *langage Francaise*. Probably he was some stray son of Briton or America, who, perchance, like the "Prodigal son," had left his father's house and joined himself to the keepers of swine; happily if, like him, he still had a father's home to which the repentant might return, sure of receiving a father's forgiveness and welcome of blessing!

A ludicrous little affair occurred that evening in connexion with our going to this place of entertainment, which can never be recalled without inciting a shower of mirth. We had been dining with friends, and leaving the house with them, were just seated in the Voiture, which was to convey our party to the Cirque, when F. missed his umbrella. The gentleman of the house politely offered to go in for it, but F. as politely refused to put him to the inconvenience; hastening across the court, (or yard), he ascended the stairs to the "Salle a Manger," where it had been left. Knowing the difficulty he had in making himself understood by the natives, we sat trembling in our shoes

as minute after minute passed, when suddenly a loud cry of distress and a dark head issued simultaneously from an upper window. It was the housemaid calling out to her mistress. Madame sent monsieur to the rescue, and after a moment F. returned in triumph, with the umbrella. It seemed the maid could not understand F.'s errand, and in trying to enter the dining-room where he was sure to find the missing article, he had turned the door-handle the wrong way, and actually locked the poor maid in! She, frightened, at what looked so suspicious, and not being able to get into the ante-room, where F. still stood, trying as vainly to *parley Francais* intelligibly, as to open the perverse French lock, thrust her head out the window in the gathering darkness, uttering that appealing cry which had so startled us! Thus ended the "Comedy of Errors," concerning the lost *Parapluie*. A hearty laugh followed, and to this day, the ludicrous occurrence (which could only be appreciated by an eye or ear witness) cannot be recalled without the same accompaniment.

### *Lilfred's Rest.*

M. C. G.

What a blessing man acknowledges in sleep, whose soft oblivion makes an island of every day, and breaks the hold of continuous care; that cools the hot brain, and bathes the weary eye-lids, and lets the buffeted and foundering heart cast anchor every night in some harbor of happy dreams. He feels the beneficence of that law which makes even misery halt, and beseiging fortune strike its tents, and in the great democracy of nature levels the children of men in common helplessness and common need; finding no conditions so wretched, no spot so bleak that even the most desperate cannot recline nearer to the bosom of the common mother, and forget for a little while, their sorrow and their shame.

I, for, one, have trust in these two things; that men will grow better as they know more, and that nothing will ever come to wreck our confidence and our hope.

## THE WASHINGTON BRIDAL.

Calmly beautiful and pure,  
In her bridal robes of white;  
Led he forth his chosen one,  
On that still November night.

He who won the noble bride,  
Had the nation's praises won;  
Not that he was born a king,  
Nor, that he would wear a crown.

But with gifts a Father gave,  
Highly prized and highly wrought,  
He had blended will and might,  
These the pearl of fame had bought.

There the nation's chosen throng,  
Lords of state, and men of power,  
Gathered in that stately home,  
On that gay, that festal hour.

Oft the moonlight's misty ray,  
And the stars with eyes as bright,  
Looked on homes as great and fair,  
As upon that bridal night.

Often, too, the silver light,  
And the stars with eyes that grieve,  
Gazed on home that gave the bride,  
'Neath the lowly cottage eaves.

But to-night a tender peace  
Fell around the girlish brow;  
Yet with meek and trembling lips,  
She will breathe the holy vow.

Why, O why, thou gentle bride,  
Dost thou feel too pure a joy?  
Hast thou learned e'en now, to know  
Earthly joys will find alloy?

It is not there floats a cloud  
O'er her future sky of life,  
Not because she doubts the bliss  
Of becoming Sprague's loved wife.

Ye who know how soldiers hang  
On their brave commander's word,  
Ye who know how bleeding hearts  
In the soldier's home are stirred;

We who know how traitors sink,  
If but truth asserts her sway;  
Ye who know how Senates quail  
When great eloquence has way.

Ye who know that luxury's home  
Oft becomes the beggar scene,  
Ye who know the mighty ones  
Oft become the slanderer's theme.

Ye who wot how peace and bliss  
Still are lost or gained by prayer;  
How the angel death makes mark,  
By the swiftly passing air.

Ye who know how strife and might,  
And who know how life and death  
Know how these are marked and stamped  
By a moment's passing breath.

Ye may know how much she felt,  
Of a nation's glorious pealm,  
Might on her rest now, for aye,  
And on him who bore the palm.

Yet to one who humbly bore  
All the honors on her shed,  
We can trust her high-born place,  
For we know it's good she's wed.

## ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.

The term masterly inactivity" originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which every one who did not suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne. "The cup that cheers but inebriates," was conveyed by Cowper from Bishop Berkeley, in his "Siris." Wordsworth's "The child is father to the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas More. "Like angel visits—few and far between," is the offspring of Hook; it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought. Old John Norris, (1658) originated it, (like angel visits, short and bright,) and after him, Robert Blair, late as 1745. "There's a gude time coming," is Scott's phrase in Rob Roy, and the "almighty dollar," is Washington Irving's happy thought.

It is the veiled angel of sorrow who plucks away one thing and another that bound us here in ease and security, and, in the vanishing of these dear objects, indicates the true home of our affections and our peace.

## RECOLLECTION OF AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

By J. Kendrick Fisher.

One day a fellow-student asked me to look at his boots. I did so, and said they looked well. He asked me if I wanted any like them, naming the price, and saying they were made by an unlucky gentleman, whose father, as a precaution against extreme want, had caused each of his children to learn a mechanical trade that might be practised secretly. This gentleman had been dealing in stocks, and cleared out. He had sold out the lease and furniture of his house, and removed with his family, to a garret in an unknown quarter, where fashionable friends could not find him, and had got a few unfashionable friends to patronize and befriend him as a boot-maker. My fellow-student's father was one of these friends, and had directed his son to do what he could for him. As I wanted boots, and the price was the same as I had been used to pay, I promised my fellow-student to take my measure according to a written direction which he gave me, and to leave with him an old boot as a farther guide to shape; and he was to see that they were delivered, and that I got my boots. In due time I received them. They were uncommonly well fitted, and made honestly, and with as much neatness as was usual in the cheap kind of work that suited my means. For three years afterward, as long as I remained in Europe, I had my boots of this unlucky and unknown victim of the stock exchange. I was much better served than ever before; and the only trouble, which had its compensation, was that the price increased as the workmanship improved.

Though I never saw him, or knew his name, I became interested in him from the reports of my fellow-student and friend, whom I will call Smith, though that was not his name; it will not do for me to tell names out of school. I felt much satisfaction in receiving his thanks for several orders that I got for him, which Smith duly transmitted; and among our clique we helped considerably to find him the full employment which

he continued to have, as long as he needed it.

Smith's father had been much employed in his business, by this gentleman, (whom we called *Metrys*,) and was his chief confidant and agent; but as my friend had known him, and convenience seemed to require it, he, also, was allowed to know the secret, and was principally employed in dodging with paper packages, containing boots, and such little comforts as the elder Smith could prevail on his old customer to accept.

Many agreeable hours were spent by Smith, in conversation with *Metrys*, over his lap-stone. Smith and I often went home together from the Royal Academy, which closed at nine in the evening; either he would go home with me, or I with him, two or three times a week. We talked until eleven, often, later; how we kept up so much talk I have since wondered; but I never knew a lull in conversation among our set, at any time or place. Poor *Metrys* was a favorite with us, albeit only Smith knew his name or whereabouts; but I believe I was the confidant's chief confidant, for he used to be more free in his reports to me alone, than when several of us were together.

One evening, *Metrys* dropped a tear on his work. It was seen by Smith, as *Metrys* was aware.

"My dear young friend," said he, "I don't know what I could have done but for your kindness, and your father's; my poor wife and children must have suffered dreadfully, had it not been for the work you have got for me; and you are so good as to insist that the pleasure pays you for all the trouble."

"More than that," replied Smith. "I perceive, what I did not so clearly perceive at first, that I learn from you a great deal that I could not learn from any one else I know. You have always been among the most intellectual of the fashionable class, and when I talk with you, by the hour, I get not only the mere ideas, which perhaps I might get from reading, but I get the feeling, expression, manner, style; something like what we artists think we find in the best works, which we fail to find in imitators. I am

waste their wits in horse-breeding, and leave the great works entirely to money-getting men, there will be just as much fleecing and skinning as possible. I am glad I have chosen a liberal profession, although I may be poor all my life."

"And I am glad I have a trade that allows me to earn honestly the little I get, since I have lost my patrimony; and, what distresses me infinitely more, the patrimony of my wife. It is horrible to think of such a constraint as that which obliges men to grind the faces of of the poor."

"Very horrible; and what is the worst of it is, that the poor hold their own faces to the grind-stone, and turn it themselves, and then grumble because they are ground. Northe is about right in saying that men are fools, and the only way to make them wise is to treat them as fools."

"There is another way which I have thought much of, since I have been under the harrow; it is to teach a little wisdom to one's own children, and so build up a civilized class in the midst of barbarism. If my present position holds until my youngest is eighteen, I hope to have educated them all in good principles at least. My wife and I together, I think, with the interest we take, and the delight we take, will hardly fail to give them an education that will fit them for good society, when we are able to dig out of this grave"

"That is a comfort which you may safely promise yourselves. I have done preaching to you against your resolution to keep your seclusion, instead of appealing to your relatives, who at least could get you into some office with a salary on which you could live comfortably. But I have a little scheme, by which I think I can make money, and at the same time help you a little. You won't be offended if I tell you what it is?"

"My dear Smith, it is hardly kind of you to betray a doubt on that point. I never yet have been in the least offended or hurt by any thing you have said or done. Say whatever you wish to say, at all times; and be confident that I shall never doubt your good feelings, whether

I agree with you or not, as to the expediency of your proposals."

"Well, look at this sketch."

"Very fine. What do you intend to do with it?"

"I want to paint a picture of it, for the exhibition, and I believe I can do myself some credit, and perhaps sell it, if your little Bob will sit for the child in it. My sister will sit for the mother."

"Now, I am delighted; and so my wife will be. I am afraid you have not let me know this so soon as you would have done had you not been apprehensive that you might hurt our feelings."

"This is kind of you; I am very much gratified. If your wife has no objection, and little Bob is inclined, I'll get ready to-morrow, and the next day I will call for him. He can stay at our house at night when he likes, and I will bring him home when he likes."

"Just as you please about that. One thing, however, I must ask of you; don't spoil him. Children who are too well entertained abroad, become discontented with their homes. Now we are obliged to live on what is barely sufficient for health; don't pamper the child so that he will be discontented with our humble lot."

Poor Metrys shed tears; so did my friend.

Smith painted an exquisite little picture, called "*The widow*," with a beautiful little boy standing at her knee. At the private view of the exhibition, three gentlemen were so pleased with it, that they wrote him notes, stating that they desired to purchase it. One of them gave him fifty guineas, instead of twenty-five, which was what he asked. Smith wrangled half a night with Metrys, to persuade him to accept the extra twenty-five pieces, but he would not touch a shilling of it, nor permit him to make any kind of a present to any one of his family.

"My dear Smith, you really distress me. You compelled me to accept more than my conscience would allow, for his services while he was sitting; besides, you and your sister did a great deal for him, and he was very happy, poor little

thing. I don't *need* your gift: if ever my health fails, and I need your kind aid, I promise you I will tell you: but you must let me have my own way. Now do."

When Smith told me of this news, he cried almost like a child. He had set his heart upon contributing the twenty-five guineas to the comfort of poor Metrys and his family, but his punctilio would not allow him to take it. I never saw a young man so distressed from such a cause.

"What shall I do?" he asked of me.

"There is only one way: humor him."

"I want — but I don't know that I ought to tell you."

"You forget that I do not know even the name of these people."

True. Well, I have been thinking all along that I would ask him to let Clara sit for me. She is so beautiful, such fine color; if she would sit as well as little Bob did, I am confident that I could make a picture that would be of great advantage to me. But as he will hardly allow me to pay more than she earns with her needle, I don't know how to propose it."

"Tell him frankly what you want. He will let her sit. When the picture is done, urge him to accept as much as Leslie paid to Miss W. I can find out what it was. He may refuse. If he does, tell him he must accept twice as much when the picture is sold. He will stipulate something about the price, and you must do the best you can. The young lady will be benefited by the society at your house; however excellent her little society at home may be, it is desirable that she should see others. Contrive to suggest this, delicately, if you find it necessary; but I judge that he will consent at once."

Some months after this, Smith showed me his picture. It was "*The watcher*," a beautiful girl watching by the couch of a child. Little Bob was the child. It reminded me of the picture in which Correggio painted his wife, who was beautiful, and whom he always painted as if she had taken an interest in his work, and had something more than patience to

sustain her in the tediousness of sitting. It is believed among artists, that the best expressions and best finish, of heads, have been attained when artists painted those whom they loved, and not without return. I did not hint this to my friend; but I had a presentiment that he would end by a discussion with Metrys, the turn of which I could not conjecture; whether his pride would not stand in the way of the modest young artist's hopes, was a question that gave me some concern.

The picture was in time for the next exhibition. It was immediately sold for a hundred guineas. Metrys, as was anticipated, refused to take any part of it, saying that the compensation already made, had been liberal — more than six times as much as Clara could have earned in any other way; besides, he added, Smith's mother and sister had ingeniously contrived to do a great deal for Clara and the little children, who had been welcomed at all times, and had been allowed to go so often, that he feared they had been burdensome.

Metrys was not blind to the fact that Smith was in love with Clara, and Smith perceived it. He was encouraged by the freedom allowed, under the circumstances, and doubted whether to make an avowal that might restrict the intercourse; but his ingenuousness decided him to avow it to Metrys, before he gave any intimation of it to Clara.

"I am glad you have spoken frankly," said Metrys. "I expected as much from you, certainly; but it is not the less satisfactory to be assured. You have acted most honorably in not allowing her to discover your regard for her until you consulted me. I could not be so regardless of her welfare as not to watch you both, and I perceived long ago, as I thought, that you were getting more interested than mere artistic considerations could make you. My wife and I have both carefully endeavored to find out whether you were in any way manifesting your regard to her, and have been all along satisfied that you were sufficiently guarded to keep her from discovering it, though we both thought we discovered it."



"I have not intended to conceal it from you and your wife; I considered that it would be a betrayal of trust to do so; but of course I deemed it my duty not to take advantage of opportunities granted for other objects to attempt in any way to gain the position which possibly I might hope to gain with one of her age, who is so inexperienced, and has no other acquaintance who could divert her thoughts from me, if she were to think of me as a lover. What I have now spoken for is, not to ask for a decision, but to explain fully what I knew you saw clearly enough, lest you should deem me too reticent. I have no reservation on my own account; I have considered the case fully, and wish to propose, and be engaged to her, if you and your wife are willing, and to be married as soon as I am well enough off, or as soon as you deem it for her interest. Now I expect you to consider the prospects of her having much better offers, when you are relieved from your present circumstances; but for my own part, I desire to share her lot whether it is to be always as it now is, or better. For her sake I hope it may be better, but I hope you will believe I should be equally desirous to marry her if she had not the least chance of wealth or position in society."

"I believe you. I never suspected you of a disingenuous intention or desire. I wish I could always find such principles among those who can better afford to foster them. But it is my duty to you, as well as to my family, to consider maturely, before I give the consent you desire. You cannot prudently marry a poor girl, in your present circumstances—it would be a drag upon your advancement; all your professional friends would tell you so. And next to marrying such a one, the next imprudence is to be engaged to her; you would not be content unless you shared your money with her, and that would embarrass you. Love is well, provided it does not sacrifice paramount interests and duties. Look well to that; see the deplorable misery which the lower class bring upon themselves, by yielding to this relatively irrational practice; and see the superior civilization of those

who secure a means of decent support before they take upon themselves burdens that may weigh them down."

"I hope for success as will give me all that I desire on my own account, as the condition of a union with Clara. On her account, I should desire more. If you should hereafter deem it for her welfare, and she should be content with what I can offer, I hope you will consent. I understood that you expect me to refrain from any expression of affection to her, as I have thus far done. With this understanding, shall I continue to avail myself of her assistance in painting, and to visit as I have done, as a friend?"

"Certainly. I trust you implicitly. Do all you can to establish yourself as a friend, and to gain her esteem for you as a man, and her admiration for your abilities as an artist; no harm can come of that. She understands that you ought not to indulge in love affairs, at least with her, under present circumstances. The greatest distinction between the higher and lower class, is this understanding and control of the affections; the one class avoids what it cannot prudently allow itself: the other is terribly addicted to love and drinking, which are abuses when not restricted by prudence."

Near the close of the exhibition Smith spent an evening with me. He was in distress on account of an event that deprived him of Clara's company, perhaps forever. The picture had been seen by a gentleman from the North of England, who had called on him and questioned him about various matters, among them about the model who sat for the Watcher. He replied that artists did not usually answer such inquiries, unless they related to professional models, who had no objection to be known. The gentleman apologised; he was ignorant of the etiquette in such matters. But he set a watch upon Smith, traced him to the lodgings of Metrys, and followed him one evening into the room. A scene ensued. The intruder was an uncle of Metrys, who had perceived the likeness of Clara in the picture, and followed the clue until he found his nephew, for whom he had searched three years in vain.

"Robert! this *you*, Robert?" he cried. "What are you about here? where have you been these three years? what madness has made you hide yourself in such a hole, while your relatives have been giving you up as starved, or murdered, with all your family? What the deuce is the matter?"

Metrys was confounded, and stammered some almost unintelligible words; all that could be understood was, that he was ashamed and afraid to show himself after being such a fool."

"Fool! why, you must be in a bad scrape to be *afraid* to show yourself. Come now, Bob, I'm not going to scold; you're hard up, I see. Zounds! why the d—l didn't you let me know you were hard up? wasn't I the one to call upon? Zounds! didn't I tell your mother on her death-bed that I'd take good care of you? and didn't you tell her you'd call upon me if you were in want? and here you have been in a garret three years, and would not let me know you were hard up! O, Bob! is this what you promised your mother? is this the way you help me to keep my promise to her? you sacrilegious monster! you brute! you savage! Thunder! what do you mean?"

"I meant well, my dear, good uncle; don't be so hard upon me; don't go, Smith. I'll tell you all; Smith knows all, and has been a true and kind friend to me."

"Kind friend! thunder! why, I could not get him to tell me where you were, and had to dog him until I got on your scent! He's a friend!"

"Don't be so hard, uncle. I made him promise not to reveal my abode. He is not to blame. I am the only one to blame. I was ashamed to see you or any other relative; that is the whole truth."

"Fore God, my poor Bob! what transcendental conceit have you got in your head? it wont do to tell me that you have acted dishonorably; but what may be the folly of which you are ashamed? if your young friend knows it, let me know it."

"O, I gambled in stocks, and lost all I had. I hadn't twelve pounds after paying my losses."

"Then why in thunder didn't you send to me? draw upon me for all you needed? Why, you unnatural savage, you never drew on me for a pound! O, Bob! Bob! is this the way to treat your poor mother's only brother?"

"O! forgive me! do forgive me, uncle," groaned Metrys.

"To be sure I do. D—n it! what next? had you any doubt that I should forgive you, you unnatural reprobate? D—n it! don't take on so! O, don't my poor Bob! Boe, hoo, hoo! Here, Bob, take my hand. There, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; I—I—I didn't."

"I—I'm sure you didn't, my dear, good uncle; but you are impetuous. I—I'll tell you all when I have calmed myself a little."

"All! I don't want to know. I don't care; don't bother me with details! you want money, and *I mean to supply you with all you want! why in thunder did not you draw, when you were first hard up?*" roared the uncle, furiously.

By this time little Bob and Lucy in their night clothes, were peeping into the room. The uncle seized them in his arms, covered them with kisses, called them poor little innocent victims, and raved in a most extraordinary manner for ten minutes. Mrs. Metrys came in, renewal of the extravagance followed. When the scene was moderated, the uncle bethought him that it was time to get out of the infernal garret, and smashed the humble furniture with his cane, and ended by begging Smith to call a hackney-coach.

A few mementoes of other days, that had been treasured in privation, were carefully gathered and deposited in a few trunks, and the family departed from the place of their humiliation, where they had experienced the hardships of the laboring poor, but not without alleviations which the poor seldom know. Metrys characteristically explained to Smith that two pairs of boots for his friends were nearly finished, and, as they had been half paid for in advance—according to the custom of artists—he wished him to get them finished and sent to them.

Metrys grasped Smith's hand, saying,

"I shall never forget your kindness; you will hear from me as soon as I feel at liberty to write you." Mrs. Metrys and the children were much affected at parting from him. Clara begged him to assure his mother and sister of her gratitude, and her regret that she could not bid them good-bye. "God bless you, Clara," said he; "may you enjoy the happiness you merit; and let me hope that you will regard me as a devoted friend."

"You were my friend, and my father's friend, and a friend to all of us, when we might have died without you. You made us comfortable; and would have shared your earnings with us had we taken advantage of your goodness. I cannot regard you as less than a brother. God bless you!"

I returned from England before Smith heard from Metrys; it was about two months after this evening with him, and for six years I heard nothing of him. One day a letter from the dead letter office came to me. It had in it a draft for a small sum, to pay for the best prints of Washington that I could procure.

Smith had then secretly been married. Metrys, (as he still called him, for he was unwilling to have his capricious and undutiful seclusion known) had every summer invited him to a beautiful little estate in the country, which his uncle had given him. Clara had declined several offers of gentlemen of her own rank. After five years, during which he had become distinguished as an artist, and a welcome guest among the highest patrons of art, Smith ventured to assure Metrys of his unaltered attachment to Clara, and ask if he was willing that he should make it known to her. He consented.

"I ought to be frank with you," said Metrys. "I have endeavored to turn Clara's fancy towards several gentlemen who have proposed to her. I deemed it my duty to do so; they are unexceptionable men, and have rank and fortune. But she has declined them, I know not why, unless she remembers your exceeding goodness, and has an impression that you loved her, when we all believed her blinded by your self-restraint. I don't

know how it is; I never asked her, and she never in the least alluded to the subject; but I have a presentiment that way. I am willing that you should try; if I am wrong, you ought to know it from herself; if she has cherished more than gratitude for your kindness, I believe she will be happier with you than with another, and I shall be well satisfied if she accepts you, so will my wife be."

"I am deeply grateful to you and to her. I fear I did not strictly do my duty when I was often in Clara's company, or she could not have seen that I loved her; I can only say I did my best to act faithfully towards her and her family. And perhaps I ought to have declined some of your invitations, or at least made my visits shorter, and denied myself the enjoyment of so much conversation with Clara."

"No! no! There is no reason why you shouldn't have conversed freely, and prolonged your visits so long as they were agreeable to you. If the result has been a perception on her part that your company is more agreeable than that of others—which I suspect is the case—why—why—it must go so; let it go so; it is best. You are a student and votary of the beautiful; and those gentlemen whom I would have had her prefer are sportsmen, and don't suit her taste. This being the case—that is, if this be the case,—she will be happier with you than she could be with either of them. There she comes. Clara! come here, my dear. I am going to turn our good friend over to you, and going to the village."

The cause of the singular seclusion of Metrys seems to have been extreme sensitiveness in him, and a perfectly unregulated temper in his uncle. With much kindness at bottom, the old bachelor was worse than a spoiled French child grown to manhood. But he was much changed, at least, towards his nephew, and often confessed to Smith that his d—nable temper was what drove poor Bob to such a foolish resort—that and the trade which his ungodly father would have him learn. It was like an infidel to take such surety against Providence. And yet the fellow thought himself pious! Thunder!"

## ANXIOUS.

By Fannie.

What long dark hours of wakefulness  
Hang o'er the couch of those who wait  
At home, the absent soldier's fate,  
With hearts of anxious wretchedness.

Or, if at last, sweet sleep long fled,  
O'er wakeful eyes shall press her seal—  
Yet still the anxious heart may feel  
Its weary burthen press like lead.

And send in throbbings to the head  
Such fearful dreams, as only own  
Their away, when reason quits her throne,  
Of battles, groans, and slaughtered dead.

We see some loved one needing aid,  
Which we are powerless to give;  
Yet needing which, he cannot live  
The dear, sweet life, for which we've prayed.

We wake, and say, 'tis but a dream,  
And try to smile, but it will haunt  
Us all day long, like signs which flaunt,  
Emblems of war, which is no dream.

We feel a nameless weight of dread,  
So undefined, we start with pain,  
At thought of him, and start again.  
When "latest news" is to be read.

We have a latent, secret fear  
Of the once welcome, evening mail;  
For it may bear the fearful tale  
Which our weak hearts would break to hear.

Or should the letter come once more,  
We say 'tis now some four days since  
It left his hands, and in suspense  
We wait and live the same fears o'er.

Oh! what shall soothe these anxious hearts  
Who stay at home, to watch and wait,  
While cheeks grow pale, the soldier's fate,  
Who shall peace and hope impart?

Oh! faith in God, and faith in good—  
Here peace and comfort may be found,  
And here the balm for every wound,  
When rightly sought and understood.

"God is Love." Love rules o'er all,  
And love no evil thing can will;  
Events can but his law fulfil,  
And none can die without His call.

## "VISIONS."

By Fannie.

Sometimes there flashes on my sight,  
A face so loving, angels might  
Have claimed it for their own, and said  
It from their tender fold had fled,  
Poor mortals faith in them to wed.

Upon the brow, so purely white,  
Pure, high-born thoughts were pleased to write,  
Plainly their seal and impress there—  
As if he once had lingered, where  
Only the good and loving were.

An eye where genius sat enthroned,  
And haughty forms stooped down and owned,  
Him worthy of her hoarded praise;  
And poetry in thrilling lays.  
Breathed music into all his days.

But hush! a sudden, piercing thought,  
Dissolves the vision, and has brought  
A cold and shuddering chill.  
Oh, weak and throbbing heart, be still,  
And know it is His sovereign will.

The scene is changed to battle's roar,  
Where War gloats o'er its bloody gore,  
And victims bathed in carnage red,  
Where martyrs fell, and heroes bled,  
That face is lying 'mong the dead.

We only see it in the light  
Of all its beauty, cold and white;  
We wreathe about it all the while,  
The peaceful look and winning smile,  
That has no fellowship with guile.

Oh! faint heart, that must know a pain,  
Until you meet that life again,  
Oh, foolish heart, that will not rest,  
And thus refusing to be blest,  
While knowing all is for the best.

## MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent in unconscious light,  
So modest worth in beauty shines more bright;  
Unsmiling charms with rays resistless fall,  
And she who meant no mischief did it all.

HILL.

REMEMBER.—If you would relish your  
food, labor for it; if you would enjoy  
your raiment, pay for it before you wear  
it; if you would sleep soundly, take a  
clear conscience to bed with you.

[We much approve of Madame Demorest's taste, and endorse her statements.]

### NEWEST FASHION OF COURTSHIP.

Mr. Baldwin, in his recent book of African adventure, has given a singular account of the methods of courtship among the Dutch Boers of Southern Africa. The amorous swain asks his love for an "upsit," whereupon if disposed to favor him, when the old folks have gone to bed, she produces a candle, the length of which, indicates the desire for the continuance of his stay. This candle is committed to the care of the young man, whose duty it is to guard it faithfully from going out to the longest possible period. No drafts are allowed to blow upon it, no "thief" in the candle to flicker or melt it away, and thus many revelations of the exact strength of affection on each side are made in acts of attention to the candle, which could not be so well expressed often in words. Sometimes the candle is made to burn all night.

This all does very well for the Dutch Boers of South Africa, and may have its delicacies, but we are not sorry to see in the last No. of Madame Demorest's Spring Fashions, published in New York, that in this country it is becoming increasingly seen and felt to be unreasonable and indecorous for young people who seriously intend matrimony, to be keeping hours so completely out of the way to all other sorts of people. If they like to set up that sort of style after they are married, well and good; but in the name of civilization and common sense, these "upsittings" ought to be everywhere abandoned. They lead to the breaking off of more marriages than they promote, many times over, for it must be a remarkably strong affection that can survive such long protracted scenes of talking and demonstrating. There are many other obvious considerations bearing on this subject. The head of every respectable house should have the entire command and locking up of his own castle for the night. He is the natural and legitimate protector of his own hearth and all who live

under his roof, and there should be no coming in or going out after he retires. Where a man's intentions are honorable, he need not make use of such extraordinary hours to avow and declare them. There will always be opportunities enough in a natural sort of way for the saying of all those tender things which are best said alone. Walks in the country, or music in the city, or the interviews of reasonable hours, are and ought to be sufficient.

Madame Demorest too well observes that now, in the best circles, nothing is esteemed more rude than the instant retirement of all others, so as to isolate the two who are supposed to be attached. This is sometimes done before a word has been spoken on either side, and of course the moment it is perceived, it either *commits* the parties or breaks off what might have ripened into an engagement. If a man has good sense he will be apt to make himself heard quite as soon as he has made up his mind and deems the occasion hopeful. Until then, he will thank no one for taking it for granted that he is engaged. The ladies will be apt especially, to resent such interference prematurely.

But when the most devotedly attached couple are engaged, there is certainly no reason for taking it for granted that they have renounced their interest in all the rest of the world. Persons of tact will know how to keep themselves out of the way of those parties who may not desire their company; but love delights in conquering all sorts of natural impediments, and no true lover will wish all obstacles to be removed.

These marriages generally prove the happiest where the affections of the young are blessed by the approbation of the wisdom of those older. The young alone are too blind for prudence, and the parents alone would be too cautious to be sufficiently trusting at times to favoring Providence and the unknown future. But where reasonable parents and reasonable young folks act with full confidence in each other fully and frankly, there it is that future happiness is naturally to be expected.

## Editor's Table.

### THE VANISHED PAST.

We stand to-day, as indeed we always do—though often less consciously, between two worlds—the Vanishing Past and the Coming Future. Another great period in human life is completed, another stage in our journey is reached. In her tireless flight, our earth has made one revolution more round the sun, the great centre of attraction, the great source of delight and life, and has carried us along with her so much nearer home.

There is a melancholy which few, at such an hour as this can avoid feeling, in the shortness of time, as we express it, and in the shadows which such an hour suggests, as gathering around the close of our earthly career. We seldom stop to realize how rapidly our allotted days and years are passing, and how soon their sum shall be told. But the termination of so considerable a period of our existence here, naturally enough impresses the thought with at least, a momentary vividness and power, upon the soul, and startled and amazed, we anxiously inquire for those hours and days that a twelve month since stretched in such a dreamy length before us. There is no novelty but much truth in the remark, that while the future seems so long, the past dwindles evermore and seems crushed into insignificance. Where are our vanished years? Where are the days and months that in prospect promised us so much? They are gone, and their stages that seemed so distant as we looked into the future, are now huddled together almost indiscriminately in the past. The Psalmist beautifully expressed the thought, when he said, "Thou hast made my days as a *handbreadth*." Not only did he look upon his "age as nothing," before God, but even in his own view, it had shrunk into nothing. He was conscious how rapid is the flight of time and he seized upon some striking comparison to illustrate it. "My days," said he, "are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

It is a singular fact that while all complain of the shortness of time in general, most per-

sons show that in detail, they have much more than they know how to use profitably, or, we might almost say, at all. It is no slight study with many how to "kill time," how to get most comfortably over the weary hours that hang so heavily upon the hands, and reach some promised pleasure which the future is to bestow. Miss McFlimsy, with a wardrobe that only Paris and unrestricted means could have furnished, has "nothing to wear," and thousands who are surrounded by work calling for their hands to perform, have yet "nothing to do." How singularly purposeless such a life must be, recognizing no duties and grasping no stern realities. It betrays a soul in an unnatural and therefore unhealthy condition, when it is unable to perceive the logical connection between activity and pleasure, duty and enjoyment.

In looking back over the past, there is, aside from the consideration that it can never return, one source of melancholy, and sometimes of painful interest in the fact that we cannot mend its history. As Pilate said of the superscription on the cross of our Saviour, "What is written is written, so may we say of every act of the past, "What is done is done, we cannot alter it. The seal of eternity is set upon it. God has fixed it in a kind of immortality. And yet how much there is in the past that we could wish to change, how many words that we would gladly recall, how many passions that we would earnestly repress, how many acts that we would almost give our right hand to have undone. This is one of the calamities that follow wrong doing, the consciousness that we cannot change a hue of the coloring we have given to the past, or alter a single feature of our whole vanished life. What is written is written, and the record, good or bad, can neither be erased nor amended.

The past year, as its hours have come and gone, has brought the accustomed joys and sorrows of human life. The seasons have had their round, and day and night their alternations. Seed time and harvest, summer and

winter, cold and heat, have fulfilled the ancient promise, and God has not left himself without witness that he is good, having given us rain from heaven, and filled our hearts with food and gladness.

And if sorrows that are common to our existence have been deepened by the miseries always attendant upon a state of war, and thousands of homes have been made dark by the ravages of the battle-field, the more fearful waste of the camp, and the horrors of the prison-house, we have at least the consolation that our loved and lost, perished in a noble cause, and their names have taken their places in the long list of those who have made themselves immortal by laying down their lives in the service of their country. We perhaps, little think in this season of our trial, what august interests are bound in our national struggle; but sure its issues for good or for evil will stretch far beyond the lifetime of the present generation, and the limits of this vast country. Bound up with these issues are all that men should hold dear—country, civil and religious freedom, constitutional liberty, and the problem solved which has been contested on so many battle-fields, and in so many lands over the whole earth, that man is capable of self-government, and worthy of being a member of the State.

While then we shed our tears over the graves of the brave men who have thought it *dulce et decorum propatria mori*—a sweet and beautiful thing to die for one's country; let us console ourselves with the reflection that they have not hied in vain; that every drop of their dear blood that has poured itself out upon the soil, shall nourish a root of liberty whose sweet flowers shall by-and-by whiten and beautify the whole land, and that the great cause they fought and died to subserve, is every day becoming dearer and more precious, not only to Americans but to all lovers of their race, the world over. Let us scan the past year well, and see how sufferings and sacrifices have wrought their holy work of advancing and strengthening our cause, and weakening the sinful rebellion under which the country is groaning.

The clouds that a twelve-month ago so overshadowed us and darkened the land, have been dispersed, and instead of disaster and defeat, our arms are everywhere victorious, our national power greater, and our prospects more cheering. To God be the glory! Amen! and Amen!

### THE COMING FUTURE.

Let us turn, then, to the coming future which either in happy youth or well-toned age, always wears the same roseate hues. It is one of the indications of benevolence of the Creator that dark and hard as the past may have been, the future is ever more cheerful and full of hope. It is one of the laws of the moral universe that though weeping may endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning. Men cannot despair. The course of Providence without, and the monitions of the human soul agree in teaching hope. Yet it becomes us to remember that the character of the Future is left to be shaped in no small degree by our own conduct. In the moral universe there is no moral happiness which does not spring from moral virtue, and the path of right is the only path of flowers.

In the year before us there will be found work to perform and perhaps suffering to endure of no ordinary character. Let us all strive to do our duty to ourselves, our friends, our country, and our God!

The subject of the parting of the Old Year and the advent of the New has always been a favorite theme of the poets, from the earliest times, and some of the finest poems ever written have been on that subject. How grand and sonorous the intonations, and sublime the sentiments of the poem of Tennyson—

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin!  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

How comprehensive and complete is all this beautiful poem with its chiming burden of music bells, and its final and stately climax—

“Ring in the Christ that is to be!”

that advent which shall assure the fulfilment of all the rest. Alas! it seems now as if the metal were not mined nor the bells founded, whose brazen tongues can

“Ring out the thousand wars of old!”  
“Ring in the thousand years of peace.”

“The Christ that is to be,” must be the precursor of that day so long desired and so long foretold.

“What we want is light—indeed! Not sunlight—(ye may well look up surprised, To those unfathomable heavens that feed Your purple hills!) but God’s light organized In some high soul, crowned, capable to lead The conscious people,—conscious and advised— For if we lift a people like mere clay, It falls the same. We want thee, O unfound, And sovran teacher!—if thy beard be grey, Or black, we bid thee rise up from the ground, And speak the word God giveth thee to say, Inspiring into all this people round, Instead of passion, thought, which pioneers All generous passion, purifies from sin, And strikes the hour for. Rise, thou teacher!”

But where is this teacher? we do not yet see him.

“God keeps his holy mysteries  
Just outside of man’s dreams,”

and we can only feel after him and hope that his work will by-and-by commence.

Among the poets of the Old and New Year, some have written in a sort of serio-comic vein, made up of mingled smiles and tears, often infinitely touching. Such an one is the writer of the following light but pathetic morceau.

#### DECEMBER XXXI.

There goes an old Gaffer over the hill,  
Thieving, and old, and gray;  
He walks the green world his wallet to fill,  
And carries good spoil away.

Into his bag he popped a king,  
After him went a friar;  
Many a lady with gay gold ring,  
Many a knight and squire.

He carried my true love far away,  
He stole the dog at my door;  
The vile old Gaffer, thieving and gray,  
He’ll never come back any more.

My little darling, white and fair,  
Sat in the door and spun;  
He caught her fast by her silken hair,  
Before the child could run.

He stole the florins out of my purse,  
The sunshine out of mine eyes;  
He stole my roses, and what is worse  
The gray old Gaffer told lies.

He promised fair when he came by,  
And laughed as he slipped away,  
For every promise turned out a lie,  
But his tale is over to-day.

Good-bye, old Gaffer! you’ll come no more,  
You’ve done your worst for me;  
The next gray robber will pass my door,  
There’s nothing to steal or see!

To how many of us has the Old Year’s fair promises turned out a delusion and a falsehood, and from how many has he stolen away what was dearer than the heart’s blood! And the year before us and all the years that are to come will do the same, while time shall last.

To those who are interested in mementoes of the past we have a choice little offering in two letters from Mrs. Martha Washington to her sister, written during the early days of the Revolution. These letters were presented four or five years since to the New York Historical Society, by a Mr. Campbell, of Virginia, with an assurance that they had never been published. The date of the first is not given.

PHILADELPHIA, ———.

“MY DEAR SISTER:—I have wrote to you several times, in hopes it would put you in mind of me, but I find it has not had its intended effect. I am really very uneasy at not hearing from you, and have made all the excuses for you that I can think of, but it will not do much longer; if I do not get a letter by this night’s post, I shall think myself quite forgot by all my friends. The distance is so long, yet the post comes in regularly every week. The General, myself and Jack are very well. Nelly Custis is, I hope, getting well again, and, I believe, is with child. I hope no accident will happen to her in going back; I have not thought much about it, yet. God knows where we shall be; I suppose there will be a change soon, but how, I cannot pretend to say. A few days ago, General Clinton and several companies sailed out of Boston harbor, for what place



distant [destined] for, we cannot find out. Some think to Virginia he is going, others to New York. They have been kept in Boston so long, that I suppose they will be glad to seek for a place where they may have more room, as they cannot get out of the way here but by water. Our navy has been very successful in taking their vessels; two was taken last week, loded with coles and potatoes, wines, and several other articles for the use of the troops. If General Clinton has gone to New York, General Lee is there before him, and I hope will give him a warm reception. He was sent there some time agoe to have matters put into proper order, in case any disturbance should happen, as there are many Tories in that part of the world, or, at least, many are suspected to be unfriendly to our cause at this time. Winter here has been remarkably mild. The rivers has never been frozen hard enough to walk upon the ice since I came here. My dear sister, be so good as to remember me to all inquiring friends. Give my duty to my dear mama, and love to my brothers and sisters, Mr. Basuth, your dear children, and self, in which the General, Jack and Nelly join me.

I am, dear Nancy, your ever affectionate sister,  
 MARTHA WASHINGTON.  
 To Mrs. Basuth, Etham.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. the 20th. 1776.

MY DEAR SISTER: — I am still in this town, and noe prospect at present of leaving it. The General is at New York; he is well and wrote to me yesterday, and informed me that Lord Banmoor with part of his fleet, was come to General Howe, at Staten Island; that another division of Hessians is expected before they think the regulars will begin their attack on us. Some here begin to think there will be noe battle after all. Last week our boats made another attempt on the ships up the North River, and had grappled a fire-ship with the Phoenix, ten minutes, but she got clear of her, and is come down the river. On Saturday last our people burnt one of the tenders. I thank God, we shall not want men. The army of New York is very large, and numbers of men are still going. There is at this time in the city, *four thousand* on their march to camp, and the Virginians daily expected.

I doe, my dear sister, most religiously wish there was an end to the war, that we might have the pleasure of meeting again. My duty to my dear mama, and tell her I am very well. I don't hear from you so often as I used to doe

at Cambridge. I had the pleasure to hear by Col. Aylett that you and all friends were well, and should been glad to have had a line from you by him. I hope Mr. Basuth has got the better of his cough long agoe. Please to present love to him, my brother and sisters, my dear Fanny, the boy, and except the same yourself. I am, my dear Nancy, your ever affectionate sister,  
 MARTHA WASHINGTON.

In these days of enormous armies how strangely sounds the assurance "The army of New York is very large. There is at this time in the city *four thousand* men." The remark that "there are many Tories in that part of the world," would apply to the same city in these days as well as then, and when we look back at the past, we can see that the "Father of his Country" had his little trials as well as our present Chief Ruler. Happily he came safely and surely out of them. May Mr. Lincoln be equally fortunate.

As everything concerning Washington is interesting, this little anecdote, showing the magnanimous spirit of the great man will be acceptable.

#### WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.

During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him relative to a log of timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little man was often heard in regular vociferations of—

"Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said:

"Sir, I am Corporal."

"You are, are you?" replied the officer. "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said:

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was astonished. It was Washington who thus addressed him!

Alice Carey has written four beautiful lines:

"Among the pitfalls in our way  
 The best of us walk blindly;  
 So man be wary, watch, and pray,  
 And judge your brother kindly."

There is something quaint, beautiful and terse in the following ancient lyric. It is worth preserving.

#### WHAT THEN ?

After the joys of earth,  
After its songs and mirth,  
After its hours of sight,  
After its dreams so bright—  
What then ?

Only an empty name,  
Only a weary frame,  
Only a conscious smart,  
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,  
After this weary frame,  
After this conscious smart,  
After this aching heart,  
What then ?

Only a sad farewell  
To a world loved too well;  
Only a silent bed  
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell  
To a world loved too well;  
After this silent bed  
With the forgotten dead—  
What then ?

Grandeur and Sublimity find fitting expression in the following hymn from the Greek; which corresponds with the Latin "Midnight Hymn."

#### THE AFTER-SUPPER HYMN.

Attend, ye heavens!  
Attend, and I will speak.  
I will the Christ proclaim!  
Of Him the Virgin-born,  
Who sojourned here in flesh,  
I will declare the name!

Let us go forth!  
Let us go forth with Christ,  
To Olivet's dear hill,  
In spirit with our Lord,  
And His Apostles twelve,  
There pitch our tents we will.

Think, O, my soul,  
And cast high thoughts away;  
What thy Lord spake while here,  
Two grinding at the mill,  
(One taken and one left,  
And watch in fear!

Prepare thyself!  
Make ready, O my soul,  
For thy departing hour!  
The Judge, the righteous Judge,  
The Judge of quick and dead,  
Standeth before the door!

**A NOBLE SENTIMENT.**—The patriots of the Revolution never uttered a more noble sentiment than Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, expressed when he said, "Wealth is useless unless it promotes the public welfare, and life itself but a bauble unless it ministers to the honor and glory of our country." The nobility of this sentiment is attested by the fact that Gov. Sprague, who is the wealthiest man in New England, has given from his personal fortune, immense sums to promote the cause of the Union, and has periled his life in the foremost ranks of the army, upon the field of battle.

#### NEVER PUT OFF.

When'er a duty waits for thee,  
With sober judgment view it,  
And never idly wish it done,  
Begin at once, and do it.

**THE HEART AND THE TONGUE.**—The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the work-house where is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such, and no other, can come out.—*Leighton.*

When George the Third was confined by his sad malady, weekly bulletins appeared signed by his three physicians in ordinary. The following epigram on their names was said to have been written on the wall of Windsor cloisters, and afterwards extensively circulated:—

The king employs three doctors daily,  
Willis, Heberden, and Baillie—  
All executing skilful men,  
Baillie, Willis, Heberden,  
But doubtful which most sure to kill is—  
Baillie, Heberden, or Willis!

The charming author of "Lucille," gives the following, which has the characteristic ring of his poems.

#### THE CHESS-BOARD.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

My little love, do you remember  
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,  
Those evenings in the bleak December,  
Curtain'd warm from snowy weather,  
When you and I played chess together,  
Checkmated by each other's eyes?  
Ah, still I see your soft white hand  
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight,

Brave Pawns in valliant battle stand;  
 The double castles guard the wings:  
 The Bishop bent on distant things,  
 Moves, sidling through the fight.  
 Our fingers touch; our glances meet,  
 And falter; falls your golden hair  
 Against my cheek; your bosom sweet  
 Is heaving. Down the field your Queen  
 Rides slow her soldiery all between,  
 And checks me unware.

Ah me! the little battle's done,  
 Disperst is all its chivalry;  
 Full many a move, since then, have we  
 'Mid life's perplexing chequers made,  
 And many a game with fortune play'd—  
 What is it we have won?

This, this at least—if this alone;—  
 That never, never, never more,  
 As in those old still nights of yore,  
 (Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)  
 Can you and I shut out the skies,  
 Shut out the world, and wintry weather,  
 And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,  
 Play chess, as then we play'd, together!

The table shall be closed with an offering to  
 our dear friends the children, which they are  
 recommended to read carefully.

#### THE HONEY-BEE'S SONG.

*What the Bee Sings to the Children.*

I am a honey-bee,  
 Buzzing away  
 Over the blossoms  
 The long summer day,  
 Now in the lily's cup  
 Drinking my fill,  
 Now where the roses bloom  
 Under the hill.  
 Gayly we fly,  
 My fellows and I,  
 Seeking the honey our hives to supply.

Up in the morning—  
 No laggards are we—  
 Skimming the clover-tops  
 Ripe for the bee,  
 Waking the flowers  
 At dawning of day,  
 Ere the bright sun  
 Kiss the dew-drops away.  
 Merrily singing,  
 Busily winging  
 Back to the hive with the store we are bringing.

No idle moments  
 Have we through the day,  
 No time to squander  
 In sleep or in play.  
 Summer is flying,  
 And we must be sure  
 Food for the winter  
 At once to secure.  
 Bees in a hive  
 Are up and alive—  
 Lazy folks never can prosper or thrive

Awake, little mortals,  
 No harvest for those  
 Who waste their best hours  
 In slothful repose.

Come out—to the morning  
 All bright things belong—  
 And listen awhile  
 To the honey-bee's song.  
 Merrily singing,  
 Busily winging,  
 Industry ever its own reward bringing.

#### MISS MINNIE S. DAVIS.

By a letter this day received from the father  
 of this lady, I learn to my great sorrow that  
 our associate is still very ill and feeble. Many  
 weeks ago I learned by a note from the publish-  
 ers of the Repository that she was ill, but un-  
 derstood that her disease was a fever which was  
 already fast yielding to treatment. Since then  
 an occasional mention from the same source  
 has confirmed the impression, that although not  
 yet well she was recovering. How great then  
 was my surprise and sorrow, the reader may  
 judge at reading the following:

"It is now more than six months since her  
 strength and sight entirely failed her. For a  
 long time she had no use of her lower limbs, and  
 we had to lift her as you would an infant. Her  
 sight failed about the same time and to the same  
 extent. She has not been able to read or write  
 a page since then. But she is much better  
 now—can walk slowly about the house, and on  
 pleasant days walks a few rods out of doors;  
 Her eyes are also somewhat better. She can see  
 to get around quite well, but cannot use them  
 for reading. From August to November she  
 gained so much that we hoped for her restora-  
 tion to health but for six weeks past she has  
 not improved but rather gone backward.

"Her sisters read the Repository and many  
 other works to her, which with the reception of  
 letters from many friends at a distance, and the  
 personal visits of many very dear ones in the  
 city, give her much pleasure.

"With Mrs. Soule we sympathize most deeply,  
 and pray most earnestly that she may come out  
 of her great sorrows and enjoy many days of  
 happiness and usefulness."

How truly I echo this prayer He only knows  
 who hears me; and how truly I sympathize  
 with and pray for the restoration to health of  
 our afflicted associate, Miss Davis, she I am sure  
 will believe. We could ill spare either of our  
 associates from the Repository, and still less  
 could the denomination and their thousand  
 warm friends spare them from their midst.  
 They will both accept which many cares and  
 toils prevent my often expressing personally,  
 my warmest sympathy and truest regard.—Ed.

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## REMINISCENCE OF EARLY DAYS IN ILLINOIS.

By Miss Laura M. Hubbard.

SEVERAL years ago, I had a distant relative residing in Chicago, who had frequently solicited me to visit her. This invitation I was equally as anxious to accept as my kinswoman was earnest in pressing it. Not from any ardent or disinterested attachment for her, for our acquaintance had been too limited for any great outgrowth of tender feelings, but because my own home-life was getting wearisome and distasteful, for the lack of those exciting causes or events, that operate as a mental stimulus. None but those whom circumstances have doomed to some totally uncongenial pursuit or sphere of life, can imagine the joy with which I hailed at this period, any event that promised change. Whenever more than usually overpowered with disgust of the life I was leading, my thoughts naturally and instinctively adverted to the long-promised visit to my city relative.

Chicago, then comparatively in its infancy, isolated as it necessarily was, from its Eastern neighbors, from the close of navigation to its opening, could not, as it does now, attempt to rival in wealth and culture, Metropolitan cities and towns on the Atlantic seaboard. But this I was too un-travelled and un-informed to know at that time. To me, it was a second London or Paris, which I

had a greater desire to visit, than I should be either of those far-famed cities now. Let not the reader infer, however, that the journey I am about to describe, was the first I took to the metropolis of the West, for such is not true. Once or twice before, in early childhood, I had accompanied my father on his semi-annual trips to market; but owing to extreme youth, my knowledge of it was necessarily vague and circumscribed.

For some unknown reason, I remember much more distinctly than anything else, the long day's journey, as it was then, (it is an hour by rail now) as mounted alongside my father, on a load of grain, we toiled slowly and patiently along with an ox-team, over the prairies, barren of every thing but verdure, deeming ourselves fortunate indeed if we escaped getting stuck fast in some one of the innumerable sloughs that dotted the western plains at that period. For with not a shrub, tree, or rail-fence within a circumference of many miles, this was a dilemma to be anxiously avoided. The distance and frequently bad condition of the roads made it necessary to start off at the first gleam of day-break, but this to me was no drawback, for the prospect at the end of the journey so exhilarated me and stimulated my colloquial faculties, that for the first few hours I plied my father with an endless sea of childish questions, that enlivened the tedious ride to both of

us. My spirits, though, were rarely equal to the demand made upon them, for I generally forgot, in the weariness and fatigue that overpowered me, the bright visions of the morning.

But to return to my narration. Time pressed on, and infrequency and difficulty of communication, and the labors that devolved upon me as the assistant in a large and growing family, stood in the way of my taking the journey again, until I was a grown girl. The railroads that now interlace the State in every direction, were yet far off in the future, and horses were too scarce and too expensive a luxury for the purse of the hard-working settler. A weekly mail-coach, owned by the well-known firm of Frink & Walker, was the only public conveyance then running. The appearance of this was about the only change and excitement in our monotonous existence, except on the Fourth of July, which every loyal American feels in duty bound to celebrate, and have a good time generally, whatever quarter of the globe he may be in.

But one day there came into the locality a subordinate officer, recruiting for the United States' Army. Why he came into this thinly populated region to pick up men for Uncle Sam's service, I cannot say, unless it was that there is something in the surroundings of a frontier-man's life, that develop those qualities of reckless bravery and hardihood, that are deemed so essential in a soldier.

A stranger soon becomes known in small settlements and sparsely inhabited districts, so that the person whom I speak of was, ere long, on terms of social greeting with every one in the neighborhood. He came often to our house, but being a man of middle age, I set it to the credit of my father, joining in hospitable attentions to him, as a younger member of the family. From the first I conceived an aversion to him, but as I was at that age when girls turn up their noses at anything less than the superlative in the opposite sex, it would hardly be a fair criterion for judgment of the man. I will add, however, that his shoulder straps did so impress me with his un-

doubted respectability, that I conscientiously endeavored to overcome this feeling, hence kept up a show of respect and friendliness.

One bright day in early spring he drew up before our gate, and announced his intention of making a short business-trip to Chicago. Knowing we had relatives there, and having heard me casually express a desire to visit them, he very generously, as I thought, invited me to accompany him. My mother, a discreet, cautious woman, instantly demurred; but my father, always inclined to grant more latitude, and to whom the officer was connected through some one of the secret orders of brotherhood, favored the invitation.

It required a good deal of tact and wheedling to gain the maternal consent. I don't know, but I am bound, as a faithful biographer, to confess that I gained my end by neither of these womanly qualities, but by the more masculine one of persistency, for hook or crook I was determined to go, and go I did, as I had cause to regret afterwards. Female toilettes were not so elaborate in those days as they are now, so that mine needed no extra preparation.

The day was bright and clear, as I have said, but raw and cool; and the dun-colored prairies, covered with a rank growth of last year's grass, stretched miles away in advance, dull and bleak as an English moorland, flecked here and there with patches of late snow and shining pools of surface water. Yet, enveloped in warm wrappings, I enjoyed the first few miles of my ride exceedingly, forgetting, for the nonce, the aversion I entertained for my companion, in the mere exhilaration of spirits. But before we had gone very far on our journey, I discovered that his motives for inviting me to a seat in his vehicle were not wholly disinterested, for, to my inexpressible astonishment, he then and there made me a formal offer of his hand and—heart—if that delicate organ had anything to do with the matter, which I very much doubt.

While urging his suit he expatiated eloquently upon the pleasant and varia-

ble sort of life I would have, 'twixt a residence in the barracks and occasional trips to distant towns and cities whither he was sometimes sent on recruiting expeditions. This was a brilliant prospect, to be sure, and a tempting one, too, for a backwoods' country girl, whose life alternated between the hard and monotonous labors of farming in its most primitive form, and the interchange of social courtesies with neighbors even more rude and uncultivated than herself. Being of a rather practical turn of mind, I argued the pros and cons very deliberately, and had I it to do over again, in these golden days of contracts and shoddy, should doubtless answer in the affirmative, but some old-fashioned notions about love being a necessary accompaniment of matters of this nature, thrust themselves forward and turned the scales, so I said, no.

But, alas! the pleasure of my ride had vanished! Oh, how I wished I had taken my discreet mother's advice, and staid at home. For after I had uttered the decisive monosyllable I got frightened, actually frightened. Now, dear young lady readers, do not jeer at my verdancy, I really could not help it. You who have had beaux, and possibly lovers by scores, before you had donned long dresses, learn to take these things quite as a matter of course; but girls who grow up away out on the frontiers of civilization, as I did, have too much hard work, and too many grave cares to allow them time to think of these delicate matters, so that an offer of marriage not unfrequently comes spat upon them, before they have found time to think whether or no they have yet become women of a marriageable age.

Being yet early in the season, we had not expected very good travelling, but it proved much worse than we anticipated. We found that the prairies were thawing out rapidly as we advanced, and the water rising to the surface, stood in small pools and sheets, yet covered with a thin coating of ice, which needed but a few noonday suns to spread into a vast body of water. At present, it looked like a half-frozen, marshy plain, with here and there a knoll or rising tract of land, stand-

ing high and dry amidst the gloomy waste.

When we reached the Aux Plains river, we found that the drainage of surface water from the country contiguous to it, had caused such a rise as to overflow the bed of the river, flooding the low flats along its borders, and totally destroying the only bridge in the vicinity. This was an unexpected dilemma. But as my companion's business was urgent, we decided to push forward, trusting to the assurance of a settler living on its borders, that there was no danger in crossing, if we only kept to the ford he pointed out to us. As we halted upon its western boundaries the water looked black and turbid, as it rushed in volumes past us, bearing on its surface a mass of floating debris, that seriously augmented the danger of fording, nevertheless we plunged boldly in. Our pony kept steadily onward, without meeting with any obstacle, until he neared the middle of the stream, when he suddenly lost his footing and fell, lashing the waters to a foam, and treating us to an impromptu shower-bath in his efforts to recover it.

Our light vehicle, carried down stream by the force of the current, pressed heavily against the flanks of the beast, rendering us in momentary danger of upsetting. As the water poured into the buggy bottom, I instinctively cuddled my feet in under me, while my companion as quickly rose from his seat and shouted loudly for help, to some laborers whom he saw on the opposite shore. As there was no boat at hand, and none of the men seemed at all disposed to risk their lives in the swollen stream, they did nothing but shout back directions for our guidance. While our animal was plunging and rearing, I had time to fully weigh the chances of escape in the event of an overturn. My conclusion was that they were decidedly slim, for on leaving home, my thoughtful mother had so wound me about with winter wrappings, to protect me from the sharp prairie winds, that I bore a striking outward resemblance to an Egyptian mummy, save, that in place of the vacant socket and blanched and withered cheek, mine appeared beneath

es, I should have avoided much misery and unpleasantness.

As the traveller of to-day whirls along at locomotive speed over the same section of country, and observes the evidences of wealth and prosperity, he would hardly be able to realize what it was in the early days I have written about, for cultivation has drained the soil, so that the sloughs which were so prominent a feature of the country, are fast disappearing, while railroads, with their twenty or thirty trains a day have taken the place of the clumsy old stage coach, which has been banished to points still farther West, and the prairies that but a very few years ago, one could roam over at will, without meeting an object to rest the eye upon, save the wild flowers and verdure that grow upon their surface, are now beautified with farms under a high state of cultivation, beautiful country residences, and numerous groves and woodlands, since planted by the enterprising settler.

*Chicago, Ill.*

### THE CONVERSATIONAL VOICE.

The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse, let me here say, depend very much upon the kindly and affectional training of the voice. Trouble and care and vexation will, and must of course come, but let them not creep into our voices. Let only our kindlier and happier feelings be vocal in our homes. Let them be so, if for no other reason, for the little children's sake. These sensitive little beings are exceedingly susceptible to the tones. Let us have consideration for them, they hear so much that we have forgotten to hear. For, as we advance in years, our life becomes more interior. We are abstracted from outward scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect, we begin gradually to deal with the past, as we have formerly vividly lived in the present. Our ear grows dull to external sound. It is turned inward, and listens chiefly to the echoes of past voices. We catch no more the merry laughter of children. We hear no more the note of the morning bird. The

brook that used to prattle so gayly to us rushes by unheeded—we have forgotten to hear such things. But little children, remember, sensitively hear them all. Mark how at every sound the young child starts, and turns and listens. And thus, with equal sensitiveness, does it catch the tones of human voices. How were it possible, therefore, that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone should not startle and pain, even depress, the sensitive little being whose harp of life is so newly and delicately strung, vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thrilling sensitively, ever, to the tones of such voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind and cheerful spoken, then, in our homes.—*Once a Month.*

### ACROSTIC.

By Miss M. D. Williams.

Could I say aught, dear one, to soothe thy grief,  
And mitigate the pain which rends thy soul,  
Restore thy peace, or yield some sweet relief,  
O! then thy sad, torn heart should soon be whole.

Lo! I have drank the cup of misery—  
I, too, have drained it even to the dregs;  
Nought of the earth can heal such agony,  
Enduring which, I deeply feel for thee,

And press thee to accept my sympathy.

Surely, in mercy, doth our Father chide,  
O! then, for mercy, let us trust in Him,  
Under his shadow may we e'er abide,  
Looking for aid and strength, a'one to Him,  
Enduring all things, for the peace within.

*Webster, Mich.*

### REV. N. STACY.

By Rev. J. J. Austin.

A young man stood on the Mount sublime,  
With the Gospel seed in hand,  
And he scattered it forth in his early prime,  
All through this goodly land.

That seed sprang up into vigorous growth,  
In the hearts and lives of men,  
Because it was based on Jehovah's oath,  
By the Word of God made plain.

And what see we now in this goodly land,  
As the fruit of that toil? Anon,  
The "handful of corn" from that vigorous  
hand,  
"Doth shake like Lebanon!"

Would you know the name of that youthful one,  
Whose words so rich and racy,  
Have wrought the change we here behold? 'tis  
The patriarch, "Father Stacy."

## ONE TOO MANY.

By Mary C. Peck.

(Concluded from January number.)

The "Rough House" is a charitable school, three miles from Hamburg. It is no English poor school with its bricked court-yard and starved inmates, but a happy, cheerful home, among the flowers, where souls and bodies have leave to grow unchecked in the sunshine. Here boys have good trades given them, under the guidance of skilled and Christian teachers. I was a poor boy, worse than an orphan. I would go to my rightful place among the outcasts.

Panting and breathless, I reached the beautiful, peaceful spot. I entered one of the long, low wooden houses, and looked about me. There was a study room, two bed-rooms, and a place above for the Assistant to sleep. The boys were out to-night trimming the chapel, for some festival. My friend Christian sat with head bent over some designer's work, busy and absorbed. He looked up when my hot breath touched his cheek, with surprise, alarm and pity in his look, but only said gently,

"You here, Heinrich, and at this hour, what is the matter, my boy?"

His touch on my shoulder, the tender concern in his eyes melted me. I was weary, sick at heart, tired of it all, eager to lay down my burden at the feet of a friend. I burst into tears, and sinking down, lay my head on his knees.

"O! Christian; I am very miserable, and I have come to live with you, always. You will let me stay, for I have no home in the wide world," and at the remembrance of all I had suffered, I sobbed like a child who pities his own weariness.

"Nay now, Heinrich," said my friend, as he stroked my disordered hair, "thou hast a trouble, but thou must not grieve so; it is wrong, and the good God forbids it. Nay," he said, as I strove to tell him my story, "thou shalt say nothing, to-night. To-morrow we will talk; meanwhile, this house and heart are open to thee always."

He began to pass his hands cool and

moist, over my burning forehead. The magnetic touch soothed me. His strong will, and stronger sympathy induced a rest which was finally a sleep. So he carried me up stairs and laid me upon his own cot.

In my sleep I but lived over again my sorrows. They were too deep to be cast off like the garments of work-day life. It was a strange, heavy repose; I have always thought a supernatural one,—sent by God, to show me that even my passion and unbelief had not put me beyond the pale of His love. In my dreams, I saw my mother among a band of immortals. Her face was the same I remembered, and on her brow rested a wreath of roses. All the rest wore white.

"Mother," I said, "why do you not wear white, like the rest?"

She put her hand to her brow, as if a painful thought stirred her. "I cannot wear white, because I am not free from mortal care and desire. These roses are stained with the glowing hue of love for thee, my child, and thy love is not one with the Father's. Thy father cannot come to me, and I cannot forgive him till thou forgivest, e'en as thou wouldst be forgiven, for a mother's love for her child must be stronger than aught else. He wears no wreath, and I a red one, but when thou forgivest, I shall wear white."

I woke with a cold sweat upon my face. The sun was half way up the sky; the whole busy hive was astir. The kind hand that soothed me yesterday had shaded the chamber, brought cooling water for my feet, removed me from prying eyes, and having fed me with the meat that perisheth, proceeded to give me that living bread which I needed so much more.

He was a man of rare power—I should say genius. The sphere of his thought enveloped you unconsciously, and you felt as he did because he always felt right and holy. I told him my story eagerly, as one would throw down a burden, and then said, pleadingly,

"You will let me stay, will you not?"

His face had softened, till at the end it glowed upon me with a divine beauty. He felt that at his feet lay a flower with-



ered and broken down by a sorrow which would crush a manly heart, much more such a child as I. Then two tears stole down his cheeks. I think God keeps those tears as witnesses for him in heaven.

"My little friend," he said, taking me in his arms like an infant, and laying my cheek against his breast, "God is always good, but man is often blind and wicked. It is we who are stumbling and falling, not Him. We must get up where we can see Him as He is. There is no other way."

"Show me how," I said with awe, looking at his inspired face.

"Little shorn lamb! God loves thee. Thou art not one too many in the world. There is no legitimate or illegitimate, for all are legitimate in Christ—all fathered in God. Before every child of his, stretches out a great, glorious, unstained manhood, no matter what its earthly source. Remember this, my child. No one can take away thy birthright in the kingdom of God, but thyself. Thou hast a trial, but thou canst glorify it—thou hast a duty that is hard but plain."

"What?" I said, simply. I knew that whatever he said my soul would submit to, and say amen.

"Go home to thy grandfather—live down pride and bitterness. Be a man in spite of all drawbacks. 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister.' The command is plain—'Go thou and do likewise.'"

"O! I cannot," I said; "look at this ring and scar—I vowed a vow never to forgive—"

"That was in an evil day, and God will not require such vows again. No one can be entirely wretched who keeps near to Him. God help thee, my child, to be a great, grand, glorious man! I believe He will."

So he kissed me and blessed me, and in the early nightfall walked back with me to my old home. My passion rose up once more at sight of it, but I began my discipline bravely.

My grandfather's white hairs were bowed with grief and in prayer. It was the evening angelus. My little brother

was there in his white night-dress, and putting up his rosy mouth for a kiss asked—

"Has Heinrich come yet? I want to see my brother Heinrich!"

"He has not come yet,—but he will;" said my grandfather. "Peace and good neighborhood be between us all."

Then I crept softly in to his feet, and said, humbly, "Peace and good neighborhood be between us."

He out of whom the devils were cast "sat clothed and in his right mind," at the feet of Jesus. What goodness and compassion! My little brother Franz!

Here the manuscript ended. It was a strange looking document, yellow with age, and written in the angular German characters. What hand had penned it, whose property it was now, we, who had heard it read, were equally ignorant.

Our regiment was quartered in one of the most beautiful spots in Kentucky, and this old house where we sat had been sacked and devoted to the use of the officers. Nothing escapes the rapacious hand of war. Even the garden of a poor widow in the vicinity had not been spared. This two story wooden house was called "Hawkins' House," and was held, the story ran, by a rich Virginia planter, who had fled from the seat of war with his servants and effects. However this may be, he had certainly made good his escape a second time, leaving much fine furniture, but no money or valuables. One or two servants who no longer feared his power refused to share his flight, alone remained.

This room where we sat, we had filled with medical stores; here we smoked, chatted, called the sick roll, read or slept as we liked. To-day, however, a dozen of us were eager over this old manuscript, which we had found in a chest of drawers, along with odd scraps of female apparel, a stray kid glove, and a faded bouquet or two. Our brigade doctor leaned back in his camp chair, and took a long breath as he finished; his unreadable, slightly cynical face expressed nothing of feeling, as he said—

"That is good; that is strong; I like

it. To read German is like seeing the face of an old friend."

"But what do you think of it? how came it here?" ventured the steward.

"Just like you, Pitt! never can enjoy anything without questioning! Now, we old birds never ask why or how. The world is a moving set of pictures, and we are to look at them, that's all. I imagine some love-sick boy wrote this, as a moon-struck poet writes a sonnet to despair. But he really did it well, only there is too much religion and sentiment. Such tender consciences are as scarce as silver now-a-days."

"But you believe in such things?"

"I believe in mythology, my boy. One man cream to ten men skim-milk, is my rule. Look out there, now," pointing through the window, "that type is not sensitive."

Outside, an old country-woman, eager to show her intense loyalty, had drawn up her wagon close to the front step, and was now regaling our men with currant jelly, which she drew from a generous can, giving each one a spoonful, which they enjoyed with evident relish from the same spoon.

Amidst the roar of laughter they went out to pay their respects to the Union lady, while I, strongly affected by the sincere force of the manuscript, walked away to think it over in silence.

It was the May season, and of all places most glorious here, "All round the coast the languid air did swoon, breathing like one that hath a weary dream." Some contrabands sunned themselves on a bank not far off—these same servants of Hawkins. I went up to them lazily, and coaxed them by presents, into communicativeness.

"Had Hawkins a daughter?"

"Laws! yes, massa; Miss Mabel's the blissfulingest cretur!"

"Mabel who?"

"Why, de young missus, Mabel Randolph."

"But I thought you said her father's name was Hawkins?"

"Laws, massa! dat only de make believe name. 'Spect he run de oder off,

when he see ole Linkum comin'. He he!"

"For shame! Chloe. What for ye tell poor white trash de secrets ob quality?"

"You jest shut up, Scipio. Hab ye done forgot when ole massa say no heaben for nigger? I'se gwine ter say what I likes. Tell ye when ye get there, ye'll see ole Chloe settin' up straight in de kingdom."

And the old woman rising in the vigor of her defence, and setting her back against a tree, overwhelmed me with details. I gathered that Mr. Randolph was a wealthy Virginia planter, with a son and daughter. The daughter had a tutor whom Chloe called Massa Heinrich. The young lady's brother had been in the rebel army, but was dead now. The young missus was somewhere away, but not with her father—more I could not learn. However, I was resolved to pursue this pretty romance, whose key, I was persuaded, lay somewhere about us. I found the little doctor excited and nervous, and caught my name as I softly entered the house.

"That fellow is enough to provoke a saint. Brains always a wool-gathering when there's sensible work on hand. Now, here's this quinine—"

The doctor broke off suddenly to direct me how to bestow some hospital stores which had just arrived. All the chests were full. There was no way but to devote our bureau into a temporary hospital chest. "Confiscate it," the doctor said.

Glad the work was over, with a great sigh of relief I pushed the old bureau violently against the wall. In so doing, one of the heavy mahogany blocks fell out, discovering an inner compartment filled with old charts and papers. I felt that I had found my key. Among others, I found a paper somewhat like a lawyer's document, bearing two broken seals, stamped with a coat of arms. It bore this superscription—

"Private diary of Mabel Randolph, for her father's perusal." It was the full record of daily life, and its prominent entries are recorded thus—

Oct. 25, 1861.—To-day I read the story of Heinrich's life. How I admire and love his noble sincerity! He thought it would make my love less. How little he knew me! I believe any true woman would cherish deeper in her "heart of hearts," the love of such a hero. If the battle has been hard, he has won the victory. He is a crowned victor, and even shame must join to do him honor. He insists that my father must know his birth and story, for he will deceive no one. He will win and wear his precious jewel, he says, in the sight of men honestly.

Oct. 30.—I have not had my lesson to-day. Heinrich has been telling me of his grandfather. How I should love that old man! I made him show me the scar on his finger. He says that witness of unhallowed passion makes him blush. That the hand which leads mine for life, should be pure of such passion-marks. But somehow I would not have it otherwise. A noble heart that suffered and overcame! We walked down the long path to-day, and it seemed to me I was perfectly happy. Not blindly so, for Heinrich's struggle and victory have made me reflect how little I have overcome myself and the world. But I will learn of him. He is a loving teacher, and has already taught me the foolishness of pride. He has the noble blood of virtue in his veins. Why should I care that God left him fatherless, if by such orphanage he has gained the Infinite Father?

To-night my father sent for me in the library. I went with a quaking heart, for only yesterday I put Heinrich's manuscript in his hand. He was in his study-chair, his back toward me, as I entered. I thought he looked older and stooped more than I had ever seen him. Poor father! this sad year has aged him fast! His pen rattled nervously over the paper, but stopped as I touched his shoulder, and he pointed courteously to a chair. Father never bates a jot of ceremony even with me.

"Well, daughter! I have read your manuscript—what then? Mr. Rückert is a fine teacher, I believe, and to the

extent of my knowledge that is all we require of him. He is perfectly respectful, is he not?"

How can men be so wrapped in their own interests, that the struggle of such a soul is nothing to them? My heart stood still, for I felt that the dreaded moment had come. My father, so cold, and stern, and proud, what could he know of a love so pure as ours? He believed me his own child, jealous of the stainless blood in my veins. O, no! he did not dream any weakly emotions could make me forget my family pride. It was for this he was proud and fond of me, because I was a worthy scion of a race descended from Pocahontas. One word would change all. I thought as I looked at his worn face which could yet always afford a smile for his petted child, I shall never see it so again—it is the last time. Yet for Heinrich's sake I must not be weak. Would I not lose all to gain him, whose love was all in all to me—my mentor—my beloved?

"Father, do you hear the swallows twitter outside? They are happy because they are not too proud to enjoy what God sends them. I have come to ask you to make me happy to-night. I love Heinrich—he loves me. There is nothing between us but pride. Take that out of the way, father, and put your blessing there instead."

I think my father was stunned. If a star had stepped from heaven he could not have been more confounded—his daughter! But he only pointed decidedly at the chair, which I took, glad of support for my shaking limbs.

"My child, this is your home, I believe," said my father, coolly.

"Yes, father."

"You will oblige me by considering it so until I see fit to direct your choice of another. You have shown yourself a silly girl, unworthy of your name, unworthy of me. For this nameless stranger, I command you to forget him. I will see that he is removed from our path. You will thank me some day."

"Never, father! I love him. You have no right to trample my heart under your feet. See! I will do anything for

your consent and blessing." And I bowed my proud head to his knee, and prayed passionately that he would let me be Heinrich's wife. In vain. He lifted me up and said he would talk with me when his daughter came back again; at present he had none.

I let Mauma undress me, careless that she saw my agony. She has suffered too—her poor boy gone away with our Alfred to the war. He would have no other servant, and he did not care that his wilfulness took the last lamb from her flock.

"Oh, Mauma!" I said, "this is a hard world."

"Yes, honey; but bres de Lor'dere's a sleep at de end of it."

*Nov. 1.*—I have told Heinrich all. He is not disappointed, but he says he can wait. "My jewel is a clear carbuncle," he says, "and shines with steady light. I can see it shine, and trust to its purity till I can wear it in my bosom." But can I see him banished from our house, and wait quietly, denying him by my silence? I have been a dutiful daughter, but the love a woman owes her husband is above all loves save God's. I am of age. Please God I will be true to myself and to him. In these troublous times, when life, property and peace are at stake, who can afford to lose love?

*Dec. 24—Christmas Eve.*—The negro quarters are quiet. Nobody has the heart to be gay amid this desolation. My father is in his study. "Virginia property is not worth a song," he says, "now it has become the seat of war." These accounts and settlements are too much for his unbalanced mind. To-morrow! I feel a strange pain and joy when I think what to-morrow will bring. It will be a strange wedding—a chastened happiness.

I have just been in to my father. Two months ago I knelt to him; now I stood up proudly and said,

"Father, I am to be married to Heinrich, to-morrow; may I have your blessing?"

Oh, my father! if ever these pages come under your eye, let the tear-blots here bear witness what it cost me to go

without that blessing. May your heart soften to my husband, when you remember your child's tears and prayers; may you forgive and love us for my mother's sake. But my heart is firm. I cannot do otherwise. May God help me!

*Dec. 25.*—We were married this morning, with the beautiful Lutheran service. I walked quietly home by Heinrich's side—as I have so often walked by my father's—home to that spot which is a home to me no longer. I went once more to my own room and the library. He was not there—he had gone out, Chloe said. Can it be possible he was at the church? In the kitchen they were baking Christmas cakes. I walked in, in my white dress, among them all.

"Mauma," I said, "you are my own nurse. Mother gave you to me by her will. This morning I have been married to Mr. Rückert. Will you go and live with me?"

My dear, faithful, old servant! Love is sweet when the heart is starving for it. I felt comforted.

*Jan. 30, 1862.*—Oh! my God! I feel as though I could write nothing more. Surely, it is hard! hard! Pressed into the Southern service! Only a month a wife, and he gone, and God only knows if I shall ever see him again. He is suspected of disloyalty, and they made him doubly sure. Not even a word, or a look of his dear face! Nothing but our careless good-by this morning. Oh, that last kiss! so gay and careless then, so solemn now. God help me to bear it all,

*July 5.*—I have had no message from father since I left home. He has failed much they say. I keep firm my trust that one day he will send for me, when the pride is all died out. Dear father! He has little more than blood to be proud of now. My anxiety wears upon me, and my useless life makes me worse. I must find some work to do. I look round upon our idle slaves, and think strongly of a school. Will I make a good teacher? a loving one, I hope.

• *Noon.*—Received a telegram that Alfred is very low. Thank God Heinrich is with him. With his care he may be saved yet.

*Night.*—Another telegram. Alfred is dead. My heart weeps tears of blood for an only brother. If I could only say, he is dead for his country. I must be calm to carry this news to my father. The hope of his house! dead in his youth! Oh! will he forgive and love me now?

*Aug. 1.*—At home once more. My father's long illness has stopped my pen of late. At my side now is the letter in Heinrich's dear hand, telling of Alfred's last hours. My only love letter is a sad one. "Tell your father," he says, "that his son died in my arms. I carried him a car ride of fifty miles when no other would touch him for fear of his malignant disease. He did not ask if my blood was pure Virginian. The dying want only love and help. I am wrong, I know, dearest, to write bitterly, but your father's sternness in spite of all your labor of love, makes me forget myself. A true man never does that; but I am not a man always. I miss my little Franz since I lost you. I cannot be good without one of my good angels."

*Aug. 3.*—My husband assures me privately that if all goes well, I may expect him soon. He has risked everything upon escape, rather than remain in a service which is hateful and unjust. My H. is a staunch Unionist. "The North is the only hope of Europe," he says, and I say, Amen, though with a curious feeling of treason to my early education. He will go to Germany directly, for Franz's sake. How he loves that child—young man, I should say! But he says all that he is, came from love of him."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus abruptly the diary finished, as if the writer had laid the pen out of her hand and forgot to resume it, through joy or sorrow. I showed it to no one. I took a sort of pride in hiding this woman's unveiled heart. I will seal it up, I said, and send it to her some day. I believe she must be a noble woman.

The leaves were dropping from the trees when our regiment once more found itself in Kentucky. Vicksburg had fallen—we went to rest on our laurels in this

sweet calm. One day I passed through the grave-yard at Lexington. The old sexton was glad to find me as garrulous as himself.

"Alfred Randolph," he said, pointing to a grave whose first green covering was turning brown.

"What!" I said eagerly, "did you know him?"

"No! no!" shaking his head, "but I know his story well."

"And his daughter," I said, when he had finished the tale, "did he forgive her?"

"Yes; he sent for her from over the seas, and blessed her."

"Where is she now?"

"They sailed again for Germany. The property all went to the rebels. She's a winsome creature—is the lady, and overfond of her husband. There was a strange youth with them, with a queer name, but a gentle lad, leastways he was to me."

I had my romance at last. Mabel and Heinrich and Franz. I sealed the manuscripts I had religiously kept, directed it across the sea, with its history in our camp, and remembering their suffering and their pain, and the large love they bore the fair-haired boy, I added, beneath Mabel's last entry—

"And a little child shall lead them."

—•••—

A BUST OF LORD NELSON WORSHIPPED AS A GOD. — Among the Acul mountains in Hayti, there has been found in an old house a bust of Lord Nelson. It is of white marble, somewhat stained by time and neglect. Nelson is represented in his costume as admiral, and bears on his breast five decorations. One, in commemoration of the battle of Aboukir, has the inscription: "Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson of the Nile." Another medal has the words: "Almighty God has blessed His Majesty's glory!" This bust, interesting in artistic and historical associations, was found on an altar devoted to the fetish worship, where for half a century it has been revered as the Deity of the Mountain Streams. The names of the sculptors were "Coale and Lealy of Lambeth."

## THE IDEAL AND THE REAL;

-OR-

## THE HISTORY OF A HEART.

In Sabian worship, such as Magi feel  
Where from the stars they inspiration steal,  
A rosy child with rapt and eager eye  
Watched the bright splendor of the morning  
sky.

The gorgeous clouds their crimson masses roll'd  
From the sun's pathway, paved with molten  
gold;

The distant mountains caught the radiant tone,  
Reflecting back, with glory not their own,  
A halo luminous with golden rain  
That slow descending, bathed with light the  
plain.

"Oh! such is life!" the little novice cried,  
"I long to tread its portals opening wide,  
Weave of its blossoms wet with morning dew,  
A fadeless chaplet of the good and true.  
The world is beaming, full of joy and love,  
Celestial happiness like that above.  
Then let me haste along its shining way,  
Join labor's chorus, singing through the day,  
Helping the weary, soothing those that mourn,  
Binding the broken heart so weak and worn.  
Yes, let me, like that glorious, God-like sun,  
Diffusing light and warmth where'er I turn,  
Soar upward far, with emulative strife,  
Above the clouds that shade and chequer life:  
With firm, unswerving tread, a bold career  
The *Actual* pursue, nor doubt, nor fear,  
Till, after many years, a glorious fame  
Shall circle, with immortal rays, my name."  
Thus mused the child on Nature's bright Ideal,  
Nor dreamed she yet but that it was the Real.

Time passed— the gleesome child a maiden  
grew;

Turned from the sky Love's pathway to pur-  
sue,

Yields her fond dream of blessing all the world,  
Finds in one manly breast her wings are furled;  
Visions of fame in misty wreaths retire,  
Swept from the field by Love's seductive fire.  
His magic beams eclipsed the sun on high,  
And golden grew the earth, like morning sky.  
O, how he dimpled all the laughing hours,  
Painting, creative Love! the earth with flowers.  
Dashing with fearless hand Promethean flame,  
What honied eloquence his lips can claim,  
As twining garlands fair for Beauty's brow,  
He paints the future by the joyful now;  
And, through the opening vistas of the years  
A paradise of glowing Hope uprears.

Wrapped in a cloud of rainbow-tinted dye,  
The maiden seemed transported to the sky.  
Love gave her wings of pure cerulean hue,  
That wafted her the glorious portals through,

Time sped. The dreaming maiden wife became,  
And then a mother, (sacred, holy name.)  
Two little cherubs round her altar smiled,  
And life of half its gathering cares beguiled.  
What joyful thoughts, what new-fledged hopes  
arise,

Gazing on dimpled cheeks and beaming eyes;  
While manly arms the trio glad enfold,  
More proud and happy far, than if enrolled  
On fame's bright temple, by the side of those  
Immortal ones, who there have found repose.  
The days passed, clothed with sunlight, decked  
with flowers;

The tiny hands gave wings to creeping hours,  
And twined fair garlands 'round the coming  
years,  
Wrought from the bright-hued present. Grief  
and tears

Were found not in the picture, but a rare  
Grouping of angels, sunlight, flowers fair.  
O then, when evening brought fatigue, how  
blest

Within those circling arms to calmly rest,  
Where mutual love and confidence repose;  
The world's rude throng forgot, with all its  
woes.

A heaven is sometimes found on earth com-  
plete,

Where loving hearts in wedded union meet,  
Where never doubt or jealousy are found,  
But kind forbearance, peace, good-will abound.  
For mutual trust, and strong, enduring love,  
Are the great blessings of the saints above.

Calm middle age creeps on with cautious tread,  
Life's bright glad morning is forever fled;  
Its fairest blossoms ne'er survive its June,  
The sun so bright at morn is dimmed at noon.  
Time steals the roses from the cheek of youth,  
And with his furrowing pencil writes the truth,  
That sickness, poverty, and anxious life,  
Have wrought sad changes in the trusting wife.  
The maiden form so dimpled, round and fair,  
With outline soft, time could not turn to spare.  
And the bright ringlets shadowing her face  
Had long departed, with her youthful grace.  
Love sorrowed o'er the change, and drooped  
his wings.

Seeking the compensation age oft brings.  
For subtle wisdom gilds maturer years,  
And sweet religion full of grace endears.

The kind and sympathizing soul was there,  
 The warm and loving heart in verdure rare;  
 Kind smiles and gentle words were always found,  
 But no new added virtue clung around.  
 Love saw, and sadly, tearfully withdrew,  
 In the dim, shadowy distance, hid from view.  
 Then dusky grew her path, her sun was lost;  
 And she upon life's billows tempest-tossed;  
 No harbor for her trembling bark in sight,  
 But all around, a cheerless, fearful night.  
 She felt it, but was saved from present harm,  
 Heaven placed a smiling infant on her arm,  
 And twined the clinging tendrils of her love  
 Close, close around that little, helpless dove.  
 Then rose a star-beam on her darkened way,  
 And hope and joy made glad the bright'ning  
 day.

In swift intelligence the infant grew,  
 Each day developing some beauty new;  
 A cherub sweet in everything but wings,  
 What sunlight to the mother's heart it brings,  
 As loving, laughing, prattling it replies  
 To all caresses with its speaking eyes.  
 For one short year the darling babe was given,  
 Then found its wings, and stole away to heav'n.  
 In dark and heavy masses closed the clouds  
 Around that rayless pathway. Hope enshrouds  
 Her visage bright. The joy of life was spent,  
 And moaning through the night came this lament:

Into the dark unknown  
 Thou hast gone forth alone;  
*Alone!* my darling child!  
 Gone from the loving breast,  
 Thy lips so often pressed,  
 Dear one, so much caressed!  
 My heart with grief is wild.

Up to the gates of heaven,  
 My soul by anguish driven,  
 Would follow, seeking thee.  
 Where art thou, O, my love,  
 My darling, birdling, dove;  
 There is no light above,  
 If thee I cannot see.

Reach forth thy little hand,  
 Help me to understand  
 That thou dost live.  
 Unbar the pearly door,  
 Come to my arms once more,  
 My darling, I implore  
 Thy angel presence give.

My star-beam, where, O where,  
 Through all the realms of air,  
 Now shines thy little ray?

My soul is sunk in night,  
 My spirit sees no light,  
 My heart feels winter's blight  
 Because thou art away.

O where was then the strong and manly form,  
 To which her soul might cling in life's dark  
 storm?

And where, too, was the kind, protecting arm,  
 Ready to shield her from the tempest's harm?  
 And where the loving bosom, once her stay,  
 Where she might lie and weep her grief away?  
 All wanting. That once richly teeming brain  
 Bound by care's iron circlet, 'till in vain  
 You sought an echo save the shriek of pain;  
 Saying with agony, "how small the gain."  
 Ah! lost was there youth's glowing, bright  
 Ideal,

Quenched in the turbid waters of the Real.

The lamp of life burns d.m.,  
 The fire of youth has fled,  
 The crushed and broken heart  
 Is longing to be dead.

Oh, has not heaven some region blest,  
 Where the worn soul may calmly rest?

Life is a bitter cup,  
 As held to every lip,  
 Its effervescence flies  
 With the first joyous sip;

Then, when but bitterness remains,  
 How the tired soul is racked with pains.

Oh! must we still live on,  
 When every joy is gone,  
 And the cold world stands by  
 Headless of misery?

Come, Atropos, and cut life's slender thread,  
 Let life depart, since joy and hope are dead.

The sun receded in the radiant west,  
 In more than morning splendor earth was drest,  
 The diamond drops, left by the passing shower,  
 Sparkled, in flashes bright, from shrub and  
 flower;

While green-robed trees, in some fantastic whim,  
 Shook the bright scintillants from every limb.  
 The clouds that late in heavy masses hung,  
 A flag of truce upon the winds had flung,  
 And tinged its edge with Love's own rosy hue,  
 As blushing that it hid the sun from view.  
 Poised on the mountain for a moment's space,  
 The sun reviewed the glory of his race;  
 Reached out his golden arms o'er half the sky,  
 To gather up each happy memory,  
 Then, with a softer lustre sank from sight,  
 Leaving the earth asleep in arms of night.

"O, thus should pass the sunset hours of life!"  
 With sudden inspiration cried the wife.  
 "I see bright hope emerging from the storm,  
 Point to a second golden-lighted morn,  
 Beyond death's calm and deeply-flowing stream,  
 Where God shall be the sun with constant beam,  
 I see the promise in that evening sky,  
 That a resplendent morn is surely nigh;  
 That, when life's sun shall sink behind the hills,  
 A heaven of love youth's glowing hope fulfils.  
 And never can be lost the bright Ideal,  
 Though buried deep beneath a leaden Real.  
 It will the heaven-born spirit overtake,  
 And with it an immortal union make.  
 I see the little arms stretched forth to me,  
 From the green shore of immortality.  
 I know the loving heart with rapture beats,  
 To see the hour approaching when it meets  
 Its mother dear. I know the little hands  
 Have gathered busily from out the sands  
 Of life, the buried treasures of the past,  
 That have so long been lost; and she will cast  
 Herself and them into my arms at last.  
 O! then shall love return, and beauty new,  
 And mem'ry faithfully her stores review;  
 Cull out the blossoms from the misty years,  
 And only leave behind the griefs and tears.  
 Then shall the darkly wise, mysterious good,  
 Of life's dire troubles, be well understood,  
 And every joy that we have known on earth  
 Shall sparkle there in brighter, nobler birth.  
 Like gold refined, we pass the fire ordeal,  
 Then leave this world of shadows for the Real.  
 And find all glorious there, youth's bright Ideal.  
 Impatiently I'm waiting for the hour—  
 The white arms wave to me with syren power.  
 I stand upon the threshold of the past,  
 And hear sweet voices call on every blast,  
 Come, dear companion! mother, darling! come!  
 And find with us a blest, eternal home!"

Through smiles, and tears, and sun and storm,  
 Still change life's over-varying form;  
 The mind that looks on things aright,  
 Sees through the clouds the deep blue light.

All men who do anything must endure  
 a depreciation of their efforts. It is the  
 dirt which their chariot wheels throw up.

Many pride themselves upon being wild  
 young men, who are only wild beasts.

The man of the nineteenth century is a  
 condensed Methuselah.

## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

## CHAPTER VIII.

By —.

We had hardly realized that, our summer joys had been stolen from us, before the winter winds were clamoring at our casements.

In the country, when we have grown familiar with every tree on the hill-side, and can almost say that every leaf has the face of a friend, we watch the kisses of the autumn wind with a jealous eye. We know from day to day, how many of our summer treasures have faded, and like Rachel weeping for her children, we sit in sadness midst our ruined joys.

But in the city where a single meagre grass-plot is all that we can boast of summer pride, our narrow streets and warm walls, protect it from the first encroachments of the autumn. It struggles to retain its greenness, as if God were loth to take away this single token of his smile from the desolate hearts of his city children; and anon, before we are aware that it is in danger, the winter snows have hidden it from our sight. Our next neighbor across the way, has donned her frost plumage, and is flaunting her feathers down the street, and our children with red noses, and pimpled arms come in with "Great expectations" written on their faces.

The winter has indeed come. We must meet its grim embraces, and welcome it, as best we may.

Such were our thoughts and feelings on the December morning of which I write.

I had gone to my study, and closing the door, had made it fast with a heavy bolt, as if I could shut out all thoughts of recreation when the door was once bolted against my household joys. The merry sleigh bells were jingling in the street. I could not shut out their music from my ears, and with every tinkling sound, came the memory, that Nell and the children had been promised a sleigh-ride, before this snow was gone. The sun was shining warmly, and I knew that every moment endangered the fulfillment of my promise. But it was Friday,



and my sermon was only half done. I must not think of going to ride until that was finished. Hope whispered, that I could finish it before evening; and perhaps with the additional charm of night, we might draw the cosy robes about us, and glide away with a charming forgetfulness of care. Or, even if I failed to finish the sermon before night, there was another day before Sunday; I could trust a part of the labor, to its unborn hours.

I would finish it if I could; for my joy I knew would be greater in the ride, if there was no undone duty *left behind* — as the eye of sense would say — and yet, as I should see with the eye of my spirit, carried with me, and lying heavy on my heart.

I sat down to my table, resolutely, dipped my pen in the ink, and bent over my paper with an intent purpose and look, as if I could send a photograph from my brain into the sermon, and find it another day, like a picture of light, ready to exhibit to the eager eyes of my friends.

I sat and waited, long and patiently for the thought to come, but no apparition of it could I win from my dull brain. It appeared to be one of the "impossible days;" one of those times when we fancy that we are left to grope in darkness, without the help of our guiding angels, who, on other days so kindly flood our brains with light.

An hour passed. A few pages of dull, spiritless manuscript lay before me, as the only result of its hard struggle. I rose and went to the window, to see if perchance I might catch some ray of inspiration from without.

A sleigh had just driven to my door, and a gentleman from it was ringing my door bell. His manner indicated business, and as I expected, immediately after he was admitted, I was summoned to meet him in the parlor.

He had come for me to attend a funeral in the country, twenty miles away. I was often interrupted by such calls, as no other minister of our faith lived near me. I had often given four days of the seven to attending funerals outside of my own parish limits, leaving me only two

days for my Sunday's preparation, and all the accompanying duties of the week. But I could never find it in my heart to deny these calls. I could not make up my mind that my sphere of duty was limited to the bounds which man had set about me, and named my parish. My work, I felt was Christ's work, and I must go to those in sorrow, and lighten, if I might by any word or tender sympathy of mine, the burden of their grief. So thinking, humanity everywhere, had a right to look to me for help, and I, however much I might be inconvenienced by this extra draught on my energies, had no right to say them nay.

I went to every call, however remote, or difficult of access the place might be, and accepted without a murmur, the exposure and hardship to which I was often subjected. In this case, the place, though only twenty miles distant, was more inaccessible than many another would have been a hundred miles away.

It was into a very hilly region that I was to go. The roads were narrow and difficult at any season of the year, and during the winter they were many times quite impassable. The gentleman who came for me, reported the travelling as unusually good with the late snow; and his proposition was, that I, taking the first train on Saturday morning, should meet him eight miles above our city, at — Depot, the nearest station to the place where the funeral was to be held. From that station, I was to be conveyed in a sleigh, and returned again after the funeral, in time to take the evening train for home.

I agreed to the arrangement, though I saw that it would necessitate my working extremely hard in my preparation for Sunday, and would unfit me for the labor of the day, through the extreme weariness which such a trip must bring. But as I said before, I had one rule for such cases, and without hesitation, I promised to go.

My visitor being thoroughly chilled by his ride, remained sometime warming himself, and resting for the return trip.

I did not get back into my study until nearly noon. There lay my unfinished sermon before me. I had some prepara-

tion to make for the funeral service, as I had been informed that it was the custom in the section to which I was going, to *preach* on such occasions. All this work was to be done before I slept that night. No more dullness could be tolerated in my brain that day.

I sat down to my writing table, and it was wonderful what a change had taken place in my mental activity since I sat there before. The pressure of necessity was upon me now, and every fibre was awake to the call.

We can do a great deal when we are compelled to work, that we should never get accomplished if the currents of our life ran smoothly. Friction wakes the electricity in the brain, and the fire of thought springs forth at our bidding. Let none make the excuse for avoiding mental labor, that they are already over busy. You shall find your mind like the widow's cruse, ever better filled, as you are exhausting its supplies.

It is God's great law written on spiritual things. The one positive evidence, that the connection is unbroken between his great unfailing fountain of spirit life, and our feeble conduits which flow from it. Our bodily life grows weaker, exhausts, fails us, and our flesh dies, because it has no kinship with the heavens, but our spiritual life shall remain a living joy when the earth and skies are passed away.

I did not rise from my table again until my sermon for Sunday was finished.

I laid aside, till a more convenient season, the half finished manuscript, over which the chariot wheels of my thought had driven so heavily in the weary morning hours, and commenced a new sermon from the text, "Be ye not weary in well-doing: for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." As I before said, I finished it at a sitting. I preached it afterward to a large audience, but whether a single one of the many were made holy thereby, I have no means of knowing. But of this much I can affirm, the *writing* of the sermon blessed my own heart. I believe I was a more useful, and a more patiently happy man, because of the hours in which my thoughts dwelt upon that theme.

But let me not omit the record of the hours which intervened between the writing and preaching of that sermon on patient labor. I had immediate need of the lessons which my heart learned that day.

After my sermon was finished, I went through with the preparatory work necessary for the funeral, which occupied me until a late hour of the night. When I had finished my task, and was getting ready for bed, I noticed that a wild storm was driving against the windows. Sudden and fearful gusts of wind, softened only by the feathery snow they bore, beleaguered our castle walls. I saw that a dreary night was before us, and the necessity of course, of a trying morrow to follow in its wake.

I feared the storm might make the burial impossible, and I shuddered at the thought of that lonely, mourning house, away among the hills, with the chill of winter without, and the chill of death wrapping all its casements, and spreading through its lonely chambers, within.

"Let us bury our dead out of our sight," was the petition of one of old: and the burdened, sobbing heart of humanity has borne down the wailing prayer through the centuries.

To it, God's answer is, usually, "amen — so let it be," and into the loving bosom of the earth, we give what erst was ours, to shelter and protect. But sometimes amid the wildest convulsions of nature, it seems as if our voices of anguish failed to pierce the storm, and God had not heard our cry for help. Then we are compelled to keep for days in our desolate households, the body of a beloved one which was once our joy and pride, but which has now become the wraith of all our hope and happiness.

Thinking these thoughts, and fearing these fears, I tossed restlessly on my bed, until near the morning before I fell asleep. When I awoke, the storm had lulled. The sun had driven away the last vestige of cloud from the sky, and was pouring down an intense, direct stream of light and heat upon the earth. The air was keen and piercing, and heavy drifts of snow lay in every direction about us.

I rose but little refreshed by the passage of the night, made a hasty toilet, and prepared for my journey. Nell, said,

"Surely you will not undertake to go twenty miles under these circumstances, to attend a funeral."

"I shall most certainly undertake it," I replied. "Whether I reach my destination, is a matter of great uncertainty; but I shall persevere as far as it is possible, since I have promised to go."

I made my way to the depot under great difficulties, reached there just as the cars were ready to start. But eight miles of my route lay in the direction of the railroad. The conductor encouraged me, by saying, that most of our route would probably be unobstructed, as it was over high ground, and the wind had blown in such direction, as to sweep the snow into the valleys beyond. I took courage, and we moved slowly on. We reached the depot where the sleigh was to meet me, about half an hour after the time that we should have been there; but the sleigh had not yet arrived. I was not surprised at this. I knew that it must be with great exertion and loss of time that they would be able to reach there at all, through those wild mountain gorges. I had prepared my mind for long waiting, but I had really hoped to have more favorable surroundings. It was a depot, a mile from residences. They were evidently not expecting any one to tarry there in a morning like the present, and no fire had been made in the depot building. I had been sitting by the stove in the cars, and was very warm when I left them. I felt that this sudden change would be sure to give me a severe cold, if the waiting should be long continued. I did not dare to leave the depot, lest in doing so, I should miss those who were to call for me.

There was no help for me, but to drive off the cold by exercise as well as I could, until I was called for. I did not feel as if I had any strength to spare for physical exertions, but it was, as I said my only expedient, and I adopted it, with a will. I walked, ran, and leaped, until I was obliged to sit down from sheer

exhaustion, and yield my tired body to the exposure of the piercing wind which searched my very vitals.

Fortunately not long after I sat down, I heard the cheerful voices of the men, who were just emerging from a deep cut through the hills, and making their way as fast as possible toward me. They had preceded the sleigh, in which I was to return, by an ox sled, and ten men with spades and shovels, had been at work since midnight, to open the way over which we were to go. It was now nine o'clock. The funeral was appointed for eleven, and we had twelve miles to go. We took courage on being told how faithfully the men had done their work, and by their assurance that we could make our way back, in very short time, as the deep drifts were opened and they had broken the road well all the way with their heavy sled. We were thankful to be again in motion, and though our progress was slow, and most of the way very difficult, we reached our destination at twelve o'clock.

We were surprised to find that quite a large concourse of people had assembled to pay, by their presence, this last tribute of respect to the dead.

It had been of course with great labor, and pains taking, that they had been able to get there; but through it all they had come; thus adding another testimonial, that people in the country have keener sympathies, and make more sacrifices to share each others joy and sorrow, than do those who have been tutored in selfishness by the air of cities.

It was an old-fashioned farm house where the funeral was held; and the rooms were large, but every place was filled with neighbors and friends, who were waiting reverently for the message of consolation.

The place prepared for me to stand, was in the door-way between two of the largest rooms. One of them was heated by a large air-tight stove, which stood near the door. In the other there was no means of warming. Now, as the day was very cold; it became necessary to make the single stove supply heat for both rooms. Accordingly a terribly hot fire was made, which was my nearest

neighbor when I rose to speak. The service occupied an hour, during which time I was exposed to that furious heat. Every pore was opened, and my clothing literally saturated with perspiration, when I sat down. Immediately after the remarks, we followed the body to the burial. Our way lay over a bleak hill, and the north wind cultivated a much closer intimacy with my shivering flesh, than was agreeable, or profitable to me. I think I was never so uncomfortably chilled in my life. The wind had been steadily rising since morning, and it was blowing now with an unusual fierceness. The graveyard was so covered and banked with snow, that we groped about a long time before we found the open grave.

It was over filled, even heaped with the compact mass of snow. We had to wait until it was cleared and then in the twice dug grave, we placed all that was mortal of the loved one gone, and turned our faces homeward. It was now full time that I should be returning to the depot, as the afternoon train left at half-past five, and there was no time to lose, if I reached it.

So without nourishment or rest from the fatigue already endured, we set out to make our way through the stalwart difficulties which we were to meet on our return.

They seemed to have reboiled, since morning. Perhaps our wearied condition, made them appear more formidable in our eyes. Certain I am I never remember to have looked on a more disheartening sight, than those long unbroken snow fields, which stretched away before us as far as the eye could reach. Fences were buried, save here and there a place where they peeped out from the drifts; and at long intervals a house, or tree, or some way mark, indicated to us the path we were seeking. The road that had been opened in the morning, was filled up again, so that the way was difficult, in some places almost impossible to find. Had it not have been Saturday and had not the necessity of being at home, to do my Sunday's work, been pressing upon me, I should have tarried until another day, before trying to reach home. But the

demand was urgent. The command of duty was ringing in my ears. I felt that I must obey it; and we toiled on. At first we tried riding, then as the cold benumbed us; we got on our feet, and walked, and at last when the time grew short, and the way (seemingly) grew long; we took our part with the laborers, and worked with a will at the monstrous drifts, which were continually obstructing the way of the horses.

When it was half-past five—the time that we were to have been at the depot—we were yet three miles away from it. I felt encouraged by the thought that the train must be late that night, as it had the same difficulties to encounter that were impeding our progress. Patiently we worked on. The night was approaching, and the home comforts rose up like a panorama of beauty, to lure us onward. As the darkness closed over us, and our discomforts grew almost unbearable, the dream of home was a light in our hearts, without which we could not have borne our sufferings. Do sin wanderer's dreams of heaven do for them, through all the dreary difficulties of life, what my dream of home did for my desolate heart that night?

I have asked myself this question a great many times since, and I think the lesson of the dreary night had its uses in the after work of my life. Many times since then, when I have been wearied with over much labor, and would fain have laid down the heavy burden, I have recalled that dreary night, and thought "if such be the condition of sin wanderers, I can surely afford to set a light in the window for them."

At eight o'clock we reached the depot. When we were in sight of it, on the top of the last hill, that we were to cross; the train came slowly struggling through the valley beneath us. Like a restive animal, it chafed and panted, and struggled on. Its one great, fiery, unblinking eye, looked at us fiercely, and threw its bright defiant light along the pure white snow. Could we reach it? We had not an eighth of the distance to go which separated the train from the depot—and yet what impossibilities seemed to lie between

us and it. A desperate strife began. The combatants were unequal in power, but one was almost desperate. On the one side was the train—a dull, dumb, senseless, unbreathing thing; unwearied and incapable of disappointment. Should it reach the desired goal before me,—me, living, conscious, desiring, determined.

No. I said to my companions, "You may turn back. I will reach that depot with my own feet before the train leaves."

The word once spoken there was no recall, my mind once fixed, the result was sure. I felt at the moment, that I would annihilate time and space by my own force of will.

I accomplished my purpose. I reached the train, and stepped on to it just as it was moving off from the depot.

I was conscious when I opened the door of the car; but after that there is a long blank in my life, of which my memory takes no cognizance.

The Conductor of the train, saw me as I stepped on to the car. He judged from my appearance, that my strength was failing, and reached me just as I fell. From that moment I was entirely oblivious to all that was passing around me.

There chanced to be no person on the train that knew me; but, good Samaritans were there, who ministered to my needs, and did all they could to restore my waning life. A physician was among the passengers, who exerted himself wisely in my behalf. But for his timely aid, I have every reason to think, that that night would have been my last upon earth.

I write these testimonials to the kindness of my fellow-travellers, with the greatest pleasure. It was another evidence of the great loving bond of brotherhood which binds the whole human race together, and makes them in the bitter extremities of life as one family, loving, and helping one another.

There was nothing to compel the crowd of strangers about me to care for my well-being, save the God-like impulse within, which drew them to me; but impelled by that, they cared for me as if I had been of their own kindred.

About my person there was nothing to indicate either my name or residence. I

chanced to have very little money with me, (a not unusual condition for a minister), and, as a consequence, I fell a helpless load upon the charity of strangers.

Let me here pause a moment in my narration to advise those who travel to make it one of the indispensable parts of their work, in getting ready for a journey, to put in their purse, or in some place about their person, a card with their name and full address, so that in case of sickness, or any accident, they may be properly provided for.

I know that to some this will seem a useless, and perhaps even a foolish precaution. They will cite to me a multitude of journeys that they, or their friends or neighbors have made, without any serious consequence ensuing from their disregard of this precaution.

I will answer them by calling their attention to any one of a multitude of accidents which have happened on steamboats or railroad trains, where, in the mass of crushed bodies, there would be found numbers so mutilated that they could never be recognized by friend or kindred.

That (as you are pleased to call it) foolish piece of paper, would have saved the bitter anguish of those heart-broken friends who longed (as the single drop of consolation in this bitter cup of anguish) to bear their beloved dead home, and bury them with their kindred.

You are all liable to such accidents, and equally liable to have such fate befall you as was mine on the night of which I write. They had no means of ascertaining my destination, and, as the wisest expedient, they decided to leave me at Speedwell, at a hotel, which purpose they carried into execution, and I was sent helpless and unconscious, to a public house, to be comparatively poorly cared for in the very city, and almost the very street where my anxious wife was agonizing in uncertainty about my fate. After the cars arrived, and she had decided that I had not come with them, she felt great anxiety to know what had befallen me. Her conclusion was, at last, that I must have been so detained by the snow, as not to have reached the depot in time for the train. Then she looked for me to

come every moment until midnight, thinking that I should make the whole journey in a sleigh, and arrive at home as soon as the terrible condition of the roads would allow.

When the morning dawned and found her still watching in vain, she was in an agony of suspense regarding my fate. It was Sunday morning. I had always been very strict with myself about my Sunday service, never, unless under most extraordinary circumstances, absenting myself from the pulpit. For this reason Nell clung to the hope that I would come until the church bell was done tolling. Then when my coming could no longer be hoped for, my disappointed congregation wended their way homeward, and a special messenger was dispatched to the place where the funeral had been held, to learn, if possible, the reason of my absence.

It was not, of course, until Monday, near night, that the messenger returned to Speedwell, and then after all that weary waiting, my poor family were plunged deeper than ever in sorrow and anxiety by the message he brought.

"No tidings!" Ah, what bitterness and grief were in those words for my beloved ones. There is no trouble, I believe, like it. The human heart will endure almost an unlimited amount of suffering if its troubles are of a *certain* character. When we *know* the extent of grief that has overtaken us, our spirits rise up to meet and endure. But suspense—that undefined, dreadful expectation of grief, of which we know not the magnitude. That rends the heart, and bows it like a reed before the winter blast.

After the return of the messenger, as soon as the result of his journey was made known, there was, of course, a good deal of talk and stir in the city at so uncommon an occurrence.

Whatever other reasons for complaint a minister may have, want of public attention is not one of his grievances. The ministers in a city are always marked men. Every one, even the children, know them as they pass on the street. All, whether of their congregation or of

another, feel an interest in the affairs of a working minister. He can have the satisfaction of knowing that his joys and sorrows are shared by many hearts. In more senses than the one, he can neither live unto himself nor die unto himself.

The news circulated rapidly throughout the city, that one of its ministering servants was missing, and a variety of conjectures were indulged in, as to the probabilities of the strange event. Some of these conjectures were not particularly flattering to my self-esteem, when I afterward learned them; but as I had been so few months in the city, I had no high claim upon its esteem or trust, and did feel particularly hurt by its suspicions. I especially ought not to complain, since it was through one of these suspicious persons that my whereabouts was discovered. He was a man by nature and habit inclined to suspect humanity of evil. One of those natural-born police-detectives who, having missed his legitimate calling, got his living in another way, but yet employed all his spare moments in gratuitously following his favorite pursuit. As soon as the news reached him that the minister of — church had gone from the city in a mysterious manner, he immediately inferred that there was something wrong about my absence. One of two reasons he insisted must be given. Either unpaid debts, or domestic difficulties. He undertook, with these suppositions for a basis, to investigate the matter. His first thought was, to go to the depot from which I took the cars after the funeral, and learn to what place I bought my ticket. In this way he expected to take the first step toward discovering my whereabouts.

He took the afternoon train for that depot, but on getting there, learned that, on account of the terrible storm of Saturday that depot had not been opened on that day. His next endeavor was to see the conductor of the evening train, to see what information he might get from him.

It happened that the regular conductor of the evening train had been detained at home that day by sickness in his family, and the one temporarily conducting the train, knew nothing, of course, about

the Saturday evening passengers. But our "detective" was not to be thrown off his track by this accident. He went up to the terminus of the road, where the conductor for whom he was seeking lived, and having found him, he proceeded with his prying inquiries.

They elicited the facts which you, my readers already know, that I was lying sick and helpless at a hotel near my own home in Speedwell. They found me in the delirium of a fever, and removed me to my own dwelling, where, for weeks my life trembled in the balance. All earthly friends thought me destined to become the prey of the dreadful disease which had fastened its cruel fangs upon me. But the All-seeing eye was over me, and the Hand which had meted out yet other earth duties for me to do, preserved and brought me to the light of better days. Through all the first of those weary weeks I lay unconscious and suffered as by proxy, what would have been otherwise perhaps unendurable pain. 'Tis one of God's kind providences that in the delirium of fever the unhappy patient is like one gone on a long journey, who returns again to his body only to find it weak, wasted and powerless, but free from pain, and ready, like the plastic clay of the potter's vessel, for the hand of the moulder to shape into beauty and strength.

Such was I for six long weeks, patiently waiting for God's time of restoration. But my people were not as willing to bide the time for my return to labor. There was a manifest uneasiness among them to see me again in the fields of duty. I felt that for their sake—to gratify this restlessness—I *must* return to labor as soon as possible. I did return. I preached in my pulpit before I walked across my room without help. The experiment nearly cost me my life. It brought on an attack of bleeding at the lungs, from which I have never recovered. It was many weeks before I could venture upon public speaking again. But at last I recruited sufficiently, and when the spring blossoms began to lift up their tribute of worship I joined them in it, and, with my people, offered thanksgiving that I was spared a sufficient measure of health

to continue to proclaim the message of my Master to men. I could not hope to be as useful or do as much as I had done, but I resolved to rest content, if I could work at all in the vineyard of my Lord.

### MEMORY'S SEA.

By E. Louisa Mather.

I stand on the margin of Memory's sea,  
And the sunset hues gleam in glory there,  
The winds and the waves are all murmuring  
free,  
The soothing tones of an earnest prayer.

Oh! where are the barks that so bravely sail'd  
Freighted with argosies rich from the heart;  
Bright-tinted hopes, all too often bewail'd,  
Friendships from which we were destined to  
part.

'Mid the white sands see the gleaming of gold,  
Some of the freight of those vanish'd years,  
And see! on that rock, all mossy and old,  
Wrecks of those ships we have look'd for with  
tears.

Oh! where are the islands in that bright sea,  
With their groves of palm and their fountains  
clear,  
Where the song of birds and the waves so free,  
Made a sense of beauty throughout the year.

Gone are those islands of beauty and bliss,  
Vanish'd for aye, 'mid the shock of waves,  
We feel but the touch of a fading kiss,  
We feel but the shadow from off their graves.

Where are the friends who with us did roam,  
On the flowery marge of this deep blue sea?  
Who gave to our hearts such a sense of home,  
Who bade every shadow and sadness flee.

They are gone—they are gone to the better land,  
They wander by living and musical streams,  
Where life in its order and progress grand,  
Outstretches far, all our youthful dreams.

And there we shall see that that golden freight  
Which was wrecked as we thought upon  
memory's sea,  
Is garnered safe, and doth us await,  
In that blessed home where we soon shall be.

And there every hope and aspiring thought,  
All which we dwelt on as fanciful here,  
All of the dreams in our lives inwrought,  
Each trembling tone, and each tender tear;

All will be real and solid and pure,  
And all will be given us back again,  
No chilling doubts will be ours to endure,  
No wasted dreams and no hearts of pain.

East Haddam, Conn.

## MADAME ROLAND.

By Rev. E. W. Reynolds.

PART III.  
THE GIRONDIST LEADER.

## I.—THREE PARTIES.

One of the effects of any profound social convulsion is to distribute a community into three Parties: Those who are attached to the old order of things, by conviction or by interest, form one division. On the opposite side, are the fierce radicals, resolved on a general dissolution, and willing to welcome anarchy for the sake of bringing speedy judgment upon the old abuses. Then we have a middle Party, who desire to mediate between the extremes, and carry on the contemplated change by lawful and peaceful processes.

The French Revolution developed these three Parties. The Conservatives comprised, of course, the King and Queen, the Court, and a large majority of the priests and nobles. This Party was, by education, by interest, and by rank, unfriendly to the Revolution. It favored it no farther than compelled by necessity. What it reluctantly yielded to the pressure of Public Opinion, it tried to get back by craft. It was the party of Intrigue; it commenced in Perjury and ended in Treason.

The Radicals comprised men who hated the privileged orders: demagogues, who thirsted for power, and made the wrongs of the people a pretext for pulling down the Government; men of desperate fortunes, or licentious passions, who were liable to profit by a social chaos. The Leaders of this Party were the celebrated Jacobins, but it included the rudest and most degraded of the mob.

The Moderate Party comprised those who wished to reform the Government by limiting its powers according to the provisions of a Free Constitution, adapted to the demands of the New Age. This Party bore no enmity to the King; they only insisted that he should rule in equity. They had no revenge to wreak on

the upper orders; they merely intended to abolish those privileges that were injurious to the welfare of the People, and to the prosperity of the kingdom.

The Leaders of this truly patriotic Party are known in history as the GIRONDISTs; and with the Girondists, the fate of Madame Roland is, henceforth, blended.

## II.—THE GIRONDIST CHIEFS.

The creator and head of the Girondist Party was Brissot, the son of a pastry-cook, born and educated a democrat; a man of many vices and many virtues. In early life, he had divided his time between literature and dissipation, and had been equally conspicuous as a journalist and an adventurer. The Revolution called him from a wild and disreputable life, into an earnest and patriotic career. The call of his country enabled Brissot to redeem his fame. He lived to enjoy the friendship of Lafayette; and died by the guillotine, professing his faith in God, and evincing to the last, a pure devotion to Liberty.

Brissot had been in the habit of sending copies of his works to Roland, and when they were both called into the Assembly they met there as friends. When Brissot first came to her house, Madame Roland was "rather shocked at his want of dignity, so different from the sedate, old-gentlemanly bearing of her husband;" for his vagabond life had given him a "levity of manner," that seemed inconsistent with his position. But this impression wore off, and she came to esteem him as he deserved, for the true patriotism, courage, and enthusiasm that now animated the man's life.

Brissot brought with him to Roland's house, a far better man than himself—Petion, afterward Mayor of Paris—a statesman, an orator, and a patriot.

In due time, came also, Buzot—a "young, handsome, and even elegant" man—having "none of the coarseness, none of the ferocity of the heroes of the Revolution." He impressed the refined woman most favorably of all, became her intimate friend, and was worthy of her confidence. "Like Madame Roland, he had long groaned at the corruption of the



court and aristocracy, and at the degradation of the people. He longed ardently for the freedom of his country, but would not buy it at the cost of blood and anarchy."

She has described her favorite in very attractive colors: "A friend of humanity, susceptible of the tenderest affections, and capable of the sublimest impulses and noblest resolutions, he comes forward as a republican; but, as a severe judge of individuals, and slow in developing his regard for them, he gives it to few. This reserve, combined with the energy with which he expresses himself, has brought upon him the accusation of pride, and made him many enemies." "Buzot is the kindest man on earth to his friends, the most bitter opponent of charlatans."

### III.—ROLAND'S HOUSE.

These men and others scarcely less conspicuous, made Roland's house their rendezvous while engaged in the Assembly, in perfecting the Constitution, and in guarding against the two extreme parties that were hostile to it.

The house was convenient, being located in the vicinity of their homes; and Roland was a safe counsellor, for his mind was clear, his temper cool, and his honor bright as a star.

The Girondists met here in the evening, three or four times in the week. Here they proposed their plans, arranged their tactics, and discussed the aspect of the times.

Meantime, "the modest wife sat apart at a little table, working or writing letters," but hearing all that transpired. She was not at all contented with what she heard. The men in her room talked as politicians, who thought it their business to deal with facts as they found them; but she had an ideal of political action that turned on loftier motives, or was inspired by a more heroic spirit. Sometimes she wanted to push aside her work, and kindle those prudent calculators with her own lofty courage. "The words of her own husband, so calm and unenthusiastic, irritated her to frenzy. She saw, or dreamed of purer, bolder motives." With a woman's generous

fervor she disdained the prudence which men of the world learn to respect. "While they strove to be practical and real, she longed to be grand and ideal. Yet, she had to curb her tongue, and learn from them the worldliness of even a Republican. The example of Antiquity, the theories of Plato, the dreams of her youth must be quenched in the strong, vulgar necessity, of the times. She listened and said nothing."

But, sometimes, after the party had broken up, she poured her impetuous spirit into Roland's mind, and that philosophic man—not sleeping off the intoxication over night—would let off a speech in the Assembly next morning, that would electrify his auditors and amaze himself.

One evening there came into the circle of the Girondists, in Madame Roland's room, a new man. His figure was small, angular, and apparently feeble; he had a very ugly face, with heavy brows jutting over eyes that were sharp and deep. He had a small, pointed, impetuous nose, the nostril "puffing" with a kind of "wild anxiety." He had "a large, thin-lipped mouth, without passion, with no token of sympathy or affection," but "with a sneer grafted there from his youth." He sat doubled up, in silence, listening to the others, a terrible interest gleaming from his eyes, his seditious nose working and puffing, and the sardonic sneer upon his mouth growing more and more expressive.

This was the Embodied Fury of the Revolution—the man who waited and schemed till he became master of its Passions, and then held with them a Carnival of Terror. His name was Robespierre. "He was born at Arras, of an honest, respectable family. The bishop of the diocese defrayed the expenses of his education—little thinking he was preparing a man who should denounce all religion as childish. When he came to Paris there was nothing to recommend him. He was a poor speaker compared with the excited men of the day, and talked bad French;" but a certain tenacity of purpose, and sense of latent power, compelled the attention of men.

"Biting his nails, and grinning calmly at all that passed, he waited for the more enthusiastic spirits to clear the way."

For a time Madame Roland hailed this man as a patriot, and exerted herself to protect him in the hour of danger. For a time he mingled with the Girondists; but the progress of events and his own bloody affinities carried him over to the Jacobins. He signed the death warrants of many of his early associates, and, among them, that of the generous woman who had been his friend.

#### IV.—STATESMANSHIP AND ETIQUETTE.

The high reputation of Roland among the Girondists, led them to appoint him Minister of the Interior, under what was called the first Ministry of the People.

It was rather a weak ministry, in view of the demands of the Age, and the expectations of the people. What soul it had was inspired by Madame Roland herself, at whose saloon the members met, for private consultation, every Friday. With more foresight than any of them, she saw that they were not coping with the Occasion, and, with mingled impatience and contempt, she tried to fire them with her own resolution. There was but one man among them whose talents she respected—Dumouriez, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; and, as he was a profligate and a demagogue, she warned Roland against him, the first time he entered her saloon, and eventually banished him from her presence.

As for Roland, he was a little vain of his elevation, and would have flattered himself that affairs were moving on auspiciously, if his wife had not, from time to time, opened his eyes. The straightforward philosopher, as the representative of a new order of things, thought it his duty to snub etiquette, even in the royal presence. In his first audience with the king, he appeared in "a black coat, round hat, and dirty shoes." The king was disgusted with this specimen of the coming Republic; and the chamberlain, pointing to the dusty shoes that had no buckles, was speechless with indignation;

but it gave Dumouriez an opportunity to perpetrate a witticism. "Ah!" laughed the jocular minister, "all is lost! no more etiquette; no more monarchy!"

Louis XVI. had already repented of the ground he had yielded to the Revolution. The Court and Aristocracy, animated by Marie Antoinette, were industriously intriguing to enable him to recover what he had conceded.

The New Ministry were no match for their artful and treacherous rivals. The People felt the incompetency of their chiefs, and—inflamed by the Jacobins—were making the most dangerous demonstrations.

Madame Roland knew that the days of the Ministry were numbered, and she feared that the vengeance of the nation might fall upon those who had failed to maintain the reforms. "She wished to save her husband, and, with this view, persuaded him to take to the council, and read to the king, a letter which she herself dictated, and what — if produced in the hour of need — would prove to the country that Roland had protested against the king's delays. The special occasion of it was the refusal of Louis to sanction the decree against the nonjuring priests. The country demanded it with threatening gestures. France was in a greater ferment than ever. The Revolution went on, while the Monarchy survived. The letter called upon the king, earnestly, to take the proper measures to pacify the people."

In due time this "letter was read, but the king held out; his conscience forbade him to sanction a step which he held to be destructive of the church he belonged to. At last the moment arrived which Madame Roland had foreseen. The king remained inflexible, and dismissed from the Ministry, Roland" and two other members.

Roland instantly appeared in the Assembly, and read out the letter that had precipitated his dismissal. The House applauded—and thus, while the elevation of the man had reflected upon him no considerable honor — the genius of his wife covered his retirement with glory.

## V.—MADAME IS EFFULGENT.

Under these circumstances, the fall of Roland rather augmented his wife's influence. Her saloon began to be frequented by the purer and more ardent patriots of the day,—by young men, some yearning for fame—some for power—and others willing to immolate themselves for the ideal Republic. For such men, the talents, the enthusiasm and the beauty of Madame Roland furnished a brilliant attraction.

"She received," says a cotemporary notice of her, "the ministers and leaders of the Gironde at dinners, twice a week; but, with the same modesty she had always shown, maintained a reserve proper to her sex, for she was the only woman present at these meetings. Her female friends were always few, the wife of Pétion being among the most intimate of them. There was, in fact, little female society at this time. The Court circles were too depressed to enjoy it, and the 'middle class' was too intent on the struggle that was going on to care for merely social meetings. The gathering of clubs, in which stormy debates arose, took the place of balls, parties, and the amusements of more peaceful times. But, of the political society of the day, Madame Roland was the" conspicuous "centre. She was, in fact, almost the only woman who appeared in it, and every new 'patriot' made a point of being introduced to her. Though the Jacobins were rising rapidly into power, the Girondists still, and for a long time after, held the field. They represented order, the constitution, and the medium between the king and the country. Their position as a Ministry, made them the apex of all the society of Paris, and the person who rallied them was Madame Roland. It was a proud position for the jeweler's daughter, yet she can scarcely be accused of abusing it. Her counsel to Roland, the measures she concerted with his party, the impulse she gave to their movements, were all, if not good and right in the abstract, the best in her view. She contrived to act on the principles with which she set out—the desire for liberty, equality, and fraternity in

her country, and the hope for new institutions, which should inaugurate a perfect Republic."

## VI.—THE COURT FILLS THE MEASURE OF INIQUITY.

Hitherto, the Girondist Party had stood before the king as a bulwark against the rising fury of the Nation. But, the time was at hand, when they would be obliged to give way to the popular feeling, and leave the unhappy monarch to his fate.

There is an extreme in the use of Power, and in the practice of Political Duplicity, that appears to so far outrage the instincts of a People, that nothing short of condign vengeance can efface the insult. It is an extreme in which patience begins to be confounded with timidity, and forbearance seems only to invite new wrongs, and in which even the excess of revolutionary passion appears in the solemn guise of Divine Retribution.

This extreme had been reached in France before Louis XVI. ascended the throne. He had not the political foresight, the energy, nor the generosity to atone for the crimes of his ancestors by appeasing the wrongs of his subjects. He persisted in setting his scruples and his obstinacy in opposition to the liberal decrees of the Assembly, and yielded nothing to the cause of Reform, that he could possibly withhold.

While the king was thus dallying with the dangers that grew, every instant, more alarming, his Nobility were swarming out of the kingdom, inciting the Austrian Government to come to the rescue of the French Monarchy, and rallying Foreign armies to put down the advancing Revolution. Marie Antoinette was an Austrian princess, and every drop of her blood was impregnated with Despotism. It was well known that Louis was much influenced by his imperious but weak-minded consort. It was well understood that the nobles who had fled into Austria, and the Royal Family and Court that remained in France, were intriguing together, in the infamous concord of treason, to restore the old Despotism, and rivet anew the old wrongs by the aid of foreign bayonets.

## VII.—THE MONARCHY ABOLISHED IN BLOOD.

The crisis was urgent, and it called for immediate and decisive action. Already the French army, under Lafayette and Dumouriez, were retreating out of Belgium. Already, the Austrians were approaching the frontiers,—already, the Royal Family had attempted flight, to escape the possible penalty of their treason; and, in six weeks, the Austrian armies would fill the streets of Paris, re-instate all the abuses that had been abolished, and trample out all the fruits of the Revolution.

What could be done to avert this calamity? The Nation, in its wild excitement, took counsel with the Jacobins, and the mob they marshaled. "There is but one way," said the fierce Radicals of France, "to save the Revolution. Let the Traitorous Monarchy, that hates our rights, be abolished in blood. Let the tyrannical woman, who uses the craft of Austria to ensnare the liberties of France, yield up the perfidious life she has forfeited. Let the King, who has joined hands with her in treason, march with her to the guillotine. After we shall thus have swept the lying monarchy away, we will build a pure Republic; and, when all the Traitors are dead, France can defend herself from her natural enemies."

This was the voice of the Nation, and the Girondists yielded to the overwhelming sentiment. The Monarchy went down by the hurricane it had provoked. Louis XVI. perished by the guillotine, and his Austrian consort, immured for a few months in prison, eventually met the same doom.

The Republic came up through the early days of the Reign of Terror.

All Europe was convulsed by these tragical events. A baleful splendor shone around the French Capitol, drawing the eyes of mankind to the scene. The plagues of the Apocalypse seemed to be unrolling before the nations. The monarchs of the world surveyed the terrific scenery, and thought, perhaps, that the day of judgment was at hand.

The sentiment of the world began to be adverse to the Revolution. People in other countries, talked of the excesses

of the mob, and forgot the wrongs of the people. They ceased to consider the provocations of the Revolution, and expatiated on the horrors of Anarchy.

The fate of the Royal Family created for them a sympathy to which they had little claim on the score of "even-handed justice." Burke arose in the British Senate, and lavished the most touching rhetoric on the decline of Chivalry, and the charms and misfortunes of Marie Antoinette. The eloquence of the great statesman might have adorned a worthier object than the woman who had lent the arts of her beauty, and the power of her position to enslave a nation; and who perished by the natural recoil of her own perfidious despotism.

## STANZAS.

By Mattie.

The barque is parted from the shore,  
One lingering look, one sad adieu,  
And swiftly on the gale before  
It, lightly cleaves the ocean blue!

The tear is trembling on my cheek,  
My heart is yearning o'er the sea,  
And thoughts that lips may never speak,  
Are swelling up, my friend, for thee.

I would have bound thee with a chain,  
Had love been strong to hold thee here,  
But, nay! I will not give thee pain,  
By one regret, or idle tear!

May fairer fates, and bluer skies,  
And better friends henceforth be thine,  
Though I must bear the sacrifice,  
That burns within this heart of mine!

Yet, once again, the sad adieu,  
The starting tear, the bitter moan,  
And thou art far upon the blue,  
And I am left alone, alone!

One that knows how to read can hear  
all past generations talk; and one that  
knows how to write can talk to all genera-  
tions that are to come. What a wonder-  
ful power does a little knowledge con-  
fer for good or evil!

## THITNER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXXIII.

Paris—Vernet's Battle-scenes—Napoleon I. and III.

Of the miles of painting stretched out through the palace of the Louvre and of Versailles, treating of that accursed art of war,—in which, as a grand central figure, Napoleon I. always appears urging on his troops “to deeds of daring,”—we can but confess that to us they were simply disgusting. Though the genius of a Vernet has portrayed these scenes of mortal strife with masterly skill, no artistic excellence can throw beauty around that, which is in its very nature revolting; the mere exhibition of brutal conflict, or the exercise of destructive expertness cannot win from this stubborn child of Adam, one approving look even though events of magnitude, and deep historic interest may cluster around the scene. Is it not enough that the fair earth has been crimsoned by the bloody foot-prints of remorseless war;—that such scenes of violence and cruelty have been enacted “as make high Heaven weep;”—is not this sad enough, without seeking to *re-produce* and *perpetuate* the horrible reality, with all the force that artistic skill can bring to bear upon the subject? Talk of the immoral tendency in the exhibition of nude statuary, (for there are good, honest souls who believe their objection to this class of production well founded), why we consider all the Venuses and Appollos that were ever created as pure gospel, in comparison with one strongly delineated battle-scene, with its rioting of devilish malignity, and beastly ferocity! We still recollect, with a sort of half comical satisfaction, this bit of self-administered consolation to which we treated our case while turning to other objects of interest with which these collections abound, viz:—If we were a Queen, never a Battle-scene, or any delineation of the wrath and cruelty of mankind would we allow to find place in any public gallery of our realm! But martial France! ah! she would as soon pluck out her right eye as leave her deeds of military prowess to blank oblivion,—the portrayal of which,

in brilliant colors, is so much her delight! Among the trophies of arms, royal presents, and personal relics of the great NAPOLEON I—the conquered conqueror—so profusely displayed, both at Versailles, and at the Louvre, nothing impressed us so profoundly as the sight of that faded Pocket-handkerchief, yellow'd by age, with the once potent name, “NAPOLEON,” embroidered on one corner, which was taken from his dying pillow and carefully preserved as a sacred memento of him who once ruled the destinies of Europe! This, and the plain “Chapeau” worn during his lonely exile upon that rock-girt Isle; how full of a deep, sad eloquence were they! Here, the dark days of his humiliation and utter loneliness in banishment, and of his lonelier death-bed, were present before us! “Is this the end of human greatness?” We might we ask, what weight of harrowing regrets and pain had throbbled beneath the shadow of that plain black Chapeau! The Hero, the Conqueror, dispensing kingdoms, as if they had been but holiday gifts, with a more than kingly power, resting its glittering tiara upon his brow,—now hurled from his lofty pedestal, he stands alone—as a man; isolated from his fellows! To the level of a common humanity he has now descended. The plain Hat before us, lying beside the richly adorned military chapeau, once worn by him in the days of his triumph, expresses it all! Thus he stands in his awful solitude, deprived even of the last earthly comfort which his better heart would crave, the presence and sympathy of the faithfully devoted Josephine, for whose shameful repudiation who can doubt that God in His just dispensation of human events has brought him to this bitter strait! Upon that one, really mean and cowardly episode in the life of Napoleon, we could never look but with loathing and contempt. That the military leader of an age, who could say, not only to individuals, but to nations, “Go, and he goeth!” “Come, and he cometh!” “Do this, and he doeth it!” would consent to a divorce from the noble being to whom all that was truest and best in his soul was irrevocably united, upon the mere ground of expediency, was

too sordid a consideration even for a selfish soul like his; too disgustingly dishonorable to be contemplated for a moment without detestation! That the throne upon whose dazzling height, the greatness of his genius had elevated him, was without a direct heir. What betokened this? unless, that he was to stand *alone*—the *ONE MAN* out of the ages—who, having a specific work to do among the nations, as an instrument of the Divine Will; that work accomplished, no heir of his begetting should come after him. Alone of all the monarchs, HIS name would go down through future generations coupled with the mingled praise and blame which the verdict of mankind render to the good and evil deeds in the career of earth's great ruling minds!

The Divine decree of "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and hitherto shall thy proud waves be staid," was issued in regard to the wonder-working Corsican's career, as well as in the case of others, less invincible among the sons of men. The mandate once disregarded, and, notwithstanding the proud hopes built upon that union, with the "House of Hapsburg," Waterloo, Elba, still drearier, St. Helena—the lonely exile, and lonelier death succeed! The clothing worn in his last days, the handkerchief with which the death dew might have been wiped from his brow, and the mortal remains enshrined in yonder costly mausoleum, opposite the "Hotel des Invalides," finish the history!

But, just compensation! Silently, yet surely, carried on in the lapse of years by God's unerring providence! To-day, upon the throne of France, wielding a sway as widely potent in most respects, as that of the GREAT NAPOLEON, sits one, in whose veins courses the blood of the repudiated Empress, the cruelly injured, the nobly forgiving Josephine! Truly says the German poet:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceeding small;  
Though with patience He stands waiting,  
With exactness grinds He all."

With an equal ambition for power, though developed in a different form from

the warlike achievement of his uncle, will the present Emperor heed the lesson taught in the career of that renowned general? or will he at last stepping out from the wary policy which has carried him so successfully along thus far tempt the waves of destruction, by encroaching upon a forbidden path? Time will show. Meanwhile, that with all his personal, selfish ambition, he still has the permanent prosperity and Glory of France in view, who will deny? or that he has proven to the world, his capacity for governing a great nation, whose mercurial temperament, leading them to outbursts of revolution and bloody cruelty, seems to have provoked that form of despotism, which despite the noble ideas of true liberty cherished by a class of the French people; Napoleon III. has thus far, successfully administered, no one can gainsay!

*Sunday in the gay capital.*—Gayest of days, in this lively city is the Sunday. Take a moderate "Fourth of July celebration," an ordinary "election parade," throwing by way of addition, a few May-day festivals, and we have a sort of sample (though lacking that inimitable French element—their good natured vivacity), of Sunday street-life and its accompaniments! Churches and galleries of art are open, theatres, cafes and restaurants! Mountebanks and street-harlequins, shops, and outside booths, do a thriving business; while the city is thronged with military companies, splendid equipages, and innumerable pleasure-seekers. And yet, with all the crowd and merry excitement no cases of rowdiness, none of intoxication, occurs; the strictest good order prevails, and an individual's life and property are as safe among this lively throng as in the quietest town of our quiet native State.

On Rue de Marbaeuf is an English Protestant Church, on Rue de Berry an American Chapel, in both of which we worshipped during our stay in Paris. In old "Notre Dame" (at that time undergoing extensive repairs), we spent several hours; being shown by the sacristan the splendid regalia, and precious jewels, vessels, etc., used at the coronation of the two Emperors. At the modern Church of "St. Madeline" we met a fashionable

crowd, who tarried, and attended with strict devotion while one mass was said, and then forth they dispersed, taking their separate ways for business or pleasure, while another half hour found a similar crowd congregated; and thus, a dozen congregations or more must have passed in and out, paying in this way, their religious duties, probably to their entire satisfaction.

But, to these Parisian Sundays, we did not take kindly, as they, from the first, disagreed with our constitution, physically, mentally and spiritually, and the thought of a year, or even two or three, spent in this "centre of civilization," seemed more and more undesirable. Thus, notwithstanding its much sought attractions, we found our heart turning away toward our old transatlantic region among the barbarians of the north-country, where, (please God), we hoped after a few more months of sojourn on European soil, to reach that dearest spot of earth called "Home!"

M. C. G.

*Lilfred's Rest.*

### THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

By Annette Fleetwood.

In a bower festooned with roses,  
'Mid the flowers in beauty lay,  
A maid in blissful dreaming,  
On a bright and summer day;  
Ah! she longed for wings of fancy,  
That she might afar off soar,  
To a land that teemed with beauty,  
To some bright elysian shore.

And she whispered, "Come, good fairy,  
Come and grant me my request—  
Give me but the boon I ask thee,  
Then I surely shall be blest;  
Guide me to some beautiful country,  
Where my feet can ever roam,  
Free from care I'd be so joyous,  
There life's ills must never come."

"List thee, maiden!" said the fairy,  
"Wouldst thou win a noble prize,  
Follow me, and I will show thee,  
Ever where thy duty lies;  
I would plant a crown upon thee,  
That with age cannot grow dim,  
Then thy heart shall throb with pleasure,  
For a sparkling gem thou'lt win.

"Follow now where I shall lead thee,  
In a path of narrow bound,  
'Tis not in the halls of pleasure  
That the purest joys are found."

So the fairy onward led her.  
To a humble, lonely cot,  
Where upon a hard, straw pallet,  
Lay one dying and forgot.

There apart from friends and friendship,  
Lived a sorrowing one of earth,  
She had tried its show and tinsel,  
And could estimate its worth;  
While fair fortune smiled upon her,  
She was gayest of the gay,  
But, like leaves borne on the breeze,  
Friends and riches passed away.

"Take thy seat beside the sufferer,"  
Said the sufferer to the maid,  
"Watch the spirit slow departed,  
Give the sinking nature aid;  
I will come again unto thee,  
When thy duty here is done,  
Soon will cease the feeble taper,  
For life's sands are nearly run.

Then the fairy left the maiden,  
To watch o'er the dying one,  
And supply the wants of nature,  
And to mark life's setting sun;  
When the breath was growing fainter,  
Once more opened she her eyes,  
To behold the gentle watcher,  
Ere she soared to brighter skies.

"Ah! kind angel, dost thou tend me?  
Breathed she in a plaintive tone;  
Heaven's rich blessings will attend thee,  
For thy love to me alone;  
Soothe my pillow. I am going—  
Lov'd ones beckon me away—  
Thus continue work and faint not,  
Give—and God will thee repay."

Then the fairy re-appearing,  
Bid her heed her voice once more,  
"It is written, clothe the naked,  
Feed the hungry, starving poor;  
Do thou this, for 'tis more blessed  
To bestow than to receive.  
Then the peace that dwells within thee,  
Is the crown that I would give."

Thus it is with woman ever,  
She must soothe the aching heart,  
In the cottage, or the palace,  
Joy her presence should impart;  
Then to rear for future greatness,  
Those intrusted to her care,  
And to love with fond devotion.  
Is blest woman's mission here.

*Pleasant Valley, N. Y.*

The man who lives merely for the purpose of pumping gratification out of all the world into himself, and appropriating God's benefits without regard to others, is the meanest creature in the world,—nothing but a sponge with brains, sucking in everything and letting out nothing.

## AUNT DEBORAH—OR, WRONG TRAINING.

By Almira Augusta.

"Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,  
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come.

Even so may'st thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil."

Uncle Enoch was not one of those who exalt themselves into the chair of authority, endeavoring only to control by their awful virtues, but

"—— his harmless life

Did with substantial blessedness abound,  
And the soft wings of peace cover'd him round."

With pleasure I look back upon his peaceful, benign countenance, kept in a continual glow of good humor by a constant flow of soft and tender thoughts, jetting up from a heart of perennial bloom. His suavity of manners rendered him at all times easy of approach, and his peace-loving disposition flung around him an atmosphere, like that we sometimes inhale at the close of a sultry day, when, tired of turmoil and strife, we sit down to enjoy the soft lengthening twilight.

The utmost result of his ambition was, to train those precious blossoms, Heaven had lent him, for a blessed immortality. His uniform and regular life might have flowed on in tranquility, had not she, who had walked as a ministering angel by his side, been blotted as a star from the domestic horizon.

Passing over a considerable space of time, we find uncle Enoch and his wife, Deborah, comfortably situated in a snug little room, immediately back of the one he formerly occupied. He is sitting in his own arm-chair, before a cheerful fire, his quiet, patient demeanor, and still more the mild and resigned expression on his venerable face, seemed to say—"and now Lord, what wait I for;" yet the tender spirits gambolling at his feet, like saplings about a venerable oak, form a connecting link between him and time.

A striking contrast to uncle Enoch was his wife Deborah, a plump, cherry-faced woman, treading to and fro with the alacrity of youth—a right well-to-do sort of woman was she, who felt herself responsi-

ble for everything going on in the circle of her acquaintance.

"I say, pa, I have been thinking the matter over and over, and I have come to the conclusion it's my duty to give Mrs. Sylburgh a talking."

"Well, ma, Mrs. Sylburgh is a nice sort of a woman, and, in times of need, has been a kind, benevolent friend to us. Perhaps I know more about it than you do, though."

"What's that to do with it, pa: it shouldn't hinder one from doing their duty,—it wont hinder me any how, when I see people going on in a right up and down wicked course, I'll tell 'em of it, you may be sure of that."

"Perhaps," remarked uncle Enoch, "she has done the best she could in her circumstances. 'Tis not right to judge hastily, ma, nobody can tell what they may be left to do, and the best have to mourn over their short comings."

"At any rate, I know as much as this, if she had brought up her child in the way he should go, he never'd turned out as he has. Why, look at your children, pa; every one of them in the church."

This was said with an air of consequence—or, 'I've been the means of this.'

Uncle Enoch groaned; it was his way when burdened with thought. Perhaps he was thinking of his prudent, discreet little wife, who used to teach his babes to lisp their evening prayers; at any rate, he groaned, and after a minute's pause he sighed out—

"We've all got a wicked heart, ma—a very wicked heart."

Then he groaned again, as if his soul and spirit were bowed down in prayer.

Just at this critical moment, aunt Deborah paused—looked up the lane, as if endeavoring to comprehend something.

"Pa, pa! if there isn't she coming here now."

"Who? Deborah."

"Why! la! she we've been talking about."

Uncle Enoch adjusted his spectacles, and took a very deliberate look.

"Now, ma, I hope you'll not forget it's our duty to be charitable; she's done the best she knows how to do, I dare say."



Another groan, and he continued :

"She's been a good critter to us, Deborah, and the Lord only knows what we should 've done without her."

"How do you all do?" inquired Mrs. Sylburgh, entering with an agreeable smile.

"Oh!—er,—good morning," faltered aunt Deborah.

Uncle Enoch rose, and cordially extending his hand, said, "Why, really, Phebe, is this you? I didn't expect to see you this morning; take a chair; I'm glad to see you, though."

"Thank you, uncle. How do you get along these frosty mornings?"

Here uncle Enoch heaved a sigh.

"Oh, as well as a poor sinful critter like me can expect. Health is a free gift, you know, Phebe, like all our other blessings—poor undeserving critters."

"Very true," answered Mrs. Sylburgh; "yet how we misimprove our blessings. I was thinking of it this very morning"

"It's high time," ejaculated aunt Deborah, with a firm voice and clenched teeth, glad of an opportunity to commence.

She now seated herself in an attitude of defence, directly in front of the visitor.

Mrs. Sylburgh, unconscious of the war going on in aunt Deborah's bosom, looked a little surprised, and wishing to give the conversation a pleasant turn, said mildly:

"I expected to see you at the circle yesterday."

Now, Mrs. Sylburgh was an officer of the newly organized circle, which had been one of aunt Deborah's chief sources of irritation.

"Did you? I s'pose if I could dress in silks and satins, as some folks can, I might be invited."

"Why, ma,' ma'," mildly reproved uncle Enoch.

"I was not aware invitations were extended," remarked Mrs. Sylburgh; "it is for any of the society to join."

"Yes, I s'pose I understand it," said aunt Deborah, with a significant nod of the head. "Now-a-days nobody can be noticed without they are dressed in the best; tian't how much a body does, but how they look."

"Well, ma,' ma," said uncle Enoch, soothingly, "I wouldn't trouble about it, we are oommanded not to seek the approbation of men."

"I know that," answered aunt Deborah; "'tis the last thing I should think of; and, I am sure, 'tis the last thing I should try for—the approbation of people who can't govern themselves or their children.

Poor uncle Enoch, seeing no chance of staying the storm, sought another apartment.

"I repeat it, Mrs. Sylburgh, I never strive for the good opinion of folks who don't know how to govern or bring up their children."

"What have you reference to?" inquired Mrs. Sylburgh. "I do not understand you."

Aunt Deborah laid aside her knitting work, and taking the large family Bible, said,

"Mrs. Sylburgh, I was telling my man this morning, that I had taken my Bible, read and prayed over it day after day, and couldn't come to any other conclusion."

"And what was your conclusion?" interrupted Mrs. Sylburgh.

"Why, to be sure, you know how you've let that 'ere boy of your'n run to random all his days, and now you just see what's come to. You know what the Bible says, 'spare the rod and spoil the child.'"

"I am perfectly conscious of not performing my duty towards my children; but as to letting them run to random, is a charge to which I cannot plead guilty. Perhaps I have not corrected them, when, or as often as was expedient, inclining to the opinion that love and forbearance united, operate as powerfully as the rod."

"That'll never do; nothing else will make 'em walk in the right way," declared aunt Deborah, very positively.

"I have ever been of the opinion that too much restriction put upon children will incline them to rush to extremes when freed from restraints."

"Nō, quite t'other way, I can assure you. Look where you will, and you'll see them 'ere milk and water governors have the worst sort of children. Only

see my man. Nobody would be able to live in the house with them 'ere three boys of our'n, wasn't it for me. All one gets from pa is, 'Never mind, they'll know better one of these days.' But I'll not wait for 'em to know better. I'll just let 'em know they shall do right betimes, or I'll take the rod and give 'em such a strapping; why, jest a sight of that 'ere rod hanging up there, will make 'em tremble for a week, I'll warrant you."

"But do you feel confident such a course of treatment will result in your childrens' good?" asked Mrs. Sylburgh.

"To be sure I do. I'm not 't all afraid any of my children will turn out bad. I believe what the Bible says."

Here aunt Deborah shuffled over the leaves of the sacred Book, scarcely able to know where to refer for these words of instruction.

"No matter, I can repeat 'em. 'Train up a child in the way it should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' S'pose you heard our minister preach from it t'other Sunday. I was hoping 'twould do some folks good. It's jest my mind. 'Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines.'"

"Very true. But one would not think of bestowing such ill usage upon a twig; surely it would never arrive at maturity. The husbandman better understands that important proverb, 'Prevention is better than cure.' Think with what care he first prepares the soil, then watches the growth of the twig, cultivates its beauties, and remedies its defects; cautiously he guardst he precious blossom from corrupting influences; and if he discovers any symptoms of disease, how carefully he applies the remedy, lest the rot canker the root, and the golden fruit of harvest be blasted."

"That's all very well, Mrs. Sylburgh, when applied to trees. But you know as well as I, that boys ain't trees, and trees ain't boys."

"Certainly not; yet we are directed to the husbandman for instruction. If we bestowed equal pains in cultivating virtuous principles in the hearts of our children, there would be little fear of vice gaining the ascendancy."

Mrs. Sylburgh rose to take leave.

"I hope you wont think anything about what I've said," remarked aunt Deborah, rather embarrassed; "we are commanded to confess our faults one to another, and I always speak out jest what I think, never mincing the matter, you know."

"I have no objections to candid dealings," said Mrs. Sylburgh; "if we followed more closely the example of our blessed Saviour, we should spare ourselves many hours of vexatious disquietude—hours which might be more profitably employed. It is lamentable to think to how little purpose we spend our time. Instead of seeking opportunities of doing good, we dissipate our life in ill directed industry."

No sooner had Mrs. Sylburgh departed than aunt Deborah perceived the advantage she had gained over her. Uncle Enoch entering at the time, she let off the rest of her steam upon him.

"I wish you'd get out of the way pa, so's a body can get to the fire. I should like to get my ironing done twixt this and to-morrow morning, if I could be permitted. I hate the sight of a man hanging round all day."

"Well, ma', I'm an old man, now, and love to sit down to enjoy the evening of life by my own fireside."

"I guess everybody knows that before now. I know, for oae, I've been a slave to you ever since I was married. Nothing but fussing, dosing, and waiting; that's all one gets for marrying an old man—a perfect drag on a young woman like me."

Uncle Enoch groaned.

"Oh, ma', I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but we can't help it now. We ought to have thought of that before."

"Help it! you wouldn't help it if you could. All you got me for was jest a jack-at-a-pinch to your beck and call, and you know it as well as I do. Afere I was married I had money enough to spend as I pleased, and could go where I pleased, but now I don't have a cent to give away, and pent up here, drudging round from year's end to year's end."

Here aunt Deborah stalked out of the room, but soon reappeared with uncle Enoch's shoes and coat.

"Here," said she, "s'pose you can put em on, can't you?"

"Why, ma,' you needn't take so much trouble," remarked uncle Enoch, with a pleasant smile and kind voice.

"You know I'd just as lief get 'em as not, only I don't like to be twitted by them 'ere gals of your'n," answered aunt Deborah, repenting of what she had been saying.

Uncle Enoch ventured no remark, for he had found by bitter experience that the smallest pebble thrown into a troubled stream increases its agitation.

\* \* \* \*

The venerable sire with silvery flowing hair sat by the little stand, upon which lay the open Bible. He discoursed to the offspring of his old age, gathered about him, on the all-absorbing love of the blessed Saviour to guilty man. His words on that occasion were more than usually impressive; his heart seemed opening to receive a larger measure of those golden drops fresh from heaven's pure fountain; his countenance shone with the glory that irradiated his soul, and irresistibly drew his auditors to thoughts of heaven. Even aunt Deborah, contrary to her usual practice of improving time while pa is reading, laid down the napkin she had been using, and gazed thoughtfully in uncle Enoch's face. Long and fervently did he discourse; when at last he ceased, they thought it the signal for prayer. The influence of that moment so cherished in memory,

"Sank on the heart as dew along the flowers."

His prayer was turned to praise. The good man's hand was on the sacred Book—his spirit was in heaven.

Poor aunt Deborah's sorrow was uncontrollable. It burst forth with the terrific violence of a volcanic eruption, and like that engine of nature, it was soon exhausted by the force of its own energy. For three long weeks she refused comfort or consolation, declaring there was no sorrow like unto her sorrow.

We frequently differ in our views of an individual after he is dead and gone. It was so with aunt Deborah.

"Oh, dear!" sighed she, "I shall never see happiness again. Poor creature! if he'd only lived as long as I, it would have been a comfort; yet who could expect it, though, seeing he was so much older than me. If he'd only lived till them 'ere boys had grown up, I'd been thankful. There's our Sam!"—

Here aunt Deborah fell back in her chair, and gave way to a violent fit of sobs and tears, then continued:

"He's got so big now I can't manage him as I used to do; he wont mind a word I say. There's Tim, too, going on the same way; I don't know what I shall do. The Lord only knows I've done my best to make 'em something, and if they turn out bad, it's not my fault. I'll give my Sam a round talking when he comes home, that I will. I'll see if he'll defy my authority. All my hope now rests in little Joe, dear creature!"

This is a specimen of aunt Deborah's many soliloquies. Poor woman! would she had better understood the use of the tongue. In her case it proved a world of iniquity.

Little Joseph was his father in miniature. A quiet, gentle spirit, who seemed to live in an atmosphere of love. His merry face, with a smile in every dimple, often—very often, dispersed the gathering cloud on his mother's brow. His lively sparks of wit gave a cheerful turn to the conversation, and his glad laugh did good as a medicine.

Joseph grew up a light in the community, dispersing the deep moral darkness by his brilliant piety. His charities fell like music upon the drooping spirit—like balm upon the wounded heart.

"True charity, plant divinely nursed,  
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,  
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,  
Storms but enliven its unfading green.  
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,  
Its fruits on earth, its growth above the  
skies."

As Benjamin Sylburgh one evening was returning home, he encountered a man furiously declaiming, evidently under the excitement of liquor, and surrounded by a mob of boys cruelly taunting him.

By a word of authority, mingled with reproof, he dispersed the idlers, and generously assisted the inebriate home.

"Who'd ever thought," exclaimed aunt Deborah, bursting into a hysterical fit, crying and talking together, "there's your mother, Benjamin, she never took half the pains to bring you up as I have my Sam; but what is the use of it all; he's a perfect fury."

"Who made me a fury?" cried Sam, interrupting his mother.

"Who? Rum and bad company, that's who," answered the enraged mother.

"It's no such thing, 'twas yourself. Eternal taunts, and jaw, jaw; can't have any peace where you are. Drove me from home."

"Oh, Sam! Sam! how can you talk so? You know I done everything for you that a mother could do. You've basely—cruelly—I'm sure nobody could have done more than I have. If your poor father could only look from the grave"—

Here aunt Deborah burst afresh into sobs and tears."

"Don't know what you could expect—got no home—can't find happiness anywhere."

Benjamin Sylburgh sat a silent spectator of this exciting scene. He reflected what might have been his own condition had he been placed in similar circumstances—had not his devoted mother labored to bring him back to the path of rectitude. Without hesitation he determined to give Samuel a helping hand—to sound in his ear the warning voice—"then oh, then," thought he, "this erring brother may be induced to take the first trembling step—induced to make the vigorous effort, without which, he cannot be saved from that devouring vortex, threatening to destroy soul and body."

Samuel possessed a noble, generous nature, keenly alive to the impulses of friendship. The next morning when Benjamin opened to him the plan he had formed, and the bright prospect before him, should he consent to his proposal, his eyes filled with tears of gratitude. Benjamin had found the magic key to unlock the inner caverns of his heart;

to stir the deep fountains of love, which had been obscured by the noxious weeds of vice and intemperance.

Samuel awoke to reflection. He reviewed his past life, and his mind was tortured with his perilous condition; he felt, truly felt that nothing short of Omnipotence could save him. The tender memories of his father passed before him, like the soft breath of an angel harp; and the kindly influence exerted over him in the family of Mrs. Sylburgh, all conspired to arouse him to action, to duty, and to responsibility.

Not so Timothy; he had bound himself to Bacchus, and his slave he would be. The united influence of Benjamin and Samuel could not entice him to quit his vicious course of life. One severe winter's morning he was found lying upon the ground by the side of a pile of planks, with a brandy bottle in his pocket, stiff and cold in death.

*Theismar Cottage.*

### DING, DONG, BELL.

Ding, dong, Messenger of Birth! how cheerily dost thou ring,

The first-born's ding, the infant's earliest dong! stealing through glade and dell,  
O'er gurgling brook, and rippling rill, how merrily dost thou sing,

Ding, dong, bell!

Ding, dong, nuptial messenger! how gaily dost thou peal

The bridal ding, the marriage, festive dong! as joyously you swell,  
O'er tower, and hall, at cottage door, so joyous do we feel,

Ding, dong, bell!

Ding, dong, heavenly messenger! how grateful to mine ear,

Thy mystic ding, thy soul uplifting dong! Ringing o'er vale and fell  
Reverberating from hill to hill, how sweet it is to hear,

Ding, dong bell!

Ding, dong, Messenger of Death! how dismal now thy lay!

Thy slow, dull ding, thy icy, throbbing dong, tolled o'er the bier, thy knell  
Bids to the tomb, and, as the dead, ohills e'en the living clay!

Ding, dong, bell!

[The following article from a correspondent, in reply to one from "Lizette," entitled "The Returned Volunteer," finds a place in the Repository from a feeling of justice towards that very large portion of the readers of the Repository who are loyal and true to their country and the government, and who honor our soldiers and their noble self-sacrifice too deeply to appreciate the feeling which could represent the North as looking on its maimed and crippled returned volunteers with dislike and contempt.]

In justice to herself the Editor would say that Lizette's article, by some inadvertence, did not pass through her hands. She never saw it until it was in print.]

### "THE RETURNED VOLUNTEER."

By Jane L. Patterson.

READERS OF THE REPOSITORY:—I have never written a line for your perusal. I am not a public benefactor of that class, though a few times in my life I have been moved to speak through the printed page. I will tell you why I make my appearance at this time. I have read with you an article entitled "The Returned Volunteer," written for the December Number of this Magazine, by "Lizette, of Old Town." I have wondered how that article got into the Repository. The Editor is a patriot—she has given sons to the army. The Assistant Editors are also patriots. One of them has spoken brave words for the cause of liberty, and given her first-born to the sacrifice. They never saw it or it would doubtless have been contributed to the fire-kindlings instead of a public print of the character of the Repository. I expect the type-setters were handling the types with their fingers and thinking of Hooker's "battle above the clouds." I exonerate them. I dare not accuse the Proprietors of complicity with the enemy or a desire to conciliate rebel sympathizers. I think they saw the title only, and thought noble thoughts of the returned volunteer. The article doubtless crept in unawares.

Let us look at its sentiments a moment. This volunteer had returned from the war with a mutilated body. Lizette weeps at the sight. So does every woman. But I trust the women are few in our land who will say of a shattered soldier that the "divinity is sacrilegiously crushed out of him." Is an arm, an eye, or jaw man's divinity? I have always believed—and I supposed all Christians did, that man's divinity consisted in his inner life—call it soul or mind—I care not what name you give it—so that you recognize a divinity within these mortal vestments—a life breathed from the Eternal Divinity. The sense of right and wrong—the heroic purpose, the dauntless courage of man—these represent his divinity. I cannot understand how they can be crushed out by shot, or shell, or horses' hoofs, until the life is crushed out,—then they take new form in the life immortal. They are not killed or annihilated. That is a questionable pity which sees a "blight and mildew," a "pitiable blot" in a war-worn soldier. If this young soldier went to war with a patriot's holy purpose, to defend and help perpetuate imperilled liberty, and came home bearing the conflict scars, he came nobler than he went. He wears the insignia of fidelity to father-land. The fact that he wears the scars of liberty's defender should glorify the meanest soldier who ever wore a scar. Lizette's eyes may see no deeper than the marred fleshly beauty. But American women are not all so blind. Some of them look upon man as other than an artist's picture, to be spoiled by an accidental touch of the brush. Some of them acknowledge a beauty diviner than sculptured arm, or glory-tinted eye. They bow in reverence before a soul that can stand undaunted in the wildest battle, when it stands there as the representative of an idea, the defender of heaven-descended right. They have learned this reverence from the cross with its bleeding Christ; and along the ages, from dungeons, and racks, and flames, where martyrs have gone out of "the life that now is."

War is terrible!—beyond the faintest conception of those who smell the battle

afar off. A war for conquest—a war upon an unoffending sister republic—war waged to extend and perpetuate a nation's cause—such war is an abomination in the sight of all right-thinking people. But to lift the sword in defence of liberty and national life, is quite another thing. Better that men should die, than that a nation long the synonym of liberty—the star of hope to struggling man everywhere—should succumb to the ambitious treason of a few apostate sons. Almost as pitiable as the fact of the Southern rebellion is that other fact so apparent in Lizette's article, that men and women can live in this land of liberty, sharing its largess continually, and not see a traitor's hydra-head in rebels in arms. Call them a "people who dared resist the rule that galled them!" What meaning is there in such words as these? Does not every child know that this "people,"—the South—had ruled in our national councils almost continually, since we became a nation? If they were "galled" it was by the chains their own wicked hands had riveted. I suppose, too, that even the children know that President Lincoln had not begun to "rule" when this "resistance" began.

It is historic, and they who have eyes may read, that for thirty years, conspirators at the South had plotted against this government. It was too free for their high notions. They had imbibed exalted ideas of their little self-hood from having driven so long a "servile race." The fellowship of North-men from their lumber-yards, and shops and farms, was not agreeable. They desired to change this universal liberty for a "landed aristocracy and a servile population." And in the event of success to their long maturing plot, the poor white man of the North would find the slave-driver's heel upon his own neck. I think well informed young men burned with something deeper, nobler than "resentment" when they rushed to arms against this insolent foe. And I am quite sure sensible and reasonable people will say of those who have defended liberty with pen and tongue, in these fiery times, something besides, "inflated."

Does the fact that we have sacrificed and suffered in a cause render that cause any less dear to us? Have we not written our fidelity to the cause in the sacrifices we have made in its behalf, and think you a soul sensible of the righteousness of his endeavors, will give up all as lost—as nothing to him now that he stands up wearing his battle scars? I tell you no! The "Union, the Constitution, and the Star Spangled Banner," are a thousand-fold endeared to him who has suffered in their defense. One of the great compensations of this strife is found in the new baptism which our love of country has received. We value that which costs us something to secure and preserve. Many a soldier dying, has sung hallelujahs when he heard the shouts of victory. He had given toil and sacrifice, and life itself, and death found him in his love of country. And to him who wears honorable scars, there comes a recompense which that class of minds are incapable of comprehending who see only the materialism of life, and think of man only as a statue of flesh and bone. That liberty-love which led him to battle, binds up his wounds. That sense of right which throbbed through every limb and artery of an unbroken frame, warms with intenser fire the body that has given a hand or an eye for the life of the nation.

Eighteen centuries ago Christ lived and died for man's redemption, and yet the world is not redeemed. Are Christians therefore discouraged and hopeless? Do they conclude that sin will never be finished because it still defies the teachings of the Great Physician? How did Christ himself look upon his own labors? Did he die in despondency after toiling three years? or did he assure mankind that as surely as he was lifted up from the earth he would "draw all men unto himself"? He saw in the fact of his earthly mission a pledge of the fulfilment of its largest promise. He had toiled and suffered—had finished the work God gave him to do. He had done his duty, and he believed the prophet, that he should see the fruits of his soul's travail. He was satisfied that his sacrifice was not in vain, but in the fulness of time he should

gather all things in one. The world was not made in a day, and its redemption cannot be accomplished in a moment. God is patient. So are godly souls. They believe

"That good shall fall, at last—far off—at last to all."

Does it prove the futility of the soldier's sacrifice that our land is not restored whole in a day? I tell you nay. The work is stupendous; but every atom of strength, every drop of blood employed in its furtherance, shall fill a needed place, and do a needed work.

I think the reason nobody greets the returned volunteer, (of whom Lizette speaks) with words of sympathy, on his glorious return, is because the loyal men of Old Town are all in the army, and the loyal women in the soldier's hospitals. And those clergymen of the town who have harangued the people to "deeds of blood," doubtless feel that they are needed at home as much as in the heart of rebellion. I dare not express the mingled feelings which surge through my heart on reading such sentiments concerning the clergymen of our land, from one who presumes to write for a religious magazine, largely patronized by the clergy. Such elegant epithets! "Etna-lunged, flame-worded Goliaths!" Men who have *rarely*—for "remunerative appointments," gone to war! Such abuse is expected in partizan sheets, which in blind devotion to party service, have run so widely astray from the truth, that its presence is a stranger to their columns—and in the mouths of blackguard politicians it is no pollution.

It is a well-known fact that the clergy as a body, have done more for the cause of liberty in our land, than any other class of men of equal numbers and natural ability. They have not thought of ease or personal aggrandizement, but of imperilled liberty, and bleeding country. They have been true to their convictions in word and deed. Many of them have seen parishioners deny Christ, and leave the church where their faith found affinity, and chant the mummery of an effete theology, because they lifted up weekly prayers for

fatherland. They have seen friends with whom they had enjoyed sweet fellowship, avert the eye and take the other side of the street.

All these things and more, the clergy have endured because they were true and brave. They have received no "remunerative appointments" for their fidelity; many of them have been driven from the places where they ministered—but I suspect they have the consciousness of doing right, to succor and cheer them in the midst of all earthly indifference and abuse.

Instances are not "rare," where they have rushed to the rescue as private soldiers; and more than one from our own denomination has given his life in behalf of country. Lizette has heard of one who thus gave his life, and she solicits a tribute to his memory from the dispensers of a nation's treasures. The nation's lawgivers have already made provision for the widows and orphans of such as he; but we will not leave it to so small a band of loyal men to pay respect to his memory. The whole redeemed land shall bless his name, and laud his sacrifice through future centuries. Even Lizette honors such as he for "consistency." But his "Christianity" and "patriotism" fare ill at her hands. This lady's judgment will not alarm the clergy. They expect nothing from her class. They do not even hope to see them converted until the "illumination" of eternity strikes off the scales that blind them.

What are the "noblest productions" of a land? I grant you, men. But what sort of men? Men who will sit in easy arm-chairs and see an assassin grasp their mother's throat without moving a peaceful muscle,—or men, who with resolute mien and dauntless purpose, rush to the rescue of their dearest love? Men who will sit in the chimney corner, and let the slave-master order them to do his bidding, or men who will declare in solid columns, as well as in oratorical truth, that "all men are created free"? Where would be the glory of our land to-day, if our brave boys had been afraid of rebel threats and rebel rifles, and staid at home? Where is the country beneath the stars,

that would not hiss at our imbecility, had we sat in fearful silence and let conspirators who had plotted the nation's ruin, accomplish that ruin with deadly missiles? Our goodly land never wore such glorious laurels as gird her now that she dares to fight to make real her declaration of independence. She has said to the mother country, "my sons shall be free." She is ready to say the same to intestine foes. In this dauntless spirit I see the glory—the "fairest proportions," the "noblest productions" of a land. Every home has a hearth-stone to the mother's rescue. Thousands on thousands have given up the ghost in camp and hospital, on march and battle-field. But our land is glorified by the martyr-spirit of these men. Talk about its being "despoiled and stripped." Take from it the soul that dares to speak and work for truth, and I grant you it is despoiled. But while this remains our land is glorious, and aftentimes shall write the present as the heroic age.

I would advise Lizette not to interpret the soldier's soliloquy. She says he is thinking such thoughts as none but God can know. Doubtless he would feel his battle-fire kindling if he knew she had presumed to put thoughts in his heart which savor of faithlessness or a broken spirit. No doubt he wishes he had another arm and another eye to give. No doubt he pines for a place among the noble host who bear their country's stripes and stars through this long contest. God who reads men's hearts, not their outer seeming, will see the noble purpose, the heroic spirit, the patient living-martyr. He who sent Christ to die for men, has blessed the spirit of self-sacrifice and baptized it the spirit of redemption. They follow Christ, not afar off, who offer their lives for truth and liberty. And when this country's redemption is fulfilled, men shall call the soldier a saviour; and women who have written him a "pitiable blot," shall strive to hide the sand they stood upon through these tempestuous times, and sigh for a place upon the rock of right where the men in arms, and the women in hospitals, and the teachers of freed-men, now nobly stand shoulder to shoulder,

er, doing service in His cause whose is the battle, and who giveth victory to the right, and liberty to the oppressed.

*Portsmouth, N. H.*

### REMEMBER ME.

By Anna M. Bates.

Remember me, when the red yule logs burn,  
On the old hearth,  
When to its side the parted ones return,  
With chastened mirth;  
When the home lamps are lit, and on each face  
They radiant shine—  
Looking, my mother, to my vacant place,  
Remember mine.

When ye have gathered round the laden board,  
The blessing said,  
And kind words pass as the warm cup is pour'd;  
Think of the dead;  
When from thy band of daughters and thy son,  
My vacant chair  
Shall mind thee, father, of thy buried one,  
O, miss me there!

Remember me, my sister, in the room  
Where many a day  
Thou so hast dimmed the brightness of thy  
bloom,  
O'er my decay;  
O, when the last hour comes, stand ye around,  
With voice of prayer,  
Twine some pale buds, on my own rose-bush  
found,  
In my long hair:  
And lay me in some green and quiet spot,  
Away to sleep,  
And o'er me let the blue forget-me-not  
Its soft tears weep.

Remember me, my brother, in the bowers  
Beneath the vine  
Where grapes fell in luscious purple showers,  
Last autumn time.  
When thou art threading those familiar walks  
I shared with thee,  
Let memory renew our olden talks,  
Remember me.

Remember me, ye lov'd, I go from earth,  
To heaven's land;  
Yet shall I look from that immortal birth,  
Back to this land;  
Remember me, amid your earthly days,  
The one link riven,  
I, who will wait you 'mid the unending praise  
And joys of heaven.



## A MEMORY.

By Miss M. Remick.

Fifteen springs above his grave,  
Have their pearly blossoms shed;  
Fifteen winters have gone by,  
Since he slumbered with the dead;  
Hushed the voices of his home,  
Shadows lie in every room,  
Whence he passed in his fair youth,  
To the silence of the tomb.

Scarce the bloom gone from his cheek,  
Or the light from his blue eye,  
When the messenger of death,  
Came to lead him to the sky.  
O, what wonder human hearts  
Could not bow unto the rod,  
That above the waves of grief,  
Came in whispers, "I am God!"

Sudden was thy call, O, death,  
On that fair and solemn morn,  
When the trees were white with bloom,  
And the birds sang with the dawn;  
With the first sweet, matin note,  
Enteredst thou that mournful home,  
Soon across its threshold passed,  
Passed unseen—but not alone!

O! what weeping round that couch,  
As the gray dawn o'er it fell,  
And they saw the marble hues,  
On the face they loved so well;  
E'er since then the spring-time scents  
Bear a quickening breath of pain,  
Unto her whose mourning heart,  
Yearneth for the dead in vain!

Fifteen years the dust hath lain  
Smoothly o'er that marble face,  
And the busy world without,  
Of his presence bears no trace.  
Still in faithful hearts he lives,  
E'en as when on earth he trod,  
Though a holy spirit now,  
Moving by the throne of God.

Kittery, Me.

## TEMPTED.

By Lizzie.

Out in the wilderness, striving alone,  
Saviour ascended! hear'st thou my sad moan?  
Fasting and weeping, I wait for thine aid,  
Speak to me, Master, I'm sorely afraid.

Darkness encompasseth—spirits of ill,  
Round me gliding, with terror my weak spirit

They beckon and point, they bear me away,  
Help thou, oh Jesus! come near me, I pray.

Pity me, Saviour! thy spirit was torn,  
With pangs of a struggling mortality born;  
Thou knowest my need, oh hear my lone cry,  
In mercy draw near, help, Lord, or I die!

I stretch forth my arms in supplication wild,  
Draw me safe to thy footstool, oh Christ unde-  
filed!

Chase the phantoms dread of this night away,  
Let my soul grow strong in the light of day.

New York.

## THE GREAT MYSTERY.

The following beautiful passage is taken from Timothy Titcomb's "Preaching upon Popular Proverbs":—

"The body is to die, so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realms of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul, over life's restless waters, but wings its way wearily back, with an olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely-bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heavens, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness; the crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her."

The eye would be useless in total darkness, and the light would be insignificant if it struck upon a sightless world. There is more expressive evidence of design, then, in the reciprocal fitness than in the intrinsic arrangements of each.

## Editor's Table.

If there is any one thing to remind us more forcibly than all others, that we are waxing older, it is the ever-growing shortness of the years. I remember far away back in my life, when the light wings of childhood were on my shoulders, how interminable a period a year ever seemed. The long seasons wore slowly, laggingly away, as if they never would depart and give place to the one succeeding—that one whose rosy feet were to tread on flowers brighter and more beautiful than had ever blossomed before, and were to bring something to my life sweet and welcome; I could not tell, but only vaguely imagine what.

Nothing in those days surprised me more than the sudden remark of some elder of the household—a remark I have often heard without wonder since—“How short the summer or the winter has been!” Short! to me it had seemed one of the seven ages, which would never have an end! I remember gazing in their faces, and meditating on the incomprehensible enigma, and wondering if it would ever be thus with me. Should I too, ever sit, my spectacles thrown up on my forehead, my pale and wrinkled hands resting on my knees, as I gazed dreamily into the pleasant, murmuring fire that burned comfortably in the wide chimney, and say with a quiet sigh, “How strange it is the winter has gone so soon!” Should I, as with the slender tongs, I half-unconsciously picked up the glowing coals from the red-hot hearth, and slowly deposited them one after another on the forestick, add, with a deeper sigh, “Well, well, we shall all be gone by-and-by, and never wist whether the winters are short or long!” I know that I thought if I did, that I would turn to the little round table with its green baize covering at my side, and draw down my spectacles over my eyes, as my grandfather did, and read from the old, well-thumbed, large-lettered book, that always lay open upon it, those comforting things that always restored a cheerful smile to his venerable and handsome face. I did not need to peep over his shoulder to learn what that book was,

for I was too often called upon to read aloud to him from its pages, while, with closed eyes, he leaned back in his arm-chair and listened, with a gentle smile on his naturally stern face, to my childish voice, as it reverently recited the grand truths of the sacred volume. Besides, with all his varied reading, I knew that to him there was “but one book,” and no other had an ever-abiding place at his side.

How I compassionate that old man or woman who knows not that only solace for one who has had enough of the vanities and cares of the world—the Bible. The old granddeire may at times enjoy the playful sports of his grandchildren, or live over the past again in his fading memory—and the aged granddame may perform the little trifling services in the household that the old love to render, and she may solace herself with that inexpressible boon, her knitting-work, but if their hearts are not wedded to their Bible, they have hours of weariness and dull gloom which has no antidote or cure. If for no other reason than this, if to the young its study brought no blessing, I would say to them, accustom yourselves to its reading. Familiarize yourselves with its consoling and beautiful truths now in your youth, that you may be blest by them when you are old, and other sources of happiness have ceased to find entrance into your heart. The man or woman who, in their prime, neglects to provide the means of worldly comfort for their old age are thought unwise. Is it any less a mark of folly to neglect to lay up treasure for the mind and heart? No; believe me when I say, to you young, or middle-aged, or old, the hours you devote to your Bible are not lost hours. It is a labor that will bring you in a harvest of serenity and peace, when you and gaiety and earthly joy, and the love of wealth and splendor have parted company forever.

But I have wandered far away from the subject I had in mind when I commenced—the signs of the season. The snow-birds which occasionally came in great flocks and settled down in my door-yard, some on the leafless branches of

the trees, some on the bare, cheerless-looking shrubs which stand up, straight and ungraceful, above the snow, and some even on the smooth snow-crust itself, as well as the higher point which the sun attains at noon-day, in the heavens, are a welcome reminder that the winter is more than half gone by. Already the white, cold rays of the great luminary, as they stream across the dazzling snow-crust, and fall glistening on the long, slender sprays of last year's grass and stubble that, encased each in its diamond sheath, embellish the roadsides, and dusky fence lines begin to show a tint of yellow, betokening that, cold as it is, there is a latent heat in those rays which will by-and-by make itself felt all over the North. When the snow-banks now piled ell-deep in the hollows, and under the fences will imperceptibly settle away, and the buds will swell on the trees, and the water run down the points of the long icicles fringing the eaves, until they disappear, we shall begin to say, "spring will soon be here."

We all naturally hail with a something of joy the return of spring, albeit it may bring new and untried cares and labors, involving perhaps the necessity of gathering up our household goods and bearing them to other dwellings; of dethroning our Lares and Penates from their familiar altars, and with the melancholy which always attaches to leaving what has been, though perhaps homely, still a home: seeking to find in some yet unknown spot, another hearth, where the altar may be re-built and the household familiars again set up.

Why do we remove our homes so frequently and so willingly in this country? The tree that is too often uprooted perishes at last, and the householder who is not a home-holder, but only peripatetic, nomadic organism, inhabiting for brief seasons the different dwellings his caprice or his destiny seems to render necessary, never feels deep-rooted anywhere. That sacred spot *home*, has far less profound attraction for the heart, when all its appointments and surroundings are ever and anon changing. The phrenologists give us the organ of Inhabitiveness. How often it must be outraged by the small respect we pay to its claims and instincts.

Like a lobster, to cast our shell every year, is a most doleful thing, and, lacking the excuse of unavoidable necessity, to which that most palatable shell-fish is subject argues some defect in our logic. Winter has its beauties. It covers the brown moors and stubble fields with a garment whiter than the Parian marble, hid-

ing the withered ferns and dusky fallows under its fleecy folds — hanging ermine mantles through all the woods and forests, and spreading a jeweled canopy over all the naked landscape. Winter too, is an artist of the first order. His beautiful pictures of frost-work on the window panes are always new, and varied. Grand old forests of waving trees whose graceful forms must have had their living counterparts in the early days of the world, when the vegetation which was created and buried to form our coal-fields, swayed its gigantic foliage. Tall mountains and deep valleys, low cottages nestled in shady hillside, orchards and gardens, villages with their quaint houses, and towering church-spires; flocks of sheep and grazing cattle—a thousand beautiful pictures have I traced upon the pane which winter's hand had beautified with its frosty pencil.

Skating and sleigh-riding may be added to the attractions of winter,—albeit for myself, I would prefer to enjoy the latter amusement, when Fanny, the pet mare, who every day jogs up hill and down with your humble editor, could go to the village and come home without an icicle a foot in length hanging to her most unwilling nose. And that time will be ere long, for already the south wind is blowing its bugle horn through the valleys and over the hills, and every elm-tree and hemlock is whistling a refrain, to the stately anthem, as it bows superbly to the measure. In at my not over-tightly fitted windows comes the sound of the shrill alarum, and up and down the old fashioned chimney old Boreas roars like all the bulls of Bashan. I am not without music, good readers, though the frequenters of the opera might shrug their shoulders and wrap their cloaks about them sometimes at the grand orchestral crash which fills the house. But by-and-by the south wind will trill in a sweet, low voice, and the young birds will join in the melody, and the pines will breathe in soft harmonious whispers, and the strains that will steal over the land will charm the snow-drop at the spring beauty from their hiding places, and the violet will come from the land of flowers, and nestle down among springing grasses, and an unseen frolic hand will scatter green leaves on the branches near my window, that are now wailing in their nakedness, and, like a lost traveller, tapping against them to come in. Spring may put off her journey for a few months longer, and the stern sentinel that stands at the door of the year may blow great guns in her face as she approaches, but we shall

see the yellow crocuses bravely thrusting up their heads out of the garden-world, and bid her come on; and the jonquills, with a less saucy air, but just as brave a heart, standing side by side, to give her countenance, and she will come, and old rebel winter with all his stormy bravado hosts, will at last rudely lay down his arms, and take the oath of allegiance to the gentle government of spring—and behold! she will usher in a season of flowers, and fruits and plenty; and men shall forget, in their prosperity, the days of battle and siege, when the armies of winter stood in arms, and said, “We will never again have the spring to rule over us.”

Plunged in the depths of an old chest of manuscripts the other day, I brought up from its long unexplored recesses several letters and papers having the ancient and worm-eaten look which antiquarians delight in, but whose dusty odor was about prompting me to return quickly to their hiding place, when a package less musty, but still bearing a date of many years gone by, attracted my attention, and was withdrawn from its honorable grave among the relics of old times.

This evening I sat down by my fire, to look them over, and as I ran my eyes along their pages for the first time in so many years, I find that many of them possess an interest not due altogether to their age and the circumstances under which they were received, but worthy of a wider field than the old chest where they have lain so long, would be likely to afford them. I do not desire to eat my morsel selfishly alone, and looking about me to see who shall share them, I can think of none more likely to appreciate their beauties than the readers of the Editor's Table.

The one I shall offer this month is an old ballad, written I know neither when nor by whom, but one that was often recited to me many years ago by a father in our Israel, who long since went to his rest—the Rev. Menzies Rayner. It was always a rich treat to me when in his expressive and appreciative manner he would solemnly, and with a profound pathos, that added infinitely to the charm of the poem, and with the fun occasionally twirling in his keen eye relate the sad story of Margery Grey. A long time before his death, I one day received an envelope addressed in his well-known hand, which on opening, I found to contain the manuscript of the old ballad I liked so well, and which I now present, with many dear mem-

ories of him who penned it, to the readers of the Repository.

#### WITCHCRAFT UNMASKED; OR, MARGERY GREY.

Why stands that old cottage so lonely and drear,  
That it fills the beholder with gloom and affright;

And what is the reason that none can go near  
The door of that house without shivering at night?

To see the old woman who lives there alone,  
One would think she could hardly do any great harm;

Why, her body is shrivelled to mere skin and bone,  
And scarcely more thick than a broomstick her arm.

Her cottage is small, but sufficient to hold  
A fireplace, table, and dresser and bed;  
The cracks filled with mud admit scarce any cold,  
And a few cedar slabs stop the leaks overhead.

And 'tis well it's so tight, for now not a tool  
Would be handled by any, to mend her abode,  
And though by her door is the best way to school,  
The master and children all go the high road.

Yet once they delighted to travel that way,  
And would beg for permission, whene'er they went by,  
To take something good to old Margery Grey,  
A few links of sausage, or piece of mince pie.

She gathers old stumps, in the summer, for fuel,  
And no one has stopped her, as yet, that I've heard;  
Indeed, to prevent her were foolishly cruel,  
For every one wishes his fields to be cleared.

Time was, she had pine-knots to last her all winter,  
They served her to spin and to knit by at night,  
But now, not a creature would bring her a splinter,  
If they knew she was dying for want of a light.

There is not the least shelter, that any can tell,  
To keep from her window the snow and the hail,  
And even the peach tree that grew by the well,  
Is dead, and its withered limbs sigh in the gale.

It is true, that to keep her poor cow from the weather,  
She took out her hatchet, one bitter cold day,  
And cut some pine bushes, and piled them together,  
By the side of her little coarse bundle of hay.

Her fence, by the winds, and by time is o'er-  
thrown,

Indeed, there is hardly a rail on the place,  
And the garden, with mullens and nettles o'er-  
grown,

Looks as dull and as cheerless as Margery's  
face.

But they did not look thus in the days of her  
prime,

The fence was in order, the garden was neat.  
She had camomile, lavender, hyssop and thyme,  
And more sage than she wanted to season her  
meat.

And she dried a good deal, and the neighbors  
all round

Would send to her cottage, if any were ill;  
She was skilled in the nature of herbs, and they  
found

That she gave her assistance with hearty  
good will.

It was owned by the people who happened to  
pass,

That her room was as cleanly as cleanly  
could be;

You might put on your cap by her powder and  
brass,

And her bed was as decent as most you will  
see.

But their present condition no mortal can tell,  
For none are so simple as to darken her door;  
No, no, all the neighbors remember too well,  
The horrible tale of the *blood on the floor*.

'Twas midnight—and keen did the bitter wind  
blow,

And drove in fierce eddies the snow and the  
hail,

When a stranger to Margery's cottage came  
slow,

Like a ghost he seemed troubled, was silent  
and pale.

Long bent by the tempest, so chilled and so  
tired,

That his feet and his fingers he hardly could  
use;

To warm them a little was all he desired,  
So trifling a favor could any refuse?

The air was so piercing, that people that night,  
In the tightest of houses, could scarcely keep  
warm,

And the neighbors came over as soon as 'twas  
light,

To inquire how Margery fared in the storm.

But how did astonishment bristle their hair,  
When *blood* they saw sprinkled profusely  
around;

The legs of a stranger, all mangled were there,  
But the rest of his body was not to be found.

The blood of the traveller was everywhere  
thrown.

On the hearth, on the floor, on the table it  
lay:

And to every one there it was very well known  
Not a creature was with him but Margery  
Grey.

And none could imagine the man would ad-  
mire,

If left to pursue what appeared to him right,  
The notion of leaving his legs by the fire,  
And travelling on stumps such a terrible  
night.

Till that night of horror, old Margery never  
Was known to discover a relish for sin;  
But now she is hatching some mischief forever,  
'Tis hard to give over when once we begin.

She measles the swine, she pesters the cattle,  
She fly-blows the meat, and the harvest she  
blights;

In the midst of a tempest at windows she'll  
rattle.

And keeps her sick neighbors from sleeping  
at nights.

Thus from gossip to gossip the story goes  
round,

And the list of her crimes is enlarged every  
day,—

But the best of the bunch may be glad if they're  
found,

As clear of all evil as Margery Grey.

The stranger who strayed to her humble abode,  
Had a friend that came with him a part of the  
way,

But the cold was so piercing he froze on the  
road,

His bones by the side of the laurel-bush lay.

And the boots he had on were too good to be  
lost,

But to get them was far from a matter of  
ease,

For the leather was stiffened to horn by the  
frost,

So he took off the legs of his friend by the  
knees.

And in Margery's cottage, the business of  
thawing

The leather and legs, did the stranger begin,  
While Margery slumbered,—and, after much  
drawing,

Succeeded in getting the legs from within.

This object attained, he would carry no further  
A useless encumbrance—but left them to raise  
Doubt, fear and suspicion of witchcraft and  
murder,

To embitter the remnant of Margery's days.

Ye travellers all when about to do aught  
That may multiply woe where you happen to  
stray.

Make a pause—and bestow, I beseech you, a  
thought,

On the legs that were left with old Margery  
Grey.

A little article written long ago by Mrs. Soule, but mislaid, is next offered. It will be a satisfaction to the reader to learn that though still far from well, and yet quite unable to write, Mrs. Soule is so far recovered as to be among her friends at the East, and able to travel in short stages. Her physician recommends journeying for her disease, and it is her hope to be able to spend a considerable portion of what remains of the winter in conforming to his advice. May she soon be able to take her accustomed post in the Repository.

#### A HAPPY HOME.

If there is a paradise on earth it is a happy home. No other pleasure of the many that fall to the lot of mortals is equal to that calm and rational one which is felt at the family altar. We may be successful in business, but with that success comes many a vexation; we may have means to travel,—but with every day's enjoyment is associated fatigue and worry; we may pursue fame, but our feet will be blistered before the hill is half way climbed; we may strive for wisdom, but even the pleasure of study has many a bitterness; one happiness alone on earth is marred by no alloy—that joy we find in a well-ordered home. There the delight is pure and calm; the mind is not distracted or satiated; the heart has no vexations to disturb its sweet repose.

Is there a lovelier picture in this lone world than that presented by a happy home? I see one now in my mind's eye. The white-haired grandfather sits beside the blazing fire in an arm-chair that is smooth with age, and on a stand beside him rests "the big ha' Bible." Close beside him in a straight-backed rocker, sits the white-coiffed grandmother, her wrinkled fingers busy with some knitting-work, for tender feet or hands. At a little distance, by a well-lighted table sits the husband and the father, now reading his evening paper and now sporting with a happy little boy. Close beside him sits the wife and mother, with one foot up on the cradle, where sleeps the little babe, the youngest born, the pet and play-thing of the house. On a chair beside her stands the work-basket, with its rolls of unmade garments, and its piles of mending, and while she laughs at the boy's funny speeches, or listens to the father's reading, her needle keeps up ever its mute action. No strings or buttons off in that well-ordered home; no heelless socks or kneeless pants. They are not rich, and yet how happy! And from such happiness no one need be ex-

empt. With gentle manners and mutual love, with pious hearts and cultivated minds, the joys of home may be possessed by every family. Soft ways will smooth off the perplexities of daily labor; mutual love will wile away the vexations to which life is subject; reason will strengthen the mind against the unavoidable ills of earth, while religion will pour over all a hallowing influence that sickness nor sorrow, nor old age can ever disturb or destroy. Death itself cannot entirely mar the peace and joy of such a home. The loved ones sicken and die and are buried; but the mourners, while they wreath the head-stone with fair flowers, and plant the grave with myrtle, look up tenderly and wistfully to that home beyond—that home where there is neither sickness, sorrow, nor death, and as they look, they say softly to each other, "We shall be one family in heaven."

C. A. B.

The following little offering which is not without merit, is from a young correspondent.

#### HEART ECHOES.

By Edith Clyde.

I have made another happy,  
Waves of joy upon a soul,  
Thirsting keenly, I have lavished,  
Back to me the waters roll.

A heart bereft and weary,  
I have tuned to dulcet notes,  
A low, sweet strain of melody,  
Back unto me now floats.

I've saved a soul from sinning,  
That temptation sorely bound,  
The goal to which I hastened  
Is with richer jewels crowned.

I have made another happy!  
Drink, my soul, the nectared draught,  
That thou mayest be strong and holy,  
When life's bitter cup is quaffed.

Drink, my soul, the sweet libation,  
O, the thoughts that in me rise,  
They are sweeter far than honey,  
They are fairer than the skies.

Golden thoughts! and valued higher  
Than the tokens friends have given,  
Dearer than my early love-dreams,  
Bright as are my hopes of heaven.

## ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

A long time has elapsed since anything from the army has found place in the Editor's Table. The following extract from a letter from a young man in the army to a friend may make amends, if such are demanded, for the omission.

FROM THE WAR.

*Newbern, N. C.*

"That you would devote time probably needed for rest and other duties, to sending me a line of friendly remembrance and encouragement, proves a spirit of benevolence I can but appreciate. Letters are at a premium in this far-away region. I know by experience how wearing a teacher's work is, and that it is no rejuvenator. But I have found a calling still more wearing, still more inducive of age and its infirmities.

"A soldier's life is terribly severe, and breaks down constitutions never suspected of weakness. Men of delicate health or tendencies to disease, and those at all advanced in years, find themselves gradually giving way before the silent approaches of sickness or the gradual weakening of the powers. And yet some of the most delicate endure the best. There's a mystery about some cases. A strong man, apparently of the firmest health, gives up, while a slight, weak form holds its own in the same labors and exposures, even gaining strength and weight. In all cases it is not the toils and exposures that destroy health, but the privation of means for renewing the vigor of the system, at the close of each day. Could the soldier find a warm, nutritious supper and comfortable bed awaiting him after a hard day's tramp, he could go on enjoying and thriving on a long march. But on halting at night, he must spend an hour, more or less, in laboriously collecting fuel for the camp-fire, then he must travel to the nearest spring or stream after a canteen full of water, and by that time he is ready to begin preparations for supper. He makes coffee in his dipper, and sups on 'hard tack' and coffee, then makes the ground his bed, and is fortunate if even in dreams, Eden-like visions pass before his mind's eye. I can form some idea of these things as our regiment has had its share of marching and fighting too, since our arrival in this department."

## CONUNDRUM.

Why are Lincoln and Hamlin "one and inseparable"? Behold the reason.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## WRITE TO THE SOLDIERS.

The following article with the above heading, I find in a little paper called the *Free South*, a paper published at Hilton Head, the headquarters of our army in South Carolina. It is a thing to be read and pondered, and acted upon. It runs thus:

"Occupation is a grand thing, and quite as important to the tone and heart of an army as hard bread and bacon. The monster against which Dr. Kane fought so successfully in the Arctic night, with theatre and frolic, wanders listlessly up and down our camps. Would you believe—and yet it is true—that many a poor fellow in this Army of the Cumberland has literally *died to go home*; died of the terrible, unsatisfied longing, homesickness? That it lies at the heart of many a disease bearing a learned name? It is langor, debility, low fever, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, death, and yet, through all, it is only that sad thing they call Nostalgia. Who shall dare to say that the boy who 'lays him down and dies,' a-hungered and *starving* for home, does not fall as well and truly for his country's sake as if a rebel bullet had found his heart out? Against it the surgeon combats in vain, for 'who can minister to a mind diseased?'

"The loved ones at home have something to answer for in this business, and it pains me to think that more than one man has let his life slip out of a grasp too weak to hold it, just because his dearest friends did not send him a prescription once a week, price three cents—a letter from home. Is some poor fellow sinking at heart because you do not write him? If there is, lay my letter down at once and write your own, and may he who sent a messenger all the way from heaven to earth with glad tidings, forgive you for deferring a hope to some soldier boy. You would not wonder at my warmth, had you seen that boy waiting and waiting, as I have, for one little word from somebody. Too proud to own, and yet to sincere to quite conceal it, he tries to strangle the thought of home, and goes into the battle, whence he never comes forth. Let me relate one incident.

"An Indiana soldier was struck in the breast at Chickamauga and fell. The bullet's errand was about done when it reached him; it pierced coat and under-clothing, and there was force enough left in it to wound if not to kill him; it had to work its way through a precious package of nine letters, indited by one dear heart and traced by one dear hand; that done, the bullet's power expended, there it lay asleep against the soldier's breast! Have you been making such a shield, dear lady, for anybody? Take care that it does not leak one letter of being bullet-proof."

THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

By Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

### CHAPTER IX.

Continued from January number.

A TIDE of painful conjectures and apprehensions surged through the mind of Ross as he held the little bauble put into his hand by his attendant, Warren. The bracelet of Helen Mordant! How came it here in this mountain wilderness, so remote from all civilized habitations, and so nearly inaccessible to any foot save that of the mountain goat, or the almost equally wild mountaineer? What could it mean? Who had robbed her of this jewel, so jealously prized, and for so many generations the treasured heir-loom of her proud father's arrogant and aristocratic race? Yet, was it really hers? He examined it again and again, with a half-doubting, troubled eye, only to be more thoroughly convinced of its identity. He could not be mistaken. Here was the lion *couchant*, which Helen had one day explained as the heraldic insignia of the Mordant family arms, sculptured in a ruby set in fretted gold, and surrounded by a double row of pearls and diamonds. The extraordinary fineness and delicacy of the stone—the color and tracery—could not be forgotten; and, making assurance doubly sure, as he pressed a little spring, the precious stone

in its jewelled setting sprung back, revealing on its reverse a tiny portrait of a beautiful lady in antique costume, which he had once before seen.

Ross groaned aloud, as all possibility that the bauble might belong to some other, vanished with this appearance. The warning of Reno—the shots he had spoken of having heard—the fresh trail of men and mules in this deep, silent mountain neighborhood—all this occurred to him with a suddenness and force which struck a great fear to his heart. What if Helen had been carried away by some of the lawless and unscrupulous men who, uniting themselves to a great and holy cause, for their own selfish ends, had, under its cloak, carried plans of villiany and crime which he could not now think of without horror.

"Good God! We must know more of this, Warren," said the young leader, in husky tones, throwing himself from his horse. "This trail may lead us to an explanation of this fearful mystery, and we will follow it wherever it leads."

"Mayn't it have been stolen by some of Mordant's niggers and given to one of them are fellows that's always hanging about the plantation, don't you think, sir?" said Warren, rather with the hope of relieving, by the suggestion, the anguish which he saw overwhelmed his leader, than with any real faith in its probability.



Ross looked in his face with a vacant expression which denoted how little the supposition impressed him. "We must first ascertain whether any of these tracks turn back, or whether they all follow in one direction," said he, as if continuing his first remark.

"I will soon find that out," said Warren, dropping on his hands and knees, and carefully examining the faint, but evidently fresh trail winding along over the mossy stones, and between the sharp, jagged rocks, cropping out everywhere thickly around them. For some distance he crawled slowly along, gently removing any little herb, or coarse, long grass, which might cover or obscure the important objects of his search.

"Well, captain, I am certain of one thing; whoever has gone forward on this path hasn't never come back again. Every one o' these tracks pints in one direction."

"Our course then is decided," said Ross, with an accent and look of relief. "Let us mount our horses and follow them."

They at once remounted, and with as much expedition as the weariness of their jaded beasts would allow, pushed on in the direction indicated by the trail. It led deeper and deeper into the mountains—farther and farther from the high road they had been endeavoring to find. They plunged down into deep gullies and dark ravines, and climbed up almost perpendicular cliffs, the reeking sweat of their horses whitening their bridles with foam, and their limbs trembling with the strain of their unwonted and fierce exertions.

"Poor fellow!" said Ross, patting his horses' neck, with a kind hand. "this is terrible travel, but we must push on. More than you know depends on your sure foot and strong limb;" and the tired beasts as if conscious of the necessity, still struggled forward, now plunging on their knees and now sliding down the steep and slippery descent, but bravely bending to the task.

It was at length noon-day. The sun shone hotly down through the tall tree-tops, and the motionless air grew sultry

and suffocating. The panting animals could scarcely proceed—

"They must have rest, and food, and water, if we can find them. Poor brutes! they can stand this hot, break-neck work no longer."

"By George! they've proved themselves capital animals for a pinch," replied Warren; "as willing as they are strong and sure-footed. What a deuced hard scramble the poor fellows had for their lives, and ours too, for that matter, down there among them great rolling rocks and rushing water. Galloping up that are cataract was no fool of a feat I tell you. It minded me of a play I saw at the theatre in New York once, only it was a woman that went galloping up a cataract there instead of two men. But I think I hear running water."

The two men dismounted and led their poor leg-weary beasts towards a group of high, shady rocks and trees, from which was distinctly heard the sound of water, and soon came upon a smooth piece of green turf that was kept fresh and thrifty by a cool spring that bubbled up from the rocks, and, running over, spread out over the little sloping lawn, and found a channel at its foot, whence it went rushing and gurgling on, down into a gulf, and was lost to sight.

"This is fortunate," exclaimed Ross; "thank God! we can refresh ourselves and our horses here, for an hour, and go on afterwards all the faster."

They imbibed long, deep draughts of the refreshing liquid, cool and delicious as nectar; and, their horses satisfied, removed their saddles and bridles, and suffered them to graze at will, sure that their instincts would secure their remaining where so rich and plentiful a feast of fresh grass was spread for their hungry mouths.

Their horses cared for, they laved their own hot and dusty faces in the cool spring, and then sought the shelter of some overhanging rocks, whose deep recesses lay in dense shadow, and stretched themselves on the soft moss to rest.

Sweet, cool airs, put in motion by the gushing spring, played over their heads and sunburnt faces, and the gentle mur-

mur of the water invited sleep and repose. But, soothing as were these, and weary as was Ross, he found it impossible to follow the example of his friend, who was soon buried in profound slumber. The apprehensions and conjectures which still kept chasing one another through his own troubled mind were insurmountable barriers to sleep. Again and again he examined the bracelet, as if that could give him a clue to the mystery of its presence in the mountain-wilderness. He grew nervously agitated.

"This will not do!" he at length thought, thrusting the bracelet back into his pocket. "I *must* sleep and rest for what is before me. I have already passed two nights and days without closing my eyes. I *must* sleep now for an hour, or I shall be unfitted for meeting my new labors, and perhaps dangers."

He turned his face to the rocks, resolutely closing his eyes and determining to lose himself in a refreshing slumber. A forgetfulness, delicious and dreamy was fast stealing over him, when he was roused by a peculiar sound which instantly startled him from his coming sleep. Every sense on the alert, he listened for its repetition. It came—a long, deep, but suppressed sound, like a human groan.

"It is the sighing of the wind," thought he, "but I could almost imagine it a groan."

He heard it again. This time there could be no illusion. It was a groan from something in agony.

"Warren! Warren!" he called in a suppressed tone, "wake up. There is something back in the darkness of this cave. Wake up and let us go in and see what it is!"

Warren rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and stared vacantly in the startled face of Ross. "What did you say?"

"I say that somebody or something is in this cave. Listen."

In another minute a louder and deeper groan than ever quite cleared away the remains of Warren's sleepiness, and he was on his feet in a moment.

They walked carefully in the direction of the sound, and it led them to the en-

trance of what was really a cave, but of what size they could not tell. At first it seemed very deep and dark, but, standing in the entrance, their eyes soon became accustomed to its obscurity, and they saw that it was neither very deep nor extremely dark.

"Here is somebody lying on the ground, I think," said Ross.

He was not deceived. On the ground lay a human figure, breathing heavily. They went in.

"Who are you?" inquired Ross. A heavier breathing and a groan was the answer.

"Some rascally, murderous fray has been carried on here," said Ross, with a shudder of pain; for with the appearance of this apparently dying figure, came the thought of Helen's bracelet.

"Let us carry the poor creature out into the light, Warren."

They took the body gently up, and by the boots and clothing perceived that it was a man. Warren was the nearest to the entrance of the cave, and as the light fell on the unfortunate being he saw his face.

"By all that is holy!" he exclaimed, nearly letting him fall, "if this isn't Wilson."

"Wilson!" ejaculated Ross. "Can that be? He has found his reward then. He was a traitor to our cause while he made the loudest pretensions. It was he and one other ambitious fellow who betrayed all our plans while they accused me of spending their money and plotting against them. Verily this man has his reward. But come; bad as he is, we must do what we can for him."

They bore him gently out and laid him on the soft cool grass, he still unconscious.

"Bring some water, Warren; I will see what ails him while you are gone."

Warren took a leathern drinking-cup from his pocket and went to fill it from the spring, while Ross unbuttoned Wilson's coat and took off his hat, which was slouched down quite to his eyebrows. The blood followed its removal, and the young man now saw that he was severely wounded on the head, and had received a

shot in the breast. Clothes, neck, arms and hair were soaked with blood, most of it partially dried. He still breathed, but was evidently exhausted from loss of blood. Ross bathed his wounds in the cool spring water, and bound them up as well as circumstances would permit. He appeared to revive under the treatment; his pale lips moved and articulated the single word "water." They held the cup to his lips, and he drank a few swallows, and in a few moments consciousness seemed partially to return, although he neither perceived who was over him, nor spoke.

Ross devoted every energy to the task of reviving him. Reno had communicated to him the fact that Wilson with several others of his clan had been seen prowling around Mordant's plantation on the evening of the expected wedding, and it was from him that he now looked to learn something of the mysterious appearance of Helen's bracelet in the mountains. This man had long been more than suspected of robbery and perhaps murder, and it was with extreme reluctance that Ross and some others had forbore to attempt his exclusion from their company. But nothing could be definitely proved against him, and many honest persons with whom he had ingratiated himself by his crafty and plausible bearing, would never consent that he should be excluded from the band. So he remained among them, a leader often in their secret meetings; a sower of discord and suspicion always; a purloiner of things not his own, there had been every reason to believe, and a dangerous foe when his wrathful and unscrupulous nature was aroused by opposition or watchfulness of his management. He had always hated Ross because of his magnanimity and fidelity to his trust, and because he knew himself to be an object of suspicion to him, and he spared no means secretly to injure him in the minds of the little band of which Ross was the active, faithful and trusted leader.

All these things came back now to the mind of the young man as he leaned anxiously over the still half unconscious and speechless man.

"Warren, isn't there a drop of brandy left in the little pocket-flask in my haversack? Look, will you? it lies under that tree."

An unexpected quantity of the needed liquor was found, and they poured a portion of it down the wounded man's throat. The fiery fluid roused the life that was fast waning. He opened his eyes, and looked inquiringly around him.

"Wilson," said Ross, with that majesty of voice which had often controlled the most ungovernable of his band, "Wilson, how came you here? Speak, and answer me."

"Captain Ross!" sighed the wounded man with a painful effort, "have mercy on me! It is—I am—" What he would have said was not known; he could not finish—his eyes closed and his head sunk heavily on his breast. It was something, however, that he had recognized Ross, that consciousness had returned again. Warren rubbed his temples with brandy, and in a little while he had so far recovered as to swallow a little bread soaked in brandy. His strength was visibly increased.

"If I could only see a confessor," murmured he, after a little pause. "I am dying."

"Confess to me!" said Ross, "There is no priest here. I will say a prayer for you."

The dying man nodded gratefully.

"Tell me first," said Ross, "how you came here; have you been engaged in a raid that has ended in robbery and murder?"

Wilson assented.

"Against whom? Can you tell?"

"Mordant—the young woman. Old Sol told us—"

"Are they dead—murdered?" cried Ross, in breathless suspense.

Wilson shook his head in denial.

"Carried away—to the black mill. Old Sol—"

"Where is the mill? Who is old Sol?" inquired Ross, his heart beating so that he could scarcely articulate.

The dying man was exhausted and speechless. The remaining drops of the precious contents of the pocket-flask were

drained into his mouth and, for a last time, he rallied. With his little remaining strength he raised his arm already palsied with death, and indicating the direction "ten miles," he gasped out, "Holy virgin, pray for me!" One brief struggle and he was dead.

"I know enough," said Ross, rising to his feet, and throwing a handkerchief from his own pocket over the dead man's face, for who is there that does not instinctively seek to hide from human sight the ghastly and awful lineaments of the dead?

"We will saddle our horses at once and continue our journey. They are a little rested, and we must be content to go on without rest—every moment now is an hour."

The horses, which were still comfortably engaged in cropping the short, sweet grass, unwillingly submitted their mouths to the bit and bridle, and they once more set out on their painful and difficult journey.

"This is the direction indicated by Wilson, poor devil," said Ross; "and it is very curious that we have been all along pursuing the very same path—which it may be called, which is only a few mule tracks along the most rocky, stony, precipitous, dangerous declivities, and tangled brushwood I ever saw. It seems as if Providence had directed us, or we should never have got on as we have done, and fallen in with this poor dead rascal, who perhaps is the only one who could have given us the clue to the fearful mystery which hangs over Miss Mor-dant and perhaps her family."

"I've often thought," said Warren, in a dreamy sort of way, "that God interferes in our affairs much oftener than even the best Christians, and I don't pretend to be one, think. Who'd a' thought, for instance, that getting lost among these lonely mountains, where you'd think nobody would ever think of coming, was just the best way to take to find out a very important secret? Then again, if we and our horses hadn't been tired all out we shouldn't 'ave thought o' stopping in the place we did to rest, and of course we shouldn't have come across that poor

murdered wretch who was the very one of all others we wanted to see."

Ross assented in few words, but the difficulties of the way prevented further conversation, and soon absorbed the entire attention of the two men. The neighborhood grew every step wilder and more dreary. They were now entangled in the thick undergrowth of a primeval forest; great rocks, steep and craggy, shot up their tall summits high over the tops of the giant pines and hemlock that crowned the scene. Every trace of their path was long since lost, and Warren at length dismounting, climbed up the rocks to look off in the distance, but he could see only the same endless forests with rocks and mountains rising higher and higher one above the other, the farther they receded, until nothing of them was visible but their dark blue summits, cutting the pale blue sky.

"A deep valley must soon intervene," said Ross, as he stood, uncertain which way to direct their course, "and then we shall be likely to come upon the trail again. Let us go on."

They once more started, the fretted and tired animals stumbling over fallen trees, catching their legs in great, tangled vines, and cutting them against sharp rocks. Light at length began to be visible through the trees, and the wanderers soon emerged upon a more open place. The trees were scattered, the ground less rocky, and green grass intermingled with moss was at intervals visible. They stopped again to breathe and water their horses, which were fearfully worried and overheated, while they dismounted and looked about them. Traces of travel were again visible, and pretty soon a clearly defined path was discovered.

"Here is the trail again," exclaimed Ross, a sense of great relief evident in his voice and aspect. "We shall soon come to some inhabited place, I think the one we are in search of. It must be nearly ten miles that we have stumbled along in this infernal forest, since we left the spot where Wilson lies."

"It might be twenty by the weariness I feel, and the looks of our poor jaded horses," replied Warren, swinging his

arms and stretching his legs to rest them.

"This path looks as if it had been travelled but a few hours ago. These mule tracks are fresh. Lord, who'd ever think of any one living or travelling here in such a wild place."

"These mountains are inhabited by a very considerable population," remarked Ross, as he slowly paced back and forth for a few minutes. "A population much of it infinitely more ignorant than the most ignorant slave I ever met. It is a fact that there are many who do not even know the days of the week. Many who never use a comb, but habitually wear their hair hanging straight down over their eyes, completely hiding their foreheads, and making it necessary to peer out between their tangled locks like a poodle dog."

"Good Lord! who'd ever believe any white person could be so ignorant in this land of freedom?" ejaculated Warren, in great wonder.

"You forget," said Ross, "that this is not a land of freedom but a land of slavery, and where slavery exists ignorance among the lower orders must always prevail. Do you suppose that the poor 'white trash' would submit to the degradation if they knew any better? At the North where every one may be educated, do you suppose you could find a single person however poor and low, who does not know the names of the days of the week, and who does not at least, carry a little wooden comb in his pocket. The fact is, the North is a land of free schools, while the South is almost destitute of any schools whatever, save those intended for the favored few."

"What is the cause of the difference?"

"Cause? slavery to be sure! Do you suppose slavery can exist for half a century in any country, without its practically becoming a land of barbarism?"

"I don't know; but I guess, judging from what you see here in the South, that it couldn't very well be did," replied Warren, with a comical look, as they remounted their horses, which, having drank and rested, were now in a condition to start again. Two other little

trails, one on each hand, a few rods further on, ran into the one they were pursuing, and pretty soon it began to descend. They followed it with a strong hope that they were now really near their journey's end, when suddenly it opened into two separate paths, the one diverging to the south, the other to the west, and as well as they could judge, one descending into one valley and the other into another. Here they were completely at fault. Which should they take? As with a troubled gaze Ross stood examining first one direction then the other, a strange feeling that he had had before, came over him, that this landscape was not entirely strange to him. This impression suddenly vanished, when to his joyful surprise he saw two figures coming up the valley by the right hand path, towards the divergent spot where he and Warren were still standing. It was a plainly dressed man, by his peculiar garb apparently a country clergyman, and a woman clad in the homely costume worn by the mountaineers.

"Thank heaven!" thought Ross, "now my uncertainty will be ended."

He rode to meet them. "Good afternoon, sir," said he with polite salutation, "will you tell me the name of the valley from which you have come?"

"It is Moss-dale."

"And where does this left hand path lead? We are lost."

"To a valley called by the inhabitants the Black Valley."

"And to the Black Mill, perhaps," said Ross, joyfully surprised.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, for such he was notwithstanding his homely garb, "we are just going there ourselves."

"I will bear you company, then," said the young man. "But you are old, and it seems to me, weary, will you not ride my horse? I will dismount and lead him by the bridle."

"No, I thank you, sir; 'my strength is sufficient for the remainder of my walk. It is not far to the place, and it will soon be impossible to remain on horseback, the path descends so rapidly.'"

During this short conversation, the woman who accompanied the clergyman,

fixed a long and penetrating gaze upon Ross, inquiring at last, "What can lead you to the Black Mill, sir?"

Ross turned towards his inquisitor. The gentle tones of her voice produced a peculiar, and inexplicable effect upon him, and there was something in her features which called up a dim memory, too vague to grasp, but which he could not banish. Yet he answered her with his accustomed self-possession.

"What leads me to the Mill will be better explained after I arrive there, I think. At all events, I must hasten on and see."

Meanwhile Ross had turned his horse's head, and he and his companion rode forward a little in advance of the pedestrians, but the roughness and unevenness of the path, covered as it was with rolling stones which often nearly blocked up the way, retarded their progress, and they were soon overtaken. After a little time the path became suddenly very steep, and they found it necessary, as the clergyman had assured them would be the case, to dismount and take their horses by the bridle. The poor, wearied animals picked their way slowly and with difficulty, and the pedestrians were soon at their side again. The woman walked, as it appeared, as near as possible to Ross, into whose face she continually but covertly gazed.

"Pardon me, sir," she at length excused herself, "but may I inquire the cause of the scar I see under your eye?"

"I do not know," replied the young man in much surprise, "it has been there ever since I can remember. I could tell you much more easily the cause of several other scars which I bear about my person, and I cannot but wonder that you did not inquire in relation to this deeper, more conspicuous one upon my forehead."

The woman was about to reply, when a sharp bend in the pathway opened a full and complete view of the valley. The clergyman, who was in advance, stopped a moment, interrupting the conversation by pointing with his hand and remarking to Ross—

"Yonder is the mill."

The latter, when he beheld the old building wedged in between the black

rocks, seemed struck as if by lightning. He dropped the bridle, stood stock still, raised both clasped hands before him, exclaiming in startling tones, "Good God! this is my home! I was born here."

The woman grasped his arm with a trembling hand and pale cheek. "Louis!" she exclaimed with a wild cry, "Louis! yes, it is he!" and, sinking upon her knees, she sobbed and prayed and wrung her hands. "O, Mr. Morton, God has wrought a miracle; it is he—it is he—he is found again!"

"Woman!" exclaimed Ross in the greatest agitation—"tell me what you know of me—of my youth—there is something in your voice—"

"And should not you be moved by the voice of your old foster-mother, Kate? It was in that mill you spent your early, boyish years. You were not seven years old when we lost you. But you are mistaken in one thing—you were not born here. Now I have told so much, everything must come to light—the whole secret must be unravelled. Mr. Morton, my good pastor and almost only friend, knows all. O, sir, you have become a great gentleman, I see, and you had a right too, for you are the only legitimate son of Mr. Mordant, the great planter."

"Of Mr. Mordant," exclaimed Ross, turning very pale. "Mordant down on the river? Woman, are you insane? tell me, I beseech you. But, no—stop—let me think—yes—yes—I recognize you now—you were my mother!"

"Your foster-mother, sir. Don't be too angry—you were stolen from your father's plantation—Sol, my husband—O, do pardon him! The misery and shame of his youngest sister, a fair white girl, but a slave; an insulted, abused slave—had driven him crazy—poor Agnes! he thought only of avenging her."

Trembling and sobbing, and in confused and broken sentences, poor Kate—for it was indeed the kind and gentle woman who had watched over and cared for the stolen child—as she clung to the arm of the young man, endeavored to explain the mystery of his boyhood to him. But a thousand confused, conflicting anxieties filled his heart, and there was a sternness

in his look as he drew his arm away from the poor woman, that filled her with dismay.

"O, Louis—or Charley—don't you remember we always called you Charley? don't break my heart by hating me. I would have given worlds had it never been."

"Mother!" said he, turning towards her with a kind smile, "I have only pleasant memories of you. But you cannot understand all the wretchedness that I shall suffer from the wicked deed of your husband. But I must go to the mill now. He will have other crimes than this, I fear, to answer to me for. But why do I wait, when perhaps all I hold dear is in danger and distress in that old mill?"

[To be continued.]

## WE KNOW NOT WHAT WE ASK.

By Mrs. Helen Rich.

1st.

She knelt in prayer—the moon  
On heaven's star-throbbing bosom hung,  
As a half-wakened thought within the soul;  
And June's rich breath lay on the sighing winds  
As wreathes of incense on rich India's flowers.  
Her snowy robe press'd close the yielding grass,  
E'en as a white hand on an angry brow,  
Smoothing its haughty lines, and leaving there  
The thrilling impress of its tender touch;  
Her hands like pale and trembling supplicants,  
Were meekly lifted to the waiting worlds.  
And in the depths unsounded of her eyes  
Lay wild Entreaty in the arms of Love!  
Emotions rare upon her soft white cheek,  
Whitened by the heart's ocean of wild tears,  
As mighty Argosies upon the shore,  
Stranded and glowing with the new oped wealth,  
Lay flashing in the light of angel smiles.  
Then on the air that snatched the faintest tone,  
Preluding the full word, a cherish'd name.  
The deepest, dearest, that on woman's lips,  
Trembles in fondness—stole—"My husband!"  
O! how the intonations of that voice  
Grew deep with pathos, as she asked for him,  
Heaven's first and brightest gifts! "For me—  
Grant only this one boon—I turn  
Coldly from sight of gleaming gold and gems,  
Proud pigeantries! and e'en the sinless looks  
Of lovely little ones! for aye and ever!  
Give me but Fame! Let not, oh Pitying!  
My soaring spirit pass, and leave no trace  
Where it hath kindled with the fire of heaven;  
No echo on the dreary rocks of time,  
To say, an organ soul hath sounded there!  
A strain, though faint, yet very sad and sweet,  
And felt in all its chords a rapture thrill,  
When earth's proud gods but spoke one music  
word,

Or Heaven's Celestials breath'd a holy thought,  
Grant this, Most Merciful!"

2d.

Years! waves of vast eternity had lashed  
The crumbling shores of time, and she,  
The midnight supplicant, stood lone  
And very still, and clad in mourning robes,  
Beside a little grave! The sun  
Lingered as if to fling one ray of tender light  
Upon a face from whence the soul of life,  
And Joy, and Hope, had fled. "O God!"  
She spoke at last—and lifted to the blue,  
Calm heaven, a glance of utter woe!  
"And didst thou hearken to my maniac cry?  
O! what lost seraph bore my message up  
To thy child-circled throne? Behold  
I lie before thee, humble as the bed  
Where he, my darling, sleeps! Tears!  
Most bitter dregs of my soul's misery!  
I pour upon his turf. Forgive  
The impious prayer of one—the very least—  
In all thy universe. Wipe out  
The fearful blackness of my early sin—  
And take me, rather, chastened and subdued.  
Weak as an infant, to thy soothing arms!  
If thy blest gates refuse to take within  
Their sacred folds, the weary, stricken one!  
Lend me the angel arm of him I lost,  
To guide my faltering steps along the rough,  
Sharp ways, thou givest the sinner's feet,  
Lest I grow faint or stumble—so—amen!"

3d.

Again, the years drew up their panting steeds"  
It was the eve of Washington's birth day;  
Again she knelt in prayer,—but now  
The light of home, the peaceful evening lamp  
Shone on a faded and a thoughtful face,  
Bent o'er a slumbering innocent—one hand  
Small, soft and rosy as a budding flower,  
Lay motionless upon her heaving breast.  
And 'mid the tears of grateful love and joy  
A mother's heart worth all a nation's wealth,  
Smiled on her treasure, up to Him who gave.  
And lute-like tones of deepest thankfulness  
Gave to the kindly walls and listening saints,  
The golden tale of her heart's happiness!  
"Ah! sound ye clarion voices of the Great—  
Thunder ye plaudits to the earth's adored—  
Flutter in light of court's gay plumaged birds,  
That bask in Fortune's sunshine. Here  
Lies my fair kingdom with its untold wealth,  
And sweet allegiance to its happy queen.  
Dearer the answers from those parted lips.  
Than fam'ls most dulcet notes—and bright  
As flash of sabre, or a monarch's crown,  
The loving glances of those dark blue eyes!  
I bless Thee, Father, for the title high,  
Holy and blissful, worthy of Thy love,  
Earth's best and fairest—nay, of heaven—  
The matchless one of mother."

## TRUE LIFE.

Like a summer's sun, should a great man's life,  
In its dawn all promise be;  
In its noontide strength a power to bless,  
To fruitage all humanity;  
In the evening sink, with his work well done,  
In glory and tranquillity.

## A LOVER'S EXPLOIT IN THE GRECIAN ISLES.

By Plato Castaniz.

The lovely isles of the Archipelago were once inhabited solely by Greeks, but now there are two more races added to their soil. Changes of fortune, surrendered them to the sway, or placed them under the tribute of Turks and Italians. The former have left remnants to this day, on the islands of Scio, Rhodes and Crete, the latter on Naxos, Santorine, Syra, Tenos, and Scio. There is hardly one family of Protestants to be found on them. Between Scio and Naxos there was a religious correspondence with their Bishops, and the Pontiff of Rome exercised his whole influence over the believers of the Romish church. They were truly the most devoted members of that church, and many of their sons were sent to the Cæsare city to finish their theological education. They were comparatively, smaller in number than the Greek population. The only island whose inhabitants were nearly equally divided, are Tenos, Naxos, and volcanic Santorine. The most intelligent and refined are those of Naxos and Scio. Indeed, there was a rivalry between these two charming isles which could claim the palm of producing the fairest maids. A difference of opinion prevailed among travellers. One of the queens of England who was there about thirty years ago, says with an emphasis in one of her letters, "She was not more charmed with any women whom she met throughout her tour in Europe, than she was with those of Scio." Byron mourns in his ode to Naxos, that "he is forced to leave her shores." Truly nature and art contributes much to render these two rocky isles, points of attraction to the tourist; but we regret to inform our readers that though the descendants of the sons of Italy and those of Demosthenes, Plato and Homer were breathing the same balmy air for several centuries, they have not been inhaling the same spirit in religion. The former cries that the church which is not under the Pope, is not a Christian church, but a mosque. The latter with a frown replies, All are Atheists who do not acknowledge that the ortho-

dox Oriental Greek church is the true Apostolic church. Such prejudice existed and exists among Greeks and Roman Catholics, that it would appear like a miracle to hear that a member of one church had married one of the other.

On the last week of Lent, passion week, the daughter of one of the most influential inhabitants of Naxos, and niece of the Bishop of that isle, arrived on the island of Scio, in company with her uncle, the venerable Bishop. The fame of this girl was well established on the shores of the isle she came to visit, for many admirers of female charms sailed expressly to her native isle to see her, and of course some to be seen by her. The Smyrnian gallants with their gorgeous costumes, were pouring on Scio to have a sight of the fairest daughter of Naxos. A student of the University of Scio, despatched a letter to his friend in Constantinople, Amartolus, a young man of one of the noblest Greek families of Scio, informing him that Eulalia, of Naxos, had set in commotion a score of lovers to captivate her heart, and that according to the report, she was about to marry a Roman Catholic of that isle. This announcement caused a great sensation in the heart of Amartolus, and he looked pale and disturbed. Trusting his business to a relative, he hired a caique, embarked, placing on it two of his noblest steeds, and sailed to Scio, now the focus of all his attractions. The solemn rites of the passion week were over, and the papists were celebrating the days of Easter, with much pomp. On reaching the delightful villa of his father, he learned that the nuptials of the belle of Naxos were about to take place on that evening, in the Cathedral of Scio. Summoning his servant, he ordered him instantly to bring him his black steed. Springing upon his back, and attended by his swift-footed servant, he hastened to the Cathedral. Alighting at the entrance, he penetrated the crowd, and with difficulty came near the altar, where the couple were to be presented. The Bishop and the priests in their brilliant attire, made their entrance and solemnly prostrated themselves before the sanctuary. The eyes of Amartolus sought the bride,



in whose aspect there seemed something sad, which caused her to conceal her face while preparations were making for the ceremony of marriage.

Soon both were presented to the altar, Amartolus, frenzied and overcome with grief, swooned in the arms of one of his friends. The name of Amartolus, repeatedly uttered by those who were endeavoring to resuscitate him, reached the ear of Eulalia, who exclaimed with clasped hands, "Amartolus! art thou here?" It was uttered in a scream that pierced the hearts of hundreds; she fell fainting in the arms of the Bishop. Amartolus was carried home, in a state of insensibility. The astonished Hierarchy, taking the gold embroidered veil from the head of Eulalia, exclaimed in a loud voice, "My beloved niece; blessed daughter of Christ, what evil demon has visited you before this sanctuary?" Then turning towards the picture of the Holy Virgin, cried in tears, "Forgive her, oh, ever-blessed and ever-virgin mother of God!" Then again holding her by her fair hand, he pointed to Nagio, the disappointed and insulted bridegroom, who was suppliant before a golden image of the mother of God, gazing upon her in the most devout manner, while the holy father continued: "Eulalia, you shall be cast into the everlasting Purgatory, for the disorder your actions have occasioned in this temple of God, which was expressly opened for your union, and in the heart of that faithful son of Christ, whom Divine Providence selected for your spouse on earth."

Calling Nagio to him, the Bishop gave him his benediction, and bade him resume his station for a continuance of the ceremony, and taking his niece by the hand, led her to the place, muttering the following words: "Now, Eulalia, if your heart is not possessed by Satan, you must accept this servant of Christ, whom we give to you to be your husband; espouse him then, if you wish to espouse piety; and refuse him if you wish to espouse sin."

"Ah! uncle," responded Eulalia, tears streaming down her cheeks, "consider me not, I beseech your holiness, an apostate of Christ, and his ever-virgin mother, when I pour out before you the feelings

of my heart. The man whom you have chosen for my husband is not chosen from above, for he is not, truly not, my dearest uncle, engraven in my heart. No! No! Power is given to you to create piety, but not love; for love is a gift bestowed upon human beings by their Creator. I am, therefore, my dearest kindred and my dearest friends, not destined for this unfortunate man, whom you have this day resolved to have me marry. I never gave a smile to this man that encouraged him to persist in desiring to win me."

A deep silence reigned throughout the church while Eulalia was uttering these words, and tears rolled from the eyes of many sympathisers with both Eulalia and Nagio. The Bishop, having pronounced his niece insane, invoked heaven and the virgin to console the heart of Nagio; and pronouncing the benediction, dismissed the spectators. All returned to their respective homes; but the disappointed bridegroom remained in the church, anxiously endeavoring, by entreaties, prayers, and lamentations, to inspire in the heart of Eulalia an affection she could not feel, and in prostrating before the images of the holy virgin, the saints, and especially before Him, who gave laws to nature and man.

The priests of Scio and the visitors present, exhausted their eloquence and ecclesiastical arguments to inspire love in the heart of Eulalia for Nagio, the much beloved son of the church. The old, and even many young women essayed their influence to turn the heart of Eulalia to Nagio. Words of tenderness and persuasion were alike lost upon Eulalia. Caresses, promises of great gifts, tours in Europe with Nagio, benedictions from the Father of the Oracle of God, planted in Rome; visits to innumerable shrines of the saints, who were then performing miracles, and everything that lures a pious and earthly mind, were poured into the ears of the devoted Eulalia, but all in vain. Threats and insults were instituted, but with as little avail.

"Thou abominable daughter of Satan, thou wilt be cast out," cried the Bishop of Naxos, holding a diamond cross in his trembling hand, which almost dropped

from his grasp, "thou shalt be taken from here and sent to the Holy Nunnery of Tenos, there to be shut up till thou shalt pronounce repentance for thy folly."

"You may, my enraged and merciless kindred, cast me into that place, and perhaps you can even pronounce sentence of death on me; but remember that the image of Amartolus, which the finger of love imprinted in my heart, will accompany me. Your actions, you ministers of Christ, may please this man, and those who surround me, who from friends, have now turned into demons; but bear in mind that they do not please God."

Wishing to hold a consultation on the matter, the Bishop ordered Eulalia to leave the room. She arose, and her form fraught with the grace and dignity of a Calypso, and the virtue, love and constancy of a Penelope, dispersed even the gloomy sadness that had ruled for hours in that hold of fanaticism and ignorance. Her only attendant and comforter was her younger sister. There were others, whose hearts bled for the unfortunate Eulalia, but they stood mute like monuments before the infuriated prelate.

"Eulalia," whispered Carolina, "how afflicted I am, and how I feel for you! Would to heaven I had communicated to our mother your strong attachment for Amartolus!"

"My dearest sister," replied the poor girl, "have I not declared to her and our heartless father that they were going to tie me to a person whom God and nature forbade me to love."

"Oh, how noble Amartolus looked, when, with several Grecians he passed by our house; at the same time the cruel tongues of our parents and friends were pouring their venom on your existence. My weeping eyes met his, and appearing to understand the transactions, he kissed his hand, and placing it on his heart, gave me the melancholy look of a wretched lover, and disappeared."

"Ah!" responded Eulalia to her sister, "how much earthly happiness these things take from me. How unreal, how artificial, how hypocritical, and how unnatural is love rendered through the bonds of religion, rank and speculation. How dif-

ferent, indeed, are our loves from those of patriarchal days."

"But you remember," interrupted Carolina, "that Amartolus, though a member of the Greek church, received from you in the orange-grove, the Roman golden cross you presented him on Christmas, and giving it a hearty and fervent kiss, placed it in his bosom, a thing which no other Greek will ever do."

"Truly I do, my dearest Carolina," replied Eulalia, "but this is not what made me love Amartolus; for men, like great Solomon, might adopt all beliefs for the sake of woman's charms. No, truly not! The sentiment of love is a mystery which cannot be comprehended nor defined by man. 'Tis divine; 'tis indescribable. Amartolus has possession of my whole heart, sweet sister; so when you meet him, tell him these very words."

"Amartolus is a person whose virtues cannot but be admired by the most misanthropic," rejoined Carolina. "All my sympathies, my unfortunate sister, are concentrated now on you and him. I shall serve you, despite of every danger and dishonor from your enemies."

Carolina was soon separated from Eulalia, by her uncle Dominico, one of the most bigoted of his race, and locking the door of the apartment, took her to his country-seat, three miles from the city of Scio.

Amartolus having heard of this fact, used his utmost exertions to procure an interview with Carolina. Disguising himself as a pedlar, he found entrance into the house of Dominico, while he was smoking his pipe and sipping his coffee under the arch of a beautiful marble fountain. Amartolus though appearing incognito, could not conceal his graceful personality, for Carolina recognized him and announced her discovery by biting her lips, in which was a compressed but sweet smile, and shooting a glance of her sparkling eyes towards him, that proclaimed silence and fear, said in a low tone:—"Thou faithful but unfortunate lover, my sympathies for you and my sister, are withering out my existence. How constant and how brave your sincere love makes you. I am a daughter of the Ro-

man Catholic church, but the church ought not to have power over human hearts. 'Tis nothing, wretched beings, that torments you so mortally, but the difference of religion. Our parents know your noble descent and immense wealth, and also the many virtues that adorn you, but they say to each other, 'Must we give Eulalia to a member of the schismatic Greek church, and lose her forever? No! let her rather be sent to become a holy sister, and espouse Christ in the blessed Nunnery, until she accepts the hand of pious Nagio.'"

"Dear lady," responded Amartolus, "sad are the tidings your sweet lips have uttered, but I thank heaven that I met you. But are your parents and your friends so inhuman as to act so cruelly against a being so lovely and good as your sister? Oh, Eulalia, Eulalia, theme of my daily thoughts, angel of my dreams, there is no mercy left on earth for us, but heavenly hope still fires our hearts to perseverance."

As their uncle Dominico was seen leaving his seat, and about proceeding toward the house, Carolina begged Amartolus to hasten his departure. Amartolus having requested her to watch at the window that night as he had a message to send to Eulalia, made his exit from the mosaic paved entry. At midnight the following note was handed to Carolina for Eulalia:

"Idol of my soul, Eulalia! You are at last cast into the den of human wolves. All the venomous arrows they darted against your tender heart, have not made you yield to a love your uncle the Bishop, and your parents and friends would have forced upon you. Heroic daughter of nature, you have waged godly strife for your constancy to me, and your sufferings and unhappy situation, kindled a flame in my breast which consumes me. My mind is in a perpetual commotion, like an ocean swayed by a tempest; plans for bold acts are agitating me, wherever I roam. How can I relieve one who, for my sake became an outcast, and who, from a circle of admiring kindred and friends, is now condemned to the meanest department of the mansion of a man who often lavished

so many eulogies upon her angelic qualities before the world! Let the storm of persecutions and hard hearts continue to rage; let the waves of fanaticism lash us, but be sure, my faithful Eulalia, that your lover will raise a giant, with a hundred arms, to free you from such a generation of vipers. The place of confinement where they intend to throw you, will never receive you. No! not if one drop of Grecian blood flows in my veins. Let them wrest you from me, and I will wrest you from them. I am preparing to steer our bark of adversity to the harbor of happiness. Console yourself, then, my tenderest Eulalia, while amid your enemies. I cherish a hope that there is a time when our love will unite the bonds of earthly felicity. Let this letter be destroyed as soon as you peruse it.

"YOUR SORROWFUL LOVER."

This letter received no answer, for soon after it was delivered there was not a minute allowed Eulalia to remain alone. The day of their departure from Scio, at length arrived, and the Bishop, priests, and laymen who attended him, sailed from the harbor of Scio with Eulalia under their charge, for the island of Tenos, to execute the unnatural and foul act of committing her to the dark cells of the Nunnery. Amartolus was aware of the day of their departure, and had taken a fair view of their caique, (sail-boat,) and two days previous went to the isle of Ipsare and hired a mistico, (a very swift sail-boat often used by pirates,) in which he placed thirty of the most daring and friendly marines of that Thermopylæ of the Archipelago. His father and himself were well known on that isle, not only to the captains who were supplied with *capitals* for their vessels, but to the most common sailor. High pay was offered by Amartolus to every one of these daring Greeks to obey his orders. They spread their sails, plied their oars and were flying over the transparent waters of the Archipelago, in search of the stolen treasure. They soon came in sight of a flame-colored boat near the island of Icaros. With his telescope, Amartolus recognized the red sail, and could even see the Bishop

and his priests reclining on their splendid Turkish carpets smoking their pipes, in the most luxurious and unsuspecting attitudes. It was after sunset, and Amartolus gave orders to his attendants: "Suspend your oars and rest a little, my brave fellows, till night cover us." A few minutes only had elapsed and Amartolus repeated his orders. "Now my braves, pour upon them, as soon as you mask yourselves." The Bellerophon, frothing on every side, was soon within about twenty-five yards of the flaming sail-boat.

"What boat is that?" sounded a voice through a trumpet.

"Tell them," replied one of the priests in a haughty manner, "we are from the island of Naxos, and have the Bishop on board."

Immediately a score of rifles were raised, and the boat was ordered to let her sail drop. The screams and terror of the women and children, on seeing so many frightful faces frowning upon them, and raising their guns against their open boat, was beyond description. The boat was captured, and its trembling human contents were carried to a solitary piratical resort, in the island of Icaria. The eventful night had spread her sable wings over the dark deep waters of that romantic sea, the hearts of whose isles are as firm as their rocks, when a chance of a daring deed is offered. The Bishop and his attendants are now in the power of hearts, in whose source fear finds no root. Not one human being that fell into the hands of those intrepid Ipsarians, appeared so indifferent as their prisoner, who had been the object of their ridicule and reproach, ever since they left the shores of Scio.

Eulalia knew these giants were raised from the sea, for her sake, with the gold of Amartolus, who made himself known to her, the very instant they approached the skiff she was in. The victorious lover sounded his trumpet and called his warriors together; his commands were promptly obeyed, and they hastened to the spot, where the Bishop and his train stood, bearing lighted torches in their hands; then taking Eulalia by the hand placed her by the Bishop, made a solemn bow before his holiness, saying,

"I show reverence to you as a minister of God, and I bow before the recovered prize you stole from me, because she was a Vestal at the shrine of love."

Having uttered these words, they surrendered the skiff and every thing they had taken possession of that belonged to the Bishop and his train, but Eulalia, and marched triumphantly on board the Bellerophon, and soon were seen dancing over the Ægean waves with their beautiful trophy leaning on the arm of her lover. As she stood on the deck of the noble Bellerophon, she exclaimed in tears of joy, "Let me now, dearest Amartolus, give my last sigh on this shore, for you have brought happiness to me."

But let us hasten to the end of our narrative. Our hero brought his faithful Eulalia to Vienna, where he had a branch of his extensive business. And there in conformity with Eulalia's desire, they were at once united, the ceremony being performed, first in the noble cathedral of that city, according to the rites of the Catholic church, and then next in conformity with the rites of the Greek church.

### THE FIRST SNOW.

J. L. P.

The snow lies white and still,  
O'er tree, and shrub, and wall,  
It lies on many a noble form,  
Pierced by the warrior's ball.

It lies upon my heart,  
It lies upon our home—  
A silent sorrow for the loved,  
Who nevermore may come.

It lies upon my heart,  
But may its whiteness be  
A fitting symbol of my calm  
And stainless trust in Thee.

Our God whose guardian eye  
Marks e'en the sparrow's fall,  
Will watch the graves of those who lie  
Pierced by the warrior's ball;

Will guide their souls to him,  
From west or southern plains,  
And by their blood of sacrifice,  
Wash out our country's stains.

## THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXXIV.

Paris — The Young Prince Imperial — Hotel des Invalides — Tomb of the Emperor — Gay scene on the Champ Elysees — The Centre of Civilization.

One learns with pleasure that on the birth of the Prince Imperial, when a munificent gift of money was presented to the Empress upon the joyful occasion, the happy mother in accepting this splendid token of the good will of her people, declared her intention of appropriating it to some benevolent object. This charitable design was in good time accomplished, the result of which we see in a noble institution founded for the benefit of the poor young orphans, — hundreds of these unfortunate little ones here finding a comfortable home where they are properly reared and trained to habits of industry and usefulness until they are of age to engage in the active duties of life. This truly was making the advent of the little Prince a blessing to the people whom he may some day live to rule, we hope with just and kindly sway! And yet, we could not suppress a feeling of tender sadness, almost of dark foreboding, as we saw the child-prince seated in his State-carriage, and in sweet, confiding innocence showering kisses with his dainty little hands upon the waiting throng, who watched with eager expectancy the coming of the brilliant cortege as it emerged from the gates of the Tuilleries one pleasant morning during our stay in the city. The fate of royalty during the last century in France, together with the still lingering revolutionary tendency of its people, does not appear to furnish an entirely favorable augury for the future of the heir apparent to a throne which is held at present only by the most consummate skill of a masterly diplomatist, such as Europe has not known for many a year.

It was pleasant to see at the *Hotel des Invalides* — that truly benevolent institution — those war-worn soldiers who had served their country in so many campaigns, still cheery and bright, enjoying those home comforts and kindly care which are provided for the inmates of this

asylum. The perfect order, cleanliness and cheerfulness pervading the entire establishment cannot be too highly esteemed. Sauntering through the grounds, standing in chatty groups, or sitting on the scattered branches basking in the sunshine, were numbers of these pensioners, who though bereft of an arm or leg, minus an eye, or otherwise maimed, appeared to be enjoying a pleasant and tranquil life after the hard experiences of the battle field.

One might muse sadly upon the terrible amount of suffering endured in the aggregate by those scarred veterans, making a dark picture of human cruelty and human wrong. But as long as the horrible monster of war is in the world, (ay, even at our own doors!) while deploring the dread necessity, we will be thankful that such an Asylum as this exists, where those homeless ones who, escaping the din of conflict with their lives, may repose in quiet during the remainder of their days.

Our Government will soon need its *own Hotel des Invalides*. (Alas! for the necessity that calls for such Asylums!) but may it be arranged as comfortably and managed as judiciously as this extensive edifice of which we are speaking! The foundation of this structure was laid in A. D. 1670, by Louis XIV.; since which time, various additions and embellishments have been made, until it has reached its present imposing dimensions, presenting one of the finest architectural piles which Paris can boast. The church of the *Hotel des Invalides* contains the magnificent tomb of the Great Napoleon, where neither skill nor expense has been spared to render this last resting place of a Nation's hero commensurate in its style with the celebrity of his deeds. The monolith and sarcophagus, both of solid porphyry, are of immense weight, and in perfection of polish exceed anything of the kind which we have ever seen. A costly shrine! a fee asked! and this is all of human greatness! And yet *not* all. That tomb of Napoleon is a power which is felt in the land. The present Emperor knows it, and wisely adds to its magnificence, with an eye to the permanence of his own reign — of his own name!

While like other metropolitan cities, Paris doubtless has its share of sin and suffering, there is less outward manifestation of its hydra-headed presence, than in other places of note upon the continent. Here, vice is seen, is gilded, and lacquered over with a gloss of refinement, (all the more dangerously enticing probably on this account,) but the sickening, shameful degradation of human kind which so often shocks the sight in old replete cities, if existing at all in Paris, is kept from public view by the strong arm of a strict military surveillance. We believe however, that there is indeed less of abject misery and gross beastiality here, than is found in other European cities. The strict cleanliness and order which pervades all parts of the city, enforces some observance of the outward proprieties of life upon even the most abandoned classes. And the excellent sanitary arrangements everywhere thoroughly carried into effect, prevent the prevalence of disease among the lower orders, who as a class appear to be as polite and good humored as they are healthful and vivacious. The City Government of Paris is certainly despotic; but in its freedom from nuisances—in its order, cleanliness and health—in the safety of life and property within its limits, who shall say it is not wisely so! In comparing New-York with Paris in these respects just enumerated, what candid American can say the balance is not greatly in favor of the latter. Let us praise the beneficial result, though we may not highly esteem the system by which it is achieved!

A gay and splendid spectacle is the grand avenue of the Champs Elysees on pleasant afternoons. There one sees the beauty and fashion of the city; a grand display of the finest equipages, from that of the Emperor, (who occasionally drives a magnificent pair of horses with masterly skill,) down to the less ambitious turn-outs of well-to-do elderly Parisians, who care more for comfort than show; these, with a plentiful sprinkling of public carriages among which the *Voiture de Remise*, (a small coach arranged for two or three persons,) is most prominent, form a lively

moving panorama, quite charming to the eye. The Empress and suite, and Victor Emanuel's daughter, Clotilde, (Prince Jerome's young Sardinian wife,) appeared to attract the most attention upon these occasions. So the gay throng move on,—and life in the grand metropolis, with its continued succession of brilliant shows,—its fetes and festivals, balls, masquerades and plays, make the whole year a carnival, where fashion and pleasure and folly hold high sway. But let us not forget that the world of science and letters,—of benevolence and art, is also here, fully represented—in short, that Paris is truly the centre of European civilization, having well earned its title to supremacy in this respect, and wearing its honors *gracefully*, to say the least!

*Alfred's Rest.*

M. C. G.

## SING, SISTER, SING.

By Clara.

Sing, sister, sing, my heart is beating,  
In time with the tune and rhyme repeating,  
Sing while the night tide rolls away,  
Sing in a brighter, better day.

Sing sister, mysteries are waiting,  
About in the breezes fit translating;  
Things that the winged angels bear,  
Througling the silence everywhere.

Sing, sister, sing, a wildwood greeting  
Ring out the magical bird repeating;  
Whisper the whisperings of trees,  
Call the summers over the seas.

Sing in the sweet unmeasured numbers,  
That nightly invoked my infant slumbers;  
Sing me, O sister, soft and low,  
Back to that rest of long ago.

Sing me, with tremulous appealing—  
Out of thy own young heart's revealings—  
The lover's melancholy tales,  
As sweet as any nightingale's.

Sing with a passionate outpouring,  
As though thy soul from sense were soaring,  
Perchance to catch a holier breath,  
For love found mightier than death.

Sing, sister, bend thy lofty tonings,  
To orphans' sobs and widows' moanings,  
Dirge faintly for the dying bed,  
And chant the requiems of the dead.

Sing the songs of the weary-hearted,  
Low laments for hopes departed;  
O, muse of melody, how long  
Must there be suffering for song?

Sing on till every finer feeling,  
Astonished, meets its true revealing;  
Let all the airs of earth and sky,  
That harp of thine sweep passing by.

O voice, unfurl, with exultation,  
Thy tuneful banner o'er the nation,  
In peans for the brave and free,  
And fuller freedom yet to be.

And turn again thy songful river,  
In worship to its Source and Giver,  
If yet perchance a mortal chord,  
May reach the glory of the Lord.

Sing on, I'm borne upon thy singing,  
Where all creation's chimes are ringing,  
As though I stood upon a star,  
And heaven itself were not afar.

O, sister voice, thou magic portal,  
Through which I've caught a breath immortal,  
So quickened to thy mystic away,  
My soul goes singing on its way.  
*Buffalo, N. Y.*

#### A BIT OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.

"You are made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you see it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags. If there is a lame boy assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him. If there is a bright one, be not envious; for if our boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist."

#### MADAME ROLAND.

By Rev. E. W. Reynolds.

#### PART IV.

#### THE MARTYR OF LIBERTY.

##### I.—AN OMEN AT MADAME'S BANQUET.

Madame Roland and her party were passive spectators of this tragedy. They would gladly have saved the life of the king, from motives both of humanity and policy; for they cherished no malice toward the monarch, and they foresaw that his execution would re-act against the Revolution. When the terrible event was accomplished, however, they doubtless agreed that a great incubus was removed from the nation, and they devoted themselves thenceforth, with such abilities and resources as they could command, to the creation of the Republic.

During the progress of this work, Madame Roland received the chiefs of the Gironde at dinner, as usual; and even became reconciled to Dumouriez, when he came out of the conflict with the Prussians, flushed with victory. At length came the joyful day that heard the Republic proclaimed over the grave of a Dynasty, which had made such atonement as Oppression can offer to Vengeance.

That evening Madame Roland gave a Banquet in honor of the auspicious achievement. Twelve out of the twenty-one leaders of the illustrious party—now near the summit of its aspirations—sat down at her table, radiant with joy and exultation.

They supped and drank with the enthusiasm of Frenchmen, the decorum of philosophers, and something of that tragical elevation of soul which is imparted by revolutions, and fostered by the sense of perilous trusts. The rugged, intellectual beauty of Madame had never been more brilliantly displayed, and Roland, as his proud eyes rested on his gifted wife, must have mildly exulted in the prospect of a speedy realization of their fondest dreams. "All eyes turned on Verguand, the hero of the day. After sup-

per he filled his glass, and proposed to drink to the eternity of the Republic. Madame Roland — always ready to invest great moments with the poetry of her fancy — bade him pluck some rose leaves from her nosegay, and scatter them on the wine. Verguian obeyed, but with a saddened look. Turning to one of his brother chiefs, he said, "It is not rose leaves, but cypress leaves, we should quaff in our wine to-night. For in drinking to a Republic, stained at its birth with the blood of September, who knows that we do not drink to our death?" Then, recovering himself, he added, "No matter, were this wine my blood, I would drain it to liberty and equality."

The toast was greeted with plaudits for the Republic, that shook the saloon.

The dark words of the Girondin chief — spoken that night at the culmination of the banquet — conveyed a terrible prophecy. "No sooner was the Republic proclaimed," observes a late writer, "than the real motives of so many of its institutors appeared in their true light. Popularity and power for themselves was what they desired, and the liberty of the people was only a cry to insure it. The Girondins and Jacobins began to tear one another to pieces. The lion and the tiger fought over the body of the sick elephant. Robespierre, the cunning jackal, quietly devoured the prey while they were fighting. . . . A system of mutual accusation was established, and each party watched for the slightest pretext to assail the other."

## II.—BREAKING UP THE FOUNDATIONS.

Under the reign of surveillance and discord thus inaugurated, so conspicuous a person as Madame Roland could not escape. She was accused, by a miserable adventurer, of "secret correspondence with the Constitutional Party, who had taken refuge in London for the purpose of saving the life of the King." On this charge, "she was called to the bar of the Assembly. Her beauty, her calm, modest dignity, and the clear innocence imprinted on her face," "extracted a verdict in her favor from the whole body," before she opened her lips. "They listened in

silence and admiration, while in a clear voice she asserted her innocence; and when she had done, a general murmur of approbation" ran through the building. "She left the Assembly, acquitted by acclamation.

"Still the Republic, which she had anticipated with such generous fervor, as the beginning of a fraternal spirit, and the embodiment of wholesome laws and noble manners, brought her nothing but disappointment and misfortune. The lowest mobs, trained in the faubourgs and cellars of Paris, were getting the control of affairs. Among those miscreants, no reputation or life was regarded as better than a dog's, if it stood in the way of their bloody rapacity. The time came when the Revolution, which the noble woman had hailed and accelerated from the purest motives, turned loose the vermin of a great Capital, to spot her fame, and clamor for her life."

The Terrorists, who were now struggling for the field, having swept away the poor King, who represented the Monarchy, were resolved to exterminate the Girondins, who represented the Republic. The Republic was just as offensive to the Jacobins, and to the horrible crew they enlisted and swayed, as the Monarchy had been. Nothing would content them short of Anarchy, and that baleful climax of civil disorder was at hand.

The middle class of society and the Departments — all that remained in France to rally around the remnant of virtue and social order — supported the Girondins; and the courageous soul that animated theirs to the last, was Madame Roland's. But it was true then, as now, that the Capitol of France ruled the Kingdom; and in that Capitol, since, so effectively daguerreotyped by the graphic art of Lamartine and Victor Hugo, the most depraved and ferocious of mankind had gathered from the purlieus and alleys, from the prisons and sewers, to defame Liberty, and control the fearful engine of the Revolution.

This infamous rabble — excited by such demagogues as Marat and Danton, who were themselves animated by Robespierre — conspired, in repeated instances,



to destroy the Girondins. Certain plots for assassinating the more obnoxious members having successively failed, the Anarchists resolved to "unite in a *coup-d'état*, and force the Girondins to quit office in the presence of an armed force.

In pursuance of the plan now arranged, the first move contemplated the arrest of Roland.

An order for his arrest, issued by the Revolutionary Committee, was brought to him by six armed men, who presented themselves in his apartments.

Roland declined to recognize the authority of that body, and refused to obey their agents. "The men had no orders to employ force; and their chief, leaving them to watch Roland, went to report his reply."

The time had come for Madame to act, and to display in her own person, some of the heroism that had fired her girlish imagination. "She wrote a letter to the Convention, announcing the attempted arrest of her husband," and set off for the Tuilleries, where that body sat, to deliver it in person.

### III.—A NIGHT OF THE REVOLUTION.

The streets of Paris were thronged by ruffians, depraved by a life of outlawry, and infuriated by the daily eloquence of the Jacobins. They detested this woman as the acknowledged leader of the party they had conspired to destroy. But, disregarding the danger she incurred—alone, hated, and unprotected—Madame Roland rode toward the palace.

The spacious court-yard of the Tuilleries was swarming with an armed populace, making ready to hurl their vengeance on the devoted Gironde. Amid these excited and brutal thousands the intrepid woman passed on till she reached the palace. "At the door of the Convention the sentinels forbade her to enter, but she insisted in such strong terms, that they allowed her to pass into the room set apart for petitioners. Through the closed doors, she heard the contest going on, which was to end in the defeat of the Girondins. At last, after waiting an hour," she succeeded in getting access to Verguian—the dark prophet of their

common doom—who persuaded her to relinquish the idea of reading her letter to the Convention, and to return to her husband.

Meantime Roland had got rid of the five men who had been left to guard him in his chamber, and had taken refuge in the house of a friend in the same court. There his wife found him, and—being re-assured of his present safety—her former purpose revived, and she took a carriage again for the Convention.

By this time the day was closing, and the terrors of night were added to those of the insurrection, already swelling like a flood in the streets of the capital. Madame Roland passed on in safety.

The Convention had closed its sitting, and the tide of armed populace had ebbed from the court-yard of the Tuilleries. But the cannon remained, pointed at the vacant palace, and groups of ragged ruffians loitered by the grim artillery.

Too late to gain the ear of the Convention, Madame Roland exchanged a few words with the smutty beggars who infested the entrance of the Tuilleries, and again entered her carriage. A little dog, bereft of his master, came to her whining for protection. She took the poor brute with her, and she thought—as she rode through the night streets, shaken by the convulsions of anarchy—of "the fable of an old man who, wearied with the persecutions of his fellow-creatures, retired to a wood to cultivate the friendship of animals." The sad-hearted woman was more desolate than the dog; he had found a protector, but she had none. Yet her brave heart was as courageous as ever.

"At the post of *La Samaritaine*, the cab was stopped by the guard, who expressed astonishment at a woman being alone so late at night. 'Alone!' replied Madame Roland, 'I am accompanied by Innocence and Truth; what more can I require?' The guard allowed her to pass."

There not being room for her in the house where Roland had taken refuge, she returned to her own apartment. "Weary with the excitements of the day," she had scarcely laid herself on the

bed, when she was roused by a deputation asking for Roland. She informed them of his escape, but refused to say where he was. "The deputation retired, and for an hour she slept well. She was roused by her maid, who told her that some gentlemen wished to speak to her. It was one o'clock in the morning," and she was at no loss to apprehend their errand. Coming out of her room, she listened to the reading of a warrant for her arrest and imprisonment in the Abbaye.

#### IV.—IN THE ABBAYE.

Madame refused to acknowledge the authority of the COMMUNE, which had issued the warrant, and at first thought of resisting the arrest. But, reflecting that while she was being taken, Roland might find time to escape from Paris, she prepared to obey the summons. An officer arrived and put seals on all her property. Before leaving the house, she "wrote to a friend, to beg his protection for her daughter; but, as the officer insisted on seeing the letter, she tore it to pieces, which he scrupulously picked up and put under seal. At seven in the morning, she was obliged to leave her home and her child."

Meanwhile, a vulgar and impudent crowd had been pouring into her rooms, and when she entered the cab, they surrounded her, and fiercely commended her to the guillotine. The guard asked if she would have the windows closed. She told him it was not necessary,—reminding him that "oppressed innocence must never take the attitude of guilt," and adding proudly, that she "feared no one's looks."

"You have more courage than many men," said the guard, glancing from her to the malicious faces of the mob.

"I groan for my country," she answered,—*"I regret the error which made me think it worthy of liberty and happiness. I appreciate life, but despise injustice and death."*

In this manner—submitting to her fate with the dignity of the old heroes she had lauded—Madame Roland was conveyed to prison.

In one of the revolutionary dungeons,

still lingered the queen of France—no longer beautiful or young, but gray with the terrors of one memorable night, and blind with foul and murky air. Thus Marie Antoinette, the imperious soul of the Monarchy, and Madame Roland, the enthusiastic apostle of the Republic—had come to embrace a common doom, while the deluge of Anarchy—bearing the wreck of the Revolution—swelled and swept on over their heads.

The prison life of Madame—though protracted several months—was mitigated by the kindness of her jailor, and cheered by the attentions of his wife.

After a single attempt by letter, to awaken the Convention to a sense of her unjust imprisonment, she resigned herself to her cruel destiny. Conscious that death waited for her at no great distance of time, she resolved to finish her course with dignity, and to fill her limited hours with noble occupations. She had brought in her pocket a copy of Thomson's Poems—a work which she highly prized. As books were not prohibited, she had also Plutarch's Lives, Tacitus, and Hume's History of England—to which she added Sheridan's Dictionary, that she might improve her knowledge of English. Thus her intellectual ambition attended her to the vortex of the social whirlpool that drew her down.

By the indulgence of her jailor, she decorated her cell with flowers, and—what was a still more precious privilege—received visits from a few particular friends. Through their agency she learned that her husband was secreted in the vicinity of Rouen. By their kindness, she was also enabled to make a suitable provision for her daughter.

It was likewise by means of these friends that she learned how "one after another of her party had been condemned and executed; and lastly, that her own name was written on the Black List" of the public prosecutor—the list that was signed by Robespierre, the man who had been her guest and her friend.

"During the early part of his abode in Paris, the deputy of Arras, then but little known, had been a constant visitor at Madame Roland's house. And when

the Constituent Assembly wounded the pride, and disdained the words of Robespierre, Madame Roland discerned his genius, honored his pertinacity, and encouraged his despised eloquence. The recollection of this glanced across the mind of Robespierre, as he signed an order for her appearing before a tribunal which he well knew was the same thing as signing a death-warrant.

Madame Roland and Robespierre had commenced their revolutionary career together, and by the workings of that same revolution, the one had attained unlimited power, while the other had been precipitated into the very depths of adversity, and it was in all probability, to the encouragement bestowed on his abilities by Madame Roland, that Robespierre owed the elevated position he now occupied, and the power it gave him of decreeing life or death to his early friend. Any other man than Robespierre would have felt the influence of these reminiscences, and a sentiment of generous pity steal over his mind; but Robespierre was a mere stoic, who mistook inflexibility for strength of character, and obstinacy for firmness; he would have plucked out his own heart had he believed it capable of counselling the slightest weakness. Calculation had superseded all natural feelings in his mind, and the more he stifled every sentiment of humanity, the nearer did he, in his own imagination, approach super-human greatness; and the more he endured from the struggle, the more persuaded was he of its justice. He had in fact, arrived at that excess of sophistry and false sentiment that makes a man mistrust every virtuous impulse of his heart.\*

#### V.—APPEAL AND FAREWELLS.

When it became evident that she was to receive no justice from the Revolution, Madame Roland resolved to appeal to posterity. Deprived of the power of acting, she concentrated her powers of thought. Through the indulgence of her jailors, she procured some sheets of paper, pens, and ink, and with these she commenced

writing portions of both her public and private life,—contriving each day to conceal one of these pages from the surveillance of her jailors. These detached pages she confided to her friend Bosc, who carried them away concealed beneath his clothes, and kept them as a sacred deposit against better days. . . . In these papers are mingled, with a disorder and haste that seems to count only upon the present chance of communicating them, the most feminine thoughts and feelings of her childhood, and the gloomiest picture of her imprisonment. In the same book might be read the description of the young and ardent girl seated in her chamber on the Quai des Orfevres, dreaming of love and aspiring after glory; then, by a rapid flight of the pen, the scene lies in the gloomy dungeon, where a poor captive sighs in bitterness of heart over a separation from all she holds dear, and parting by degrees from every tender tie or hopeful illusion, sees nothing before her but the scaffold.

"This work, though addressed to posterity, bears evident marks of having been intended for some confidential, though unknown friend, to whom Madame Roland might, after her death, be enabled, through the medium of these pages, more perfectly to relate every thought, feeling, and reference to her past life:—in fact, these memoirs resemble a conversation carried on in such an undertone, that only a part is generally heard or understood; but the interest they excite becomes so much the greater, when they are viewed as having been written at the very threshold of death—as the breathings of a noble mind, ready to exhale its last sigh. At every word the reader trembles, lest the entrance of the executioner should arrest the progress of the outpourings of a wounded spirit; and it is almost possible to imagine the axe suspended over the writer's head, ready to make her pen and her life cease together."†

If the captivity of Madame Roland was mitigated by these occupations, it was also aggravated by the calculating malice of her enemies. One day she was

\* Lamartine's History of the Girondists, vol. ii. page 254.

† Lamartine, vol. iii. pp. 253, 257.

"indulged with a few hours' liberty from her prison. Frantic with joy she flew to her house, to embrace her child, and behold once more that home once so blessed and always so loved, but this temporary freedom was only a cruel snare on the part of her oppressors, and the satellites of the Commune watched her steps, and dashed the cup of happiness away ere it had reached her lips. They waited for her on the steps of her dwelling—barring her approach, nor suffering her to cross its threshold, to press her child to her heart, or to witness the grief and devotion of her attached servants—she was seized by these emissaries, and, spite of her tears and supplications, conveyed to the prison of St. Pelagie—the receptacle for all the lost and abandoned females swept from the streets of Paris."

The insult and degradation implied in such companionship was the most horrible calamity that malice had yet decreed her. "She had resigned herself to die, but infamy and disgrace had been adjudged her instead. By the compassionate sympathy of her jailors, she was, at length removed from this degrading companionship; she was placed in a chamber by herself, and furnished with a flock bed and a table. Once more she set about her memoirs, and again enjoyed the pleasure of seeing her friends."

Toward the end of her captivity—depressed by long confinement, and broken by sickness—her fortitude so far gave way as to lead her to procure poison, and meditate suicide. Under the influence of this determination, she wrote farewell letters to her husband, her daughter, and her friends; and one feels, as he reads these touching productions, that seldom were finer sensibilities, or nobler thoughts condensed into the Literature of Sorrow.

Addressing Roland, she writes: "Forgive me, my esteemed and justly honored husband, for taking upon myself to dispose of a life I had consecrated to you; believe me, I could have loved it and you the better for your misfortunes had I but been permitted to have shared them with you. At present you are merely freed from a useless object of unavailing anguish to you."

Then, in allusion to that other tie of nature, she says, "Pardon me, my beloved child, my sweet daughter, whose gentle image dwells within my heart, and whose very remembrance shakes my sternest resolution. Never would your fond mother have left you helpless in the world, could she but have remained to guide and guard you. Alas! alas! the cruel hearts that tore me from you, care little for innocence like yours."

Apostrophizing her friends, she adds "And you, my cherished friends, transfer to my motherless child the affection you have ever manifested for me. Grieve no more at a resolution which ends my many and severe trials. You know me too well to believe that weakness or terror have instigated the step I am about to take. I could be assured that when before that tribunal where so many just persons are sent, I should be permitted to point out the tyrants, I would fain be standing there this instant."

But the morbid feeling which had led her to desire to abridge her existence, passed away, and the image of her child, enshrined in her fond heart, attached her still to life.

The solace of Religion she can scarcely be said to have enjoyed in those afflictive days, for Romanism had darkened the glass of Faith. But, with the philosopher's intuition, she believed in God, and the yearnings of her womanhood made her confide in an Immortality that should compensate her for the miseries of this world.

#### VI.—IN THE CONCIERGE.

In November, 1793, after an imprisonment of nearly six months, Madame Roland was removed to "that fatal Conciergerie, from whence, in those days, no prisoner issued but for the guillotine." There, as described by Lamartine, "instead of losing strength or courage, it appeared as though both were increased. As she approached her end, her mind, her language, and her features seemed to take the impress of one appointed to fill some great and lofty destiny. During the few days she passed in the Conciergerie, she spread, by her presence among the numer-

ous prisoners there, an enthusiasm and contempt of death that elevated even the most abject and depressed. The approach to the scaffold seemed to give a more divine character to her beauty; the length of her captivity, the calm consciousness with which she recognized the hopelessness of her situation, her voice tremulous with the emotion she forbade to vent itself in tears—gave to her words that thrilling interest that finds its way to every heart.

She conversed at the grate with the numerous members of her party, who, like herself, had found their way to the Conciergerie. Standing on a stone bench, which elevated her a little above the ground, and clasping her fingers round the iron bars that separated the opening between the cloister and the court, she found her tribune in her prison, and her audience in her companions to the scaffold. . . . Her vindictive memory plunged into the remotest records of antiquity, to find likenesses, analogies and names capable of bearing a comparison with the tyrants of her day: While her enemies were preparing the formalities of her accusation, merely a few feet above where she stood, her voice, like that of posterity, reproached them from the very dungeons of the Conciergerie. She took her revenge while living, and dying, bequeathed her eternal hatred. Her eloquence drew no tears from her audience; she would have been displeased at such a manifestation of weakness; but at each pause she made, loud cries of admiration burst from those who heard her. The prisoners would listen to her for hours, and when compelled to return to their cells, would depart, shouting enthusiastically, "*Vive la République!*" No slander was uttered against liberty; on the contrary, it was worshipped even in the dungeons hallowed in its name.

"But this woman, so magnanimous and superior to her fate in public, gave way, like all of human kind, when left to the silence and solitude of her dungeon. Her heroic spirit seemed to leave her, and her woman's heart quailed with deep anguish, as the veil of enthusiasm faded

away, and stern reality resumed its place, showing her all the horrors of her situation; . . . she passed whole mornings at her window, her forehead pressed against the iron grating, gazing upon the small speck of the heavens visible to her, and shedding floods of tears over the flowers with which the Concierge had decorated the place."

#### VII.—THE BANQUET OF CYPRESS LEAVES.

The last scene need not detain us long. The trial of Madame Roland was an odious and cruel farce; her condemnation a foregone conclusion. "She was reproached with being the wife of Roland, and the friend of his accomplices. With a proud look of triumph, she admitted her guilt in both instances; spoke with tenderness of her husband, of her friends with respect, and of herself with dignified modesty." The basest part of the populace took part in these trials, and often extorted the verdict the judges hesitated to pronounce. At the hands of a tribunal so desecrated, the noblest woman of her country expected no mercy; she accepted her sentence with composure—rather with exultation.

Rising and slightly bowing to her judges, she said with a bitter smile, "I thank you for considering me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men you have murdered!"

With a girlish fleetness of motion, and elasticity of spirits, as if anticipating a pleasure instead of a tragedy, she ran down the steps of the Conciergerie. "As she passed along the corridor, where all the prisoners had assembled to greet her return, she looked at them smilingly, and drawing her right hand across her throat, made a sign expressive of cutting off a head. This was her only farewell; it was tragic as her destiny, joyous as her deliverance; and well was it understood by those who saw it. Many who were incapable of weeping for their own fate, shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for hers."

That day a procession of carts laden with victims, supplied the bloody voracity of the guillotine. "Madame Roland was placed in the last, beside a weak and infirm old man, named Lamarche, once

director of the manufactory of Assignats. She wore a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, of which she was anxious to convince the people; her magnificent hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, fell in thick masses almost to her knees; her complexion, purified by her long captivity, and now glowing under the influence of a sharp, frosty November day, bloomed with all the freshness of early youth. Her eyes were full of expression; her whole countenance seemed radiant with glory, while a movement between pity and contempt agitated her lips." To the insults of the crowd who followed her she replied with composure, or responded only by a dignified silence.

The scaffold was erected beside a colossal statue of Liberty, significantly composed of clay, which then stood in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the obelisk. "Upon arriving there, Madame Roland descended from the cart. Just as the executioner had seized her arm to enable her to be the first to mount the guillotine, she displayed one of the most noble and tender considerations for others only a woman's heart could conceive, or put into practice at such a moment. 'Stay!' said she, momentarily resisting the man's grasp. 'I have only one favor to ask, and that is not for myself; I beseech you grant it me.' Then turning to the old man who had rode with her to the scaffold, she said, 'Do you precede me; to see my blood flow would be making you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my punishment.' The executioner allowed this arrangement to be made."

She heard the horrible instrument as it severed the head of Lamarche, without so much as changing color. Then, stepping lightly up to the scaffold, and bowing before the statue of Liberty, she said, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Saying which, she resigned herself to the executioner, and the spirit of Madame Roland departed with the Republic she had aspired to create. —

A few days later, some shepherds,

passing on a Norman highway—driving their flocks before them—discovered a human body lying in a ditch. Raising it up, they found it to be the body of an old man, tall and wasted, and "stern even in death." On his breast was pinned a paper bearing these words: "Whoever thou art that findest these remains, respect them as those of a virtuous man. After my wife's death, I would not remain another day upon this earth, so stained with crimes."

The Philosopher had gone through the valley and shadow of death in quest of the noble woman whose enthusiasm had lighted the summit of his manhood, and whose departure was the setting of the star by which he sailed on that wild sea.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

By Lilly Waters.

### A FORGIVING DISPOSITION.

The sea-worm perforates the muscle-shell, and the openings are closed with pearls. So it is with us when we forgive those who have made wounds in our hearts.

### MEMORY.

Memory is a paradise from which we cannot be turned out. Even our first parents could not be expelled from that.

### FRIENDS.

Friends are to each other, as the sun and sun-flower. One draws, the other follows.

### FLOWERS UPON THE COFFIN OF THE YOUNG WIFE.

Strew flowers upon her, now, your blossomed friend! Ye were wont to bring flowers on her birth-day festivals. Now, ye celebrate her greatest, for the bier is heaven's cradle.

### IDEAL AND REAL.

Supply the hopes and purposes of life with the Ideal! Make it other than a prosaic, unmetrical, incongruous translation!

## THE POOR.

An imitation of 'The Bells' without their music, but where the word substituted, needs the repetition of "line upon line" to dull ears.

By Mrs. H. G. Perry.

List to the words of sacred lore!

And oon their meaning o'er and o'er—

"Me, ye have not always, but ye always have the poor"—

They came from Him who spake as man ne'er spake before!

See the crying,

Hear the sighing

Of the poor;

They're laid at your door,

Sick and sore!

Are suffering, starving, dying; arise, and save the poor!

Remember ye the loving poor!

Pale poverty may guard the door,

But 'neath is still the portion of all the loving poor;

See the meetings,

Hear the greetings

Of the poor,

Of the loving poor,

Poor, poor, poor;

Teach your heart to time its beatings by the heart-beats of the poor.

The sensitive and silent poor;

These need your kindly aid the more,

Who sit within the empty room, and doubly bar the door;

Know ye nothing,

Hear ye nothing

Of these poor?

Of these poor, poor, poor,

Poor, silent poor?

Hasten to them,

Seek to woo them!

And the bolts and bars — undo them! by the love ye bear the poor,

The noble, silent poor,

Let the loving heart subdue them, the suffering, silent poor.

Remember ye the sinning poor!

They meet contempt at every door;

But they have double sorrow whose sins have made them poor:

See the quailing,

Hear the wailing

Of the poor,

Poor, poor, poor, poor,

Poor, guilty poor;

And let pity never-failing, save the poor, the sinning poor.

## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

## CHAPTER IX.

By —.

During all those painful, trying weeks of sickness, while I was suffering so acutely from disease, my misery was doubled by the anxiety I felt about our rapidly growing expenses. All the items of expenditure which accompany a serious illness, had to be added to our already burdensome debts. We had felt puzzled before this trial came, to know how we were to get through the winter if we were all well and prospered, but here was a new weight of calamity for us to bear. Nell always soothed me, in these troubled moments, by saying,

"As our day is, our strength shall be."

There is never a burden put upon our shoulders too heavy for us to bear; but a hand unseen will be placed under it, to lighten, and make it bearable for us. If we see no way to meet the expenses of this sickness, we will be trusting and wait, there will be a way provided for us.

I took her advice, and was temporarily soothed, but at the same time the certainty haunted me like an unquiet spirit, that my family were almost suffering themselves, for necessities of which they were willingly deprived for my sake.

Nell had been promised some furs, and a new cloak for winter, and she could ill afford to do without them. Her shawl, which had seen ten years' service, was the only warm outer covering of which she could boast, and that, we knew, would be most unacceptable to the congregation with whom she worshipped. For two months she was detained at home beside my sick-bed. None complained (during those hours of peril, when all knew that my life depended on her constant care,) that her place in the church was vacant. She could not safely leave me until the middle of February, and by this time the winter was so far spent that she hoped to slip through to the end of it, without a large extra outlay for dress.

The first day that my condition made it safe for her to leave me, was a bitter cold day. The air was clear and bright, and the sun shone beautifully. It was

the kind of day to invite crowds to the house of God.

I was able now to sit up, and I watched from my window with interest the multitudes that passed me going worshipward. Bright colors were prevailing that season, and the street looked more like a field full of butterflies than like a solemn concourse of people going up to a house of prayer.

I was meditating upon the singular appearance of the crowd, when Nell came into the room. It was full time that she had left the house, as the last bell was ringing, but she sat down composedly, with an unmistakable air of rest.

I said with surprise, "Are you not going to church this morning? I thought you went up to your room to dress, a long time ago."

"I did think to go," she replied, "and began dressing, but I changed my mind afterward."

"What could have induced you to change your mind? I am sure there never was a finer day than this to go out."

"I know it," she replied. "If the day had not been so fine, I think I should have been more likely to have gone. You gentlemen do not always guess right when you speculate about a woman's whims."

"But what has kept you?" I urged. "There must surely be a reason for your staying. It has been so long since you went to church, I thought nothing could have detained you at home to-day. And beside your own inclination impelling you, you know that our people are getting uneasy to see you again in your accustomed seat at church. Were you not in the room the other day, when Deacon Morgan was complaining to me of your absence, and telling me that I must see to it, that the minister's pew was better filled in future?"

"No," Nell replied; "I was not present, and I am very glad that I wasn't, for I escaped one scolding by the means. And now, since the matter of my to-day's absence must be explained, I will tell you why I staid. It is a very foolish reason, and I know you will disapprove it, as I

do in my inner heart; but I do not know how to do otherwise. I have grown so sensitive to the criticisms of our people on my dress, that I really had not independence of character enough to go to church on a beautiful day like this, when everybody else is dressed in their best, and wear my old shawl."

"Why, Nell," said I, "I am astonished; it is not like you to let a matter of pride keep you from the worship of God."

"It is not my own pride. If there were none but myself concerned, I would never absent myself from the congregated worshippers because of the lack of any article of dress. I believe it is wicked to do so, but I hold myself guiltless of that sin. You may think, and truly, that I have not much to boast of, when I acknowledge in the same breath, that I am guilty of the craven cowardice which bows abashed before this pride in others, and allows it to stand between me and what I know to be my duty to God. But I do not know how to get rid of this folly. We began by indulging this meddling with our concerns, when we first came here. There was where our mistake lay. For, once having given the slightest foothold, we have been woven about little by little, mesh by mesh, until we are as helpless as a captive fly in a spider's web."

"I know," I replied, "that we were unfortunate in not knowing how to adapt ourselves to our new circumstances, when we first came here; but as we learn wisdom we must act upon it. It is folly for us to yield to other's opinions or criticisms, accepting them in place of our own judgment—but it goes farther than folly, and becomes wickedness when we permit our fear of other's opinion to interfere with what we know to be our religious duty. I know how hard the trial will be for you, since our friends here are so free to express their criticisms, but I think it is your duty to go to church to-day, notwithstanding the mortification that you will have to endure in wearing the old shawl."

"If I could only stay at home to-day," she pleaded, "perhaps another



Sunday will not be as cold, and the remainder of the winter I may be able to wear my thin shawl, (which you know is very respectable) without endangering my health."

"No, Nell," I answered firmly, "I would not delay, when I knew that duty was knocking at the door of my heart. It will not be warm enough for six weeks yet, for you to put on your thin shawl with safety. You must do what you know to be right, and bear the mortification."

"But you would not have me go now to the forenoon service. I should be so late that my mortification would be double, being obliged to walk up the aisle 'the observed of all observers,' after the rest of the worshippers are all quietly seated in their pews."

"I would most certainly go at once. You will not find it as hard now, while your reason is convinced, and you see your duty clearly, as you will if you wait until afternoon. The moment when we are in the way of duty, is always the time to do it. It never comes so easy to us afterward."

Nell offered no more resistance. She was not the kind of character to resist and dally with events when they crowded upon her life. She accepted fate, and bore it like a heroine when necessity was upon her.

She arose slowly from her chair, and went out of the room. The look of resolute determination in her eye left me no doubt that her purpose was fixed and would be fulfilled. A moment after I heard the front door close behind her and saw her pass down the street with the despised shawl wrapped close about her.

It seems a trifle to you who read, and I know you will criticise me for making so many words in describing it. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a trifle. Had we been leading an independent life, not responsible to any one for our personal appearance; the question of what we should wear to church would have been of trivial moment. But with *our* circumstances, and in *our* position, it became really a trial.

It was not our pleasure alone that was to be consulted — not the pleasure of a single friend, or a select group of friends, whose taste we would have been pleased to gratify. But we were at the mercy of a whole congregation, and their estimate of our effort to please them, was not always tempered with mercy.

In this case, however, the struggle was not as great as it had been sometimes. We were certain of fault-finding whichever "horn of the dilemma" we might take.

If Nell had have decided to remain at home that day, there would certainly have been complaint of her neglecting her religious duty. We should have been told before night, that "a minister's wife ought to set better examples than that before the congregation." Going, with the worn shawl, we should be certain to hear complaint, and be reminded that "a minister's wife ought to appear better than that in public." So, as I said, it was fault-finding in either case—that could not be avoided—so the way of duty was plain.

All these things ran through my mind, after I was left alone, and I meditated on the strange relation in which a minister's family find themselves placed to the world. Their own, and yet not their own; their Masters, and yet far from being wholly His. Belonging to their people, in the highest sense of the word belonging, and yet in that ruder sense which allows no personal liberty, belonging under protest, and like the prisoner in chains.

There would be great beauty in pastoral relation could it be properly understood, and its duties rightly observed and mutually acknowledged and lived up to by both pastor and people. But in the present aspect of our American social life, there is danger of oppression in any contract where one party holds all the power. The pastor loves his people, and desires as far as possible, to work for them, and bear with their faults and infirmities. The people, on the contrary, love their pastor, but they demand of him and his that they shall be faultless almost as the angels in heaven, and will-

ing to be ruled in all things as with a rod of iron.

The demand of our parishes that their pastors, and their pastor's families shall be without sin, is a natural and praiseworthy desire. The kingdom of Christ would come much more speedily in the earth could those who administer the things of the kingdom be wholly blameless in their lives. But it cannot be, while mortality remains as now, weak and erring, and Christ's ministers are clothed with the flesh as other men. There may come a time when the sinlessness of the angels will be attained by men, but I think when the time comes we shall mark the purified by unmistakable signs. Angels' wings and crowns of gold will symbolize and separate them from other men. Until such a time, when in God's good providence miraculous power shall continually uplift the hands of his ministering servants, the world must be patient with some shortcomings and errors in the ambassadors of Christ, and bear continually in mind that they have struggles and temptations to buffet with, as other men.

All these thoughts passed through my mind much quicker than I have been able to re-produce them for you, and yet the train of my thought was interrupted by Nell's return from church.

It seemed but a moment since she went out, so engaged had I been in my meditations, but she surprised me by saying that the service had been an unusually long one, and she had made haste home, lest I should be impatiently waiting her return.

She had a glowing account to give of the eloquence of the sermon, and the effect of blessing which the whole service had produced upon her heart. She had no word of murmuring now for the mortification which she had experienced from the shabby shawl. Had it escaped her mind entirely, in her joy at the news of salvation? Was she no longer mindful of the wants of the body when the wants of the soul were uppermost in her mind?

No; this trouble was not gone forever from her heart, but the memory of it was temporarily lulled—for, blessed be God—there are moments when the waters of the river of life sweep over our souls, and

cleanse them from all thought of trouble and sorrow. There are some times when, under the night sky, we can forget that we are mortal, and only realize that God and the angels are looking down upon us through the starry twilight. Then, with all the good and true within us, we answer the call of the Most High, when he asks us to live for truth, righteousness and duty.

The same effect is often felt in hours of worship, when we are drawn out of ourselves and think only of the salvation of Christ. At such hours, our hearts are ready to break forth into praise, and our tongues ready to say that we will leave all and follow Him.

Such an hour had this been to Nell, and she brought part of the blessing home with her to my sick room, to make it too seem like the "gate of heaven."

While we were in the midst of this exalted joy, we received another evidence of the power of the annoyances of earth, to drag us from the very portals of the heavenly estate.

Little Katie, our youngest born, burst open the door of the sick-room suddenly, and rushed into her mother's arms. Her face was flushed and her eyes flashing with excited feeling.

"O, mother," she cried indignantly, "I never was so mad before."

"Why, Katie, darling," said Nell, "I am surprised to see you here at this time. Your Sunday School is surely not over? Why have you come home? and especially, why have you come in this excited frame of mind?"

"I'll answer your last question first," replied Katie. "I came home because I was so mad I couldn't stay at church. I went out into the entry to get me a book from the library, and I found Deacon Morgan and Mr. Tripp out there. They were so much engaged talking, that they did not see me at all. I heard Deacon Morgan say,

'It never will answer to have our minister's family looking so shabbily when they come to church. We must do something about it.'

'I know it,' Mr. Tripp replied; 'I have noticed the children look very shab-

by this winter; and really that shawl that Mrs. G. had on to-day, was unbearable. She looked more like some old woman dressed for market-day, than like a minister's wife in the house of God. But what can we do about it?"

"I think we shall have to make them some presents. They have had a pretty hard time, you know, and I suppose they don't feel as if they could spend as much money for dress as they would have done if the minister had not been sick all winter."

"I suppose their doctor's bill will count up some this season, but they can't be fully excused on that plea," said Mr. Tripp, "for you know our minister had been looking very shabby, himself, for several months before he was taken sick."

"Yes: I know he had—but if he had been well, I suppose he would have had a new suit before this time. As it is, in consideration of their misfortunes, I guess we had better be generous to them, and make them some kind of a handsome present. Wouldn't that be the best way?"

"Well, yes; I guess so. But what shall it be?"

"I think," replied the deacon, "that a dozen or twenty of us had better get our heads together and make up a purse of a hundred dollars or more, and take it round to his house and give it to him. What do you think of that?"

"I don't exactly like it. If we make up a purse and give them the present in money, they may use it for provision or rent, or perhaps pay their old debts with it. I heard somebody say the other day, that our minister had contracted debts since he came here, that they didn't believe he could ever pay in the world. Now I don't believe in any man getting in debt, but I especially object to a minister doing so."

"Well, if you don't believe in a minister being in debt, why do you object to our helping him out?"

"Because we didn't make ourselves responsible for his extravagances, when we invited him here. And I, for one, won't have anything to do with getting people out of a pit that they have delibe-

ately jumped into. If you want to buy the family some clothing, I will give toward that, and we can buy the articles ourselves which we think they most need, and make a kind of surprise party and carry them up there. In that way there can be no mistake about the proper appropriation of our money. Are you agreed to that?"

"Yes," said Deacon Morgan, "I will agree to anything that will help the family, and make their outward appearance more respectable. For I feel that it is a disgrace to us as a congregation, to have them looking as they have done for the past few months. I have felt ashamed every time I have seen those children come into church for a long time."

"O, mother," said poor little Katie, "I was so mad by this time, I couldn't stay another minute. They are the meanest men that ever lived, to scold about us, when Pa has been sick all winter, and we have had such hard times to live. I guess I don't want to wear old clothes any more than they want to have me," and here the poor child burst into an indignant flood of tears.

Nell caressed her, yet with a mild, reproving glance, she said,

"My little girl must be more patient with the rough places of life. I know it was hard for you to hear Mr. Tripp and Deacon Morgan say such severe things, but I am sorry, my child, that you could get so excited as to say that they were 'the meanest men that ever lived.' You were as bad as they were to us, when you called them hard names. You know it says in the Bible, that 'we must forgive our enemies.'"

"I know it," sobbed Katie, "but it aint easy when folks will be so cruel."

I must confess that for the moment my sympathies went with Katie. It did seem heartless and cruel enough for any one to criticise our outward appearance, in a season when our inward miseries had been so hard to bear, and when we might have expected only sympathy at the hands of our friends. I could see that Nell was struggling to keep back the tears, even while she reproved Katie for her impatience.

How hard it was for me to bear it. I could endure bitter hardships for myself; I could bear crosses and contumelies, if need be, when only my own comfort was concerned, for I belonged to my Master, and knew that I must needs follow him in suffering as well as in duty and in joy — but I looked at my dear ones — who were mine to care for and protect, and I confess that it was hard, very hard to have them insulted and abused, while they were practising self-denial for my sake, and not have the privilege of resenting it.

Many men who could be thoroughly Christian, and entirely master their passions, under any personal grievance, are lost in rage when their families are injured. God has made men strong that they may care for and protect the weak. He has put the impulse of affection into their hearts, and made it undying, that they may never forget this sacred obligation and trust. He has given us the impulse which rises up to say when our little ones are injured, "This shall not be." And even to the extent of rage and violence this impulse would carry us, if it were not tempered by Christian patience. But God has not left man's passions to sway him like an unbridled steed. There is a Master whose voice reaches him. It says, "Vengeance is mine — I will repay." Man listens, and is taught, and the good angels come and minister unto him.

I was silent while my little child was telling her injuries, and though the bitter words which my heart prompted burned on my lips, I did not give them utterance, feeling that I could leave it all with Him who careth for the sparrow, and to whom my little ones are dearer than even to my own loving heart.

I ought not to boast of this self-control, for I am sure that I gathered a large share of it from my gentle wife. Had she been violent and resentful, I should have caught the spirit, and in my weak condition of body I could not have controlled myself. I am sure that little incident would have been the wedge which would have severed pastor and people, and left the Speedwell Society without a minister and me without a charge. We

talk of diseases being contagious, and we flee away from one infected as if our lives depended on our isolation, but there is no contagion so dangerous or easy of infection as passion. The mind receives impression more easily than the body, and effects upon it are much more to be dreaded. It is the rarest thing in the world to see a person get really angry, and speak passionate words, when it does not excite the same emotion. and call out like expression of excited feeling in the person or persons with whom they are dealing.

I have noticed this a thousand times in parents governing children. The child perhaps, is very provoking, in the perpetration of some of his little mischievous tricks. He does not mean harm, and is innocent of any intention to excite rage by the deed, but the parent sees great inconvenience and trouble coming out of it. He or she grows excited and speaks words to the child, over which, in calmer moments, they may weep bitter tears. The child catches the spirit instantly, and expresses a rage which more than equals what burned in the heart of the parent. And what began a trifling inadvertence on the part of the child, without any tendency to lasting sorrow, ends in a deep, dark stain on its soul, which years may not obliterate, whose burning brightness may defy the tears of angels, before it is bleached out.

Beware, O ye guardians of childhood, and watch well your tendencies to wrong doing, weigh well the words of your lips, and guard the frowns which an angry impulse would bring to your brow. Remember that you, before your children, are standing, as before an uncovered mirror. You will see all the beauty, and all the deformity of your life re-produced, before the death-angel hides that mirror from your eyes.

But this story is not all told in the relation of parent to child. Evil begets evil, through all the relations of life. There is no wrong-doing that has not its accompanying provocation. Do not, in any case, blame too harshly the one whose sin becomes most publicly exposed. They may be many times more sinned

against than sinning. The watchful eye of the Father may look down lovingly and in pity on many a poor outcast for whom the world has nothing but bitter scorning. But let me not wander too far from the thread of my narrative lest my dropped stitch be difficult to find again.

Nell's wisdom and patience on that trying day of which I write, were sufficient for herself, her child, and me; and we all came off conquerors in that conflict of feeling. Of course it was harder for Nell than for me, as her Christian feeling was to be put to the test publicly, while my feeble condition of body gave me an opportunity to struggle with my temptation alone in my closet.

If Nell had not proposed to go to church in the afternoon I should not have urged it: for it did seem too hard a trial for the pride which is in every heart, to be compelled into the presence of the congregation again, after the morning's cruel criticism. I waited with anxiety to see what course she would pursue. When the bell rang for the afternoon service, she arose, quietly put the despised shawl about her shoulders, and the shabby bonnet upon her head, out from whose faded trimmings looked the most placid, reconciled face that I ever saw her wear.

Thanks to the noble womanhood within her, and the dear God whose chastenings had wrought out for her such perfect peace; she was mistress of circumstances, and ruled like a triumphant queen over the vicissitudes of life. Katie had not, with her child eyes, pierced the darkness and found her way to the light. Her passion had subsided, but she had settled into a dogged determination not to appear in public again until she could appear well enough dressed to avoid criticism. She had retired to one corner of the room and was very intently reading a book when the bells commenced ringing. She did not look up or seem in any way conscious of the sound. Nell roused her by saying,

"Come, Katie, it is time to start for church."

"I don't want to go to church this afternoon," said Katie, resolutely. And she looked up from her book with the flush of anger still in her eye.

"I know you don't want to go, Katie," Nell replied mildly. "But we have to do a great many things in this world that we don't want to do. It will be good for you to go."

"O, don't ask me to go, mother. I will do anything else to please you; but it does seem as if I couldn't do that."

"It is not alone to please me that I ask you to go, my child; but there is a principle involved, and I must urge you this time beyond your inclination. You do not see anything but mortification before you now, in yielding to my request. But you will not regret your obedience in the end, I know."

Katie rose sullenly, put on her outer garments, saying as she did so,

"I am only going to please you, mother, and I can't see, for my part, how any good can come from attending public worship, when one goes in the frame of mind that I am in to-day. I shall only think of the injuries of the morning, I know, and not listen to one word of the sermon."

"Perhaps you will feel differently before we get to church. Fresh air is a very good medicine for us, when we are angry, and if you are not cured by that, certainly the house of God is no place to foster ill feeling."

"They won't either of them cure me to-day," Katie replied petulantly. "I never heard that you could heal a wound by irritating it. I shall only grow madder when I come into the presence of Deacon Morgan and Mr. Tripp, again."

"We will try it, my child, and see if you will not be able to think that you are going into the presence of God, who has power to soothe the tempest of man's passion, instead of being over-conscious of the presence of those who will excite you to unchristian anger."

As these words were being spoken, the heroine martyrs vanished from my sight, and I was left alone again with my reflections. They were by no means of the most soothing nature, but I think they led me—although over a rugged pathway—yet, at last, to the table-lands of peace.

Great intellect and selfish impulses—that is devil nature.

## O'ER THE SEA.

By Anna M. Bates.

O'er the gray and lonely sea  
Tender voices call for me,  
In the twilight, through the day,  
When the rosy sunbeams play,  
When the earth is full of flowers,  
In the hushed white winter hours,  
Fraught with angel melody,  
Tender voices call for me.

Looking o'er the deep away,  
Where the purple shadows lay,  
Gazing through the grave's dim gloom,  
Tender voices call me home,  
To the gateway pure and high,  
Of the land beyond the sky.

O'er the gray and lonely sea,  
Tender eyes look out for me,  
Eyes like stars on earth that set,  
But in heaven brighten yet;  
Still in living light they gaze,  
O'er my thorny, earthly ways,  
Still their looks of love divine,  
Watch these wavering steps of mine,  
Silently entreating me,  
Come to us across the sea.

O'er that dim and silent deep,  
Wafts of sweetest odors creep,  
Bearing from the heavenly bowers,  
Scents of the immortal flowers;  
Tones from harps of silvery strings,  
Come with mellow murmurings,  
'Mid the living, yet apart,  
These all haunt and thrill my heart;  
In my waking, in my sleep,  
Echo through its chambers deep.

O'er the gray and lonely sea,  
Forms of loved ones wait for me,  
Loved and lost and seen no more,  
They await me on that shore;  
Those who o'er affection's shrine,  
Wreathed their garlands green with mine,  
Death dimmed not the spirit's glow,  
But they love me, now, I know,  
And their forms I may not see,  
Wait upon that shore for me!

Journeying downward day by day,  
To the waters cold and gray,  
Pilgrim where'er thou may'st be,  
Spirits watch and wait for thee;

Hard and dark may be thy doom,  
But there is a brighter home,  
Angels wait thee on the shore,  
Where they watch and weep no more.

Still ye voices whisper low,  
Still ye tones of music flow,  
Make us patient, strong to bear,  
All our labor and our care;  
Radiate life's closing hour,  
With religion's cheering power,  
Then where Christ and angels be,  
Let us dwell with them and thee.

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## THE SILKVELVET FAMILY.

By W. N. B.

Mr. Simeon Silkvelvet is an industrious man. He rises early and works late. He spends weary hours in his counting-room. A part of the day he is out on his farm. I say **HIS** farm, but it is as deeply under mortgage as the bottom of Lake Ontario is under water. When the war first broke out, and banks suspended, and there was a general stagnation of business, Mr. Silkvelvet came very near going under. He was obliged to borrow from A. on Monday to pay B. on Tuesday; from C. on Wednesday to pay A. on Thursday, and so on. But when business revived, and greenbacks became plenty, he said, "Now I will get out of debt," but the poor man makes slow headway. Why? read on and you will see.

Mrs. Sylvia Silkvelvet is a very fashionable lady. She wants to do as other people do; that is, not as other people do of limited means, but as other people do who are worth four times as much as her husband. Her household furniture must be the best; her apparel must be of the most costly texture and in the latest style; she must have two or three servants, with whom she has a world of trouble; everything about her is obtained, regardless of expense. She spends two or three months every year, at some fashionable watering-place. O! it is so nice, and so cool, and so refreshing to get out of the city during the summer! Mrs. Silkvelvet thinks it improves her health; and Dr. Dandy, her physician, is of the same opinion. She is exceedingly polite to every well-dressed man—her husband

excepted. Mrs. Silkvelvet regrets that she was not more fortunate in her marriage. She should have been united with some one occupying a higher social position, and of more wealth. She is, however, a dutiful woman, and feels disposed to make the best of a bad bargain. She is, moreover, exceedingly pious. She attends St. Paul's magnificent church, and has the most costly Prayer Book in the congregation. The minister calls on her frequently, and admires her "devotion to the cause of Christ."

Belonging to the Silkvelvet family are two daughters — Flora and Pomona. They are, by no means, well educated girls. They had fine opportunities for schooling, but, as ill-luck would have it, they were always out of health. They managed, however, to learn to read English with tolerable facility, to write a fair hand, and the eldest has learned to murder a few French verbs. They are "very fond of music," but they play poorly. They spend their time as follows: Arise in the morning at nine o'clock, have but little appetite for breakfast. From thence till one they read "*Les Misérables*," "*The Mysteries of Paris*," or some such work. Then they dress. At four they dine. Then they spend the rest of the afternoon and evening on the streets, or in receiving calls, or at the opera.

Pomona is twenty, and Flora two and twenty. They are fine-looking girls, and both they and Mrs. Silkvelvet wonder that they have had so few opportunities for marriage. But the secret lies just here: Be it said to their credit, that they are virtuous young ladies, and hence fops and dandies, who are usually libertines, seek their society but little. And the more industrious class of young men, who depend upon their own exertions for a living, although they think them "very pretty girls," do not feel like making wives of them for fear that they will not be able to maintain them in the style in which they have lived.

Mr. Silkvelvet has two sons. The eldest he sent to college, but the poor boy was expelled for some misdemeanor. He subsequently married Miss Adelaide Maria McFlimsy. He has a law office on

Main street, but he and his family live mostly on the bones of his father. The youngest, a lad of sixteen, is what is called "a fast young man." Last year he left home to "seek his fortune," but in one month he had spent the thousand dollars his father gave him, and the old man was obliged to send him money to pay his expenses home.

It is earnestly hoped that Mr. Silkvelvet will be able to pay his debts before another financial crisis, but just at present his prospects look a little dubious. He deserves success. Will his family read this article and endeavor to help him?

### WOMEN AS ORATORS.

In a work by Bantain, on the "Art of Extempore Speaking," occurs the following paragraph. We would not venture to quote it without stating that further on he assigns to man the greater penetration and larger reflective powers.

"Women naturally speak better than men. They express themselves more easily, more vividly, with more arch simplicity, because they feel more rapidly and more delicately. Hence, the loquacity with which they are reproached, and which is an effect of their constitution and temperament. Hence there are so many women who write in an admirable and remarkable manner, although they have studied neither rhetoric nor logic, and even without knowing grammar or orthography. They write as they speak; they speak pretty much as the birds sing, and their language has the same charm. Add to this the sweetness of their organ, the flexibility of their voice, the variety of their intonations, according to the feeling which animates them; the mobility of their physiognomy, which greatly increases the effect of words; the picturesque of their gestures, and, in short, the gracefulness of their whole exterior; thus, although not destined for orators by their sex or social position, they have all the power of the orator, and all his success in their sphere, and the circle of their activity. For none know better how to touch, persuade, and influence,

which, I think, is the end and the perfection of eloquence.

"Men, then, who wish to acquire the art of speaking, must learn by study, what most men do naturally; and in this respect, those whose temperament most approaches the feminine, in greater sensibility and livelier impressionableness, will have less difficulty than others, and will succeed better."

### SONG.—AFTER THE ITALIAN.

By Mrs. Helen Rich.

The forest hath some shaded dell,  
Where breathe the sweetest flowers,  
Unseen by evil eyes of men,  
And such this love of ours;  
Less beautiful to thee the blush,  
Thine eyes alone can wake,  
If other glances lit the flush  
Love kindled for thy sake.

The valley hides a wee white bell,  
That angels only touch,  
And nestled in thy heart's warm cell,  
I love thee, oh, how much!  
Alone, for thee, I greet the morn,  
And evening's dewy eye,  
For thee, my poet thoughts are born,  
Without thee song would die.

Oh! life will sparkle in the glass,  
While yet thy lips can give,  
Their sweetness all untouched will pass.  
All other sweets that live;  
If only thy deep voice enchain,  
My throbbing pulses still,  
Unhealed every wooing strain,  
Captive to love's sweet will.

I close my eyes to feel thy hand,  
Go gliding down my hair,  
And faint with rapture, as I stand,  
Then shudder with despair;  
Oh, God! if he should come no more,  
To clasp me ere I die,  
My love, my life, wilt Thou restore,  
Who "hears the ravens cry?"  
*Island Home, Dec. 31, 1833.*

Every person fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it compels us to talk the less.

### TRUE MANLINESS.

By Rev. F. M. Alvord.

The great apostle, in one of his noble aphorisms, places the highest standard of manliness before us, and commands us by the authority of heaven, "quit ye like men, be strong." Be not satisfied with a low, sordid life. Live not altogether in the senses, grovel not like the brute, but be like men who are endowed with minds of unlimited powers, and immortal growth.

How applicable, how pertinent is this advice to thinking, moral beings. How often do we breathe it for those we love! See the student, fired with a noble ambition; determined to know and master the book of nature and of science; to enjoy a feast of reason, and to possess a cultivated mind and a ripened intellect. To him the command is given, "quit you like men, be strong." Let no difficulties discourage you, no obstacles impede your progress. Be not satisfied with mediocrity. Let excelsior be your motto, ever upward and onward be your course, until ye shall have climbed those giddy heights,

"Where hills no more peep o'er hills,  
And Alps on Alps arise."

See the young soldier. His flag is insulted, and his country in imminent peril. A huge rebellion—a rebellion without a parallel in the history of nations, threatens the destruction of the best government, and the ruin of the freest, happiest people in the world. He feels the fires of patriotism burning upon the altar of his soul. He remembers his revolutionary sires—remembers the dreadful baptism of tears and blood, which was the price of our republican institutions; he remembers Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown, and now, when he sees an armed foe, bent on the destruction of that government, which cost the toil, the endurance, and the best blood of the purest, and most unselfish patriots the world ever saw, he feels the spirit of '76 animating his soul, and he says, my country shall have my service, the strength of my manhood, and, if need be, my poor life. Aye, does he not feel the full force of the injunction, "quit you like men, be strong."



All honor to our brave soldier boys. We will remember them in our prayers, and in our benisons, we will ask the good Father to protect them from all danger, to crown their missions with triumphant success, and return them again to us, with health unimpaired, names untarnished, and with their laurels all green. If, in the good providence of God, they are permitted to come back to us, we will welcome them to warm hearts and glad homes; but if they fall in battle, with their faces to the foe, we will give them an honored grave, and plant above it the cypress, and the amaranth, and in after times, when the full tide of peace and prosperity, shall once more bless our land, we will remember with pious gratitude, the hallowed spot where slumber our heroic dead.

The young man, just commencing in life, the great unknown future before him, has need to feel the sacredness of the command, "quit you like men, be strong." He may seek his fortune in the great city where there are ten thousand temptations to entice the unsophisticated youth, or following in the path of the setting sun, he may look for treasures in the distant West, wherever he is, and whatever his calling, if he shows himself a *man*, he will succeed in the battle of life, and prove a rich blessing to himself, his family, his country, and his race.

A young herald of the cross, with more ardor than experience, with more zeal than knowledge, was addressed by an ancient mother in Israel. For many years she had been a believer in that form of Christianity which promises the richest blessing to an undivided race. She had experienced the joys and consolations of a full faith, in the night-time of her grief, and been animated by its hopes through all the checkered scenes and varied vicissitudes of life. The feebleness of age—the weight of fourscore years is now upon her, but no shadows rest upon her spiritual vision, no cloud darkens her future hopes. She takes the young minister by the hand, and with an eloquence almost angelic, she says to him, "My son in the faith, be true to your Master; never falter; never yield to doubt or despair, but

proclaim the glad message of a full salvation. Tell the sinner, God is love. Tell the Christian, God is love. Tell the mourner, God is love. Tell the doubter, God is love. Be faithful to your high calling, 'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong, and the blessing of the Highest shall attend thee.'"

A score of years have passed away since that charge was given, and the aged saint has gone to her rest, yet its lesson is still remembered, and when discouragements come, when the love of many wax cold, and the cause of truth seems to languish, that minister draws fresh courage, and feels a new inspiration whenever he thinks of the strong faith and dying counsel of that Christian woman.

"Quit you like men, be strong." Human nature is not to be despised. It has intrinsic worth. The apostle recognizes the nobility of the soul, when he says, **BE MEN.** Be true to yourselves. Follow the tendencies of your best thoughts, your most saintly prayers. You are not wholly depraved. You have not received a birthright of sin and nothing else. You are not born to an inheritance of snaky appetites, and depraved passions. But ye are God's children, created in his image, and shall shine as stars in his firmament forever. Be true, then, to your own natures, to your exalted destiny. The apostle does not give the least countenance to the doctrine of total depravity, but denies it. If this doctrine were true, to use the language of another, "What reason have we for solicitude on account of our children! They are born in sin. They partake of the same sinning, corrupt nature with their parents. From the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet, they are full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores; they have not been bound up, nor mollified with ointment. Their hearts are full of evil, and in them there dwelleth no good thing. They go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies. Their poison is like the poison of a serpent. It is as natural for them to sin, as it is for the sting of a serpent to be poisonous. They are under the wrath and curse of God, and there is no redemp-

tion for them, but through the propitiation of his only Son.

"What spectacle is more affecting than an immortal being, entering upon its only probation with such a character! Every time you look upon a little child or a sleeping infant, you see—what? An apostate sinner—man fallen—human nature in ruins. When you clasp your fond babe to your bosom, well may solicitude or compassion find a dwelling within your heart. With all these lineaments of intelligence, of beauty, and amiableness, they are dead in sin. That warm heart that trembles and beats at your side, beats iniquity and death."

O, what a doctrine is this! How unlike the teachings of the Master, who took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said of such is the kingdom of heaven. How unlike the sentiment of the apostle, when he requires us to be men. We are not commanded to be anything different from what Deity made us; we are not commanded to be angels or gods, but MEN. God gave us our natures—all our mental and moral powers, and wher we live in harmony with the laws of our own being, and the laws of heaven, we fulfil our destiny, and answer the highest purposes of our existence. Sin is not natural to us, it is a perversion of our natures; it is what we learn, and not what we inherit; it is an incident, and not a part of the soul's life. I have seen this remark attributed to Beecher, and I know not as it is too strong—"The doctrine of total depravity is an unscriptural, monstrous, and unredeemable lie."

A lady once made the remark, she thought this doctrine was a very good one, if people would only live up to it. We don't any of us "live up to it." We don't believe it and act upon it in practical life. You don't believe that your unconverted neighbor is all depravity. You cheerfully acknowledge that he has many redeeming traits of character; you welcome him at your home, you trust him in trade, and in all neighborly intercourse you reciprocate his kindness. A doctrine that is false in practice, is false in theory, and is good for nothing only to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

"Quit ye like men." To do this, we must have a high ideal of moral excellence before us. Every individual, as he starts out in life, has a certain ideal before him, after which he aspires. That ideal, or pattern, exerts no inconsiderable influence in fashioning our characters, and in shaping our destinies. It may be far off—its outlines but dimly seen by the mental vision—still to it we are indebted, to all that is great and noble in our aims, brave and heroic in our achievements. It has been said, that to look upon lofty mountains gives us a feeling of the Infinite. And so to look upon noble conduct, to gaze upon pure spirits, whether with us on earth, or absent in heaven, exerts a most blessed influence upon us. It uplifts the soul, and draws us "nearer the holy mountains, where the Mystery of godliness dwells."

We do have our ideal of moral excellence. We feel that there is a good above us to which we have not yet attained. By all means let us strive to reach it. Let us subordinate everything else to the immortal good of the soul.

Christianity places before us the perfect ideal, the embodiment of all that is pure and great. "As soon as a man works up to his best and highest ideal," says Dr. Chapin, "just so soon a new ideal will burst upon him. Working from his best and highest, he gains a better and higher still, until at length he will come to feel that spiritual aspirations are boundless. And when from the yearning of his educated soul, he wants a perfect ideal, he will ask, where is the excellence that will answer my highest ideal? Where is that which will begin to fill up this boundless thirst of the soul, which has only been increased by drinking from narrow cisterns? And Jesus Christ comes out upon the horizon, of history, and stands before him in the gospel, and answers that inquiry. He says virtually to man, "I am the ideal for which you aspire: in me behold a perfect reflection of that which you now most seek; in me behold that which continually fills up your yearning want, and makes that want the deeper, that it may fill it with more."

What an ideal of beauty, and moral grandeur have we before us, who contemplate the complete triumphs of good in the moral universe! "He hath made all things beautiful in his time," shall be the verdict of the whole moral creation, when the Divine purpose is accomplished in regard to man. All souls drawn to Christ—the universal reign of holiness and happiness—the perfection of love and beauty everywhere, and the union and harmony of all men with Christ and God! Shall we not live up to this great thought? Shall we not make our lives radiant with its beauty and peace? If we do this, if we act in view of the highest standard of perfection, and ever press forward to the mark of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus, we shall quit ourselves like men and be strong.

Second: True Manliness demands that we act from principle in all the affairs of life. What is right, what is just, and what is true, are the great questions, by which everything in business, in science, in politics, in philosophy, and in religion, must be tested. Policy and true piety are antipodal in their nature. Mere worldly expediency and genuine principle are as wide apart as light and darkness, heaven and hell. Policy says, do this, or do that, or do anything to accomplish your ends, principle says, do right, every time, regardless of consequences. Policy is as smooth as a serpent, and about as treacherous; principle is as solid as mountains of granite, and as immovable. Policy is always on the popular side, it is good Lord or good devil, as the people elect; principle is always on the side of justice and humanity. Policy never starts "from the ground of the Ten Commandments, but of cotton bales and sugar hogheads—of quick returns and large profits. It cares not about any grand plan of life, unless there are plenty of coupons at the margin."

In politics, policy says, my party first, my country last, while principle says, my country first, my party afterwards. In religion, policy looks to the main chance; it will have a heaven for itself, and its little circle of choice friends, no matter what becomes of the great world of hu-

manity; principle asks for the greatest good of the greatest number of the Adamic race. Policy is very devout, and prays—Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men, but have a better nature, a better fortune in this world, and in the world to come; principle on the bended knee of humility, whispers in the Infinite Ear this simple petition—"Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

How much real principle is there in the world? There is some, but we need more. In all the affairs of life, we should be governed by the great law of Right. Never ask the question, what will "They say," if I follow my Master in the way of well-doing? but what will God say? "They say," is a nondescript, without local habitation or name, owning no accountability, and fearing no God. It has no neck to stretch, no soul to damn. It is a heartless tyrant, and yet how much we are influenced by it in the different walks of life.

I would call upon a poor sick woman who may have deeply erred once in her life, but who has suffered enough to expiate a thousand crimes, but "they say" it will not do, and so I will let her die unpitied and unbefriended. I would attend church where salvation is proclaimed for universal man, but "they say" it is not quite as fashionable and popular to attend there, as at some other sanctuary, I will therefore smother my best convictions, sell my manhood, and deny my Lord.

We cannot be men until we make principle the polar-star of our lives—the first and the last great concern of human existence. To say of a man that he has no principle—that he cannot be trusted—that you can have no confidence in his honor or integrity, is to place him lowest in the scale of moral being. But when you see an individual pursuing a straightforward course in everything—conscientiously adhering to the law of right in fortune and in misfortune—in the *plus* and *minus* of trade—never yielding to wrong, never deviating a hair's breadth from the strict line of justice, and who would sooner part with his right hand than to be guilty of fraud or of a mean act, you have a representation of True Manliness,

and what the apostle requires when he exhorts, "quit you like men, be strong."

Third: Honesty is essential to a perfect character. "My religion is to pay my honest debts," was the remark of one of my neighbors, and I am not sure but this is preferable to much that goes under the name of religion. Christ uniformly insisted upon the strictest integrity and highest morality. He never countenanced wrong. His golden rule, which we all profess to love, and yet so lamely practice, condemns in the most positive manner, all dishonesty, all fraudulent commerce, and all deceit in our dealings with our fellow-men.

If every man would pay his honest debts, ours would be a happy world. Much of the litigation that now disturbs our peace would be done away. Lawyers, sheriffs, and police-officers would find but little employment—jails and poor-houses would soon be tenantless, and most of the difficulties and contentions that now disturb the harmony of the world, would cease. Did every man promptly pay his honest debts, hard times would be unknown, merchants could sell goods at less profit,—mechanics would not live at a poor dying rate—farmers would never have the horrors—physicians would save more patients,—preachers would preach better sermons, and all the wheels of commercial, social and moral life, would revolve without friction or fatigue.

How a man can call himself a Christian, and still pay no regard to the principles of honor and integrity—who gives you his word to-day, and its violation to-morrow—who is great in promises, but small in execution—who subscribes liberally, but never pays his subscription—who defrauds you of your honest dues, and helps the church with the fruits of iniquity, is certainly more than I can divine. "Pay what thou owest," is the command of the gospel "Owe no man anything but love," is the religion of the New Testament. Your slippery men, your human vampires, who live upon the blood of others—your *silver-rule* gentlemen who get all they can by fair means or by foul, and keep all they get—your dishonest knaves, who want no sweeter

music than the widow's cry, and the poor man's curse, and who would rob the dead as soon as the living, will be the very last to enter the kingdom. Publicans and harlots shall go in before them.

But "an honest man is the noblest work of God," and I believe the best Christian. We cannot be honest with God our Father, and dishonest with man our brother. "We cannot pray cream, and live sour milk." We cannot be pure sky-ward, and impure earth-ward. We cannot serve Christ Sunday, and Satan week-day. We cannot be a saint in the church, and a knave in the world. We cannot travel towards heaven with a falsehood on our lips, and a dunning letter in our pockets.

If we are not honest, strictly so,—if we do not pay every man, woman and child all just demands—every farthing, and that too, when we agree, we are but sorry Christians, and have but a poor appreciation of the noble command—be *manly*, be *strong*.

The power to say yes or no at proper times, is another element of true manliness. In other words, decision of character. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." You never know where to find him, and hardly what to do with him, when you have found him. It is a great thing to know precisely what answer to give to the many suggestions that are presented to the mind. Shall it be smiling yes, or frowning no?

It is a safe rule, I think, to say yes to all angel visitants, and no to all the adversaries of the soul's purity and honor. Say yes to prayer, to faith, to hope, to charity, to all manly and womanly effort, to aspiration, to penitence, and to a true life. Say no to all meanness, to all sordid aims, low desires, vain pursuits, and ignoble actions.

When you feel grateful to God and kindly to all men—when the spirit of truth whispers in the ear of the soul that the good Father holds all intelligences by the silken cords of his love, and will secure their highest, their immortal good, O say yes, it must be so; for it is like a God of love. When you consider the potentialities of human nature, and realize

how beautiful, how great the soul can become under the influence and instruction of the Holy Spirit, say yes, it must be so. All shall end well. Redemption is not a partial nor a complete failure, but a glorious success. Sin is finished, transgression ended, and the creation delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Say yes to this heavenly vision, and it will throw a blessed calm over the entire horizon of your being.

When loved ones pass from your sight, and the music of the affections has in it the Rachel wail of lamentation, to your soul will come visions of immortal beauty, and the peace of heaven will light up the darkest passages of heart-history, of human experience.

When charity pleads, when want presents its skeleton hand and asks for relief, O say yes. To all good resolutions, to zeal in the Christian life, to greater earnestness in the cause of truth and righteousness, say yes. But to every temptation, to everything mean and unworthy of an immortal soul, of a child of God, give an emphatic, No.

Young man, say No to all intemperance, to all profanity, impurity of thought, and action, and you will escape a world of misery, and prove a rich blessing to yourself, your parents and your race. Shall our country be ruined, and the Union overthrown? All true patriots—twenty millions of freemen, have pronounced by their action and devotion, a decided No.

"Oh, country, marvel of the earth!

Oh realm, to sudden greatness grown!

The age that gloried in thy birth,

Shall it behold thee overthrown?

Shall traitors lay that greatness low?

No, land of Hope and blessing No.

Our humming marts, our iron ways,

Our wind-tossed woods on mountain crest,

The hoarse Atlantic with its bays.

The calm, broad ocean of the West,

And Mississippi's torrent flow,

And loud Niagara answer, No."

In the grand consummation, shall our race be divided into opposing tribes, and doomed to travel in opposite directions forever? My heart cries out, No. All that is great and holy in man, all the af-

fections of the soul respond, No. Christ dying for sinners, Christ loving all our humanity, and bearing the whole race in the arms of his tender compassion to the throne of the infinite Father, says, No. Saints in their prayers say, No. Mourners with their lacerated hearts and bleeding affections, answer, No. The love of God returns an eternal, No.

Lt. Herndon's "Report of the Exploration of the Amazon," has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indians call it, "The cry of a lost soul." The poet Whittier has these beautiful lines upon this superstition. The sentiment is in harmony with the spirit of Christ.

"In that bleak forest where, when day is done,  
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon;  
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,  
A cry as of the pained heart of the wood,  
The long, despairing moan of solitude,  
And darkness, and the absence of all good:  
Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,  
So full of hopeless agony and fear,  
His hand stands still and listens as his ear.  
The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,  
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's  
thole,

Crosses himself and whispers 'A lost soul.'"

"No, hence; not a bird; I know it well,

It is the pained soul of some infidel.

Or cursed heretic that cries from hell.

Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,

He wanders shrieking on the midnight air,

For human pity, and for Christian prayer.

"Saints, strike him dumb! Our holy mother bath

No prayer for him who sinning unto death,

Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath."

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,

Lending new horror to that mournful cry,

The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp, shadows deepen round,

From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound,

And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense

Of nature, plastic to benign intents,

And an eternal good in Providence—

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;

And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,

The cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,

"Thou lovest all; thy erring child may be

Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear

None from that Presence which is every-where,

Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

Through sins of sense, perversities of will,

Through doubts and pain, through guilt and  
 shame and ill,  
 Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.  
 And Thou canst make, eternal Source and  
 God,  
 In thy long years, life's broken circle whole,  
 And change to praise the cry of a lost soul!"

What a beautiful thought! Let us receive it in our hearts, feel its divine power through all the channels of moral being, and it will be to us the inspiration to noble deeds, the source of sweeter comfort, and the spring of higher conceptions of God, of Life and Destiny, than we have yet known. To-day the command is given to every one of us—"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." O, that we might all heed these words. They would make us wise unto salvation. They would clothe us with righteousness as with a garment. They would make this life radiant with sunny charities and blessed deeds, and enable us to contemplate with divine joy our home above—

"Where no shadow shall bewilder,  
 Where life's vain parade is o'er,  
 Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
 And the dreamers dream no more;  
 Where the bond is never severed,  
 Partings, claspings, sobs and moans,  
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
 Heavy noontides, all are done;  
 Where the child has found its mother,  
 Where the mother finds the child,  
 Where dear families are gathered,  
 That were scattered on the wild"

ROYAL DEATHS ON SATURDAYS. — The English throne was declared vacant on Saturday, Feb. 16, 1688. William III. died on Saturday, March 8, 1702; Queen Anne died on Saturday. Aug. 1, 1714; George I. at two o'clock on Sunday morning, June 11, 1727, (which in common parlance is called Saturday night;) George II. died on Saturday, Oct. 25, 1700; George III. died on Saturday, Jan. 19, 1820; George IV. on Saturday, June 6, 1830; the Prince Consort died on Saturday, Dec. 14, 1861.

The unhappiest of mortals are those who have more money or more time than they know how to use.

## MODERN POETRY.

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing  
 Should certain persons die before they sing."

"The hemisphere of the purest age is studded all over with such pearls and patines of bright gold as never shone before in the heavens of the human soul."

We believe it is Macaulay who says that as civilization advances poetry degenerates. Several recent additions to our already very respectable national stock, prove that Mr. Macaulay is somewhat verdant on the subject of poetry; and for his especial benefit we are moved to notice "Translations from Lamartine and Fugitive Pieces," and point out some of their delectable beauties. We hope Babbington will not be mortally offended at our presumption.

"Smith," the cognomen emblazoned on the cover of the book, is certainly not a very imposing name in itself, but being surrounded with a good many golden flourishes, it makes a very respectable appearance. And when we see it encircled with the halo of poesy, as in the present instance, the vulgar prejudices engendered by its universality, are lost in the brilliance of its setting.

But "what is in a name?" We pass to the poems. And first we observe that whether we *mar* instead of *marrying* the rhyme, is a matter of paramount importance. For, in poesy, rhyme usually takes precedence of reason, a fact which satisfactorily accounts for many modern bards naming their efforts "fugitive pieces," because the rhyme has run away with the reason. That these fugitive pieces narrowly missed sublimity, cannot be denied, —that they came within a step of such a consummation, must be readily conceded; but most unfortunately the step is that *one* step which, from time immemorial, has intervened between the sublime and the ridiculous.

It is said that some works of genius arrive at perfection like a statue, not like a picture—by what is taken away, not by what is laid on. We are confident that our author would have found discretion the better part of valor, if, when he saw what he had produced, he had prudently

"wiped it up and said no more about it" In a prefatory note to one of these poems we are informed that "beauty is the fitness of things to the desires of the heart," and that

"Beauty's the form of things unseen.  
Save by the heart's desire."

That any one possessing the vision and the faculty divine, with what bears the smallest semblance of a heart as an accompaniment, should desire to see such beauties as this volume unfolds, completely pales conception. We are further instructed that

"—— the fairest flower may not  
Its own sweet beauty see."

This strikingly original thought implies that if the gatherer of this bouquet could only have the veil of modesty removed from his vision, he never could sufficiently admire its beauties. But, alas! his extreme proximity to the nosegay in his own hands have arranged, wholly incapacitates him for the enjoyment of the more than rainbow tints of its flowers. And sorry comfort must it be to one in such pitiable plight, the consciousness that his exquisite creations are but inadequately appreciated by "outside barbarians." "His Requiem" is a picturesque poem:

"He sleeps! him whom eternity  
The mighty name still deathless keeps,  
He sleeps! and see where victory  
Sits ever by his grave and weeps.

"But thou alone, oh France, should'st groan,  
'Tis thou that ever weeps;  
For he who made thee great, alone,  
He sleeps! he sleeps! he sleeps! he sleeps!"

It is not often that poets succeed in earning such a constellation of comprehensive expressions as the last line of this stanza contains. It was attempted by Poe, in his "Song of the Bells," and also by a "great unknown," whose poem on "Perseverance," which follows, may be found in "Songs for the Little Ones at Home."

"Go on! go on! go on! go on!  
Go on! go on! go on! go on!  
Go on! go on! go on! go on!  
Go on! go on! go on! go on!"

The writer of the "Requiem" cannot do better than treasure up the wholesome lesson conveyed in these simple but forcible lines. It is earnestly hoped that no base-minded individual will have the temerity to intimate that an implication of

plagiarism, or even of imitation, is couched under this reference to Mr. Poe and the author of "Go on." It is universally acknowledged, we believe, that great minds frequently run in the same channel. Thought once given to the world ceases to be private property. Whoever can reproduce it in a better form, whoever can give it a more adequate statement, or a worthier setting, has an undisputed right to it. If Messrs. Poe and Anon were green enough to write good poems, thereby furnishing to the hands of a brother bard materials for something still better, no fault can attach to the latter for successfully reproducing them in another and perhaps more acceptable form. Therefore, oh Poet, take courage, and "go on!"

The originality and piquancy of "Shadows" are really refreshing:

"All shadows are substances,  
Plainly we see,  
Where no substance there is,  
There no shadow can be;  
For the sky's in the sea,  
And the sea's in the sky,  
The high's in the deep,  
And the deep in the high.

"And the tree's in the sea,  
So in heaven 't must be,  
For the sea's in the sky,  
And the tree's in the sea;  
And the bird's in the tree,  
So to heaven 't must fly,  
For the bird's in the tree,  
And the tree's in the sky.

"The eye of the man  
When he looketh above,  
To the vault of high heaven,  
Illumed by God's love,  
Hath the shadow of heaven  
Deep hid in his eye,  
For the heaven's in him,  
And the man's in the sky."

Oh, ye divine nine! throw down your pencils and other utensils, and give up the ghost, for you're distanced—almost! Positively, these things are infectious, and one finds it quite as difficult to escape their contagion, as it is for a patriot to withstand the glory which covers a Fourth of July orator. Such a commingling of the elements, animate and inanimate, was never before conceived by poet in his wildest fit of frenzy. It is a complete riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors.

"Hi diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon,  
The little dog laughed to see such a craft,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

It is generally acknowledged that the author of this little song wore unfading laurels. And Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley and Keats did some very clever things in their way. But those peremptory personages, the Fates, ordained that the lesser lustre of their performances should be completely merged in the superior brightness of "Shadows!" This may seem paradoxical, but it is not in reality; for if we are enabled to "see plainly" that all shadows are substances, may we not by a parity of reasoning, conclude that the palpable shadows of one poet, may absorb the moonshine of many? If any are sceptical on this point, we suppose they are at liberty to refer to the "man in the moon," who is doubtless the individual alluded to by the poet, that has "the shadow of heaven deep in his eye." At least he has the ability to render assurance doubly sure,

"For the heaven's in him,  
And the man's in the sky."

And the observation of one occupying such an elevated point of view cannot fail to edify those thirsting for useful information, and who are not averse to encountering difficulties in its attainment. In the concluding stanza of this poem we are told that

"The thought of the soul of man  
That we found,  
Are the shadows of things  
That he sees on the ground.  
'Tis well that the shadow  
But comes to the heart,  
Were the substance to come,  
It must rend it apart."

We are left in the dark as to whether on the occurrence of such an emergency as the last quatrain suggests, the substance would shatter the heart, or the heart rend the substance. Perhaps it was the felicitous design of the author, as a sort of practical exemplification of his theory, that we should grope our way amid the shadows of uncertainty in respect of his meaning here. And it is meet that after revelling in the luxuriance of splendid imagery, as exhibited in "Shadows," chasing his hue and form in each successive trope, with Protean facility, unfold-

ing something startlingly original at each remove, that he should terminate the brilliant chain with a link more magnificent than all the rest. The poet visits old familiar places, — the scenes of departed pleasures. He finds nothing left to give him welcome but

"—— a shadow's shade,  
That is fading, and is fading,  
And will all full shortly fade."

And in the depth of his loneliness he cries,

"—— where are the shadows?  
What! stand I here alone?  
And a voice came from the waters,  
Saying, "gone! gone! gone!"

It is presumed that the shadow of a shade abovementioned, which is rapidly approaching the attenuated apex of non-entity, vulgarly termed "the little end of nothing," is not included in this touching invocation. The last line is a perfect *multum in parvo* of intensely desolate feeling. He had in all probability just returned from an auction sale, where some article of household furniture that he coveted was knocked down to a more expert bidder, and went home with the auctioneer's melancholy words, "gone! gone! gone!" still uppermost in his mournful musings. He tells us that

"—— every poet has a thought,  
To which all others are as nought."

This point being indubitably settled, we suspect his great thought was the one he entertained when he conceived the project of giving birth to his book,

"The thought-bulb buried in the brain  
Hath burst the vase in which it grew."

Which being interpreted, signifies, "this innocent apple of the earth, planted, has produced diminutive tubers and sparse, in the mundane elevation."

The poems "Imitation of Sappho," and the "Mother's Song," indicate the author to be in pursuit of some very respectable idea—*chased* thoughts, we make no manner of doubt. If he will but bear in mind the moral of "go on," and "proceed to continue," he may yet succeed, like the unsophisticated juveniles who sally out to catch birds by depositing a few grains of salt on their tails. And then, ye interminable line of votaries of the tuneful Nine, stand from under!

Utica, N. Y.



## Editor's Table.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,  
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me,  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,  
Descending the broad hall stairs,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence,  
Yet I knew by their merry eyes,  
They are plotting and planning together,  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall,  
By three doors left unguarded,  
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,  
O'er the arms and back of my chair,  
If I try to escape they surround me,  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O, blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am,  
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon,  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes; forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away.

Never poet furnished sweeter texts for fireside musings than he whose melodious utterances are this day transferred, dear reader, to your Editor's Table. You have but to open his books at random, and, wherever your eye may

chance to fall, there you find food for tender or striking thought. Longfellow is not indeed, like Bryant, who, in his great love for and appreciation of nature, finds

"Sermons in stones,  
Books in the running brooks,  
And good in everything."

But he is quick to seize the nice analogy, the apt and elegant illustration, and a thousand delicate classical and legendary threads are interwoven, like silver, through his most common-place and everyday productions. His familiarity with the literature of all Europe, the folk songs, legends and traditions of every nation, opens to him an inexhaustible mine with which to illustrate and adorn his writings.

Much is the world indebted to such rich and beneficent souls as Longfellow, and his *confre-res*, for the "Birds of Passage," they have sent forth with the olive leaf in their beak, and the tender or strengthening missive under their wing. It is difficult to be very sad or very lonely, however isolated our position in life, may be, with the sweet thoughts and sweet melodies of such, singing in our hearts.

A question which was yesterday put to me by a friend, in relation to the meaning of a certain allusion in the "Children's Hour,"

"They almost drown me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine,"

suggested the thought, dear reader, that many of you who are as well-read even as my friend, may be as much in the dark as she concerning this Bishop of Bingen and his Mouse-Tower, and it occurred to me that to those of you who have never heard it, the legend of this wicked prelate, illustrating as he does, one of the sweetest of poems, might be offered as a not unacceptable morceau for your Table.

Hatto, archbishop of Bingen, was a wily and ambitious prelate, who flourished early in the tenth century; but to give you a clear understanding of his position, and of the source of

the causes which led to the almost unlimited power for good and for evil to which he attained, it is necessary to go back for a moment, to a somewhat earlier period, and to the invasion of Germany by the Northmen, about the middle of the ninth century. These wild, barbarian sea kings, as they are still called, suddenly rolled in upon Germany, from the Scandinavian North, destroying as they went. At first they confined their devastations to the country of the Rhine, but gradually overspread all Northern Germany, carrying ruin before them, and burning towns and cities wherever their entrance was disputed. They were Titans in size and strength, and bold as lions, loving nothing so well as war, and not incapable of noble, as well as heroic deeds; and many poets, of whom Longfellow is not the least, have loved to celebrate these wild Vikings and their deeds. They excelled in the art of ship-building, possessing formidable fleets, and in these they roamed the seas, making sudden descents not only upon Germany, but also upon the coasts of England, Flanders and France, and other countries, in many of which they maintained their footing, settling down among the people, and becoming at length amalgamated with them. This was the case in Germany.

The religion of the sea-kings was a compound of the mythology of the North, whose god was Odin. This religion, as is often the case with conquerors, they infused among the people whom they had conquered, and it often took the place of Christianity as it then existed in Germany, and which, if we may judge by the character and conduct of many of its defenders, was in reality little superior to the religion of Odin, and whose god it would have required a nice discrimination to distinguish from the heathen deity himself. The two religions finally became intimately mingled, and, so complete was the amalgamation, it is to be feared the church, in certain of its branches, has to this day, scarcely lost the odor then imbibed in its dalliance in the halls of Valhalla.

Early in the tenth century an emperor filled the throne of Germany, who was alike brave, wise and prudent, and under his rule the supremacy of the Vikings began to disappear, and the cities they had destroyed were not only rebuilt but walled.

One of the emperor's ablest assistants in this work was Hatto, then a simple bishop. He was immediately recognized by the emperor as a master-spirit, and was advanced as rapidly, both in Church and State, as his great and over-

weening ambition could desire. He is stated by historians, to have been a wise and prudent temporal ruler, but overbearing and haughty as a prelate, resisting even the rule of the Pope of Rome. He built the city of Bingen, walling and fortifying it in the most thorough manner, and here he ever afterwards resided, an archbishop, with all the power of a king. Two ruins are yet standing, monuments of his splendor and power, that of the castle of Ehrenfels, on one of the high cliffs of the Rhine, near Bingen, and a tower on a little rocky island in the river, not far from it. The latter is still known as the Mouse-Tower, and the legend still in the mouths of the people of the neighborhood is this:

Hatto had for many years swayed the sceptre and the crozier, moving always surrounded by all the pomp which royalty could claim, and ruling Church and State with an iron hand. The odor of sanctity was in all his words, and he brought into the bosom of the church thousands of converts from among the worshippers of Odin, inflicting on them frightful penances, for the sin of having been his followers.

Meanwhile, year by year he amassed greater and greater wealth, and more and more strength, and a temporal power already more than princely, till scarcely the emperor moved in greater state than he.

But an evil day fell upon the land. Dreadful heats accompanied by poisonous exhalations and scorching winds, swept over the fruitful fields, and they were burned up. The crops failed, and want stared the country in the face. Dreadful as this was, a worse thing succeeded. A widespread inundation suddenly came upon them. A long and heavy rain fell, the rivers rose in their beds, and overflowing their banks, covered all the lowlands. Every day the waters rose higher and higher, and the cattle were drowned, the houses and barns were swept away, and when they subsided, the country of the Rhine was one wide and dreary waste.

Famine soon stalked abroad, fever following fast in its footsteps. The Bishop of Bingen alone felt it not. His numerous storehouses and granaries had been built on high ground and they were full to overflowing. The true character of the archbishop now became apparent. Head of the church though he was, in this dreadful strait of his people, the demon of Avarice took possession of his heart, and he gloated over the opportunity which promised to add untold riches to his coffers.

His people came to him for grain — to whom else could they go? Taking advantage of their

necessities, he drove an usurious trade with them, charging each day a more exorbitant price as their means to pay him diminished.

At length the day came when their little means were entirely exhausted, and they could no longer buy. But hunger took hold of them like a wild beast, and they surrounded the palace of their bishop in great crowds, calling on him with loud cries for bread.

"We are your children," they pleaded, lifting up their thin hands and pale and haggard faces; "you, yourself, taught us the prayer of our Lord, 'Give us this day our daily bread!' Help us! we are starving! feed us this once and we will trouble you no more!"

"What!" exclaimed the angry high priest, "do you dare to instruct me in my duty? Away with you, lazy rascals. You are fit only for beggars."

But louder and stronger grew the dreadful cry for bread, and some in their despair were hurried to utter menaces and threats. The bishop drove them away, but hatred for his cruel oppression now took possession of all the people, when fresh crowds of starving men and women besieged his gates, he gave them no audience, till, in their desperation, they surrounded his castle with arms in their hands. Full of rage the bishop summoned his guard and several skirmishes took place. The citizens were victorious, when suddenly an immense military force sent by the emperor, came to his assistance. The starving crowd was soon scattered, and a large number of prisoners taken into the palace.

"You will insist on having my grain!" said Hatto, with a bitter sneer. "Very well! you shall be locked up in one of my granaries and have enough!"

His body-guard drove them into a storehouse partly filled with corn and the doors were barred and bolted, and then the monster commanded the building to be set on fire. The order was obeyed, and in a few minutes the whole structure was wrapt in flames. The fearful shrieks of the unfortunate wretches, as the fire consumed them, rose up to heaven and filled the city with dismay. But the bishop, with a laughter worse than infernal, stood and listened. "Hark! just hark!" he cried; "hear how the mice squeak!"

The aims of the monster were reached. The people troubled him no more for bread. But God had taken note of his crime and rewarded it. When night came and the bishop retired to his chamber, he was startled by a sudden noise

as of thousands of little feet all around him, and a strange confusion of shrill squeaking sounds. A cold shudder ran through his frame, when, all at once hundreds of mice sprang from the walls and partitions, and fell upon him. With loud shrieks he called to his servants for help; but terrified and defenceless, they crossed themselves and fled.

Frantic with fear and pain the bishop at length threw himself upon his horse and, attended by a body of his guards, galloped to the ruin and up the cliff, and sought protection in the castle of Ehrenfels. But it was in vain. The spirits of vengeance swarmed through all the earth. They covered his face and hands: they penetrated his sleeves; they found entrance under his garments, until his whole body swarmed with the biting, torturing little creatures.

"O God!" he cried in his great agony, "it is for my sins, and for my cruelties that thou hast sent this. Have mercy on me! O God! have mercy on me!"

But the righteous punishment was not yet ended. Again taking flight, he entered a boat and crossed over to the tower which he had built on the island in the river. Here he had a bed swung from the highest ceiling by chains. But the mice swam the river after him, creeping in through every hole and grating, and sprang in swarms upon his bed. The wretched man fought them with the desperation of despair, but they were not to be driven away. They bit him, they tore him, they gnawed his flesh from his bones until he died. Scarcely had his breath left his miserable body when the whole army of mice disappeared from the castle, and from the country. But the place where the Bishop of Bingen met the just reward of his crimes is, to this day, as a dreadful memento of his end, called the "Mouse-Tower," and many a belated peasant, even now, when the storm rages, and the waves howl around the Mouse-Tower, believes that the spirit of Hatto is hovering over the scene of his awful punishment.

As I run over the foregoing legend I feel that there is something strange and awful in this looking back a thousand years! What infinite changes have passed over the world since then! How many generations have come and gone, and yet many an old feudal tower like these, built more than half-way back to the times of the Saviour, still stand, and will perhaps stand hundreds of years longer, before the tooth of

time shall have quite crumbled them to the dust.  
It is difficult to look forward for even a short  
period. The veil which hides the future is im-  
penetrable and dark. Who can look forward a  
hundred years, and say what shall be then?

**"A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME."**

"Oh, where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come?  
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,  
The heart that beats so gaily now;  
Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,  
Joy's pleasant smile, and a row's sigh,  
A hundred years to come?"

"Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth,  
The rich and poor, on land and sea,  
Where will the million millions be,  
A hundred years to come?"

"We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come!  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come!  
But other men our lands will till,  
And others then our streets will fill;  
While other birds will sing as gay,  
As bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come."

One thought is suggested by this sad reflec-  
tion, that everything that now inhabits the  
globe and lives and breathes, will, in a hundred  
years, have been swept entirely away from its  
surface, and not a trace of them remain; that  
thought is to work and be patient; to work  
while the day lasts, patiently trusting that the  
harvest will ripen and be gathered. Have you  
ever seen the thoughtful lines by one who is  
surely a poet, entitled

**A RIDDLE FOR THE TIMES?**

Gleaners in God's great field of truth,  
I would come after, like gentle Ruth;

Gather the sheaves ye have left behind,  
Happy my simple wealth to bind;

And lay it down with a modest shame,  
And go as silently as I came.

Be patient! Under the patient sun  
The sweet fruits ripen one by one.

Be patient; steadily, sand by sand,  
The green earth grew in God's great hand.

Be patient; where now the oak is found  
Once slept an acorn underground.

Slowly the fruit swings ripe in the sun,  
Slowly the great, green earth is done.

And ever the acorn becomes an oak,  
Seasons must shape it, stroke on stroke.

Oh, my countrymen, leal and true,  
Know ye the riddle I read to you?

Slowly the fruit swings ripe in the sun,  
Slowly God's work on earth is done.

Slowly the great world grew and grew;  
Slower the growth of the Good and True.

Slow climbs the oak from the acorn's shell;  
Slower climbs Justice from its dark cell.

Oh, my countrymen, leal and true,  
This is no riddle I read to you.

Let us be patient; in God's good time,  
Justice and Mercy from Wrong shall climb.

Let us be patient, with perfect trust;  
Truth is immortal, and God is just!

But our Editor's Table is becoming too grave,  
and I wish to give you an old story in a new  
dress, but one in whatever strange bedizenment  
it might appear, you would all recognize. I  
can only say of its present form, that it is said  
to be the original one. It is an Eastern story,  
and I think has its version in most languages.

"It is of a beautiful damsel, to whom a ge-  
nius of surpassing power desired to give a talis-  
man. He enjoined her to take herself across a  
field of standing corn; she was to pluck the tall-  
est and largest ear she could find, but she was  
to gather it as she went forward, and never  
pause in her path, or to step backward in quest  
of her object. In proportion to the size and  
ripeness of the ear she gathered, so would be its  
power as a talisman. She went out upon her  
quest, says the legend, and entered upon the  
field. Many a tall stalk of surpassing excel-  
lence met her glance, but she still walked on-  
ward, expecting always to find some one more  
excellent still. At last she reached a portion  
of the field where the crops were thinner, and  
the ears more stunted. She regretted the tall  
and graceful stalks she had left behind, but dis-  
dained to pick those which fell so far below  
what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But,  
alas! the stems grew more ragged and more  
scanty as she trod onward; on the margin of  
the field they were milewed, and when she had  
accomplished her walk through the waving  
grain, she emerged on the other side without  
having gathered any ear whatever. The genius  
rebuked her for her folly, but we are not told  
that he gave her an opportunity of retrieving  
her error. We may apply this mystic little In-  
dian fable to the realities of daily life.

The spicy ingredients of wit and sauciness are  
about equally mingled in the following wail  
cast up on the shore of an idle day, and which  
I seize before the ebb tide of oblivion carries it  
out of my reach. I know not its author.

## THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A well there is in the west country,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
There is not a wife in the west country  
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,  
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above,  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne;  
Joyfully he drew nigh,  
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he;  
And he sat down upon the bank,  
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,  
At the well to fill his pail,  
On the well-side he rested it,  
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he;  
"For an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or hath thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
Ever here in Cornwall been?  
For an if she have, I'll venture my life;  
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman wao never was here,"  
The stranger made reply;  
"But that my fortune should be better for that,  
I pray you, answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, "many a time  
Drank of this crystal well;  
And before the angel summoned her,  
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well  
Should drink before his wife,  
A happy man thenceforth is he,  
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first—  
God help the husband, then!"  
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,  
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the water, I warrant, betimes?"  
He to the Cornishman said;  
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,  
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my wife in the porch;  
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,  
(For she took a bottle to church."

## FOREIGNERS AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

We have all of us seen and heard of most ludicrous difficulties experienced by foreigners in their use of the English language.

"I will be drowned," cried out the poor Frenchman, when he was floundering in the water unable to get out. "I will be drowned—nobody shall help me."

Imagine the helpless despair of one receiving the following lesson. He was looking at the picture of a number of vessels. "See what a flock of ships!" he exclaimed.

"O, no," said his friend, "a flock of ships is called a fleet; it is a fleet of sheep that is called a flock."

"What the difference? I see no difference."

"I will show you." And his friend went boldly into the intricacies of our language, showing him exactly how to master them.

"You see," said he, "a flock of girls is called a bevy; a bevy of wolves is called a pack; and a pack of thieves is called a gang; and a gang of angels is called a host; and a host of porpoises is called a shoal; and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd; and a herd of children is called a troop; and a troop of partridges is called a covey; and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy; and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde; and a horde of rubbish is called a heap; and a heap of oxen is called a drove; and a drove of blackguards is called a mob; and a mob of whales is called a school; and a school of worshippers is called a congregation; and a congregation of engineers is called a corps; and a corps of robbers is called a band; and a band of locusts is called a swarm; and a swarm of people is called a crowd; and a crowd of gentlefolks is called the *elite*; thieves and rascals are called the roughs; and the miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the community, or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or the secular people."

"O, I see! I see!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "I go back to France. I never so long as I live shall learn your language. *C'est horriblement! c'est horriblement!*"

A story is told of a German who attempted to woo a lady in English, with the aid of a dictionary. Having obtained an interview with an English lady who, having lost her husband, he supposed open to new offers, he opened the business thus—

"Highborn madam, since your husband have kicked the bucket—"

"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.

"O, pardon — nine, ten thousand pardons. Now I make new beginning—quite anoder beginning. Madam, since your husband have cut his stick —"

His sagacity enabled him to see by the lady's countenance that he had made a mistake, and perspiring with mortification he once more commenced—

"Madam, since your husband has gone to kingdom come—"

Pathetically and beseechingly as this was said, the lady would listen no longer, but hastily left the room. The German, taking a last hurried look at his dictionary, flew after the lady crying out with clasped hands and a voice of despair.

"O, madam, since your husband, your most respected husband have hopped destiny."

His last hope was gone, and the unfortunate man perforce resigned himself to his fate.

It turned out that the dictionary he had used had put down the verb *sterben*, [to die,] with the following list of most extraordinary equivalents:

1. To kick the bucket.
2. To cut one's stick.
3. To go to kingdom come.
4. To hop the twig; to hop off the perch into Davy's locker.

A French gentleman who was caressing a dog one day, remarked, "I love de dogs, de cats, de sheep, de pigs; in short, anyting dat is beastly."

Though we should make just as funny mistakes in a foreign language, these are nice to laugh at.

#### REBEL RHYMES.

"Said to have been found in an abandoned rebel camp. We do not vouch for its authenticity.

The suitor he goes to the planter so grand,  
And, "give me your daughter," says he:  
"For each unto other we've plighted our loves,  
I love her and so she loves me,"  
Says he,  
"And married we're wishing to be."

The planter was deeply affected indeed,  
Such touching affection to see;  
"The giving I couldn't afford; but I'll sell  
Her for six hundred dollars to thee,"  
Says he:  
Her mother was worth that to me."

The Editor's table is closed by two pretty little gems for the children.

#### OUR BABY.

##### I.

##### NIGHT.

"The little sparrows have their nest,  
God gives the pretty creatures rest;  
He watches o'er the smallest thing  
That nightly folds its weary wing.  
Sleep! baby, sleep!

The nodding lilies by the stream  
With folded petals sweetly dream;  
The sleepy daisies in the grass  
Are winking as the night winds pass.  
Sleep! baby, sleep!

Now drop the fringed and dainty lid  
O'er 'sweetest eyes' that e'er were hid,  
And leave your darling baby-wiles,  
For angel-whispers, dreaming smiles,  
Sleep! baby, sleep!"

##### II.

##### MORNING.

"Wake! darling, wake!  
Aurora's car  
Hath sped afar,  
And chased the night away!  
The skylark springs  
Aloft, and sings  
This happy morning lay!

Wake! darling, wake!  
The katydid  
Is slyly hid  
Behind the trembling break;  
The bobolink  
Now stoops to drink  
Beside the mimic lake.

Wake! darling, wake!  
The flowers repeat  
Their gossip sweet;  
The morning-glory tells  
Of zephyr's bliss,  
Who stole a kiss  
Among the lily-belles

Wake! darling, wake!  
The winsome face  
Of Baby Grace  
Is dearer far to me  
Than dew to flower,  
Or bird to bower,  
Or blossom to the bee."

The sons of sweet Erin do sometimes utter the most delicious compliments in their own witty way. Perhaps the following may be considered a doubtful one.

"Arrah, me darlint," cried Jemmy O'Flanagan to his loquacious sweetheart, who had given him no opportunity of answering her remarks during a two hours ride behind the little bay nags in his oyster wagon—"are ye after knowing why yer cheeks are like my ponies there?"

"Shure, an its because they're red, is it?" quoth the blushing Bridget.

"Faith and a better reason than that, ma-vourneen. Because there is one of them each side of a waggin' tongue!"

The following hymn from an old friend, the writer, comes to us like the "dew of Hermon." A church built in an enemy's country by a regiment of soldiers at war with it, tells a noble story.

#### DEDICATION HYMN.

Composed by Col. William Gurney, of the 27th Regiment, N. Y. S. Vols., (Monitors,) and sung at the dedication of chapel ~~by the~~ members of this Regiment on Coles' island S. C., Dec. 20th, 1863.

Be still, ye angry floods, be still!

And calmed the ocean's swell,  
Upon this isle of sand we build  
A house where God may dwell.

Tho' plain and humble it may be,  
Yet God will dwell therein,  
And here accept the humble prayer  
That may be breathed to him.

'Tis not the splendor of the house,  
Nor richly gilded aisles,  
That e'er attracts the mighty God,  
Or surely wins his smiles.

Here, comrades, we will gladly meet,  
And wisdom's lessons learn,  
And meekly sit at Jesus' feet,  
While still our camp fires burn.

And now to God we dedicate  
The Temple we have raised;  
Here let our songs and prayers ascend,  
And God's great name be praised.

#### THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

The authorship of the fine poem bearing the above title, published in the last number of the Repository, was by accident not mentioned; it

was from the pen of a new correspondent, Mrs. O. D. Miller. We hope she will not permit her pen to be idle, but favor us often.—Ed.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There are many correspondents from whom we do not hear often enough. The Repository and the readers alike languish for them. May we not soon hear from many of them?

#### TO READERS.

The editor owes an apology to the readers of the Repository for an occasional delay in her chapters of the Mountaineers of Tennessee. It has been unavoidable. The last omission was occasioned by a fault in the post office. The article was sent but was not forwarded in season.

#### TO L. H. L.

Oh that I were a painter—that this hand  
Might paint the bright smile thy thoughts have  
fanned  
Into a laugh the softest in the land.

Oh that my art might shadow forth the prayer,  
That lurks in tears and smiles, through joy and  
care,  
In those sweet eyes, blue as the summer air.

Oh that I were a sculptor, and could make  
A block of marble thy fair features take,  
And grow in queenly beauty for thy sake.

Or that I were a poet, and could place  
A crown of song, rich as thyself in grace,  
Upon the hair that shades that noble face!

Then should the world another Laura own,  
And when thy spirit to yon heaven had flown,  
Earth should look up and vainly call thee home.

A. P.

GOOD ADVICE. — Hall's Journal of Health gives the following excellent advice: If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep; if the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed and remain there, and eat nothing till you are well; if an action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile, drink largely of cold water or hot teas, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up till things are righted; this one suggestion if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year, both in the city and country. The best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

By Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

### CHAPTER X.

(Continued from February number.)

**C**APTAIN ROSS, as we shall still call the young chieftain of the Mountains, and his little party moved on in the direction of the Black Mill, which they could discern in the distance, hanging on the face of the cliff, far down the ravine, and approached only by a tortuous path, so precipitous as to make it necessary, as has been said, for the two equestrians to dismount and lead their horses with the greatest care.

The conversation between the young man and the clergyman, as they walked slowly on, was of the most interesting character. The latter had for years been the confidant, almost only friend, of Katy Hurd, and in her secluded and unhappy life had often cheered her with his advice and consolation. She had confided to him every detail of the abduction of Louis Mordant, his retention at the Mill, and all the subsequent circumstances with which she herself was acquainted. These circumstances he now communicated to the deeply attentive and agitated young man, who, as the dark riddle which had perplexed his young life was at length being solved, could scarcely forbear the utterance of sometimes an oath of vengeance and sometimes a groan.

"You had remained in the Mill but three years," the old man said, "and were about seven years old when you suddenly disappeared, having, as was supposed, either become lost in the interminable forest, where you loved to wander about, gathering berries and flowers, or ran away to escape the harsh and cruel treatment of your captor. For he strove, in spite of all the entreaties of his wife, to treat you as nearly like a slave as was possible. Poor Katy, your kind foster-mother, deeply mourned your loss and never ceased to execrate the deed that robbed you from your parents. To Sol, your loss was a matter of indifference, so far as his personal feeling was concerned, but his anger was unbounded that he could no longer vent his revenge and hatred toward your father upon you; for it was hatred and revenge, lasting and fearful, which drove him to the dangerous and guilty step of abducting you."

"But what could have inspired such feelings toward my father or my gentle mother, who surely never could have injured him?"

"Alas, young man! you little know what causes may spring up between a master and slave, to drive the latter to desperation and crime; and sinful as was the deed which deprived you of a mother's care and love and a father's protection, there were palliating circumstances — at least circumstances which, in the



eyes of God, if not men, must have gone far to stamp it with a savage justice not to be deemed utterly undeserving of consideration.

"Sol, or Arthur, as he was then called, was owned by your grandfather, the elder Mr. Mordant, who was the possessor of many hundreds of such chattels; yet slave as he was, his skin was as white and his features as purely Saxon as those of his master. Since then, the exposures and wild life of the Mountain and the crimes of later years had embrowned and transfigured them to a very repulsive aspect.

"To account for this white skin, no doubt the same blood beat in the heart of Arthur as in Mr. Mordant, and there certainly was much of the same firm, ungovernable nature in both, and the personal likeness of the slave to the master was striking.

"He was brought up in the house with his young master, the present owner of the plantation, your father, whose favorite playmate he was, treated generally with kindness and even affection, but sometimes with the heartless cruelty and insult a slave is subject to under the despotism of the system, but growing up with a warm love for his young master, in spite of all.

"Sol had two sisters, one older and one younger than himself, also slaves to Mr. Mordant. Aggie, the younger, a fair and beautiful girl, was the favorite waiting-maid of Mrs. Mordant, who possessed all the stern qualities which you may have heard distinguish her son, your father. This young girl, a lady in manner, and of a sweet and loving nature, became the prey of her licentious young master, for whom she cherished a love as tender and true as ever beat in the bosom of a free girl, and as undeserved as it was tender. Her master and mistress were both perfectly aware of the state of affairs between their son and their slave, and encouraged it, because it kept him from worse associations.

"But the time came when it must all be ended. An alliance had long been in contemplation between young Louis—for that is your father's name as well as

yours—and a young lady of birth and fortune, and of great personal loveliness and sweetness of character. The time drew near for its consummation, and the relations between the bridegroom-elect and his unfortunate victim must be dissolved, for the young wife who was to enter their home would little relish so fair a rival under her very eyes.

"Those things, it is said, are generally easily managed, but when Aggie became aware that she was to be discarded, and a wife was to take her place, her grief and jealous anger knew no bounds. A strange, new power seemed to be developed in her nature, and her master and mistress found, to their dismay, that love in the bosom of even a slave girl might be a difficult matter to dispose of. She had been an indulged pet, her peculiar relations with her young master giving her many and undisputed privileges. Unqualified submission she had not yet learned, and her whole nature rose in rebellion against a condition of things, which she, being the victim, had not yet become philosophical enough to regard as right, because it was a part of the "institution." She refused to eat or to work. She raved, and tore her beautiful hair from her head, and, in her despair, threatened to reveal the whole matter to the young lady for whom she was discarded. At this juncture her conduct was pronounced so altogether outrageous as to merit the severest chastisement, and for the first time in her life chastisement was unsparingly administered. But neither the cruel scourging, the starving, nor the terrors of the dark and gloomy cellar availed to "bring her to reason," or silence her grief and despair at a betrayal which would have excited the sympathy of the world, had she been free. The severity of her punishment was increased, and the fair and hapless young creature, after the long and dreadful ordeal, which even her merciless rulers felt was all she could bear, was brought forth to the light, a pitiful object, seamed with bloody wales, emaciated and deathly in aspect, and sullenly despairing.

"This sight was too much for the brother of the abused slave-girl. In his

rage and frenzy, he dealt his young master, whom he justly or unjustly regarded as the author of all these horrible cruelties, a blow which felled him to the ground. The young man rose to his feet, and no words could portray the fury and vengeance which were painted on his face and uttered in his words. He had been struck by his slave! Instantly ordering him to be tied to a ladder, he superintended a flogging which no being in human form would see administered to a vicious brute. Urging the wretch who scourged him to strike harder, harder, he watched the horrid process until the shrieking victim fainted under the torture and was taken down, his back a quivering mass of bloody jelly. Salt was freely applied to the wounds, and he was then thrown into the cellar which had witnessed the pain and anguish of his sister, and left to the agony of his bodily sufferings and the deep vengeance which burned every moment more hotly in his breast.

"As I have said, the same blood, without doubt, courses in his veins as in those of his master. Arthur was aware of this fact, and he ground his teeth as he remembered that, being of one blood—brothers,—the one was a princely despot and the other a miserable chattel, liable at any moment to be trodden under his feet, and utterly without rights that the despot was bound to respect. Every feeling of his nature he knew was subject to insult and outrage, and his person to every fearful cruelty that a keen intellect and savage temper could devise and prompt.

"Arthur had been a gay and cheerful fellow,—one of those slaves whom it is the custom of many to call 'the happiest fellows under the sun,' but he was changed under his new discipline, and he left his prison, after a week of incarceration, a sullen, silent, brooding fellow. He was obedient as always, and strictly faithful in the performance of all his duties, but gay good-humor, the merry laugh, were no longer seen or heard.

"'He will get over it,' sneered his young master; 'the fellow will be all the better for being brought down a little.'

"But he did not get over it. He was silently maturing a scheme, first projected in his prison, for securing his own liberty and that of his sister; and this scheme he was, before many weeks, enabled to carry into effect. The preparations going on for the marriage of the young heir left the slaves a greater degree of liberty in their movements than usual, and this occasion he determined to avail himself of. Accordingly, one dark and stormy night, he and Aggie crept out of the plantation gate, and before they were missed, had made their way into the mountains. For many days they wandered about, suffering with fatigue and hunger, but finally fell in with a party of Mountaineers who gave them food and a safe hiding-place until the pursuit after them should be over. Here Aggie became the mother of a boy, whose likeness to their late master was striking, and inspired Arthur with a new thought for his plans of revenge. He had at first adopted the usual idea of escaping to the North, but that was now given up. He would remain in the Cumberland Mountains. He could afford to wait. His revenge would be all the surer, and his life in the climate of the South pleasanter than it could be in the cold North. His skin was fair as his master's; he would stain it, and suffer his beard to grow long and heavy, and his hair to become long and matted, and soon his identity would be lost. But he would be cautious. It would be easy to keep himself informed of all that was going on in the family of his master, through an old slave, who was his unswerving friend. He would seek some safe occasion to confide his plans to him, and he could arrange to meet him at distant intervals, while he, meanwhile, would bide his time.

"He changed his name, and for nearly five years lived among the mountains, in a cabin so secluded from all public travel as to be comparatively safe, passing among the Mountaineers for a poor white man. Soon after the birth of her child the mind of his sister began to show signs of alienation, and in the course of two or three years she became unfit to care either for her child or the labors of the

household. Sol Hurd, as Alfred now called himself, thought it necessary to marry, and soon found a wife among his mountain neighbors, a nice, good girl, who proved to be a good wife, and a gentle mother to his sister's worse than orphan little son.

"When this boy was four or five years old the plans of Hurd were matured, and, by the help of the old fellow-slave whom I mentioned, were carried into effect. You were stolen from your father's house, and after a sufficient length of time to make it safe to substitute another in your place, the slave-girl's son was returned to your mother. The resemblance between you was so striking that neither your mother nor any of the old servants had the slightest doubt that the little Louis was actually restored. But Hurd's revenge was not satisfied yet. He"—

"No more now—no more now,"—exclaimed the young man; "hereafter I will learn all. Here we are at the door; now I must act."

Immediately ordering a halt, Captain Ross stepped forward and directed a searching look toward the old mill, over which they now found themselves, and at a point among the bushes from which they could overlook the whole premises without being themselves discovered.

The great door of the mill was open, and a mule stood before it.

"My dear foster-mother," said Ross, turning to Katy Hurd, "do you know anything about your husband's movements for the last day or two?"

"Nothing certainly; I long ago begged him to tell me nothing about his movements—crimes I fear I must call some of them; I could not bear to have my conscience burdened any further with their concealment; and it is long since he has obliged me to see or hear his plans."

"Do you know whether any strangers are in the mill?"

"Oh, yes, sir; there are always men I do not like coming and going."

"But have any prisoners been brought there lately?"

"Somebody, I guessed by the voice, a woman, was brought here a few days

since, and put in a room in the back of the mill. But I didn't see her; and last night I heard a noise as if others had been brought in!"

"Have you no conjecture who the woman was?"

"As true as I hope for mercy hereafter I have not."

"That is enough; I believe you. But I think I know who it was: and it is now my business to determine what is to be done to sift the iniquity and recover the woman, without provoking some more monstrous crime."

"Hark! what is that noise? I know that sound!" exclaimed the young man, interrupting himself.

"That is poor Aggie," said Katy. "She is always wandering about among the rocks."

A low, wailing kind of music like a dirge stole faintly down through the stillness. The young man listened, tears of emotion, called up by the thick crowding memories of childhood, filling his eyes. But a sudden thought darted through his mind, banishing every softer feeling.

"Is she not almost over our heads?" he inquired, turning to Katy. "Yes; I am sure of it. I know the ledge where she used to sit when I was a child, and sing in this sad way by the hour."

Katy smiled an assent.

"Does your husband love the poor woman as well as ever? I remember he seemed to care for her more than all things else."

"Oh, yes; he loves her more and more, the older she grows. Better far than myself," she added, the tears starting to her eyes; "and yet he is good to me; oh, he is not *wholly* bad," she added, in a pleading tone, looking up into the face of Ross, as if she would have said, "Spare him!"

"Could you persuade poor Aggie to come down here to us?" inquired the young man, very gently.

"Oh, easily enough; she follows me like a child."

"Go, then, my good friend, and bring her hither. Through her, perhaps, who was the first innocent cause of so many

dreadful errors and sufferings, we may perhaps win our way to peaceable and happy results. She may save us all."

Katy could not have resisted the kind voice of the young man, had she been ever so much inclined. She looked in his face and instantly started on her errand.

While she was gone, Ross gave certain directions to Warren, in a low voice. The latter nodded, as if he would have said, "I understand you," and tying the horses to the trees, he stood ready for action.

Katy soon returned with the poor lunatic. Her beauty was in a measure gone, but the same gentle and quiet manner which Ross remembered, distinguished her still. She looked at the strangers without surprise, and soon commenced her low song again.

"Now, sir," said Ross, turning to the clergyman, who had watched with much interest the face and movements of the young man—"now, sir, you and I must go down into the mill. Katy, you and Aggie will remain here, with my attendant, Warren. He knows all I have to do. You will obey him punctiliously, my good friend; it is the way of safety to us all; our future welfare depends upon it."

Katy, with an anxious and wild look, silently assented.

"Now, Warren," said the young man, turning to his attendant and reaching out his hand, into which the latter placed a rifle and two pistols. Securing the pistols in his breast, he turned at last to the clergyman.

"Now, my dear sir," said he, "let us enter. I will be your protector, and you will be mine!"

(To be continued.)

**A HEATHEN CUSTOM.**—In ancient Sparta there was a law which compelled the youths to rise when an old person approached, to be silent when they spoke, to yield them the path when they met them. With us, what the law does not enforce, decency should prompt us to perform. Respect for the aged teaches a moral that those who forget to practice it can do no less than applaud it in others.

# "SPRING AND THE MAIDEN."

By E. A. M.

"I come, I come, at last!  
Grim winter's reign is past.  
Lo, I bring again  
The glad sun and warm rain,  
Green herbs and fair flowers,  
Heralds of merry hours.

"The bee is on the wing,  
The robins blithely sing,  
In the orchard to day;  
Thou alone art not gay;  
What aileth thee, sad heart?  
Thy grief to me impart.

"Thou hast no balm, O spring!  
For that most woeful thing,  
A sick and breaking heart;  
Thou canst not heal its smart.  
To ease its weary pain,  
Thy medicines are vain.

"Thou hast draped in sweet bloom,  
Old winter's dreary tomb;  
Thou hast brought in thy train,  
Woven sunshine and rain;  
The air is full of sound,  
Fresh smells the broken ground.

"Every blossom is here  
That mem'ry holds most dear;  
In field and garden-plot,  
The blue forget-me-not,  
And frail anemone,  
The best beloved by me.

"But get, O lovely spring,  
Thou hast forgot to bring  
My sweetheart back to me;  
Who went away with thee.  
And tears will dim my eyes,  
And blot your sweet May skies."

Pittsburg, Penn.

Touch a man's heart, and you lay hold of the helm that steers him; you reach a power that lies deeper than appearances, and behind reason. Thence proceed the shapings of circumstances, the interpretations of outward existence, and the interior scenery of the soul; for "out of the heart are the issues of life."

## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

## CHAPTER X.

By —.

THE next day, Monday, brought with it all the cares and trials incident to its position as the opening day of the active week. I was now just able to walk about the house, and I had interested myself to such a degree in Nell's varied duties that I had really forgotten the provocations of the previous day. When our little family group gathered in the study at night, we were as peaceful and happy as if no disturbing influences from without had ever ruffled the even currents of our lives.

But fate had not allotted to us, as the close of that day, a quiet evening of home joy.

The door-bell rang, and was answered by Nora, our eldest daughter, who, being gone but a moment, returned to the study, with surprise written all over her face, saying, —

"The house is full of people. They have brought baskets and bundles of various sorts; and without saying as much as 'with your leave,' they have walked in, and taken possession of the house."

This would have been an astonishing, and perhaps a pleasing, piece of news, if we had not been already partially prepared for it in the disagreeable way which I have before narrated. I must confess that my first impulse was to lock the study door on the inside, and thus protect my household treasures from the annoyances which were sure to overtake them in the coming incidents of the evening.

Will you think me unreasonable, dear reader, because that impulse sprang up in my heart? It was not that my parishioners were unwelcome in my house; not that their gifts, had they been free-will offerings, would have given me pain or trouble; but, coming as they did, a tacit reproach for what it had been impossible for us to avoid, I must confess that my heart rebelled a little in the acceptance. 'Twas but for a moment. I remembered, as soon as my better angel had time to whisper in my ear, that I was not my

own to serve my own pleasure, but my Master's, to do his work and bear his burdens. These people who waited our coming in the parlors, were sheep of his flock, and I must feed them, and gather them to his fold, whatever the attempt might cost me of personal trouble or discomfort.

Do not think that our guests were waiting as long as it has taken me to describe that passing impulse. It was but a fitting thought, which came and was gone while Nell was rising from her chair, and saying, —

"We must greet our friends with a Christian spirit, and accept whatever they have brought with the thankfulness which our need prompts. It would be easier to go out and say, 'Leave me alone with my troubles; I will have none of your gifts which come as a reproach of our poverty;' but I know this spirit is wrong, and I will not indulge it."

Another moment, and we were thrust out from the seclusion and quiet of our family circle, where we were enjoying such peace as comes to us only from intercourse with those whom we truly love, and were in the midst of a gay, jostling, promiscuous crowd, who hustled and pushed one another to catch a first glimpse of us, that they might see what the effect of the surprise might be. We passed hastily from one to another, speaking words of welcome, striving to make our parishioners feel that, if we were poor, as the world counts poverty, we were rich in spirit, and in all the graces and abundance of a kindly heart. Nell joined in these generous expressions of hospitable greeting, and our friends appeared at home and happy with us, to a much greater degree than they could have done, had they known that we were in possession of the secret of their coming.

It is a great thing gained when we are able to take the world for what it *ought* to be, instead of for what it is. This faculty not only makes life comfortable for ourselves, but it also improves humanity wonderfully with which we have to deal. A child will feel a pride in good behavior, if you can impress the fact upon him that you are expecting extraordinarily

good behavior from him, and that you do not think of anything else as possible.

We are all children of a larger growth, and happy is he who can meet his fellow-man as if he had nothing but right, generous behavior to expect at his hands.

Our friends had brought with them ample provision for a bountiful supper, and while we were exchanging greetings, nimble fingers were at work in our dining room, spreading the table, and arranging their bounties in the most tempting manner. This part of the entertainment had been prepared with the greatest care, and every dainty which could please the eye, or tempt the palate, was spread out for our admiration and pleasure.

We might have enjoyed the supper. (I use the word might here in the sense of ought.) It did seem as if, in a night filled with so many other kinds of torment, we ought, at least, to have had the poor privilege of feeding our bodies in peace.

But this privilege was denied us. The severe and unkind criticisms which our guests passed on the meagreness of our kitchen furnishings, in spite of all our attempts to overlook them, sunk deep into our hearts.

As I was passing the dining-room door, I heard Miss Oglesby's shrill voice saying,—

"Well, I declare, we shall not be able to lay this table in any kind of decent order. There are not enough dishes in this house to provide a common meal for a family, and how are we ever to make out anything like a table of this kind?"

"Why, I am sure there must be more somewhere," replied Mrs. Stebbins. "Nobody could think of keeping house with this pitiful handful of crockery; and especially a *minister's* household couldn't expect to get along so shabbily."

"There must be another china cupboard somewhere about the house," chimed in Mrs. Brown. "I will go and ask Mrs. G. myself about it."

"You can save yourself that trouble," Miss Oglesby replied; "for I was here and helped them when they moved into this house, and I know that there is no other cupboard except these opening from the dining-room."

"Well, what shall we do?" sighed Mrs. Stebbins, with that peculiarly lackadaisical air, which, to have witnessed, would have convinced the most incredulous that the crockery question was really vital to the well-being of the world.

Her attitude and manner were as indicative of distress as if she had witnessed the dissolution of the component parts of the universe.

Oh, pity, for the weakness of poor human nature, which magnifies every drop of vexation into an ocean of trouble, and, as Holmes so comically expresses it,—

"Thinks the bottom out of the universe,  
When his own little gilliput leaks."

I turned away with a mingled feeling of pity and vexation in my heart, for the weakness which could chafe a human soul to the degree of fretfulness, over so slight an annoyance.

I returned to the parlor, and was about forgetting all the petty vexations of life, in an animated conversation with one of my friends concerning a new book which he had just been reading, when I heard Mrs. Brown say to Nell, who was standing near me,—

"We are all ready for supper, Mrs. G., as soon as we can find some more spoons. I suppose you have your silver under lock and key, but of course you will not object to bringing it from its hiding-place on such an occasion as this."

These words were spoken in a half-whisper, and yet loud enough to be heard by all the persons in her immediate vicinity. Nell blushed crimson, yet she preserved a good degree of composure while she replied that all the spoons in her possession were in the dining-room closet.

"You must certainly be mistaken," Mrs. Brown replied; "there are but half a dozen *silver* tea-spoons in that closet, the remainder of the spoons are such as I am sure you would not use on your table."

Nell's heroic look came with her reply, "All that I have are in the closet that I mentioned."

Mrs. Brown turned away with an air of astonishment and "injured innocence,"

and I overheard her remark to Mrs. Stebbins, who was waiting for her at the door,—

"We will bring our table furniture with us next time we undertake to get a supper at the minister's house, for I declare there is nothing here. Mrs. G. says she has no other spoons except those in the dining-room closet. I don't see how we are to make out with those."

"Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Stebbins, good-naturedly. "You remember the proverb, 'When you are at Rome you must do as the Romans do.' That will apply well to the present case. We are at the minister's and we must do as the minister does—eat with a pewter spoon, and be satisfied."

As the ladies (?) were receding from me during this conversation, I heard no more except the scornful laugh which followed the last remark. During the time that it had occupied, I had been seemingly listening to the gentleman at my side; but though I stood, bowing and smiling assent to the wisdom of the sage philosophy that he was explaining, not one word of it had reached my inner consciousness. What double-dealers we are in the relations of life! We bow and smile, and seemingly attend the panoramas which are flitting past us in our daily life, but in half the instances we are scarcely enough conscious of their presence to repeat afterward a single distinct thought concerning them.

Men call these moods absent-mindedness, and oftentimes count them as credit to an individual, thinking that his mind is pre-occupied with some deep, wise thought, which prevents him from taking cognizance of the trifles passing about him. But I believe that I am right in my use of the term "double-dealing." We have not one great thought in the mind, occupying and culturing us, when we *seemingly* attend to another. It is the struggle between *two little* thoughts that confuses us, and makes us appear absent-minded and absurd. An absorbing, all-engrossing thought has a oneness about it, which gives clear, brilliant, and beautiful light to all the minds about us, and there are no cross rays to intercept, or

confuse, or disturb. I knew this, and think my manner must have indicated a consciousness of petty guilt; for I remember a confused sense of satisfaction, when I was relieved from the necessity of replying to a direct question, which must have exposed my inattention, by the call to supper.

Taking Nell on my arm, we went out to the dining-room, and took our places as we were directed, at the head of the table. Our children were brought and arranged like the right and left wings of an army, on either side of us. This was the time chosen, as the moment of interest, when the gifts were to be distributed. The company all crowded into the room, and ranged themselves in stiff, formal rows, observing all the decorum possible, at the same time, every one looking out for an opportunity for seeing the face of every member of the family who were about to be victimized.

Our position was so conspicuous, that not a shade of feeling, whether of surprise, indignation, or pleasure, could flit across the face of any member of our family, without attracting the notice of, and calling forth remarks from, the spectators. We were like animals caged for the inspection and gratification of a curious, gaping crowd.

I am sorry to be obliged to relate that little Katie's face wore anything but a conciliatory expression to begin with. Her spirit had been thoroughly roused by what she considered the indignities of the previous day, and she was determined on holding herself in an unreconciled frame of mind. Her pouting, defiant lips moved impatiently, as her fiery spirit within chafed for utterance. I truly forgot my own annoyance in my anxiety for her. I feared the worst from her impulsive speech, if she should be irritated farther, in the progress of events, as I foresaw she was sure to be. What would I not have given, could I for the moment have had bit and bridle upon her, that I might have curbed her as I would do a mettlesome steed, when it was persistent in its own unguided way. Of course I could not speak to her without attracting the attention of the whole company, and as

she was too far from me to be reached by a friendly admonition of fingers or toes, I could do nothing but await the *denouement*.

Deacon Tripp came forward with his most disagreeable air of pomposity, holding in his open arms an entire new suit of clothing designed for me, which he delivered to me with these words:—

“Respected Pastor, In behalf of the members of your congregation, I present you with this *valuable* gift, which we have hoped would be of service to you now that you are about to re-enter the field of active duty. We feel that you have merited some favor at our hands by your faithful work for us. But now, especially, when you are prostrated by the misfortune of sickness, we desire to show our good-will and Christian charity toward you. Realizing as we do that your long-continued helplessness and consequent increase of expenses must have reduced your otherwise abundant salary, we have been led to think that this extension of our generosity might be acceptable to you, and perhaps be a new link, binding us together, and impelling you to labor in our behalf. As such a token of our good-will and thoughtfulness, will you accept this present at our hands?”

At this point in his oratorical display, he bundled the whole suit of clothing from his strong arms into my weak ones, and retiring a step or two from me, he folded his hands and awaited my reply.

What could I say? That I was astonished and surprised by their unexpected generosity which had thus, with such marvellous bounty, dropped its rich stores into my lap of need?

No! I checked this speech on my tongue, because I could not quite make up my mind to say I was taken by surprise, when the truth was I had been forewarned of the coming gift; and again, I could not confess my poverty, and the acceptableness of the gift on account of it, because I remembered that Mrs. Stebins had reproved Nell one day for speaking of the necessity of close economy, and said to her,—

“We don’t like to have our minister’s family *speak* of being poor. It is very

humiliating to a parish with our wealth and position to have the matter get abroad that we employ a minister who is little better than a pauper in his worldly circumstances.”

Since this remark we had suffered in silence, and it would never do for me to commit the unpardonable sin of repeating the offence now, in the presence of all these magnates.

What then should I say? That the gift was acceptable to me as a testimonial of the good-will of my people? I knew very well that it had not been a free-will offering, fresh from loving hearts; but, on the contrary, that it was a gift compelled by my shabby appearance, and the feeling of pride which prompted them to improve the image on which they were compelled to look during the hours of the Sunday service.

Knowing this, I could not thank them for good-will to me, which was given only as a selfish way of gratifying their own pride. I was puzzled, and I thought it would be the most honest way out of the difficulty, to utter as few words as possible, so I simply said,—

“I thank you, my friends, most sincerely for your kindness, and will try in the future to prove myself worthy of it.”

As soon as I was done speaking, I laid the clothing down on a chair which stood near me, and waited further *denouements*. Looking on the faces about me, I noted an undisguised astonishment expressed on them. Evidently they were surprised at my brevity. They had hungered for compliments on their generosity; they had flattered themselves that I should be overwhelmed with a sense of obligation; and when, in place of it, I offered so simple a word of thanksgiving, they were quite unable to understand it. They had come like a party who would storm a city, thinking to penetrate into the inner citadel of my heart, and bring out its most sacred treasures of gratitude and love. But having commenced their siege, and presented what seemed to them an overwhelming demand for submission, they had received no response save a simple form of words, which, by reason of the moderateness of their ex-



pression, were to them almost as no return for their gift. When will humanity learn that love and gratitude are not like the commodities of the market which can be ordered by the bushel, and paid for at the door of your dwelling, and thus become wholly your own. We *buy* potatoes with our money, and they are ours; but love we must *win* by long-continued and faithful acts of kindness. Gratitude we must *get*, by besieging the heart of our friend; not rudely, and as one who claims recompense as his right, but rather by gentle and tender approaches, as the dew and the evening zephyr woo and win the fragrance from the heart of a flower.

I could have accepted this gift from my parishioners, with a grateful heart. I could have been manifestly expressive of my gratitude, if the process had been different through which the approaches to my affections had come. As it was, I met a rude approach as one meets an on-coming foe, and the shock was not pleasant to either party.

After an awkward silence, into which no voice was magnanimous to thrust itself, Miss Oglesby came forward, and stood before us. She bore about her the air of one who is martyred for righteousness' sake. The programme of the evening had evidently been broken in upon, and the remainder of the play was carried on in that undertone which indicated depression on the part of the actors.

Miss Oglesby, as she approached us, looked more like a perambulating milliner's store than anything else to which I could compare her. She was nearly smothered in the dry goods and bonnets which she brought.

On each hand she carried bonnets of bright velvet, which, with their dashing costliness, seemed truly like strangers in our household. Back of the bonnets, on her right arm, was a large shawl having a white centre and a crimson border, which, being spread out in such a manner as to exhibit its beauties to the best advantage, made really a striking appearance. On the left arm was a dress pattern of drab silk, whose rich though sombre hue, was a fine relief to the dazzling brightness of the other gifts.

She brushed by me with an impatience which indicated the displeasure she felt in my part of the drama, and, going straight up to Nell, presented her with one of the bonnets, the shawl and the dress, accompanying each presentation with a separate speech, which had evidently been written and learned at some previous time, when, mayhap, in her private closet she was anticipating the glory of the present moment.

After each speech there followed one of those distressing pauses made by the interludes which were allotted for expressions of thanksgiving. But through them all Nell passed bravely, only bowing and smiling her thanks, while her eyes were overflowing with tears, which said, better than the most eloquent words, that the gifts were acceptable to her, though they were rudely given.

The pebble of the kindness ought to fall so lightly in the heart's deep well that though it makes a ripple on the waters, they should not overflow their barriers.

I once saw a goblet full of water filled again with pins, while not one drop of the water was displaced. The pins were inserted so gently, one by one, that, during the whole process, not one drop of the water rebelled against their companionship. That, I said to myself, is like the way that God puts his mercies into the human spirit. Daily, constantly, unintermittingly, he drops those mercies down — so gently that, though the surface of the soul's deep waters are stirred in recognition of their coming, there is no rude jostle or sudden overflow of those waters.

Such should man's gifts be to his brother. 'Tis not fitting that we should overwhelm one another with a sense of obligation, and humiliate the recipient of our favors with the necessity of expression, in words, of the gratitude which should be lived out in the thousand gentle amenities of our civilized life.

Our brother should be glad with our gift, and not abashed. We should be godlike in the courtesy of our giving, willing that our friend should receive, without, at the moment of reception, standing face to face with the giver.

Thus tremblingly and modestly conferred, the items of our beneficence shall gather together like the sands of the valley, and anon, before we are aware, a mountain of affection has gathered for us in the heart of our friend.

But Miss Oglesby was wholly unacquainted with this theory of giving, or at least wholly disinclined to the practice of it. Her method, as we have seen, was thrusting favors; her only joy in giving, in witnessing the humility with which her favors were received.

She noted Nell's tears, and they gratified her. She even grew eloquent over her part of the service, and put in some extempore remarks, accompanied with hysterical sobs, which she seemed to think appropriate to the occasion.

A laughable as well as a pitiable sight, to see one attempt a pleasure which should make May-day in many hearts, and so conduct the service as to make it appear solemn as a funeral occasion, or a time of great and exceeding lamentation.

After a few moments' indulgence of these hypocritical tears,—for I cannot in truth call them anything else,—she turned from Nell to the children. Here, she evidently expected to meet with the crowning stroke of her success. If the father had been, as she thought, indifferent, and the mother impervious to her attacks of eloquence and generosity, save a few shining tears, the motive of which she was unable to decide, there might be yet hope in the possibility of her being able to touch the hearts of the children.

Nora was indeed thankful for the gift bestowed on her, and her expression of gratitude was full and free. The bonnet with which she was presented was indeed a very pretty one, and as her old one had long since parted with what of beauty it had first boasted, she had reason to rejoice in the possession of a new one.

We had carefully kept the secret of the previous day, and, through our influence, Katie's indignation had not extended to the other members of the household. Consequently, Nora's joy was undisturbed. We rejoiced that it was so. It needed one bright spot to relieve the darkness of that unpleasant hour.

Her expressions of pleasure were freely given, and even Miss Oglesby seemed satisfied.

Then came Katie's turn, and the moment of trial for us all. Miss Oglesby began by saying.

"I present you, Miss Katie, with this bonnet, and I hope to find in you as grateful a spirit as your sister has expressed. It is delightful, when you desire to please the heart of a friend, to find that heart open to receive your munificence."

Through the utterance of these words Katie's eyes were flashing indignantly, and when the silence came which was expected to be filled with the manifestations of her gratitude, she could seemingly contain her wrath no longer.

"Miss Oglesby," said she, "I am not obliged for your gift, and I will not be forced into saying that I am. These presents were not brought here to make us happy, and you know that they were not. If all you people had not been ashamed of us and our shabby clothes on the street and in the church, you would never have thought of bringing these things for our comfort!"

These words were spoken with an impetuosity which defied check, and the silence which followed them, there was no inclination, on the part of her auditors, to break. I was shocked. I can never describe the mingled emotions that strove within my heart at that moment.

The saucy rudeness displeased me. Its effect on the mind of the child, I knew, would be very bad, and upon my relations to my parish, I feared the consequences would be most disastrous. But underlying all these feelings, a sense of justice done possessed me. The truth had been spoken once, and whatever the result might be, the way to that kind of fashionable deception could never be as easy again to the actors in this drama.

As soon as I was able to collect my thoughts, I banished the child from the room, with an open reproof for her rudeness, and apologized to my guests for the discourtesy, trusting to their generosity to overlook the impulsive speech of a child.

They accepted my apology, and this hard point over, we proceeded to discuss the supper with what of heart we had left, after so uncomfortable a beginning.

Our guests did not incline to remain long after the repast was over. They all seemed to be impressed with the fact that a very disagreeable discovery had been made, and to realize that it would be more comfortable for all parties to digest their mortification in private.

Did we, in after consideration, sorely repent the rashness which our little Katie manifested that night? I cannot truly say that we did. It is something to have the *truth* told, even though it be a sharp weapon, and the wound it inflicts be sometimes deep. It is not a poison blade, and the heart it touches, though it quiver at the time, will yet be healthier for the scathing process.

### ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

By Mrs. Helen Rich.

ALL day we heard the thunder peals  
Among the clouds where Hooker lay,  
While through the rifts a glory steals;  
Our Flag — ah! there the dreadful fray!

Storm on the mountaid fiercer far  
Than winter when he bends the oak;  
The blinding crash, the smoke of war,  
God's vengeance on the traitor broke.

Oh, we who watched our eagle then,  
As proudly o'er the heights he swept,  
Knew that among our dauntless men  
*The angels tender watchings kept;*

Yea, turned aside the rebel ball,  
And dulled the edge of rebel blade,  
Till broke the clouds, and over all  
Morn rose in peaceful charms arrayed.

And kneeling in that solemn night,  
For those to death and glory given,  
We said, "*Our comrades of the night,  
By this have found the hero's heaven.*"  
*Wegutchie, N. Y., Feb. 17.*

It may not be an invariable test, but certainly there is ground of doubt as to the faithfulness of that man whose way in the world is always smooth and easy.

### OUR COUNTRY'S ALTAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL EXHIBITION  
AT HARTFORD, CONN.

By Miss Minnie S. Davis.

*Characters.*—A LADY, dressed in mourning.

KATE, } her children.  
WALTER, }  
SEVEN MAIDENS.  
COLOMBIA.

*Scene.*—A large flag suspended in the background. In the centre of the stage, at a considerable distance from the front, a monument is represented with the names of two or three fallen heroes distinctly lettered on the tablet, and a quantity of fine lettering, supposed to be a tribute to humbler patriots. Mother and children to right of centre. Mother standing or walking in the background; children in front, — Walter with a small wreath of white flowers, — Kate with a corresponding one, also a large one of green.

[The monument must be so prepared that the wreaths can be readily suspended on the front and sides. After all are on the stage, the characters should take their places so as to form a semicircle, diverging from the monument.]

*Kate.*—Oh, brother! I was afraid last night! my sleep was full of frightful dreams!

*Walter.*—Afraid of dreams, dear Kate! A soldier's daughter should be braver, far, than that.

*Kate.*—But such dreams—I shudder at the recollection, now! And 'tis because I am a soldier's daughter, that they came to frighten sweet slumber from my pillow! Hold my hand, brother, while I tell thee. I thought I saw a battle! Ah! the soldiers did not look like those that march away from here, so grandly dressed, and stepping to the martial music, gay! *Their* clothes were torn and blood-stained, and they fought so fiercely, and fell all about me, covered with a rain of shot, and a hundred cannon roared—roared. My ear still aches with that dread sound; the air was black with smoke, and bright like lightning too. Walter, 'twas like a real battle.

*Walter.*—Oh! 'twas glorious! I wish I had dreamed it, sister! I would have been a soldier then, to fight one battle for my country and for liberty, and it would make me proud to do that, even in a dream.

*Mother.*—Children, children, cease this

talk of dreams; such words seem but in mockery of my woe! Now, to me, life is like a troubled, troubled dream, and the world, one wide, wide battle-field.

[Children each take one hand of the mother.]

*Walter.* — Dear mother, thou art always weeping, now, and Kate is frightened at a shadow or a sound! I'll take care of thee and sister. I, my father's son, will take his place, since he can never come to thee again.

*Mother.* — My boy, thou art, indeed, thy father's son, and that were praise enough. Heaven bless thee!

*Kate.* — Let me, too, comfort thee!

*Mother.* — Thou canst not. I am like a withered, dying vine, torn rudely from the tree round which it had entwined the finest tendrils of its life.

*Kate.* — Dear mother, when my father said, "I'll go and battle for my country, for truth and liberty, and all that makes our homes so dear," what didst thou then reply?

*Mother.* — I cannot tell.

*Kate.* — Smiling and weeping all at once, thou saidst, "Go! go! I give thee to my country, though thou art dearer than my life."

*Mother.* — Ah, my woman's heart! so strong and yet so weak! God help me!

*Walter.* — Mother, I heard a brave old soldier say that thou hadst laid a precious sacrifice upon thy country's altar. Now, dost thou wish that thou hadst loved thy country less, or my good father more, and kept him at thy side?

*Mother.* — Nay, nay; oh, child, thy artless questions raise a tumult wild within my aching breast. (*She walks slowly back and forth upon the stage, speaking slowly.*) Would I had loved my country less, land of the brave and free. The land I've gloried in, and called mine own so proudly! Latest born among the nations, yet the noblest and the best; the insignia of Liberty. Thou dear America! Would I had loved thee less, in the dark hour of peril, when thy beloved children turned to stab thee with a traitor's hand? When direst storm that nature e'er can feel did whelm thy Ship of State, and threatened dissolution, and star after star was hidden in

War's black eclipse! My country! oh, my country! let me be true to thee, to Right, to Liberty! My husband, friend, supporter, comforter, would I had loved thee more! God reads my heart! more deeply I could not have loved thee, and, being true to him, could I have kept thee by my side? God's august seal is placed upon the sacrifice of self for righteous principle. The world's blest Saviour died on Calvary! What is my love, my joy, my home, what the fitful spark of mortal life, weighed in the balance with Eternal Truth and Liberty! Do I regret the sacrifice? God of my country! No! Though it were vain, and Thou shouldst take the Nation's heritage away, and let the mantle of Oblivion hide our glory and our shame!

*Walter.* — Mother, dear, it cannot be in vain, for all the soldier's sons like me to patriot men shall grow.

*Mother.* — True; hosts on hosts may fall, and yet another million rise to right their country. (*She lays her right hand on Walter's head.*) Walter, I dedicate thee to Truth, to Liberty, to thy dear country. Speak for her, act for her, die for her, if need be. Do I regret the sacrifice I've laid upon the altar? Nay; I give my all. (*A brief pause.*)

*Kate.* — Here is thy wreath: 'tis to our father's memory. They come.

[Enter four Maidens, bearing large green wreaths.]

*1st Maiden.* — Sisters, 'tis the chosen hour; come, bring thy offerings to this shrine, made sacred by the names of those who loved their country, and died for her.

*2d Maiden.* — Their names are graven deep upon this tablet here; but more enduring monuments have they; for chiselled marble is but dust, and crumbleth at last, beneath the wearing touch of time.

*3d Maiden.* — Yes; in the hearts of a fond, grateful people, their proud memorial is registered, and who could ask a mausoleum grander than that?

*4th Maiden.* — Then, sisters, this fair monument we've reared in loving loyalty is but a fleeting emblem of that scroll immortal, bearing the names a nation loves and mourns.

*1st Maiden.* — My offering is for *Ellsworth*, name beloved, and to memory ever sacred.

*2d Maiden.* — For *Lyon*, is my laurel-wreath entwined; he died with the victor's crown upon his brow.

*3d Maiden.* — And here's a crown of bay for *Winthrop*, brave, gifted, glorious spirit!

*4th Maiden.* — I bring my tribute to the memory of *Mansfield*, *Baker*, *Ward*, *Kearney*, and all the heroes who have fallen on the battle-field, for love of our dear country.

[Enter 5th Maiden with flowers.]

*5th Maiden.* — I bring flowers to the memory of the patriot host of private soldiers who dared to die for their imperilled country. They fell upon the battle-field, or yielded up their breath in Southern camp, or dreary hospital; or, wounded, were tenderly borne home to die. In the lustre of those names, shining like stars in the high firmament, shall these forgotten be?

*1st Maiden.* — Nay; they shall be treasured in our memories, as gratefully as the laurel-crowned heroes. Sister, bring thy sweet tribute.

[Enter 6th Maiden with a chaplet of flowers.]

*6th Maiden.* — And woman, too, shall not be wanting in a tribute here! busy fingers and pitying hearts have each a mission found. A thousand, thousand times she has laid the costliest sacrifice upon the altar, — her soul's best loved one.

*2d Maiden.* — Well said, my sister; I'll place thy fragrant offering here.

[Kate and Walter advance with their wreaths.]

*Kate.* — We love our country, too, and our father died for it.

*1st Maiden.* — Dear, dear children!

[1st Maiden takes Walter's wreath, and 2d Maiden takes Kate's.]

*Walter.* — Mother, my father's name is here!

[The mother advances in silence. Kneels before the monument, and offers her evergreen wreath. The maidens hang it in its place. A brief pause, and she draws a little to one side.]

[Enter 7th Maiden with a small cross of white flowers and evergreen.]

*7th Maiden.* — Some have carried heavy crosses upon their bleeding brows; their deep hearts swelled in storms of anguish at their country's shame and sorrow. They were women, — *frail* women, with no strength of nerve to do and dare like their brave sisters; with no earthly treasure to resign, no husband, brother, son, or friend to gird for battle, they had nought to give but prayers and tears. To them I bring my offering. Is it accepted?

*1st Maiden.* — It seems a holy thing. Oh, may the crosses which my sorrowing sisters bear be changed to crowns of gladness soon.

*5th Maiden.* — Be it soon or far from now, the end shall come with victory. Let us be patient and abide the hour. God rules the tempest.

*6th Maiden.* — A grand, inspiring thought! He speaks in that great conflict, and no more can Truth, and Right, and Liberty be slain, than God himself be vanquished.

*7th Maiden.* — No tear shall fall unnoticed by the pitying Eye that watches over all; no prayer shall be unheard; no sacrifice be made for nought: no warm blood ebbing from a patriot's heart, be poured upon our sacred soil in vain. At last the measure shall be full—the sacrifice complete. And then, redeemed and purified, our nation shall come forth from out the war-cloud, glorious and free! Then shall our proud banner float o'er all the land, and not one star be missing from its dazzling blue!

*Mother.* — My heart is awed to calmness. This holy scene, the words which ye, my sisters, speak, have taken hold upon my spirit like a magic spell.

*7th Maiden.* — It is, indeed, a sacred spot; methinks that it may haunted be by the dear martyred spirits whose great sacrifice we would commemorate. And others, bright and glorious, our patriot fathers, who toiled and died to found our great Republic, may hover o'er to drop a benediction like the gentle dew, upon our longing hearts. With God in heaven, and hosts above to watch and pray for

us, shall brave hearts fail, and strong hands falter in the task?

*5th Maiden.* — No, never!

*6th Maiden.* — God shall give us victory.

[Enter Colombia from behind, advancing slowly toward the monument which she crowns with a laurel wreath larger and finer than those the maidens brought. To be done in silence, and with solemn dignity.]

*Kate (as Colombia appears).* — Hush! hush! Oh, it is a glorious spirit!

*7th Maiden.* — It is Colombia!

*Mother.* — She crowns the sacrificial altar! it means victory.

*All kneel with clasped hands, saying,* God be praised!

[The scene closes with a tableau, as Colombia is in the act of placing the crown upon the monument. The mother should be dressed in black, the maidens in white, and Colombia in white, with a crown of stars upon her head, and wearing the national colors.]

### DELICACY.

Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes a merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but that high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women, as in the society of men; which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed, indeed, to smile or blush. This is the delicacy which forms so important a part of good taste that where it does not exist as a natural instinct, it is taught as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society.

The glory of revealed religion is the fact that it confirms the grandest truths of nature. Christ rested upon them as admitted propositions.

### TO MY FATHER IN THE BETTER LAND.

By Mrs. E. Louisa Mather.

Oh, father! come back to thy daughter once more,

Where the wild waves are washing this earthly shore—

Come back in thy love and thy tenderness rare,  
Breathing the incense of full, answered prayer;  
Like the door on the wild waste, turn I to thee;  
The ark of thy love is a refuge to me.

Lonely, at times, seems this beautiful earth,  
Wailing resounding, where erst there was mirth,  
And the dear ones who travelled with me life's way,

Now bask in the light of an immortal day;  
Do they come — do they come, those loved ones of yore,

And give us the light of their love evermore?

Do they print on our brows their kisses so pure,

Leaving a fragrance that e'er shall endure;  
Granting us balm, as the teardrop o'erflows;  
Blossoms of healing as sweet as the rose;  
Fountains of comfort, unbounded and free;  
Sunlight of love, o'er our life's stormy sea?

Come to me, father, and speak to my heart;  
Bid all its shadows forever depart;  
Give me a glimpse of the sweet summer shore;  
Tell me of those who now sorrow no more.  
And thou, hast thou met them, thy loved ones of youth,  
Passed on, in their spring-time of beauty and truth?

I know thou dost answer me, father; I know  
The love of thy spirit to me doth o'erflow;  
Thou watchest and guidest and guardest alway,

Through the darkness of night, and the splendor of day;

That thou wilt be near me as onward I roam,  
Towards the glorified light of our endless home.

I know that around us, in beauty, e'er stand  
The "witnesses" dear, from that calm, sunny land;

That our Father, in kindness, their presence doth lend;

That we, in our lives, may rich harmonies blend,

And praise Him forever whose goodness and love

Hath built us a home of reunion above.

*East Haddam, Conn.*

## THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXXV.

Trip to Lyons—On to Marseilles—A blustering time—A French Home—En Route for Nice—Experience by the Way—First Awakening.

A flying trip was that which we made through Lyons, so picturesquely situated at the junction of the Rhone and Saone, whose waters are spanned by no less than seventeen bridges.

Toiling up to the crest of *Fourvieres*, a mountain height overlooking the city, we found ourselves well repaid for the fatigue of the ascent in the charming view of town and country, winding river, and distant mountain outspread before us. Though a hundred miles from this point, Mont Blanc is distinctly seen on a clear day, but, ever occupied by a cloudy sky and the shadows of approaching night, only an uncertain misty outline could be seen in that direction, where the far-off mountain barriers rise into the region of upper space.

Twilight had thrown her dim veil over the scene when we descended into the town again; but we realized our proximity to the Switzerland by the throng of market-women wearing broad, umbrella-shaped straw hats, and whose well-filled panniers were suggestive of the products of fertile mountain slopes, of fragrant honey, delicious cream, the sweetest butter, and richest cheese. Of this traffic of delectable produce, we found ample proof in the excellence of the *table d'hôte* where dinner awaited us at the *Hotel de Lyon*, on our return from this rapid survey from *Fourvieres*.

A genuine snow-storm, lasting all day, succeeded that of our arrival, confining one's self indoors, while the beloved made a business trip among the silk manufactories at *St. Etienne*, a short journey distant from Lyons, though by the way, in this latter city, as our readers probably know,—the most costly fabrics of brocades and velvets are manufactured in immense quantities.

Seated by a blazing fire of wood,—that most cheerful and healthful method of heating a room where the climate will allow of it,—we made ourself thorough-

ly comfortable, and enjoyed a day of uninterrupted quiet, with book and pen, at peace with the world in general, and ourselves in particular.

What perfect isolation was this! Not a person did we know in all that population of 270,000 souls!—alone among a people speaking a different language, in a strange country, the second self miles away! Yet the novel sensation brought a shivery sense of enjoyment, tintured, however, we will confess, with a creeping anxiety as night approached, lest some mistake, or accident (terrible thought!), might prevent that looked-for return.

But the storm cleared away at evening; the lonely, dreary dinner, amid the glittering splendor of the spacious *salle-a-manger* was over; the candles threw their twinkling rays athwart the chamber; the fire was sinking into embers. A short reverie by its fading light, after having packed that inevitable travelling sack, a light, familiar rap at the door, an exclamation of joyful welcome, and all loneliness vanished! Another hour, and Lyons, with its clustering gables, its 7,000 manufactories, its girdling rivers, its opulence and enterprise, were far in the distance, while we sped, as on the wings of the wind, toward Marseilles. Arriving there in the early morning, and meeting a friend from Paris, according to previous appointment, we repaired to a hotel, debating the question of proceeding south either by diligence or steamer. After remaining at this French port two days, during which a dreadfully cutting wind, blowing down from the mountains, was prevailing, making out-of-door exercise an undertaking of no ordinary labor and discomfort, we finally decided in favor of a land route, as less dangerous and disagreeable during the prevalence of this wind storm (called by the people "*Mistrel*"), which often continues a week. We found considerable difficulty in escaping from being stranded against lamp-posts and corner buildings while beating up against it, amidst whirling eddies of dust, with refractory sails in shape of crinoline to manage, during the struggle in our attempt to see a little of the town. At Marseilles we were favored with an

opportunity of making acquaintance with the interior of a French home, and were delighted with a sweet picture of domestic life.

In the cosiest of sitting rooms, back from the dust of the street, bright with sunshine, and overlooking a delicious bit of garden still displaying its show of floral gems, sat Madame C., a small, delicate framed woman with a sweet, pensive face looking out from the snowy frills of her muslin cap. A pet lap-dog shared the seat with her, but the dear presence of a beloved child had recently been borne away by death from this pleasant home, and bright as it looked to the stranger-guest, a sad, dark shadow brooded over its once cheerful aspect, to the parents' eyes. Yet sweetness and grace—that genuine politeness always known among all its counterfeits in the world—presided there, and a remembrance of the short time spent in that quiet home-retreat, away from the bustling thoroughfare, forms a soft picture glowing with tender light, amidst the chilling discomforts experienced in a two days' visit at Marseilles.

The fine shaded avenue *Cannbiere*,—or what *would be such* in the pleasant season,—an extensive square where a military company was parading accompanied with music, in that bitter cold wind; a flower market adorned with wreaths of immortelles; glances at the shops through the almost blinding dust, and we had seen all of the city that the unfavorable time of our stay would permit; bidding a shivering farewell to the brick floor and rattling windows of our unwarmable room, we started forth, a party of three souls, and in the gloom of the evening, were packed away in the smallest allowable space in the interior of a diligence *en route* for Nice.

For more than twenty-four weary hours, onward we rolled over the maritime Alps, stopping only once the next morning at a dirty post-house where we were regaled with a cup of muddy coffee; then onward with a rapidity quite remarkable considering the weight of the clumsy vehicle in which we rode. Cramped and weary, we were glad, about mid-day,

to exchange our uncomfortable seat for a walk up the steep side of a mountain spur,—a walk prolonged for several miles, and which was dearly paid for by one of the pedestrians at least, in shape of a severe cold, which for weeks afterward was a reminder of this thoughtless imprudence in tempting the melting snow beneath, and hot sun above that mountain road.

For passengers we had a live countess and her two children in the *coupe*, her two maids (comfortable looking chatty girls) sat opposite us in the "*interior*," and an elderly French lady, taken in on the road, occupied the right of our companion. This lady was addicted—as elderly French matrons often appear to be—to rapid talking, and imbibing snuff in the like proportion. It was as amusing as a comedy, when, according to French politeness, madame proffered the contents of her box to her fellow-travelers. The two merry hearted young women accepted *le faveur avec grace* and contrived to dispose of it most comfortably in a twinkling, proving their appreciation and practice of the art. We glanced over into the corner where friend A., enveloped in shawl and velvet sleeping cap, was trying to take his ease;—the slightest possible twinkle of his eye, as we exchanged glances, told the humorous appreciation of his position, as he—the refined, the fastidious—politely declined the lady's well-meant offer. The idea struck so comical a vein, simple as was the incident, that we could not forbear giving blue-eyes a sly nudge to see if he realized the situation of affairs; a movement of his lips in the effort to hide a smile, was sufficient answer. And thus, amidst a continuous rain of small talk, and at last of fearful tales of robberies committed near this part of the route, we rolled along; but neither band of brigands nor solitary outlaw saw we: no dagger or b'underbuss impeded our passage, accompanied with the most accepted form of interrogation in use among this class of gentry, "Your money, or your life?" or, more appalling still to innocent travellers, "Your money and your life!" Only partial glimpses of sur-



rounding scenery, now and anon beautiful with the ivy-draped ruins of Roman wall, or broken aqueduct were seen standing out in full relief against the deep blue sky beyond; those clinging vines flung in rich luxuriance from arch to arch, or covering with their shining foliage heavy abutment and massive wall.

On approaching "*Cannes*" we were charmed by a scene of summer-like loveliness. Roses and other sweet-scented flowers were blooming in profusion in gardens and yards; beautiful villas embowered in shrubbery, orangeries in full fruit, and warm balmy air laden with the fragrance of countless blossoms greeted the tired senses. At the entrance of one of these tasteful and elegant villas, our countess with her children and maids alighted, and a few miles farther on, we too alighted for the necessary purpose of dining: a duty, to the performance of which we brought good appetites, the result of mountain air and long fasting. Though not in more southern latitude than many other much colder places, the peculiar geographical position of *Cannes-Canet Nice* and vicinity, insures milder air and almost tropical fresh vegetation, screened as they are, by that vast chain of maritime Alps, from cold north winds, the soft airs blowing off from the Mediterranean and the force of sunshine which rests upon the face of the country sloping toward the south, altogether aid in producing this effect of climate, so widely celebrated for its beneficial effects upon invalids of consumptive tendency.

Late in the evening, we drove into the court-yard of *Hotel des Etranges* at Nice, amid an almost magic spectacle of lemon and orange trees and camellias laden with blossoms and fruitage peeping out from a light drapery of snow! The average fall of snow is one day in the year, and a little remarkable we thought it, that our first advent into that place was at the time of this unfrequent visit from the snow king.

The first awakening in Nice was attended with impressions not soon to be forgotten. Exhausted by fatigue of travel and loss of sleep, we lay in that half un-

conscious, half waking state, when the soul appears to live in two worlds, yet in an attitude of perfect quiescence. Presently a strain of music stole over the senses! nearer and nearer, the rich volume of sound rose and swelled upon the air,—the music of mingled voices,—and then amid the patter of footfalls sweeping past the window the sweet burthen of the strain gradually growing fainter was lost in the distance! The sunlight of a fair Sabbath morn was shining into our windows, and thus in the beautiful light of that best of days, we first opened our eyes in the old, the world-renowned city of Nice!

*Lilfred's Rest.*

M. C. G.

### OH, CARRY ME BACK WITH YOU, FATHER!

By L. F. Woolley Gillett.

Oh, carry me back with you, father,  
To that home upon the hill,  
Where the woodbines touch the mossy eaves,  
And twine 'round the window-sill;  
Oh, take me back to the homestead old,  
To the dear and blessed spot,  
Where once I gathered my violets,  
And nursed my forget-me-nots.

For many a weary day I've known,  
And many a night of pain,  
And my sun of hope has set so low,  
It never can rise again;  
With wha' light, swift feet, I wandered out  
From that door-way rude and low,  
But over my path the frosts have lain,  
And heaviest drifts of snow;

When the robins sung their morning hymn,  
And the sunshine flecked the air,  
He said, you know, he would give his bride  
The fondest of earthly care;  
But soon he turned to a younger face,  
With its dark and sinful eye,  
And sent me out in my feebleness,  
To hunger and thirst and die.

The light from my eyes went out, father,  
The lustre from off my curls,  
And you see, you've lost forever here,  
Your favorite little girl;  
But, oh! on the world's broad, wintry waste,  
There remains one isle of rest;  
'Tis a tender mother's doting love,  
And a father's faithful breast.

## A MOTHER'S PARTIALITY.

By Miss M. Remick.

## CHAPTER I.

"If it had been Lucy" — Mrs. Lawrence stopped abruptly in her thought. She had just passed from her daughter's chamber, where Angeline lay in the stupor of a delirious fever. There was little hope for her, the physician had just said; still she might rally, she was young and had a strong constitution, the turning point was reached, there was a possibility. Poor comfort! Mrs. Lawrence sat down in the sitting-room to collect her calmness, she wiped away the tears which started to her eyes. Angie was her favorite, she had always loved her better than the little quiet Lucy, her youngest child; but she was a conscientious woman, or tried to be, and really strove to keep out of sight the partiality which now and then would make its appearance. Angie was a pretty girl, with blue eyes, golden hair, full of animation and vivacity, a contrast to the still, dark-eyed Lucy, who was three years her junior, but who possessed much more amiability of disposition to counterbalance the good fortune of her more favored sister.

The scent of the apple blossoms came in at the open windows where Mrs. Lawrence sat; the orchard outside was pink and white with their snowy flakes, a lilac bough crowned with its spikes of purple bloom shook against the glass, a robin sung blithely from the cove of budding rose vines in the garden. She rose and shut down the casement; something in the bloom and life oppressed her, it was all so discordant with her feelings. She went up to her chamber and shut the door, she fell upon her knees. "O my God, let this cup pass from me! I cannot drink it! my beautiful child! Thou who on earth sorrowed for other mothers, intercede with our Father to give her back to me, to raise her up to life."

A still voice seemed to pierce the darkness, as she leaned forward, her face in her hands: "Woman, you do not know what you ask, what that life may be. Think!" Was it a voice in her own heart, or did some unseen presence hover over her?

"I care not," she answered, bending lower in her absorbed grief, "I ask only my child."

"Mamma." It was Lucy's voice at the door; she rose and went to meet her. Her heart stood still as she laid her fingers on the latch. The child's face confronted her, eager, wistful. "Angie has come to herself, mamma, and Mrs. Spencer called for you."

"Thank God!" said the mother, trembling, and hurried into the room.

Her child knew her again; there was a look of recognition in the hollow eyes, a glimmer of a smile around the pale mouth. She tried to raise her hand to her temples as if with a struggle for recollection, but it fell back nervelessly. "I have been very ill, mamma," she said, faintly.

"Yes, child, but you must not talk, you will get better now."

Her eyes wandered to the half-drawn curtain, at the foot of the bed, she gave a start, "Why it is June! How long have I been sick!"

The kind neighbor who had watched by her for the last hour interposed. "You mustn't talk, Angie, you'll go back if you do. Here's a cordial, marm, the doctor said she must take when she woke."

The child took it, she was too wearied for opposition, and soon settled down into a peaceful sleep.

Mrs. Lawrence stole away to her chamber, she was very thankful for the great gift which had been given back to her, —her child.

Six years; they have gone by swiftly in the low cottage, hedged in with orchards, green fields, and harvest slopes. Angeline is one-and-twenty; the outward promise of her youth has been fulfilled in the strikingly beautiful woman who is now, as in the old days, the one object secretly dearest to her mother's heart. Lucy has changed; the fallow, angular child has ripened into a degree of positive loveliness, eclipsed to the careless eye by her sister's more showy attractions, but far more winning to the close observer. She is not happy; that could hardly be in her position: she sees her mother's preference as she has always seen it, whether it shows itself in, "Angie is older than you,

my dear, you cannot expect to have this and that as Angie does," or in one of the other hundred little things which go to make up our every-day life. Why should Angie be more beloved than herself? she cannot understand; others might well be puzzled too. Angie's disposition, under her mother's unrestraining hand, has improved little with years; she has grown up haughty and imperious, not in the outward life, in the simple little village where her gentleness and grace are almost as much admired as her beauty, and where she has many a rustic lover, but in the shadowed seclusion of home where all must bend to her resolute will. Lucy is not as much admired, she is a cold, reserved girl; it is strange how sisters can be so much unlike, but Lucy resembles her father, who has been dead these sixteen years, she is like the Lawrences, and Angeline is a Houghton, that was her mother's name.

"A letter from your aunt." Mrs. Lawrence entered the little sitting-room with the sheet open in her hand. She had just come in from the post-office. It was early June again, the orchard was rosy with bloom, the dew lay fresh on the green sloping sward, and a robin from a neighboring spray sent a wild gush of melody in through the open windows where the two girls sat with their sewing.

"What does she write?" asked Angie, without looking up.

"I have not read the letter." Mrs. Lawrence threw off her bonnet, and sat down to its perusal. She looked surprised as she glanced at the first sentence, it was a short epistle, and she read it over twice.

"It is an invitation to Lucy," she said, putting it down, "to make her a visit; how should you like it, Lucy?"

"Very much indeed," said the young girl, promptly, her face expressing the pleasure she felt.

"But Lucy has nothing fit to wear, mamma," said Angie, looking rather grave. She wondered at the selection, and thought the invitation should have been accorded to her. "People dress so much in C., and aunt Lucy's house is generally overflowing with company."

"We must do the best we can," observed her mother, reflectively. "Lucy is too tall to fit any of your dresses; but that pink barege I bought you yesterday must be made up for her, and you have that casimere shawl I bought last fall in common."

"It will be too heavy for summer," suggested Angie.

"Yes, for the most part; I shall have to get her a new mantilla. I see by the fashion plates in Godey they will be worn altogether." Mrs. Lawrence was beginning to enter into the matter with motherly interest. Angie's brow was clouded, but she said nothing. It was a very obvious disrespect to pass over her in this invitation. She had always desired to visit C., but her aunt's family, moving in much better circumstances than theirs—shut in by a little country village, and practising careful economy at that to make both ends meet—little acquaintance had opened between them. She had not seen her aunt in reality since she was a child, and she had little recollection of her looks or appearance.

## CHAPTER II.

It was Lucy's first absence from home, and of course a great event in her quiet life. Her heart trembled as she alighted from the stage to go on board the cars which were to convey her the remaining sixty miles of her journey. The long spring day was drawing to a close, and twilight had fallen, when she reached the last station. She got out and stood amidst the crowd which pressed on the platform; a train of hacks was drawn up, the drivers vociferous for passengers; her eyes wandered eagerly among them in search of her aunt's carriage. Suddenly she remembered she was to go to the ladies' room to wait its appearance, and with some difficulty she found her way thither; it happened to be vacant for the moment. Presently a gentleman looked in, and after a hasty glance, approached her.

"Miss Lawrence?" he said, bowing. "Your uncle was called out of town, and desired me to come for you. This way, if you please."

Lucy followed, hardly giving a glance at her conductor, who she saw was young, with the air and appearance of a gentleman, and soon found herself in the carriage. She gave him her cheek, and, with a hesitating look at the idea of only one trunk, he went to look for her baggage. This was soon obtained, and they were on their way out into the street.

"I hope my aunt is well," said Lucy, at a loss for conversation.

"Quite well," returned the stranger. "You seem much fatigued with your journey."

"Not very," Lucy answered, "but the heat in the close car was oppressive."

A few streets brought them to the end of their drive. Her companion got out, and helped her to descend. It was before a brown stone edifice, with marble steps.

The servant girl admitted her; her aunt came into the hall to receive her.

"My dear niece," she said, imprinting a frigid kiss of welcome upon her cheek, and regarding her with much attention, "Mr. Clemant," she said, glancing at the gentleman who had been Lucy's escort, and who had entered with her, "Mr. Livingstone's nephew."

Lucy bowed to the introduction. She thought the gentleman's eyes were riveted upon her rather intently; she felt as if she was undergoing an examination both from him and her aunt.

"You must be wearied," said the latter, coming to her relief; "come, my dear, Jane will show you to your room. The tea-bell will ring in an hour."

Lucy followed the servant girl up a long flight of stairs to a pleasant chamber. She glanced round admiringly at the pretty furniture, her eyes turned to catch through the parted curtains a glimpse of the red brick walls opposite. She wondered how she should like her aunt's home. She took off her bonnet, and began to bathe her face in the china ewer; then she smoothed out her disordered hair before the glass. It was not a beautiful face which the mirror gave back; but the eyes were dark and deep, the brow full, and the lips wore a serenity and sweetness in repose which it was pleasant to look upon. Lucy unpacked her trunk,

and began to arrange her wardrobe; she stopped to lay aside her dusty travelling barege for a neat muslin. The collar and sleeves were soon adjusted, and then she went on with her work until the bell rang.

The servant girl rapped at the door; she had come up to show her the way down. They descended into the basement. The family were already assembled in the dining room; Mr. Livingstone, a care-worn, business man, every line of his face speaking of stock and exchange, her aunt, a sedate, precise woman, and Mr. Clemant, a young, rather good-looking man, of whose agreeable qualities Lucy could not form much opinion at first sight. She said little, but her answers to such remarks as in the general conversation were put to her, were sensible and to the point, and her reserve was placed to country shyness.

Tea ended, they went up to the drawing-rooms. Lucy had never had any idea of such splendor as the costly furniture presented. Carpets, woven from the richest looms of Turkey, rosewood chairs and sofas, rare ornaments crowding the mantel, and, over all, the soft flood of light shed from the chandeliers. It seemed to her wondering eyes like a picture opened by an Aladdin's lamp.

"You play, Miss Lawrence?" said Mr. Clemant, sitting down by the piano, and turning the leaves of the open music book.

"No," said Lucy, blushing.

"You must learn," said her aunt, looking somewhat surprised; "I must get you a teacher. I wonder your mother has neglected so important a part of your education. You sing, of course."

"Yes, aunt;" Lucy repressed a little sigh. She wondered how her aunt could fail to remember that in that little brown cottage such an accomplishment must be sadly out of place.

Four, six weeks wore on, Lucy's visit was drawing to a close; at least, she felt so, although her aunt showed no disposition to listen to her departure. These weeks had passed very quickly: some days numbered among them had been the happiest she had ever known. Perhaps,

this last fact was the very reason which led her to tear herself away from them; she was beginning to be sensible of a truth which startled and disquieted her. Francis Clemant had shown her much attention—this was perhaps unavoidable in the position in which they were placed, but it had proved unfortunate for her. An incident trifling in itself had now awakened her to a full sense of her partiality.

Perhaps Mrs. Livingstone saw what was passing, and wished to awaken her niece from her dangerous trance. She had some regard for Lucy; she was her namesake, as the reader has already noticed, which fact had no doubt led to the invitation for the visit; and then, no correct-minded person can look on upon a matter of this kind—a young and inexperienced girl, ignorantly perhaps to herself, embarking her hopes in a venture where they are likely to be wrecked, without a word of warning.

They sat together in the drawing-room. Lucy had just finished playing; her aunt had fulfilled her promise of providing her with a teacher—and a pause fell between them. It was broken by Mrs. Livingstone, who alluded adroitly, or carelessly, it might be, to her nephew.

"He is going into partnership with his uncle, shortly," she remarked; "this fall, in deed. It is time for him to be thinking of taking a wife; he is quite turned of twenty-eight, though you would not judge so by his looks. I wonder what makes him hesitate so long, his position is good, he would not be troubled for a choice. One thing, Francis is a great admirer of beauty; he would be sure to demand that in a wife."

Poor Lucy! the blush which had risen to her cheek at the first part of this speech, died out, leaving it very pale.

She commanded herself to make some reply, she did not know what; her voice sounded cold and strange to her own ears.

Her aunt did not seem to observe her agitation; she turned to some new topic. The door-bell announced a visitor, and Lucy got up and glided away to her chamber.

She sat down by the open window, the

hot breeze from the dusty pavements swept unheeded over her temples. She had been very foolish to indulge such a beautiful dream; and yet—and yet—she lingered over his attentions; a hundred little acts of preference, looks, words—they might mean nothing, and they might mean everything. Simple and unschooled as Lucy was, she was not one of those women who take everything upon trust. She saw plainly what her duty to herself was—to go away. It was now close upon August; her aunt would soon visit Saratoga to spend a fortnight, and, wonderful distinction! had expressed a desire to have her accompany her. Lucy knew that her wardrobe was insufficient for such an occasion, and she had made a hesitating reply. No doubt this difficulty was understood by Mrs. Livingstone, and very likely that lady would consider means to remove it. But now? no, it was impossible; she must go home. Her visit had been already long; she would announce her resolution to her aunt on the morrow.

She avoided Clemant's eyes when she went down to tea, and took a seat near her aunt, on entering the drawing-room, to avoid being drawn into anything like a *tele-a-tele* conversation. Clemant, however, coaxed her to the piano for a song, and presently her aunt was called out. She played and sung for him his favorite pieces. A pause followed the performance. It was broken by Clemant. He spoke of a visit he was about to make to New York, on some business connected with his uncle's firm, which would include an absence of several days.

"Then I shall not see you again," said Lucy, half-unconsciously giving utterance to her thought, "I return home in two or three days."

His look and manner expressed his surprise. Lucy's eyes involuntarily fell.

"I thought," he said, "that you were to visit Saratoga with Mrs. Livingstone, at least, I understood so from her."

"No," said Lucy; "such was my aunt's wish, I believe, but my stay from home has been already too long protracted."

"I regret this," said Clemant. "Lu

cy," — he stopped, — the door opened, — Mrs. Livingstone reappeared. Mrs. Livingstone showed no consciousness of the *tete-a-tete* she had interrupted. Lucy felt her color sensibly heighten, and gladly withdrew to a corner of the sofa behind her aunt.

It was a dull, drizzly evening — they were secure from visitors. Mr. Livingstone sat absorbed over the dry columns of his evening paper. Presently Clemant persuaded Lucy from her corner to look over some fresh engravings which lay on the side-table. She took them up and tried to give her attention to his remarks. They were mostly drawings of Italian scenery, fraught with interest from their classical associations. Lucy, unlike her sister Angie, was a thorough scholar: limited as had been her advantages, she had carefully made the best of them, and her beaming eye and still flushed cheek showed her appreciation of these life-like pictures of places which were already a part of her mind.

No opportunity for private conversation offered under Mrs. Livingstone's close vicinity; it was only when they were about to separate that Clemant managed to say, "I propose a visit to C——, Miss Lawrence, in the course of next month; it is very near L——, if I remember right, and I shall do myself the pleasure of taking your home in my way."

"I shall be pleased to see you," said Lucy, quietly.

Mrs. Livingstone glanced toward them — the last words had evidently caught her ear. Did he mean something, after all? Well, if his choice should settle on Lucy, she should say nothing; it was not such a selection as she should have made for him — a simple country girl without beauty or fortune; but Lucy's goodness and gentleness had not failed to win upon her, and after all she was her niece, her own blood, her dead brother's child.

Lucy did not see Clemant in the morning; he took the early train for New York, and breakfast over, she seized the opportunity of breaking her departure to her aunt.

Mrs. Livingstone was not wholly un-

prepared, and she made less opposition than Lucy had anticipated. Perhaps she penetrated her niece's motives for this sudden step, and thought them very proper ones.

Lucy wrote at once, by the noon mail, of her return, which she fixed for the third day following. Her aunt went out on the morrow to purchase a few valuable presents for her sister-in-law and niece. She took Lucy with her to assist in their selection.

Lucy's eyes wandered to a set of pearls; she had lately heard Angie express a desire for these ornaments, out of use though they would seem at the quiet assemblies of a country village. Her aunt's glance followed the direction of hers. She paused to examine them and ask their price. "I thought to have selected them for you, Lucy," she remarked, as the shopman turned away for a moment to wait upon fresh comers, "if you had not so suddenly changed your mind upon accompanying me to Saratoga."

Lucy blushed; she had an indistinct idea that her aunt understood the cause of her refusal. "Such a gift would have afforded the most pleasure to Angie," she stammered. "I seldom care for ornaments."

Every woman cares to look pretty in the eyes of the man she loves, and no outward aids are valueless for this.

Mrs. Livingstone smiled as she laid back the pearls on the soft bed of their casket. "Then I will send them to Angie, if you prefer," she said, carelessly. If the wedding *should* come off, I can replace them with a costlier set, she thought, as indeed Clemant can give his wife diamonds.

Lucy gave a cheerful assent; she was unselfish enough to find an emotion of pleasure in the picture of her sister's satisfaction, and, indeed, she had been so constantly accustomed to taking a second place, she would have been surprised to be preferred. As to an ill omen in this passing over of bridal ornaments to Angie, that thought never crossed her. She selected a handsome dress pattern of heavy gray silk for her mother, chose for herself, in lieu of dress or ornament, a

new work, the advertisement of which she had perused with desiring eyes months before, and then their steps turned homeward.

### CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Livingstone parted from her niece with much kindness; she even spoke of a visit to L—, which might take place in the coming autumn, and she sent an affectionate message to her sister.

With what different feelings Lucy came in sight of her home from those which had marked her departure. The lightness of her own heart shed a new beauty over everything. Her mother and sister received her kindly; Angie's quick eye noted with surprise the improvement in her appearance. She had quite lost the every-day rusticity of her air, but perhaps this was partly owing to the advantages of dress.

Angie was charmed with her present, and Mrs. Lawrence, in her way, was no less gratified with hers. They questioned her eagerly of the incidents of her visit. Lucy had already spoken of Clemant in her letters, as Mr. Livingstone's nephew; she alluded to him now again, but with the reserve naturally inspired by her feelings. She said nothing of the invitation to Saratoga — she knew it would be impossible to explain her refusal to her listeners.

It was late when she went up to her chamber. The moon shimmered between the thick vines of the jessamine which climbed over the casement, and lay in a broken shower of light, over the plain carpet and the white counterpane. Lucy sat down to indulge in a few moments' reverie before she sought her couch. She felt very thankful for the new life which had dawned upon her. For the first time she wondered what her mother would say, and thought of the visit which a few weeks would bring round. How very strange it all seemed! After years of loneliness and sadness was she to be so happy at last? Week after week went by. Lucy fell back on her old life, outwardly, at least; but beneath the surface all was changed.

The close of August had come, and

with it Mr. Clemant. Lucy had prepared her mother for his appearance, mentioning his proposed tour, and that, from his near proximity to their home, he would probably favor them with a short visit. Had it been her eldest daughter who had spent these weeks domesticated under the same roof, Mrs. Lawrence would at once have assumed his errand; but Lucy, plain and uninteresting, always so entirely eclipsed by Angie, how could such a suspicion cross her? She received him cordially, as a near connection of her sister's, and, we may as well confess it in the outset, with an idea that if such an event could come about, he would make a very distinguished match for Angie.

Poor Lucy! she appeared sadly at a disadvantage under this meeting; the constraint which she always felt in the presence of her mother and sister was now deepened by her own consciousness. She saw her lover's eyes wander to Angie; he could not but be struck by her wonderful beauty, as well as the grace and sweetness of her manners, and she felt her heart sicken within her. It was all over, and she knelt down in her chamber that night to pray for strength to meet what she saw awaited her.

The sun was shining brightly on her pillow when she woke in the morning from a short, unrefreshing sleep. She hurried her toilet, and drew near the window, attracted by the sound of voices. They were Angie's clear, musical tones; she heard her pleasant laugh, and putting aside the vines, caught sight of her in the garden beneath, her watering-pot in her hand, gliding among the beds of odorous flowers, to which she was distributing a refreshing shower. Clemant stood at a little distance, in the shadow of the arbor, watching her graceful movements, and drinking in the freshness of the morning.

For the first time, perhaps, in her life, Lucy threw an envious glance at her sister, from her concealment. She forced herself away from the window with a sigh, and stepped before the mirror to smooth out and arrange her dark hair. It was a very different face reflected to

her eyes from the radiant one below, and not at all improved by the last night's wakeful vigils. "I surrender him to her," she thought, stooping to pick up her toilet-pins; "it is all over."

Clemant did not form his decision at once, however, charmed as he certainly was by the grace and beauty which left no womanly arts untried to enthrall him. Perhaps a sense of honor stayed him, for he could not forget the interrupted words he had addressed to Lucy, on that last evening of her stay at his aunt's. Perhaps, too, he had some indistinct impression of the worth and attractions of the woman he was about to relinquish. But Lucy, cold and proud, kept herself aloof. It was Angie who was constantly called to entertain him, who shared drives and walks, and whose flattering partiality, delicately veiled as it was, drew his attention on more than one occasion. Angie certainly loved him; her character was too transparent for concealment. Lucy was a proud, intellectual girl—such women are too independent to care much for such matters, too cold; on the whole, Angie suited him best.

The announcement of the engagement followed. Lucy heard it without shrinking; she even contrived to stammer congratulations. In her heart, at that moment, she felt an emotion very like contempt for the man who could allow himself to be so deceived. Yet how could she blame him? She looked again in her mirror, and thought, why are some lots so much harder than others? If God had given me a tithe of that beauty which he has showered so lavishly on my sister, I could have kept this man's heart. Oh, Lucy! wait to the end, and recall, too, the great law of compensation; how would you change, even at this hour, your whole heart and character for Angie's? How would you shrink from taking upon yourself her narrow, frivolous character, her ungoverned impulses.

Mrs. Lawrence was perfectly happy. It was the first burst of sunshine which had fallen upon her since her husband's death. The marriage was to take place in the autumn, as late as November, and Mrs. Livingstone was to be present.

It was a gloomy day which witnessed these bridal. A dreary, autumn rain was falling, and the dead leaves were showering down in handfuls from the old sycamore, whose heavy boughs shaded the gateway. The garden-beds were crowded with unsightly dead stalks and sere flowers; the wind whistled with a lonely, sobbing breath, around the corners of the cottage. Lucy severed the pale moss rosebuds, the first blossoms of the little plant she had carefully tended, from their parent stems, to lay upon her sister's bosom. Angie looked flushed and rosy in her bridal robes, a strange contrast to the marble pallor of her bridesmaid.

"You are not ill, Lucy?" asked her mother, anxiously, as she lingered in the chamber where Lucy was giving the last finishing touch to the arrangement of Angie's glistening satin robe. "What makes your eyes look so heavy, child?"

"No, mamma, I'm not at all ill," said Lucy, stooping down again with some fresh fold to arrange, but in reality to conceal the agitation which a kind word aroused.

"She has worked too persistently," said Mrs. Livingstone, who stood by. "Really, Angie, you have to thank your sister for the pains she has taken in this charming outfit. It would not have been perfect without her."

Angie looked up with the supercilious glance of one who was used to sacrifices from others. "Lucy is always good," she said, shortly.

They went down to the parlor; the minister was already there, and a few friends of the family. Clemant stepped forward to take his bride's hand; Lucy and the gentleman in waiting, a friend of Clemant's, fell into their places. The ceremony began and ended. Congratulations followed; Lucy heard them indistinctly. She raised her eyes to meet those of the groomsman riveted upon her face. The look was instantly withdrawn, but a dread of discovery seized her; she tried to arouse herself. Little indeed was expected of her, but something was due in the eyes of strangers. She was glad when the whole of this painful scene was over.



The storm cleared on the morrow, enabling the wedding party to take their departure. They were to enter upon their new establishment at once, without the formality of a bridal tour, which the inclement season did not render very desirable. How would Angie grace her new life, so ignorant of its etiquette, so wholly unversed in its ways? The new husband was as yet too much in love to criticise; the aunt was not.

They went away on that clear, November morning. Lucy stood under the shade of the little porch, by the side of her mother, to receive their adieus. The sere vines still clung around the white trellis work; a week ago they were flaming scarlet; the dead leaves lay thick in the walk. It was very like Lucy's life, that still, autumn morning. Her sister impressed a cold kiss of parting on her cheek; her brother-in-law would have followed, but she gave him her fingers, and shrunk back from any further approach with a movement she did not care to repress. Mr. Fanshawe, the groomsmen, waited to take her hand from Clemant; her aunt had already said her adieus.

The carriage started off. Lucy caught a last glimpse of her sister's face, flushed with pride and happiness. She turned away as the carriage died out in the turn of the street, feeling as if all joy and gladness had died out of her heart.

#### CHAPTER IV.

We pass over a period of two years. They have brought many changes in their silent rounds. We find Lucy on her way to visit her sister, called to Angie's home by a sudden summons. She is very ill, and has sent for her mother. Mrs. Lawrence is unhappily indisposed and unable to obey the call, there is no choice then to her disturbed mind but to substitute Lucy, the neighbors will care for her, Mrs. Spencer is very kind, and she cannot bear to think of Angie sick with none but servants and hired nurses to watch over her. Lucy consents, not willingly, not even cheerfully, but her mother's entreaties have too much weight to be rejected. Besides she has no reason sufficient to herself for refusing.

This was a very different journey from the one which had preceded it. Lucy looked back musingly on the young girl with such crude ideas of life, so warm with faith and hope, who had travelled on this train rather more than two years before. It was summer then, it was autumn now, the change was hardly greater in the outward aspect of nature than in her inner life. She had come up to strength through trial, the bloom and brightness of the summer were indeed gone, but they had withered only to mature the fruit and glory of harvest.

Clemant, himself, met her at the station as she stepped from the platform. He had expected his mother-in-law, and the disappointment on his face was very legible as he took Lucy's hand.

"Mamma was too ill to come," explained Lucy, "and desired me to take her place. We had no time to telegraph. How is Angie?"

"Very little better." He hurried her to the hack he had taken, and followed her in. Lucy glanced up at him through her veil as he took his seat beside her. He had changed very much. It was their first meeting since the morning following her sister's marriage, she would hardly have known him, she felt so with a start.

"You were very kind to come, Lucy," he said, recovering himself, with an effort, as the coach rattled up the street, "Angie will be very glad to see you, she is in an extremely low, nervous state."

He did not add that her demands upon his own time and attention were endless, but Lucy understood this without the remark.

A low, nervous fever she understood her sister's complaint to be. "Has she been sick long?" she asked.

"Only a week," he replied, but she had been complaining for some time previous.

They stopped in the second street. A bed of tan was spread before the house deadening the sound of the carriage-wheels as they halted upon it. Lucy threw a glance up at the closely curtained windows as she got out. The mansion wore an imposing front of brown stone. Clemant rang hastily. A slipshod, untidy looking girl answered the bell. He

ushered Lucy into the hall. "I will show you to your room," he said, "and you had better take off your things, and have some refreshments, before you see Angie."

Lucy protested she was not at all tired and would prefer to go to her sister's chamber at once.

Clemant yielded, and preceded her.

He went a little in advance to announce her arrival.

"Has she come?" said an eager, querulous voice from among the mass of white pillows. The windows were open and the autumn air stole in revivingly between the folds of the drawn curtains, while a vase of pale orange blossoms placed on the little table, half covered with phials of medicine, filled the chamber with their sickly perfume.

"Yes, my dear, Lucy has come; your mother was too ill."

"She could have come if she had thought so, I don't doubt," muttered the discontented invalid, throwing a glance at the door.

Lucy stepped across the threshold, and came up to the bedside.

She expected no very cordial welcome, but she experienced some emotion as Angie withdrew her thin fingers wearily from her clasp.

"You were kind to come, Lucy," she said, languidly, but without any appearance of gratitude.

Clemant went out to order a lunch laid in the dining-room, Lucy took off her bonnet and dusty travelling cape, and began to arrange the pillows, which were heated and disordered under the pressure of the invalid's head, and to tidy the room which presented a state of general disorder.

"I haven't seen the nurse since Francis went out," said Angie, fretfully. "I never shall get well with the plague of these servants. If I ever do get about, I'll turn them every one away. Such a trial as I have! And there's Francis, he thinks of nothing but business from morning till night. Any one would think he'd stay away from the store a week at least while I'm so sick."

"I have come to nurse you, and I have no doubt you will soon get better,"

said Lucy, cheerfully. "You don't look half so sick, Angie, as I expected to find you."

She had touched a wrong chord.

"That's what Francis says," burst forth Angie, indignantly, "that I'm not half so sick as I think myself; you'll both find out one of these days."

"You *are* sick," said Lucy, soothingly. "I didn't mean that, Angie, but with such good care as I shall give you I hope you will soon get better."

Clemant came back to announce lunch, and Lucy followed him down to the dining-room. "You must make yourself at home, Lucy," he said, placing her at the table. "I must run round to the store, and will tell my uncle you have come. Take care of yourself. Angie is exacting, like all sick people. There is nothing to do but to bear with her. Now you have come I feel sure she will soon convalesce."

Lucy wondered at his neglect to mention her Aunt Livingstone. Could she desert poor Angie so deplorably alone among strangers?

It was not a pleasant task which opened before Lucy. She had her own impressions, however, of its nature in the commencement, and was armed to meet it. The confinement to a sick room under almost any circumstances is enervating and wearing both to mind and body; in this case the fretfulness and impatience of the invalid doubled the burden. Used all her life to the indulgences of affection, and to submission from all around her, she put little control to her wants or exactions. Clemant, to do him justice, acted the part of a husband with much consideration and kindness, but it was very evident that his short-lived love for his wife had already died out. He had learned to distinguish the true flannel from the false. This was not surprising; most men would have made the discovery earlier.

Angie recovered slowly, it was not before the beginning of January, that she was able to quit her chamber. It happened on that very day of her first advent to the drawing-room, that Mrs. Livingstone made her appearance. She had

been absent for nearly three months on a protracted visit to her daughter; she had not met Lucy before since her last visit to L—, on the occasion of her nephew's marriage.

"How wonderfully you have improved," she said, regarding her with much interest; "my dear, I should hardly have known you."

Angie turned to bestow a careless examination on her sister; she did not concur in the flattering opinion.

"You have not seen Lucy for so long, aunt," she observed, languidly; "you have forgotten how she used to look."

Visitors came that evening; Clemant's old friend, Mr. Fanshawe, who had officiated as groomsman at his wedding, and two other gentlemen, one a foreign count, who somehow inspired Lucy at first sight with an instinctive repugnance. Angie was still in the drawing-room, attired in a fashionable evening dress, whose low neck and flowing lace sleeves had drawn down her husband's gentle reproofs, to which she turned a deaf ear. She exerted herself to entertain her guests. Fanshawe approached Lucy, and expressed his pleasure at their meeting. Clemant's eyes wandered once or twice toward them; a painful consciousness oppressed him; yet, what was Lucy's future to him? he had relinquished her hand of his own choice.

#### CHAPTER V.

Another period of weeks went by; Lucy still remained with her sister, now at Angie's express desire. Perhaps she was actuated in this request by selfish motives; for Lucy's superintendence of her household lifted much of the burden of care from her shoulders. Lucy had received, too, cheering letters from her mother. She was now wholly convalescent, and did not desire her visit to be shortened on her account. There was another motive beneath these, but one which Lucy hardly acknowledged to herself. It was not her growing interest in Fanshawe, though that gentleman's attentions were slowly taking shape, and were not decidedly repulsed, but an awaken-

ing anxiety for Angie. She said to herself it was absurd, that she was utterly wrong, but she could not so readily cast off her fears. We have alluded to the Italian count, whose call took place on the first evening of Angie's appearance below. Unhappily, Angie had never shared in the aversion which her sister had at first sight so strangely conceived. On the contrary, the count had of late been one of her privileged admirers, and their intimacy had even drawn some remarks the past season at Saratoga.

Angie was now fully restored to convalescence, and beginning to enter, with new avidity, on the busy life which she had led the previous season. The ball-room, the opera, the theatre, almost every evening had its round of excitement. Clemant accompanied her but seldom; such dissipations were little to his taste, and he left her to accept the services of some other escort. As for Lucy, she had no desire to "be brought out," and Angie seemed to understand thoroughly her indifference on this point. Now and then, indeed, she accompanied her to the opera, and once or twice to the theatre, when some more interesting play than usual was announced in the programme. It was on these latter occasions that the count's partiality for her sister drew her attention. At first she tried to believe herself in fault, then she wondered how Angie could endure his presumption, and then she began to fear, she hardly knew what.

She would speak to Angie, she decided at last, and she did so, after a series of delays and procrastinations.

It was at an unfortunate moment. The scandal which was now assuming shape had reached Clemant, and aroused all his indignation. Too angry for reflection, he seized the first opportunity, when alone with his wife, to reproach her with her folly.

Little used to control, Angie flung back his reproofs with haughty disdain. As to her staying at home, moped up night after night, it was out of the question. If he disliked the gentlemen who were polite enough to volunteer their escort, why not accompany her himself?

That was impossible, Clemant said, coldly; but he owed it to himself as well as to her that the person who filled his place on such occasions should be unexceptionable.

The conversation ended with only this result, — a mutual embitterment.

It was on that very morning that Lucy renewed the subject. Angie cut her short with frigid politeness.

"It is very like you, Lucy, you little saint, to have such queer fancies. The count is very polite to me, but not more than a dozen others. If you went into society as I do, how you would be shocked every day!"

"It is a wrong state of things," said Lucy, mildly; "such attentions must wear away a woman's love from her husband. Dear Angie, I think you are in fault."

"Pshaw!" said her sister, angrily, "don't presume to preach to me."

"I think Aunt Livingstone does not approve of the count's attentions," resumed Lucy; "she said to me only yesterday that she believed he was a dissipated *roué*, and doubted if he was any count at all."

Angie colored violently. "Lucy," she said, in a suppressed voice, "have you been talking to Mr. Clemant?"

"No," said Lucy, in surprise, "no, indeed."

"I don't know," said Angie suspiciously; "Lucy, I always thought Clemant had a fancy for you when you were so long at Aunt Livingstone's. Don't let me see what I don't wish to discover."

Lucy looked up indignantly; she could face her sister now. The cold maliciousness of the charge took away a reply.

Angie's point was gained; she had withdrawn attention from herself. She got up, presently, and humming an opera air, went up to her chamber.

That afternoon she went out to a pre-arranged drive with the count.

This is a part of our tale over which we have little inclination to linger. Angie, like many a thoughtless woman before her, deaf to the voices of true friends, succumbed to evil.

She went away, at last, on the night following a stormy interview with her husband, to her new choice.

It was a sudden and a most terrible blow. Clemant's courage for the time seemed to sink beneath it. He thought less of the love he had borne her than the irremediable disgrace. Happily there were no innocent little children to be stained by their mother's crime. He roused himself to obtain a divorce.

Lucy, who had remained with her sister, and done all in her power to reconcile the unhappy couple, and avert this last misfortune, returned to her mother, to bear to her, and break as she could, the bitter tidings.

Mrs. Lawrence went into convulsions; a brain fever followed, and she lay for weeks unconscious; a blessed unconsciousness, Lucy felt, as she watched over her. She doubted if her reason could otherwise have borne the shock.

What a bitter awakening followed in the long days of convalescence! She murmured at the hand which had led her back to life, and scalding tears wet her pillow over the thought of her still beloved child, homeless and deserted in the wide world.

"To think she should have been so ungrateful! and such a home as she had, every desire of her heart gratified."

"Prosperity does not always agree with us," said the aged minister, who sat by her bedside to administer such poor consolation as his kind heart could present. "God might have stayed your child, Mrs. Lawrence, if he had judged it best in his wisdom; he suffered her to fall for some wise purpose."

"Oh, sir, I don't know! She is lost to me and to herself."

"He will bring her back, Mrs. Lawrence, after all her wanderings. The memory of her mother's love will save her yet."

"I don't know," said the poor woman, "I'm afraid I was too fond of her. I doated on that child. She was a thousand times more winning than Lucy; if it had been Lucy, poor girl, I shouldn't have wondered so much."

"We prepare our own sorrows oftentimes."

The minister put these words back from his lips.

Mrs. Lawrence came out of her

chamber a changed woman, she went round among her old duties with noiseless steps, like a wan, troubled ghost.

Months wore by; it was in the dawn of another spring that a letter came from Mrs. Livingstone; she was ill and would be glad to receive a visit from Lucy, if her mother could part with her for a short time.

Lucy went, she found her aunt confined to her chamber under the closing stages of a slow, nervous fever, and glad indeed of her presence and attention.

Here she again met Clemant; he still kept up his former establishment, now under the guidance of a housekeeper, but he was a frequent visitor at his uncle's. It may seem strange that after all which had passed, he should still entertain presumptuous thoughts of Lucy, but that he did so the result proved.

It was the evening preceding her return home, and they sat together in the drawing-room where Lucy had played and sang to him on the closing evening of that long ago visit. Clemant laid his hopes before her, now in full detail, but with the agitation of one who feels deeply how much hangs upon the first words of the reply.

It was in the glimmer of twilight, he had purposely shaped his call at that hour to find her alone, and Lucy had just risen to ring for lights.

She stood still; the deepening shadows hid her flushed cheeks and beaming eyes.

"You shock me, Mr. Clemant!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "what! my sister's husband."

"Oh, Lucy, how can you answer me in this way; the law has released me from that unhappy woman, she is dead to us all."

"No," said Lucy, "to you, perhaps, but no shame or sin can break the tie of blood. Angie had her excuses, too, she knew nothing but indulgence at home, she was never crossed, you met her faults with sternness; if you had been patient, she might have been your wife to-day."

"Lucy, I bore with her again and again, God knows how much!"

"Having married her, it was your duty to have borne with her all her life."

"Bear my diatribe?"

"No," said Lucy, "but I have blamed your sternness again and again in my heart. Under no circumstances would I marry you now, I know we are not suited. I should never have been happy with you; but if it were otherwise than it is, Angie stands between us."

"You allude to the past," said Clemant, catching at the broken straw. "I was mad then, worse than mad, but not the first man who has been infatuated with a pretty face. I thought you cold, too, Lucy, I believed that you were incapable of love; I have seen my error."

"I have nothing to regret on my own part," said Lucy, quietly. "I am sure it was all for the best."

Clemant rose to go; he could not quite relinquish his suit.

"You love another," he said, at last.

"That," returned Lucy, "is a question you have no right to ask."

"I am answered," he said, sorrowfully, as he turned to go out.

The bell rang; he passed Fanshawe in the hall. The two looked at each other; neither was at a loss to understand the other's errand.

Fanshawe passed on with a lightened step. He could not in his heart have doubted Lucy's refusal of such a suit; but the certainty removed the last grain of uneasiness which had weighed upon his spirits.

The servant threw open the door before him, bearing lights. Lucy still stood in a thoughtful position, leaning on the piano, her face supported by her hand.

The involuntary glance and blush which greeted him showed in part the subject of her thoughts; they were of mingled sadness and joy. She thought of her unfortunate sister, the downward path she had chosen, and her own opening prospects. God had been very good; he had denied her girlish fancy, but in him whom he had sent at last, she had found the ideal of her womanhood. Better, far better suited to her than ever Clemant could have been.

He knew, too, the story of her first unasked preference; she understood it as well if his lips had told her, and he honored her the more; she was happy in that.

Lucy went up to her aunt's room that

evening with roses in her cheeks, and a new joy in her heart.

"You have had visitors, my dear," said her aunt, looking at her.

"Yes, aunt, Mr. Fanshawe has just gone out."

Mrs. Livingstone said nothing more, but her eyes fell with a little sober thought. Ah, if Clemant had but chosen wisely! how much sorrow we bring upon ourselves!

Six, eight years have passed since this last marriage, Lucy is happy in a home where her goodness and virtues diffuse unalloyed peace; no trace has been gathered of Angie. Clemant is still unmarried; he has immersed his disappointments in business, and promises to become a millionaire. Mrs. Lawrence still lives alone, by her own choice, in the old brown cottage; nightly she kneels down and prays that God will guide back to it the steps of her wandering daughter. Poor Angie, you who so blindly wrecked your lot, God have pity on you!

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**READING AND THINKING.** — It is good to read, mark, learn, but it is better to inwardly digest. It is good to read, better to think — better to think one hour than to read ten hours without thinking. Thinking is to reading (if the book read have everything in it) what rain and sunshine are to the seed cast into the ground, — the influence which maketh it bear and bring forth thirty, forty, an hundred fold. To read is to gather into the barn or storehouse of the mind; to think is to cast seed-corn into the ground, to make it productive. To read is to collect information; to think is to evolve power.

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**A FINE THOUGHT.** — A French writer has said that, "to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake, and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

**THE** great test by which one may know where he stands in God's universe is to know what he loves and why he loves it.

## RESURRECTION.

By Rev. G. T. Flanders.

OLD Winter still maintains his throne  
In chilling vestments clad,  
But on the Future's brow are set  
The hopes that make us glad.

Springs, long ago, faint whispers give  
Of Winter's vanquished reign,  
Of green things peeping through the mould,  
And earth renewed again.

I see the battle-fields whereon  
The flowers were stricken low;  
I hear the frost-troops of the North  
Their shout of triumph blow.

Old Winter shakes his icy beard,  
And hurls to earth his lance;  
The forests, fields, and garden blooms,  
Are withered by his glance.

But downward, sloping from the sky,  
I see a golden beam  
That blinds his eyes, and thaws his beard,  
And liberates the stream.

From silent recesses, ere long,  
The spires of grass shall spring;  
And flowers come forth with fragrant crown,  
To coronate their King.

Thus everywhere Death yields to Life,  
And Growth succeeds Decay;  
An angel comes to every tomb  
And rolls the stone away.

So too our ill's that cluster fast,  
And leagued against us stand;  
Are vanquished by the joys that come  
From out the Better Land!

The nation groans beneath the woes  
Of pitiless, bloody War;  
But on its near horizon gleams  
The Resurrection Star.

Foot to foot, and face to face,  
We're marshalled in the strife;  
But ever near us ope the gates  
Of the Immortal Life!

Oh, weary toiler, be strong!  
Stern Winter disappears.  
Spring comes to hold the vacant throne  
Through everlasting years!

## THE LOST AND FOUND.

By Miss Minnie S. Davis.

A LARGE and motley crowd had gathered to hear a philanthropist preacher, who felt his especial mission to be to the poor and erring. There were some respectable citizens there, but many poor and fallen men and women, who were starving for the bread of life.

The speaker's voice was full of tender pathos, for it flowed from a heart of love and pity. He spake as to brothers and sisters. He told them of their Father in heaven, and of their inheritance on high. He dwelt long upon the infinite value of the human soul, and the love of Jesus who died for them. They might curse God, but they could not turn his love; they might hide in haunts of wickedness, but the blessed Saviour would find them! The meanest, the vilest in his hearing, were more precious in the sight of the Father than all the uncounted treasures of earth and sky. Oh, would they not turn from the paths of sin and folly, and love and obey that God?

Some smiled with wondering joy; some wept, for the matchless story, so old, yet ever new, thrilled all hearts.

A wretched, sin-stained woman stood at the door of the vestibule. She felt unworthy to enter and sit with the multitude, but she heard the words of that Christian discourse; and all the hardness and bitterness of her soul was softened, and blessings fell like a mantle upon her. Long, long ago, she had heard of Jesus, but it was among the half-forgotten things of her childhood. She had trod the path of sin, and knew its horror and woe better than any could tell her, and oh, was it possible that she could leave it—that she could find the heaven and purity and peace! Was she of such value in the sight of Almighty God? would Jesus find and save her?

She covered her face while her form shook with convulsive sobs. At that moment the people came crowding out, and she heard the kind voice of the preacher near her. She looked up to see his benign face, then weeping more bitterly than before, passed out into the darkness.

Next morning's sun shone brightly over the city, bringing a day of peace and gladness to many hearts, and one of pain and anguish to many more. The autumn days were beginning to be cool, and a cheerful fire sparkled in the grate of a certain, cozy sitting-room. A gray-haired gentleman sat in the fire-shine, with his eyes closed as though he mused. And near him a mother held a prattling little girl. The mother was young, and the child was beautiful.

"An' sure, ma'am, there's a woman in the kitchen as would like to see ye," said Betty, abruptly opening the door.

"Who is she, and what does she want?" asked the lady, looking up from the face of her child which she had been contemplating with idolizing affection.

"Her name is Nancy Cole, an' she's a bad woman, indeed not fit for the likes of ye to spake to."

"Give her something to eat and send her away!"

"But it is the lady she is after seeing, for work to do."

"Then tell her I have no work for such as she," said the lady, with a shade of annoyance in her tone.

"Indade, that's what I will!" exclaimed Betty, turning away with a satisfied air.

"What does the poor woman want?" asked the gentleman, looking up quickly.

"She wanted work, father, but I have none for her."

"And not even a word of kindness and encouragement, Sarah!"

"But Betty says she is a bad woman," said Mrs. May deprecatingly.

"Still she is our sister, yours and mine, her degradation does not make the tie less binding."

"But I dare not trust such persons, and I shrink from having any intercourse with them."

Tears sprang to the old man's eyes as he said, "God pity the poor woman! those like herself will only help to drag her down, and the good will shrink from her for fear of contamination!"

"Father, I was wrong, I see it now; I will call her back and help her if I can." And Mrs. May placed her child upon

the floor, and hastily passed from the room; but she was too late. Nancy Cole had left the house muttering wrathfully.

Poor Nancy! homeless, heart-broken, sinning Nancy! Yet in her being were all the elements of true womanhood — the germ of the future angel! Alas, that such heavenly attributes should be so perverted, so crushed and dwarfed, but thanks be to Him who hath set his image in the human soul, they were not, could not be utterly destroyed!

Early in life, Nancy Cole had been thrust out into the cold and selfish world. Without the guide of principle, or the safeguards of home and friends, she easily fell a prey to temptation. For years she had been the companion of vile men and women, and of late she had fallen still lower, so that she had no spot, however wretched, to call home.

But by accident — nay, providentially — she had heard the persuasive words of the city missionary, and she awoke to a sense of her degradation and misery. She was half frenzied that morning; but something like hope lingered in the darkness of her soul. Was it possible, oh, was it possible, as the good minister had said, that she should lay down that load of sin and woe, and be at peace with herself and God.

Hunger was gnawing at her vitals, as she wildly paced the streets, unheeded by the busy multitude, and she gazed in through the peaceful homes, and looked upon blessed fathers and mothers and innocent children until the hunger of her heart was more torturing than her physical need.

She sought for work to keep her from starvation and sin, but from every door she was turned coldly away. When Mrs. May's servant told her with an expression of contempt upon her honest features, that the mistress had no work for such as she, her heart hardened with bitterness and hate.

She stole round the house and looked in at the window. The old gentleman had left the room, but the mother and child were there, — the lady sewing with a pensive air, and the child busy with her toys. Nancy Cole looked upon the peace-

ful scene with clenched hands and burning eyes. She noticed everything, even to the minutiae of the child's dress, the pretty rose-colored frock, and its white apron with its dainty trimming. She hated it for its beauty, and its mother for her happiness. She was no older than the woman sitting there, so rich in love, so secure in virtue and peace. Yet what a gulf divided them! One had everything, the other nothing; and of all her affluence, of all that which makes her life precious, the happy woman had not even a word of pity for the wretched one.

The glimmer of hope went out in a storm of passion and despair. With up-raised hand she invoked maledictions upon the mother and child, and then resumed her wanderings in the streets. But she called at no more houses; she had only dreamed a bright, mocking dream; she could never lay her burden of misery down; she would never try, but would hug it close to her heart, and be miserable and wicked always!

Just at night-fall she found herself by the bridge over the river. Even above the din of machinery she could hear the rushing of the water. Madness was on her brain, and she thought to plunge into the wild waters and be at rest. It was a lonely hour, yet she must wait until a few passers-by should be out of sight. She drew one side into the shadow of a tall building to wait her time. A little sobbing child was crouched in one corner. Whose was it? How came it there? The pink frock and white apron she knew; the beautiful face with its frame of golden curls she knew. It was the one she had seen a few hours before, in its peaceful home, the idol of the woman she had hated and cursed.

The little one had strayed from home, and without doubt its parents were searching for it in fearful anxiety. A cruel, exultant joy filled her breast as she lifted it in her arms. "They shall never find her!" she cried aloud, "she shall sleep with me in the river bed. That mother scorned me, and now I hold her baby close to my heart! Oh, wouldn't she speak fair to me now? wouldn't she go down on her knees and pray for mercy? But I'll



have no mercy, even as she had none for me!"

"I can't find my mother. Will you take little Annie May home?"

What a soft, pleading voice! somehow it softened the half-insane woman, and she smiled upon the child.

"It will not hurt the little one," she thought; "the water will seem cold only for a moment; and then its happy mother will know what misery is!"

Annie's wistful, frightened blue eyes looked confidingly in the pale, haggard face of Nancy Cole. "*Please take me home!*" she lisped in touching accents.

Nancy slowly shook her head.

"I know you will take little Annie home!" and the loving child flung her arms around her neck, and pressed her fresh, rosy lips upon her hollow cheek.

That caress, that kiss, the fragrant breath mingling with hers, changed her cruel purpose in an instant. She could not harm a single hair of the little angel's head. "I'll take you home," she said with a sudden revulsion of feeling. "I will tell your proud mother that I hate her, and unwillingly I bring a blessing instead of a curse to her home."

At that moment she heard a watchman cry, "A child is lost! a girl three years old; missing since noon; blue eyes and curly hair; had on a pink dress and white apron — *a child is lost!*"

Nancy wrapped little Annie in her own tattered shawl, and hurried along the way, never faltering an instant, though she was worn with excitement and long abstinence. She had found the child, but felt no joy in the thought of that which she was to impart to others, only a spiteful, unholy sense of triumph, that the woman who had scorned her, should owe her so much.

Mrs. May had grown quite wild with anxiety and fear. "Oh, Betty," she said to her faithful girl, "it is night and my darling is not found! I will go out and search for her again; I will not stay here inactive!"

Betty wiped her eyes, saying, "I am sure ma'am, the sweet crayther will be found, and the master told ye to stay here to take care of her when they bring her home."

"But it seems to me that I could find her before anybody else. Oh, where is my little Annie — who will take care of her to-night? Hark! somebody is coming in — 'tis my darling, I hear her voice!"

Nancy Cole staggered into the room with her precious burden, and sank down exhausted. The mother clasped her child in silent transport, and Betty exclaimed, and wiped her eyes vigorously.

"Heaven bless you for bringing my darling home! Where did you find her?" said Mrs. May to Nancy.

"I found her by the bridge, a long way from here. I knew she was yours, and I brought her home, though you sent me away this morning because I was too bad even for you to speak to. I couldn't harm the child, though I would rather have cursed than blessed you, her mother."

"Is it possible? Are you the woman who called this morning? Oh, forgive me, and may God forgive me, too! I love you and bless you! and Mrs. May took Nancy Cole's hand in hers, and pressed it fervently.

But Betty frowned, and eyed Nancy disdainfully. "It is Nancy Cole, ma'am, an' what do you think she brought Annie home for? I'll tell ye; it's for the pay! an' 'tis not the first time that childers have been taken from their own door-step, and then brought back after the mitherers had cried their eyes out, just for the money."

"Oh, Betty!" remonstrated her mistress.

"Ask the child," said Nancy, rising to her feet, but sinking back again from weakness.

From little Annie's artless story they soon learned the truth of what Nancy had said, and Betty half ashamed, retired to the kitchen.

Then the father and grandfather came in, sad and discouraged, to find the lost treasure they had sought unavailingly, safe in its mother's arms.

It was a moment of joy and surprise, and Nancy's heart softened, and a mist came before her eyes as she saw the little one pressed first to one and then the other manly breast.

"This is the person we must thank and

reward," said Mrs. May; "she found Annie away down by the bridge, and brought her to me in her arms."

But Nancy shrank away from their cordial and grateful words. She knew the gray-haired man; it was the minister whose words had moved her so strangely. He in her eyes was so noble and exalted, that she felt unworthy even to breathe the same atmosphere. She drew her shawl about her and rose to depart.

"Don't go now!" said Mrs. May, gently detaining her. "Look at her, father; she is the one I sent away this morning. Has she not returned good for evil?"

"God bless you, my good woman!" and the old gentleman took her hand in his, and looked kindly in her face.

Nancy trembled, and cried, "I am not good, but very wicked,—so very bad I have not a friend in the world, nor a place to call home!"

"Poor woman, this shall be your home; we will be your friends, and we will help you to do right!" and Mrs. May drew near with streaming eyes.

Still the wretched woman looked into the kindly face of the old man. "I heard you preach last night, and I thought God had sent you to save me. But to-day I have been in despair; I would have drowned myself had I not found the child crying for home."

"Yes, father," said Mrs. May, "she would have cursed me, but she brought me a blessing instead."

"And now the blessing will return to her!" said the minister, gently and solemnly.

A blessing for her! Nancy trembled still more, and her lips quivered. At this moment Annie went to her side, saying, sweetly, "I love you, for you brought little Annie home."

"Suddenly Nancy fell upon her knees by the child, clasping her in her arms and weeping passionately, and instead of being frightened Annie smiled and repeated, 'I love you.'"

"Will you stay with us until we can find a home? We will help you and try to make you happy."

Nancy looked up, saying brokenly. "Do

you ask if I will stay here with you, and will you help me to do right?"

"Yes," hastily responded the friends of little Annie, and then the grateful, repentant woman bowed her head again and wept as though the fountain of her tears was unsealed.

Meanwhile the father had sent a messenger to inform the authorities of the recovery of the child, and now the watchman's loud, sonorous voice was heard proclaiming the glad news, "The child is found, and all is well!"

*The child is found, and all is well!* With quicker heart-throbs the father and mother drew the lamb of their love to their embraces—their lost, found treasure!

But the good minister heard in that cheering cry, a spiritual meaning profoundly significant. He rejoiced with the angels over the repentant sinner, and murmured, "Father in heaven, *thy child is found, and all is well!*"

INSINCERITY OF SOCIAL LIFE.—Who is the prophet that shall uncover the abysses of our acted lies and pour adequate shame on our mutual impositions? Smiles on our faces, with envy and jealousy underneath; cordiality in our grasp, with no connecting nerve between the fingers and the heart; deference in our professions, with no suitable esteem, no genuine respect, no sacred sincerity; invitations issued, with hypocrisy lurking in their politeness; getting the company together by one falsehood, greetings of indiscriminate and extravagant welcome receiving them with another; fashions made up of composite illusions, ornamenting them with another; ceremonies of elaborate make-believe, sustaining their mock dignity with another; dishonest regrets at the farewell, dismissing them with another. Who will dare to say these do not enter appallingly into the staple of what we call civilized life? When is the rugged, truth-speaking, Christian time coming, which shall tear open and rend apart these guilty illusions, plant the communion of soul with soul on some pure and just foundation, and restore the social world to its primitive and upright simplicity?—*F. D. Huntington.*

## MIND.

By Fuchsia Wright.

When first the dawning day arose  
At the command of God,  
And Nature saw her sweets disclose  
From the untainted sod;  
When waters unpolluted were,  
The streamlets crystal ran,  
No murky clouds of gloom were there  
To overshadow Man !

No tempest gathered on the hills,  
No lightning shot its glare,  
No poison from the plant distils,  
No stinging adder there !  
But free to come, and free to go  
No dread of harm had he,  
Sole monarch crowned of all below,  
On Earth, in Air and Sea !

He walked triumphant as a king—  
No Lord, save one, he knew;  
Obedient to his call, each thing  
Created near him drew.  
As they before his presence pass,  
To each their name he gave,  
And found not one in all the mass  
That might be called a Slave !

Freedom, the Glory and the Crown  
That sat on Nature's brow,  
The might, the splendor of a throne,  
Dazzled not *then* as *now* !  
For Reason, though a tottering babe,  
No false deductions drew,  
But left the force of *mighty mind*  
Its own great work to do !

Who can the force of Reason tell  
Should Passion lead the way,  
And *blind devotion* to a cause—  
Usurp the awful sway ?  
The ant is wise, and well she proves  
Instinctive Nature's plan :  
But Man, deprived of wisdom, shows  
*'Tis mind that makes the Man !*

## SONNET.

By Mrs. Helen Rich.

As, 'mid the dawn's soft glowing light  
And noontide's blinding glare,  
When day in love hath met the night,  
The sweet stars still are there.

Thus underneath the warp and woof  
Of changing life to me,  
Dear love, behold the shining proof,—  
*My heart is still with thee.*

## EVERY MAN THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

By Mrs. Helen Rich.

How often we hear the old, and honored only by time, remark repeated, "He is born under a lucky star," and the cause of all success defined, "He is lucky."

In earliest childhood from my quiet corner of the old fireplace, where I sat, with head upon my hand, watching the glowing coals, and building magnificent castles in the flames, I can remember listening to the above sayings, and then as I resumed my delightful employment of castle-building, a glow of hopeful pleasure shot through my heart, as I mentally exclaimed, "Oh am *I* one of the lucky ones ?"

Ah ! that was long ago, and as years sped on, and I left off my splendid architecture in the fire, and as realities, which *will* obtrude themselves, came and took the place of fancy, I began to ponder upon the truth of the maxim, "Circumstances make men."

I looked around and began my investigations in real life. There was an old lady, very poor, who sometimes came for employment to my mother; she was neat, and there were the remains of what had been good breeding and youthful promise about her, yet an inveterate habit of slander and ill-temper; but her situation was one of peculiar affliction, and my mother who was a Christian in her own quiet way often rendered her essential aid

"I pity her," she said, "but she is a fellow-creature, and despite her faults, shall not starve."

I learned that woman's history, from her own lips, and if luck could avail a human being she was born lucky.

The only child of rich parents, she was well educated, fine looking, and somewhat superior in mental endowments. Surely for her could well be foretold a happy future; but we shall see how our fate hangs by a thread; *we* must preserve or sever.

She was betrothed to a worthy youth, with every prospect of a delightful union with the man she loved, when she became incensed with a harmless joke of her lover's, and married an old man with

children, and she a young girl of nineteen.

Now mark the fulfilment of the Scripture, "Sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind,"—a loveless existence for his having, as she thought, taken advantage of her temporary excitement, and wedded her to poverty and misery. Her children, reared amid strife and evil, were its apt scholars, daughters, who could not respect the advice of a mother, would not accept it, and live to be shut out of a society, of which their mother was once an ornament.

Sons—one in boyhood was taken from her by death, her *only solace*, her *only pride*; the other now an inmate of the Penitentiary for forgery.

Her husband, an inebriate, and profligate, blind, infirm and stupid, his hoary head without honors, his life without usefulness, his death a circumstance she could not mourn. Now forsaken, hopeless, old and poor, who will say her life-shadows were the effect of *chance*?

I could go on with illustrations establishing the truth of my text, that have come under my own observation; but I will forbear.

I remember to have heard an eminent divine, who had risen from obscurity and poverty, speak upon this subject, in Canton Street, Lawrence County. When his eloquent sermon drew to its close, he said (and can I ever forget the dignity, the manliness, the intellectual superiority, the fire of that eagle eye?) "Man the creature of circumstances? Believe it not. The image of Deity, the lord of all created things, the bright store-house of thought, was *he* (pointing to the residence of the late Silas Wright),—*was he the creature of circumstance?*"

Even so. Turn over page after page of history,—the *truly great man commands circumstance*.

Napoleon than whom none more powerful ever existed is one example. Shakespeare, the king in the realm of mind, the most highly gifted of all created intelligences, was it luck that placed his name highest on Fame's temple? that has deposited his work on the desk of every author, scholar and statesman for it is a noticeable circumstance that the

Hungarian exile, the man all *true* men reverence, chose Shakespeare for his companion when incarcerated in his lonely prison, that he studied his every thought with intense application, which has its reward in the admiration he receives, from all who speak the poet's language. Our own Franklin did not win his fame and fortune by luck.

The world was ever, and *is still*, presenting countless instances of defeated plans and hopes, based upon hereditary greatness and inherited wealth.

Who was Gerard, the founder of the college that bears his name? Was he one of fortune's favorites? Such men as Clay, Scott, Jackson, and Grant, had not Washington for their fathers, nor the wealth of an Astor for an inheritance. *Intellect is omnipotent*; weak and impotent are the obstacles circumstances will throw in its way. Mind will rule as surely as that truth will ultimately prevail.

The petty aids of station and riches fail to place the idiot on a level with genius. Knowledge, education may do much; but 'tis God who bestows titles men respect; the tailor cannot do it. Water will seek its level; even so the *hero*, though in the ranks, will surely stand at the head of the army. It is no unusual thing, when every town can boast of a great invention, a splendid book, or some monument of enterprise and industry, to see the seamstress and belle exchange places. The ragged boy of the neighborhood may become the oracle of wisdom; the great landholder, the banker or the representative of his district. What is it makes these revolutions in society? It is not that the stars take any one man under their especial protection; but that the unfortunate individual who relies on others for his success in life will doubtless relax all personal effort, and live the life of the idler, perhaps the profligate, and when age has come and brought him nought but poverty and ignominy, he awakes from his wretched delusion, and too late learns the useful lesson, that as Cicero said of eloquence, "Action is everything."

It is this most detestable theory that

fills our streets with loafers, and our parlors with dunces in satin; it is the doctrine of *luck*, that results in the ruin of nine-tenths of the sons of our leading men.

Young ladies are taught that gold watches, pianos and a pretty face are indispensable to advancement in the world; hence they become too often the useless dolls of fashion we see, unable to interest a sensible, intelligent man for an hour.

Those who are waiting for good-fortune to come to them, are very sure to stand still and let the world go by, filled with surprise that *they* were not made the people's candidate for some high and responsible office instead of the poor rusty, toiling lawyer, or the persevering studious farmer.

There is an ennobling, stimulating spirit in the idea that we control in a great measure our own destiny; that *not* because our fathers have sinned must *we* drag out a neglected, joyless life! There is sunshine in the beautiful truth, that I have placed at the head of this chapter; it cheers the soul in adversity; it beckons on the devotee to a sacred ambition; it dignifies labor, and consecrates success. It soothes the wounded heart, filled with lofty desires and good impulses, though misunderstood and unappreciated by the unthinking mass, and Shakespeare never clothed a divine truth in more expressive language, than when he wrote,—

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

CONTENTMENT.—Said a venerable farmer some eighty years of age, to a relative who lately visited him: "I have lived on this farm for over half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost but one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago that if I wished to be any happier, *I must have more religion.*"

## THE PATIENT WOMAN.

By U. A. S.

While taking a pleasure ride last autumn, in one of the central counties of Iowa, we were respectfully accosted by a woman, who stood on the roadside, with a request for a seat to ———. Having plenty of room, we readily assented, and assisted her in. We gave a cursory glance at her, and then resumed our reverie. There was nothing particularly interesting about her at first sight. She was a plain, hard-featured, sun-burnt woman, with a wrinkled forehead, and lines of care about her mouth. Shortly after she was seated, one of our party began singing that touching war-song, "Brave Boys." I chanced to look up at the stranger, as my friend sang the chorus,—

"Brave boys are they,  
Gone at their country's call,—  
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget  
That many brave lads must fall."

Her face was pale with emotion, her lips compressed tightly, as if to keep down sobs, while great tears were rolling down her cheeks. I watched her keenly. She presently buried her face in her hands, and wept till her whole frame shook. I felt, I knew she was a soldier's mother, and my heart went out to her at once and knitted itself unto her.

When the song was closed and she had become calm and lifted up the damp face, I said to her kindly — "You have friends in the army, haven't you, ma'am?" "Friends," and her voice trembled, "every male relative I have in the world is there. All my brothers, all my nephews, all my cousins, both my sons and my son-in-law. I had three brothers wounded at the battle of Shiloh. They have all recovered though and gone into service again. I have seven nephews, all of whom have been in several hard fights, and four of them severely wounded. I have five cousins, who have all been wounded at different times, three of them in guerilla fights, and two in battles. "My eldest boy," here her voice faltered and fresh tears streamed down her face, "after lying sick three months in a hospital at St. Louis, was brought home to me this summer — brought home only to die though, poor fellow," and the story of

his suffering made us all weep. "My second boy is in the 12th Iowa; my son-in-law is away off in Texas, and my youngest, a mere boy of fifteen, lies very sick of dysentery in Camp McClellan, Davenport. All gone from me. My husband died seven years ago. I and my two little girls live alone now in a small house I've rented in the village; my farm I've had to let out in shares."

"And how did you feel about their all leaving you?"

"Feel!" and a bright color flashed into her cheeks, while her humid eye gleamed with emotion — "why, I felt that they were all doing as I could have done, had I been a boy or a man. You don't suppose I ever hindered one! No, I was glad I had so many to send."

I looked at her with feelings that almost amounted to reverence. And I felt gladder to have made her acquaintance than I would that of the proudest queen in Christendom. As we parted, I shook her hand cordially, and murmured, "God bless you and yours." And turning to my friends, I said tearfully, "Isn't she a true Union woman?" Oh, the North need never fear of ultimate success, while such as she are spared to send their loved ones to its army. And, thank Heaven, the North is full of just such women; women, who, holding their hearts with one hand, with the other will point their darlings to the South, and while the tears roll down their cheeks, say cheerfully, "Go; I can do without you, but my country wants you; go, better a soldier's grave than a traitor's gold; go, go, and stay till our old flag waves as of old over every State."

—•••—  
**BEST TIME TO SLEEP.**—Two colonels in the French army, disputing whether it was most safe to march in the heat of the day or at evening, got permission from the officer to put their respective plans into execution. One, with his division, marched during the day, although in the heat of summer, and rested all night; the other slept in the day, and marched during the evening and part of the night. The first performed a journey of six hundred miles without losing a single man or horse; the latter lost most of his horses and some of his men.

## WHAT AM I LIVING FOR?

None of us would like to be mere cumberers of the ground. There is a sublimity in labor which we all wish to share; we value the wages, although we sometimes shrink from the work. And yet it is lamentable how many of us are allowing our lives to drift away without any settled purpose. Or perhaps we are doing positive harm without being particularly aware of it. Will it not, then, be well occasionally to ask ourselves a few questions?

What am I living for? Is it in any way to aid the cause of evil? Are my smiles, or innuendos, or dark hints used to give strength to slander and uncharitableness? Am I so envious of others' good that I desire to assist in making them enemies? Am I willing to hear and circulate reports without caring much if they be true or not?

What am I living for? Is it for myself alone? Is it that my rights be not interfered with — that I be treated respectfully and well? Are my first thoughts given to myself? Am I the last to forgive, the first to exact? Do I care nothing or little for the well-being of others — only anxious for my own success? If so, we are living utterly and entirely in vain! We do not deserve to own that rich gift — human life.

What am I living for? Is it to do good? To bring cheerfulness over the spirits that were sad — to light a smile upon the dim face? If I am not called to do great things, are my little duties well performed? If so, one thing at least will be awarded us, though all beside misunderstand us — the smile of our God will be given to our weary hearts.

What am I living for? There are some of us to whom in one sense the question is a sorely puzzling one. We do not seem at all necessary in the world. No one's happiness depends specially upon us. Not ours the close ties which bind some people together. We have a painful consciousness that we should be very little missed if we were taken altogether away. Yet we are not created for nothing. God shows us what he would have us live for.

**"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART; FOR  
THEY SHALL SEE GOD."**

By T. J. G.

Pure words from lips of Jesus fell,  
Like melting music from the skies,  
Breaking a sweet and magic spell,  
To hold the soul in glad surprise.

The Holy One, supremely good,  
Omnipotent, and only wise,  
Not only may be understood,  
But even *seen* by mortal eyes!

Yet not by *sensual* earthly gaze,  
Is the blest boon to mortals given,  
To drink the clear effulgent rays,  
Which drape the majesty of heaven!

But the *pure heart*, by grace renewed,  
Though closed within the mortal clod,  
When passion's power is all subdued,  
E'en such a heart shall see its God!

Shall see him, as he truly is,  
By all his glorious works expressed;  
And own, with more than earthly bliss,  
Who God hath seen is truly blest!  
*Malden, Mass., March, 1864.*

• • •  
**OUR ASSISTANT EDITOR.**

By Minnie S. Davis.

We are pleased to again welcome our talented editor to the renewal of her labors, and trust that increasing health may keep her connection with the Repository, uninterrupted.—THE PUBLISHER.

*To the Editors of the Repository:* I would most cordially greet the editors and friends of the Repository, and pray that health and prosperity may attend them. You have been informed of my protracted illness, therefore no apology is required to explain the cause of my long silence. After months of debility and suffering, it is sweet to hail returning health, and to feel the pulse of hope throb in the heart made weary by its long deferment. Thanks to the good Father above that I am better and for the hope that promises brighter days. I trust that the genial spring-time will do much for me, and I yearn to behold its bright sunny days. There is one shadow yet which I would fain forget, as I look for the silver lining which I know is worn by the darkest cloud. My eyes are still too weak to use, except to glance upon nature or look upon the dear faces of my friends. I cannot read or write, only after the blind,

or by the aid of an amanuensis. I do not despond, but trust in due time the blessing of sight may come back to me.

My friends have been very, very kind; let me here thank them for their many favors and thoughtful, loving words. Many letters from friends who could not express in person their words of sympathy, and not unfrequent epistles from stranger friends have come to cheer my loneliness. These I have not been able to answer; but I acknowledge their acceptance with a grateful heart. To Mrs. Soule I extend my heartfelt sympathy. My friend, may peace and health soon bless your mourning heart and wasted frame.

I cannot close without thanking Jane L. Patterson for her article in the February number. She has nobly vindicated the honor of the Repository, and erased from its pages the stain of disloyalty. I could never have been happy in the magazine again 'till it had been done. This is her first favor to the Repository, may it not be her last.

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**THE INDIAN'S VIEW OF AGRICULTURE.**

We doubt if a better argument for improved agriculture can be given than is found in the speech to his tribe at the West.

"Do you not see the whites living upon seeds, while we eat flesh? That the flesh requires more than thirty moons to grow up and is then often scarce? That each of the wonderful seeds they sow in the earth returns them a hundred fold? That the flesh on which we subsist has four legs to escape us, while we have but two to pursue and capture it? That the grain remains where the white man sows it, and grows? That winter with us is the time for laborious hunting; to them a period of rest? For these reasons they have so many children, and live longer than we do. I say, therefore, unto every one that shall hear me, that, before the cedars of our village will have died down with age, and the maple trees of the valley shall have ceased to give us sugar, the race of the little corn-sowers will have exterminated the race of flesh-eaters, provided their huntsmen do not resolve to become sowers." History shows the truth of the prophetic words.

## ON THE "WORD" OR LOGOS.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him: and without him was not anything made that was made.—JOHN 1. 1-3.

The word which is here rendered *Word* has in the New Testament above *thirty* significations, among others it signifies wisdom and reason.

It must be remembered that it is of the masculine gender, and, therefore, when it is said that "all things were made by him and without him was not anything made that was made," the *him* refers to the Word, and unless we admit that a personification has been introduced, it would read "all things were made by it."

Personification is a common thing in Scripture. Thus we read "He that rejecteth me, and accept not my word, hath one that judgeth him; the word which I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." Here the word is made a judge. Personal properties are attributed to the word of God. Thus, "by the word of the Lord were the heavens made." "His word runneth very swiftly."

If, then, we suppose this word to be some inherent property of the Deity,—some quality or qualities which always have resided in him, by which he created all things, and by which he still manifests himself in his works,—it is important that we should know the real meaning of the *Logos* or Word. If we should say that the word denotes the *power* of the Deity acting under the guidance of his *wisdom*, we should perhaps not deviate far from the true meaning.

With this signification of the term, the interpretation of the first part of John's Gospel is natural and easy. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God,"—that is, the power of God aided in its operations by divine wisdom, has been with God from the beginning. It is not a *being* which emanated from the Deity, or which exists in a separate state from him. "And the Word was God." The qualities of the Deity denoted by the *Logos*, or Word, are essential in his character as God, and was not to be considered as constituting any other

being. "All things were made by him." That is, by this Word or the energies of this wisdom, were all things originally made.

"The Word was made flesh." I here subjoin the language of Professor Newton in this passage:—"This seems to us no very hard figure to denote what we believe to have been intended that the Divine power was manifested in a human form, through Jesus Christ. But if there should seem to be any difficulty in this expression, it may assist our conception to know, that according to a common use of the word *Logos*, it might be applied to any being, though when the divine power was strikingly manifested. Thus Philo calls Moses *the divine Logos*, and the High Priest a *Logos*."

Dr. Priestly thus remarks on this passage:—"The divine light was so eminently displayed in Christ, that it may be said that the *Logos* or the divine wisdom and power appeared in a human form, so that being invisible as it necessarily is, in the Divine Being himself, whose attribute it is, it became the object of our sense."

OLD DR. BEECHER'S IDEA OF HEAVEN  
Excepting exemption from sin, intense vigorous untiring action is the greatest pleasure of mind. I could hardly wish to enter heaven did I believe the inhabitants were idly to sit by purling streams fanned by balmy airs. Heaven to be a place of happiness must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp as useless as the dusty arms of Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with godlike enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter and Cyprian, and Edwards, and Payson, and Evarts, idling away eternity in mere psalm singing? Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unclogged by cumbersome clay will forever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought. My young friends, go on, then; you will never get through.



## SUBLIMITY AND VARIETY OF THE BIBLE.

The true reason why some literary men disbelieve the Bible, is the one given by Dr. Johnson: "Because they are ignorant of its contents." And the same may be the reason why so many readers fail even to read this "book divine." Mrs. Ellis, in her "Poetry of Life," has well said:—

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos, and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point, or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the Scriptures a kind of gratification not to be found in any memorial of the past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust to the leviathan in the foaming deep, from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure to the eagle that soars above the clouds, from the wild beasts of the desert to the lamb within the shepherd's fold, from the consuming locusts to the cattle on a thousand hills, from the rose of Sharon to the cedars of Lebanon, from the clear crystal stream, gushing from the flinty rock to the wide waters of the deluge, from the barren waste to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey, from the lonely path of the wanderer to the gathering of a mighty multitude, from the tear that falls in secret to the din of battle and the shout of a triumphant host, from the cottage to the throne, from the mourner clothed in sackcloth to the prince in his purple robes, from the gnawing of the worm that dieth not to the seraphic vision of the blessed, from the still small voice to the thunders of Omnipotence, from the depths of hell to the regions of eternal glory, there is no degree of beauty and deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light, that does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore there is no expression or conception of the mind, that may find a corresponding picture, no thirst for excellence that may not meet its full supply; and no condition of humanity excluded from the unlimited scope of adaptation and sympathy, comprehended in the language and spirit of the Bible."

## WOMAN.

What is it to give woman a schooling, if you make her education stop where the real education of her brother begins? What is it to give woman wider employment, unless in this employment you proportion her wages to her work, and don't give her work harder than man's with one-quarter of the remuneration? What is it to woman if better laws are passed here or there for her protection, if still the clergyman binds her to obey, and the lawyer assures her that man and wife are one, and that one is the husband? To reform these things the impulse must come from woman herself. Men judge of women as they personally see them. How can you expect a man to honor womanhood, if you do your utmost to dishonor it by wickedness or frivolity? How can you expect any man to labor for the elevation of those who spurn at the very laborers, and take pains to explain to the world, that they themselves, at least, are not "strong minded;" as if anybody supposed they were? How can any man reverence womanhood beyond the personal experience of his own household? I do not need to visit a man to know what his domestic relations are; I can talk to him about the wrights and powers of woman, and his answer gives me the true daguerreotype of his sister, wife, mother, or daughter. How can he get beyond the standard of Thackeray—every woman weak or wicked—if he can only judge from a wife, who knows nothing in the universe beyond her cooking-stove; and a daughter who has not much experimental acquaintance with even that? On the other hand, what tales of mesmerism or alchemy can fitly symbolize the power of a noble woman over him who loves her? The tale of Undine is only half of the story. Dryden's story of Cymon and Iphigenia needs to be placed beside it. Woman not merely finds her own soul through love, but gives it to her lover. Woman has this mighty power—when will she use it nobly? There are thousands to-day who are looking out of their loneliness, their poverty or their crime, for the new age, when women shall be truer to themselves than men have ever

been to woman—the new age of higher civilization, when moral power shall take the place of brute force, and peace succeed to war.—*T. W. Higginson.*

### QUESTION FOR THOUGHTFUL THEOLOGIAN.

The Springfield *Republican* makes the following extract from a private letter, which it truly says, "will start various thinking, and lead to various conclusions." The events of the last two years have compelled many to revise their previous theological opinions. The question comes home to all hearts — "What becomes of those who die fighting the battles of the country from pure patriotism?" Will they, "the godless, living evil lives, who fall in battle," will they be cast off forever? We find few so bold as to give an affirmative answer to this startling question, and the manner in which it is met in the extract given below, together with the general public and private comments on our heroic dead, whose bones bleach so many battle-fields, show in what current public opinion is drifting, and how decided are the tendencies to a more correct theological opinion of our Heavenly Father, and his dealings, even with the most erring of his children:—

"Speaking of soldiers brings to my mind an occurrence of a few days ago. A friend was with me; we had both been silent for some time, each busy with our own thoughts, when suddenly my friend looked up and exclaimed, 'Tell me!—these men who are fighting our battles, the godless, who are living evil lives, but yet men who serve their country from *pure* patriotism; what will become of them when they fall in battle?' The question startled and hurt me. 'Don't,' I cried; 'let us think of the *true* and *noble* who fall.' We did think and did talk of both the noble and godless, with pain at first, but now with almost pleasure. They are safer now than when on earth; they are free from all temptation. Our God is a God of perfect wisdom, perfect power, and perfect love. He will be just and merciful. Can we not trust Him? God can see into their hearts. God is a Father of infinite love and wisdom; all will be well."

**STRIVING AFTER YOUTH.** Women, says an exchange, never make so great a mistake as when, in defiance of wrinkles, crows' feet, and increasing portliness of contour, they cling, as it were, to the skirts of youth, and refuse to be anything but girls of sixteen in manner, dress and position. Yet so many will do it; so very many, especially of those whom the fates ordain to remain single, think that to be admired, or even esteemed, they must keep below the charming equator of twenty, and never, on any account, own to being out of their teens. This is partly the fault of their male friends, who, being misled by white lies innumerable, never yet have seen any female over forty, and have a general impression that fifteen crowns woman's loveliness and perfection. Of course to be neglected by the sterner sex is not to be thought of, and the older the frightened maiden finds herself growing, the more she thinks it necessary to trip and giggle, and the lower she has her corsage cut. At seventeen she looked grave when she felt grave, and laughed on the impulse of the moment; when weary, she walked slowly; when disposed to be silent, she held her tongue; but at thirty, she simpers, lest people should think her youth fading; shivers in unsuitable costume, lest age should be supposed the cause of proper and comfortable clothing; and chatters and giggles continually because that is her idea of juvenility.

The inner life, with its thoughts, its conscience, is supreme. Its voice is heard above all outward tumult,—it projects its light or shadow upon the universe. The natural world is at once its instrument and its instructor. As we become true to our better nature—loving and good—so do we learn how to use the world aright; so do all the ordinances of life appear to be established for great and wise purposes. The day is not only for labor, and the night for rest, but every to trust and adore God, and to love man hour and every event is that we may learn better—may have faith in adversity, humility in success, penitence for sin, strength in weakness, and support in death.

## Editor's Table.

It is with a feeling of most unwonted pleasure, that I am at length able to say to the readers of the "Repository," that after an eight months' illness and absence from her post in its Editorial Department, Mrs. Soule is now so far able to resume her literary labors as to contribute a few short pieces for the present number. Miss Davis, too, I am happy to say, is gradually improving in health, and, although still quite unable to use her eyes, by the assistance of an amanuensis, has also furnished a story for this number.

After your long confinement to the, perhaps you will say, meagre diet furnished by us, I imagine your delight at these *entrees delicieuses* and congratulate you as I do myself, and this, perhaps, is a suitable opportunity for me to say that, during the long and unavoidable silence of these two ladies, you have had many things to excuse in my management of the magazine, as the labor in this field, in addition to my many other cares and avocations, has not been slight. You will, you *have*, I am sure, been ready to overlook and pardon all sins of omission as well as of commission.

The following article on Spring is from Mrs. Soule.

### THE VOICE OF SPRING.

There's a voice on the river,  
A voice in the vale,  
In the leaflets that quiver  
In the rush of the gale,  
In forests, on mountains,  
Its music is heard,  
And silvery fountains  
Awake at its word,  
And feathery songsters are out on the wing;  
For nature revives at the voice of the spring.

Awaken! awaken!  
Leaf, river, and tree;  
Your chains I have shaken,  
Again ye are free; —  
Soon founts shall be gushing  
With musical streams,  
And flowers be blushing

With the bright hues of dreams,  
And jewels of beauty on earth I will fling,  
For nature shall bloom at the coming of spring.

"There's life in the waters,  
There's light in the skies,  
Spring's flower-crowned daughters  
In beauty arise;  
O'er the earth they are flinging  
Their spells of delight,  
And roses are springing  
From the tears of the night;

There's a charm and a glory on earth's meanest thing,  
For nature blooms bright at the voice of the spring.

Spring! How few of us realize the intense significance of this term, when applied to the season which is even now trailing its beautiful garments all over our mountains, valleys, and meadows; queening it indeed over our zone. Spring! What is it but the annual resurrection, the yearly recurring miracle of nature, the Christ-voice which says to the dead of the past summer and autumn, "Come forth." How the tombs rock at that sound, how the storms are rolled away, the shrouds slipped off, and the nakedness of the quickened hidden by fair, fresh robes! Spring! Our earth, for months frost-bound and snow-white, springs out of winter's arms and once more offers its bare, brown, teeming surface to the plough and harrow. Water, freed by the triumphant sun from its icy fetters, springs onward once again, here to the solemn music of the mighty river, there to the tinkling bells of the tiny streamlet, yonder to the silver clashing of the garden fountain, and further on to the deep thunder tones of the mountain torrent. The long-congealed life of trees and shrubs now springs into motion, and the rising sap swells in the brown buds till every one is seamed with veins of emerald. Beneath them, all over the hillsides, in the deep valleys, the broad prairies and the fenced meadows, the grass springs up and as by magic a carpet softer than woven

velvet is spread out. And the flowers, do they not spring up everywhere, arbutus and anemone and liverwort and bloodroot in the wood land, cowslips in the swamps, violets and crows-foot in the fields, snow-drops under the window, and hyacinths in the garden? And birds, are they not springing from every branch and bough, and singing as they spring? And insects, brilliant ephemera, how they seem to spring out of the very sunbeams and in such myriad numbers, too, that the whole atmosphere quivers as a living breath!

Oh, the denizens of the city can never realize the true, full meaning of this term. Only to the dweller in the country, the inhabitant of oot, cabin, and farmhouse, does the season come with its deep significance. Let such an one wander off on some balmy day when the last snow drift has melted, when the sod is sprinkled all over with tender green, when the rivulet flashes back light with every ripple, when the waterfall's foam is like shifting rainbows, when the tawny banners of the birch, the crimson fringe of the maple and "elmin leaves large as a farden" cast shimmering shadows over the turf, when a flower nods to you at every step, when a bird sings to you on every bough, when an insect hums in every sunbeam, and *he will feel* what the spring-time is, the season of promise, the seed-time of earth, the miracle sared to our own zone. Further north, the transition is at once from winter to summer, there is no time for an intervening season, while to the south there is no spring, because perpetual summer reigns, no sleep to be awakened from, no rest to be broken up, no resurrection, because no dead. Oh, this annual jubilee! this springing up of nature's loveliest forms, this chorus of singing voices, this blending of soft breezes and spicy odors, who can enjoy it without reflection on that spring of long ago, when Christ burst from the tomb, without, too, looking forward to that spring in the hidden future when our yet dead darlings, those precious ones whom we laid away in the cold, dark earth, with tears and sobs and broken hearts, shall awaken from their long sleep and robed in glory, enter the New Jerusalem, that holiest of homes,

"Where everlasting *spring* abides"?

C. A. S.

Some observations which I have *sometimes* been lead to make among the people around me, and the knowledge of certain difficulties I have observed, have induced me to offer in this

Table a few remarks on those bewitching, bewildering things, "Little Feet."

#### LITTLE FEET.

If there is any one feature of the human figure which American ladies prize more highly than another, I verily believe it is "exquisitely shaped feet!" Their faces may be thinned and blanched and coarsened by an impeded circulation occasioned by the pinching, the cramping, the lacing of the foot and ankle, but then they have as a compensation a "darling little foot." They may have sudden palpitation of the heart, or a partial paralysis of the whole system in consequence of the stagnation of blood induced by the enormous pressure on the veins and arteries of the extremities; but what of that? have they not "the sweetest, the cunningest little feet?" They may have *corns*—I beg pardon—or bunions—they may walk with an ungainly and tottering gait, instead of with the firm, easy, gliding grace so much more admirable, but *n'importe*, they have such "dear little feet."

Jesting aside, dear ladies, young and going-on elderly, the custom so prevalent in this country of pinching the feet to make them small and beautiful is a bad one. Aside from its undeniable injury to the health and its discomforts, it is intrinsically absurd. To go maimed and halting all our days for the doubtful advantage of producing a foot disproportionately small, when compared with our general dimensions, is not the strongest evidence in the world of sterling sense or good taste.

The English ladies wear stout and wide-soled shoes, and consequently move with an ease, firmness, and decision, a freedom and grace, which we, who claim great grace of movement, are not able to imitate. The French ladies wear broad-soled, comfortable shoes, in spite of the narrow, slender shoes, manufactured expressly for the American market, which are generally imported from France; and there are no people in the world whose motion is more graceful than that of the French ladies.

Even allowing that a little foot, a *very* little foot, is of all things to be coveted, let what else may suffer, do you know, dear ladies, that, do your best, you are still, when compared with the ladies of some other countries, leagues away in the background? Think of the fair dames of the Celestial Empire, those daughters of the sun, whose feet, three inches in length and two in breadth, can be thrust into a shoe no larger than your baby's! There are little feet for

you! How proud they are of them! But even *they* are left ingloriously in the lurch by the ladies of Mantchou Tartary. Fleming, in his "Travels on Horseback" through that benighted country, introduces us to some of its fair denizens after this fashion.

"Look at those poor creatures now scuttling away, in as bad a plight as if some inhuman monster had amputated their feet at the ankles, balancing themselves with extreme difficulty, supported by the walls or clinging to anything that may in the least aid them in their progression and prevent their downfall; while they move their stiffened legs and plant their wasted heels and crushed toes, which are hid in doll-like shoes, smaller than we ever saw at Canton, Shanghai, or even Peking, just as a Chelsea pensioner would do if he tried to walk with two wooden substitutes for his nether limbs, without a staff, then say what any other family of the human species could show to equal such a sight."

Ladies, wear comfortable shoes and do not say "oh, my feet are perfectly comfortable," when they are squeezed into the shape of a straight pine, aching with a compression that stagnates the blood in their veins. Wear thick-soled shoes, as so many sensible persons now do, and commit to memory *The Natural History of Consumption*. Two thin shoes make one cold; two colds one attack of bronchitis; two attacks of bronchitis one mahogany box.

As it is said that the Repository, though dedicated particularly to ladies, is absolutely read by many of our clergyman, a feeling of magnanimity prompts us to dedicate a small portion, at least, of its contents to their benefit. A thing in my poor way to advance them in their weekly, if not weakly, course up the "Hill Difficulty" which so many find as hard to climb as did Bunyan's Pilgrim. At present I can to that end only recommend the perusal of the following extract from the letter of a lady to her son, then in college, and preparing for the ministry.

"Try and be well prepared, my son, for your sacred calling. Select interesting subjects and cultivate a fine style and manner. I felt the importance of this more than ever yesterday while I was in church, listening to Dr. Mundy. He is giving a series of sermons on the different kinds of wood used in the building of Solomon's Temple. They are exceedingly interesting, and he has such a flow of beautiful

words, and such wavy gestures, and looks so gentlemanly, I am sure he is doing a vast deal of good. The church is always full."

#### Names and Their Meaning.

It is pleasant when we speak the name of a friend to understand its meaning. Many of the proper names of the Bible were given as mementoes of some misfortune, or to express some pensive feeling. The name of our first mother, Eve, signifies a woman; Mara implies bitterness, and Jesus, a Saviour. The ancient mythologists indicated their love of nature by the names they gave their men and women, those of the latter being derived especially from various plants and flowers. Among them are Barbara, derived from barbaries, the barbary-tree; Rosa, from the rose; Laura, from the laurel; Lucy, from *lucus*, a grove; Rosamond, from *rose mundi*, the flower of the world; Agnes, from *agnus*, a lamb; Melissa, from a Greek word signifying a bee; Dorcas, a rose; Phillis, a leaf; Rachel, a sheep; Jacintha, a hyacinth; Galatea is milk; Cynthia, the moon; Jesse, an engraft of a tree; Aurelia; means a cotton wood; Margaret, a pearl and a daisy; Cecil, a heartwort; and Chloe, a green herb.

Many poems are beautiful and stately, but how few poems the exquisite tenderness and sweet simplicity of the following. It is not new; many of you have seen it before, but which of you will not read it again that its beauty, long-forgotten perhaps, may steal once more into your hearts.

#### Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,  
Red lips shutting over pearls,  
Bare feet white, and wet with dew,  
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;  
Little boy and girl were they, —  
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Flashed its silver and thick ranks  
Of green willows fringed with banks;  
Halt in thought, and half in play, —  
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;  
He was taller, — 'most a head;  
She with arms like wreaths of snow,

Swung a basket to and fro,  
As they loitered, half in play,  
Chattering to Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,  
And there came a dash of red  
Through the brownness of his cheek,  
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,  
And I'll carry, so I will,  
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,  
"You shall carry only half;"  
And then tossing back her curls,  
"Boys are weak as well as girls."  
Do you think that Katie guesses  
Half the wisdom she expresses?

Men are only boys grown tall,  
Hearts don't change much after all,  
And when long years from that day,  
Katie Lee and Willie Gray  
Stood again beside the brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said, —  
While again a dash of red  
Crowned the brownness of his cheek, —  
"I am strong and you are weak;"  
Life is but a slippery steep  
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?  
Walk beside me without fear?  
May I carry, if I will,  
All your burdens up the hill?"  
And she answered with a laugh,  
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook;  
Working with its silver hands  
Late and early at the sands,  
Is a cottage, where to-day  
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and lo!  
Swings a basket to and fro,  
Vastly different from the one  
That she swung in years ago;  
This is long, and deep, and wide,  
And has rockers at the side.

#### THE LITERATURE OF STORIES.

Ruskin has written a sparkling, splendid book, on the "Stories of Venice," and the

world has therefore woven a chaplet for his brow, and voted him magnificent. In America the *furor* is for exhuming, and disembalming the literature, not the "Stories of Venice," or other storied cities, but of gravestones, and other rustic, rural monuments. Old burial-places are ransacked; old churchyards explored; Old Mortalities full of solemn reverence for the past, chisel anew the half-obliterated inscription and bring to light epitaphs strange and quaint, and sometimes half ludicrous, still to be traced on many a moss-grown, sunken stone; and give to the world the result of their pious labors. The pages of the Repository have borne the record of some of them before, but for all this, room still remains, and readers still are ready, I doubt not, to accept now and then another, provided it be *worth* reading.

To this class, I am sure the two or three which follow belong.

The first is an epitaph still extant in Bideford churchyard, England, and pathetically sets forth love.

"The wedding-day appointed was, —  
The wedding clothes provided;  
But ere the day did come— alas!  
He sickened and he die did."

The following terse and concentrated couplet is found on a dilapidated stone in Wiltshire, but now nearly obliterated:—

"Here I lie: no wonder I'm dead,  
For the wheel of a wagon went over my head."

Another in the churchyard of Storington, also in the "Mother Isle," conveys this extraordinary information:—

"Here lies the body of Edward Hide;  
We laid him here because he died."

Another seems to study terseness, brevity, and general biographical facts.

"Here lies  
Elizabeth Wise,  
Who died of thunder sent from heaven,  
In 1777."

In the following and last, rhythm seems more successfully courted than rhyme;

"Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,  
Killed by a tree that fell slap bang."

I must not forget the children, and I close with a pretty little article on "Dolly May."

## DOLLY MAY.

INSCRIBED TO MY LITTLE FRIEND HERMIONE.

I've a darling little dolly, and her eyes are  
black as sloes;

She lounges on the sofa night and day,  
And never cares a bawbee for the mending of  
her clo'es,

Nor quarrels with the children at their play.  
Oh ! my bonny Dolly May ! how I love you all  
the day,

How I prattle, too, and kiss you ! — none the  
less

That I can but feel the lack when you never  
kiss me back,

Nor caressingly return my caress.

Though my dolly is a beauty, she is neither  
proud nor vain ;

Will never, like Miss Shallow, put on airs ;  
But a quiet little lady she will evermore remain,  
Undisturbed by our troubles and our cares.

Oh, my darling Dolly May is the sharer of my  
play,

And her eyes seem to watch me, as they roll  
Like a living baby's eyes, with a questioning  
surprise,

Till it seems as if dolly had a soul.

She is older than her mother—funny, isn't it ?  
and queer ?

But she never disobeys me, though 'tis so,  
Nor pouts when I reprove her, nor squeezes out  
a tear

With her knuckles, like some little girls you  
know.

Oh, my pretty Dolly May, I shall sorrow for  
the day

When the fancies of my childhood all are o'er,  
And the crabbed Mrs. Grundy says, " Oh, fie !  
you musn't play,

Such a lady ! with your dolly any more ! "

**THE LOVER'S EXPLOITS.** *By Plato Castanis.* This article in the March number, I should have informed the reader was written by a Greek gentleman, now dead, but many years ago in this country, and given by him to me. For several years before his death he was English professor in the college at Athens, Greece.

**MR. JAMES LUMBARD.** The caustic and witty critique on certain poems from the German, also in our last number, should have been credited to this gentleman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — *Postage.*

It seems not be known to most of our correspondents that the new postage law allows all manuscript intended for the press to go through the mail at the rate of *four ounces for two cents*. The envelope should be open a little at one end and marked **MANUSCRIPT**, which will insure its going through at the above low price.

## BOOK NOTICES.

**OVER THE RIVER.** — This forthcoming work, from the pen of Rev. T. B. Thayer, should find its way to every home in our Union. One great object of the book, besides affording comfort and consolation to the afflicted and bereaved, is to render us more familiar, with what to many is such a subject of dread,—death. It is also intended to inculcate more enlarged and elevating ideas respecting the Future Life; what we are to be and what to do there—in a word, to show that heaven is something more than merely singing hymns and playing on golden harps; that it is intellectual and spiritual growth, an ever increasing knowledge of the perfections of God, as displayed in the countless worlds, and systems, and constellations which throng the abysses of space, which it is reasonable to suppose the soul freed from the body will visit, and become familiar with, rejoicing in all their glorious exhibitions of divine power, wisdom, and goodness.

Of the mechanical portion of the work it is hardly necessary to speak. The names of the publishers is a guarantee that it will, in every way be in accordance with the most perfect taste.

The demand for it has already begun, and those who are desirous of procuring a copy of the first edition should send at once to the publishers.

**GOSPEL PRECEPTS**, the 2d book of a series called the *Scriptural Series*, is the title of a Sunday School lesson book, prepared by Rev. Wm. R. French, and just published by Tompkins & Co., at 25 Cornhill, Boston. This little work, as its title implies, contains practical lessons from the teachings of Christ, adapted to the capacity and needs of children; and, after examining it, we are confident in commending it as one of the most useful books for the Sunday School and the family which we have ever seen. Our Sunday School Superintendents and Librarians should not fail to bear in mind **FRENCH'S GOSPEL PRECEPTS**.

THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

By —.

### CHAPTER XI.

A FEW WEEKS after the unfortunate occurrences of the "Surprise Party," I was able to resume my place amid the world-workers. It was not an easy thing to do. My mind, through that long bodily weakness, had grown inactive and listless. I had neither the resolution nor strength to press myself into the niches of duty. My parish was like a half-worn and neglected stocking. Stitches were let down in every direction.

I sometimes grew discouraged, when I heard complaints here and murmurings there because the minister's duties were undone. I tried to satisfy the fault-finders as speedily as possible; but I soon found that nothing was gained by out-running my strength. For one over day's work, I often lay by three or four, unable to do anything.

At length I learned wisdom, and I said, "The Universe was not made in a day—even this little world took a long time in its creation; and in the present lost and forlorn condition of the creatures God has created, he does not make undue haste for their redemption. Cannot I be calm and patient with my work, as he is with his?"

Then I bided my time more wisely,

and when my people murmured at my delays, I taught them, too, a lesson of patience, that we might all be benefited by what at first seemed only a cross and a misfortune. The first Sunday that I went to church was for me a humiliating day.

Of all the mortifications in the way of dress that I have ever felt, the wearing of that suit of clothing was the worst. I have before now had necessity for wearing clothes threadbare and gray with age, but they were my own, honestly, ungrudgingly mine, and I could wear them *even proudly*, for I believe that half the pride we mortals feel is over our humility. A strange statement, but, I believe, a true one.

You never heard of any one, I think, who was proud of *being* proud. On the contrary, people resent with indignity having it said that they are haughty. But with what avidity they will grasp at the compliment when they are called meek and humble.

I was humiliated when I wore a threadbare coat, but I enjoyed the humiliation when I reflected that it was in my Master's behalf that I was chastened.

Now I was dressed in the best the market afforded, but it had been bought with other men's money, and I knew they looked upon it in that light. I was their agent, deputed to appear in fine apparel,



as an advertising sheet for their generosity.

But why do I linger over, and descant upon, so trifling an annoyance, when troubles so much larger were waiting in the immediate future for me.

There were many and varied trials connected with our stay at Speedwell, but they all culminated in one great sorrow, which, like a mountain wave, washed over the shore of our life, and blotted out the trace of all the tears which we had shed before.

The spring-time was at hand. All the hope which comes of that opening morning of the year had crept into our hearts. It was a time for forgetting life's suffering, and thinking only of its joy, and we all resolved that for a little time we would lay aside our heart-aches and anxieties, and give ourselves up to festivity and joy.

John and Katie, who had for so long time kept their hope bright in absence, had resolved to unite their hitherto lonely paths. John's position and salary had been again advanced and increased sufficiently to make the support of a wife possible to him, and the time of Katie's long and patient labor and waiting seemed to be nearly at an end. As she had no father and mother to share the festivities of a bridal occasion, and no home to make glad with bridal cheer, we over-persuaded her to come to Speedwell and be married at our house. Katie had many pleasant associations to leave in the place of her birth,—a place where she had spent the whole of her life; where all her sorrows had been sympathized with, and her burdens lightened by the judicious counsel of friends. The parting from those friends was a time for tears, and yet how all this darkness was rainbow-hued with the great hope which was lying close nestled in her heart. 'Tis thus that the balance of our lives is perfected. A great joy and a great sorrow are laid over against one another, and out from the trembling oscillation springs the glory of a spirit, beatified and redeemed.

Katie came to us a month before the time appointed for the wedding, in order that she might have opportunity to make

her purchases in the city, and have her clothing made in the approved styles. The wedding outfit was not to be an extravagant one, but we were all anxious that it should be fit and appropriate. Katie was modest in her tastes, and did not desire extraordinary preparation for her bridal, but it was delightful to me to see with what a pretty, whole-hearted *abandon* she gave herself up to the new sensation of buying adornments and decorations for her person. She had never in her life indulged before in that kind of pleasure, and though now, of necessity, the indulgence was circumscribed and limited by her small means, yet it was more than she had ever felt; and she rejoiced by reason of the newness of the sensation.

Nell, too, gave herself up for the time to the excitement and novelty of the preparation. To make others happy was always her delight; it became particularly so in this case, when the parties concerned were so near to her, and their happiness was so wrapped up in her own.

Her counsel and assistance were of great value to Katie, as she had, during the year that was past, become quite a woman of the world, in the way of learning the tricks of trade. She flitted about the streets with her as if they had been girls together. She renewed her youth, and permitted the joy to overflow from her heart, as if the callous of years had put no barriers about its brim.

Silks and cashmeres, ribbons and laces, took unwarranted liberties in all the family rooms in the house. Of course, the parlors belonging to the parish, we were not allowed to spread the signals of our joy over them; but every other place in the house was turned *pro tempore* into a palace of confusion.

The children were in their element, looking at the wonders, and asking so many questions that, if the occasion had been other than a bridal, the tongue that answered them all must have grown weary and impatient. But who ever saw a bride elect lose the equanimity of her spirit amidst the excitements of her preparations. The sunlight of that great, fore-shadowing joy sifts into all the cloudy

crevices of the spirit, and there is light in every chamber of the soul.

I, too, caught the spirit of happiness which pervaded the household, and all through that month my soul sang its May-day songs, and throbbed with joy over this blossom-time of life. My sermons were touched with the electric pulses which thrilled about me, and my people, who recognized quickly any marked freshness of thought, attributed it to my late sickness. I was often complimented on the vigor and strength of my thought. Perhaps a part of their suspicions were true. The breath of joy which blew over my spirit might, and probably did, waken into life buds of thought, which, without that stimulus, never would have developed. But I am compelled to think that the winter time of affliction which preceded it was the main source of my mental prosperity. I had been chastened by affliction, and my soul had been subdued. I had felt the rod, and been humbled by its correction; and again I had stood near to the valley of shadows, and almost looked on the glory of the beautiful land beyond. Perhaps some of the light of it had stolen into my soul, and given me power to speak of the glory of God as I could never have done without that experience. I am only making suppositions of reasons for the peculiarity of my mental mood during that season.

My reasons may or may not have foundation in truth. When we study mental phenomena more narrowly, we shall ascertain, perhaps, the ground for these varying moods of the mind. We shall know why it is that some days our thoughts seem leaden-winged, and our mental calibre scarce above that of the brutes, while other times we are lifted almost into kinship with the angels, and our thoughts soar away into untried and unexplored regions of light.

Are we God-lifted at such times, or does he give his angels charge concerning us?

Perhaps, dear reader, you do not care to have me delay my narration for questions of this kind, while preparations for a wedding are going forward; so I will waive them, and go back again

to the interesting subject of the bridal. It was agreed by all that, in consideration of our means, we had better not make a large wedding party.

We were easily reconciled to this necessity, for we knew that to begin invitations in our parish was to open a gate which it would be impossible to shut without giving offence.

There were a few, of the less critical sort, whose genuine true-heartedness had won our affections, whom we would have been glad to have entertained; but it was impossible to invite one without inviting all. Such is a minister's house, and such his relation to his friends. He cannot, with safety to his prosperity, indulge freedom in his possession of the one, or in the indulgence of his feeling towards the other.

We decided, in the circumstances, that our only safety lay in inviting but few friends, and those from a distance.

There were some dear faces in the old parish that we longed to see, and Katie desired them to be present; so we trusted her with the invitations, and anticipated only joy in the result. We knew that the guests who were to come would be wholly in sympathy with us, and not fearing criticism, or expecting ridicule, we looked only for pleasure in welcoming them.

With these pleasant anticipations all before us, we drew near to the time for the bridal. Katie was methodical in all her arrangements, and she had so ordered her preparations that no part of the work was allowed to tread upon the heels of another part. Everything was done in its season, and when we drew near to the day of the wedding there was none of the confusion or hurry which often attends such occasions, to make the parties miserable and uncomfortable with one another at the very outset of life. On account of this very negligence I have heard harsh words spoken before marriage which were never forgotten in the after years. Frosts may come in the winter of life, but they are sad in the spring-time, when all the rich vegetation of the summer has got to be crippled by their untimely nipping. 'Tis so with the spring-time of life. Early unkindness nips the buds of affection,

which the heart is putting forth, and all through the after summer of blossoming, there will be less of beauty and harmony because of it.

Katie was philosopher enough to have thought this problem out, and she governed herself accordingly. Her dress-maker and milliner were not allowed to say, over the wedding dress, "If I finish this in time for the ceremony, it will be sufficient," or, "This travelling dress you will not need until next week, and I will certainly have it ready by that time," or, "I will send the bridal bonnet round on the day of the bridal. To all these remarks Katie had one answer: "These things must be all finished and in my possession by Saturday night of this week. If you cannot furnish them for me by that time, I will take them to some one who can."

By reason of this promptness and decision, all the bridal wardrobe was ready, and at our house for inspection, on Saturday preceding the eventful week of which I am about to write. Never before, I think, was a bridal outfit more admired. It was not elaborate or expensive, but everything about it was in good taste and unexceptionable, and we were prepared to give it a large share of admiration. Not that silks or laces changed their quality or hue because they had been adopted into our family. Their added value lay, not in inherent merit in them; it had grown by reason of their adoption. It is wonderful how much we admire things that are our own. *Our baby, our house, our horse, or even our dog and cat*, what extraordinary qualities do we find in them all.

So we admired all these trivials in the line of dress, and thought that never before was there a bridal outfit so appropriate and perfect in every part.

The ceremony was to take place Tuesday evening. Many of the friends came up on Monday, and our house and hearts were filled to overflowing with the joy of greeting.

As John must necessarily be away from his business some days on the bridal journey, he had decided not to leave Boston until the evening train Monday, by which

he would arrive at Speedwell at midnight. It had been several months since we had seen him, and our anticipations of his coming had filled all our hearts with joy.

All our conversation for the evening was tinged with that one bright-hued hope.

I never saw Nell in a happier mood. She discussed with animation the question "whether there was more joy or sorrow in rearing a family of children."

One of the guests, who had felt bitter heart-aches on account of a reckless, disobedient son, maintained that there was much more sadness in one's experience, while rearing a family, than possibilities for joy. She enumerated all the cares and troubles incident to the early years of a child's life, descanted upon the watchings and anxieties, the toils and pains, the fears and hopes alternating over its cradle bed; and, after all that, the bitter, bitter anguish of seeing it mature from its childhood innocence into an outcast whose reckless wickedness must chill even the love of a mother. "And do these things pay?" she asked. "Is there enough white light in all these years of shadow to recompense one for the darkness?"

There was wisdom and power in Nell's defence. She said,—

"All of God's providences pay. He never created, that it was not with wise intent. No soul is burdened with sin that has not a hope of better things in store for it. And every mother heart can wait and watch and pray for the redemption of its loved and lost. God has often a great and all recompensing joy in store for those who have been bowed down even through many years of sorrow. And sometimes in an hour he will, in the conversion of her lost one, pour into that mother's heart the missing joy of years. Be patient, dear friend," she added; "there may come a time when your heart will say, as mine does to-night, Earth has no joy like the love of dutiful children."

Katie was sitting near me during this conversation, and I saw that she was disturbed by the bitterness which our friend evinced in the frank avowal of her sorrows. It was not a time for heart aches. Our spirits were all clothed in their ha-

biliments of joy—why should we allow a badge of mourning to be added to them?

'Tis the misfortune of a world like this that there is no unclouded joy. Nell and I, who had long ago learned this lesson of life, were prepared for this shadow. It was no surprise to us to be called on to take up others' burdens, and help bear them, whether our own were light or heavy. But with Katie it was different. She was young, and had not yet learned all the self-sacrificing lessons of life. She had a right to decline others' burdens that night, and I was glad when she stole softly from the room. No one observed that she was gone but myself; so no link was broken in the sympathies of the circle, and one heart was happier without depriving others of joy. We have all of us a right to happiness when we get it on those terms.

An hour later in the evening I went up to the children's bedroom, to answer one of those nocturnal cries with which houses where children dwell are famously haunted.

Passing the room which had been reserved for the bridal chamber, I saw Katie sitting at the window, leaning her face against the glass, looking out into the night. Hearing my footstep, she looked toward me, and there, upturned in the moonlight, was a face so full of joy it might have been an angel's guerdon of peace. I never saw so much happiness in a human countenance before.

On the bridal bed, like a cloud of fairy dreams, lay the wedding garments of sheer muslin—the bridal veil, and all the light paraphernalia of a bride's costume. These formed the background of that lovely picture. The fair young girl, with her dream of love irradiating a face pure almost as an angel's, and the white soft moonlight shedding its witchery over the whole.

Shall I ever forget that vision of beauty, that consummation of earthly joy, halloed by the approving eye of angels? Why could it not have been stereotyped, and kept for the world to learn by it the possibility of earthly joy? Why could I not have retained it distinctly enough to have reproduced it on canvas? If that

could have been, I might have taken rank above the most noted of the world's artists.

But no! that beautiful vision vanished, and the look of patient suffering which replaced its holy joy has been my picture for study ever since.

I could not pass her without a kindly word; so I paused to say,—

"Why, Katie, what happy thought has so possessed your soul as to separate you from us all, and make you entirely satisfied with your own society?"

She replied without hesitation,—

"I was thinking why God should have ever created any other heaven than this. I am sure we can be happy enough in a world such as we have here. If we never were to be taken from it, I could be content."

"Oh, Katie!" said Nell, who had come to my side in time to hear the last remark, "take those words back before they have fully gone from your lips. It is a fearful thing to say that we have no need of heaven."

"I didn't say that we had no need of heaven; only that that need was already supplied, without our being transferred from this world. If you mean by the word heaven, as I do, perfect happiness, I am sure I have attained to it; and what can I want farther."

"Don't, don't, Katie!" urged Nell. It makes me tremble to hear you speak so. You have a temporary joy, it is true, which rose-tints life, and makes it seem as if there was nothing more to be desired; but, my dear child, you are only at the opening door of life's morning, just in the early May-time which precedes its summer. Hoping for the sunniest day, or the balmiest season, you will have much of shadow and many storms before life is over. There will be many times when you will be thankful for the hope of heaven—when you will look up and bless God that you "have here no continuing city, but are seeking one to come." At such times you will remember the rash words spoken to-night, and wish that they were unsaid."

"I will not say them with my lips, if they distress you," said Katie, "but my

heart will keep repeating them, however I may chide it."

At this moment I interfered by saying, "Why should we temper life's joy with forebodings. If Katie thinks she has attained the acme of bliss, let her dream go undisturbed. Enough bitterness stirs up in the fountain of life, without disturbing its waters when they are peaceful."

So this conversation was temporarily suspended.

When we descended to the parlors, our guests were ready to retire, and Katie came after they were gone and sat with Nell and me in the study, waiting for the coming of the midnight train. All of her hope and joy rested in the safe arrival of a single railway carriage, and yet she trusted it as she ought only to have trusted in the "Rock of Ages."

We resumed the topic of interest, and the time sped swiftly on. Katie called our attention to the midnight chimes before I had realized that the noon of night was near.

A half-hour we waited, yet we heard no train. Katie grew impatient, and said,—

"The cars are late to-night on purpose to try the strength of my patience."

Another half-hour passed, and yet no signal indicating their arrival.

I confess that I myself grew nervously anxious. There must be a reason for the delay, and my heart foreboded the worst. Katie seemed not to be oppressed with apprehension, and I would not needlessly alarm her. She complained only of impatience, not once of fear. She was walking on the very border of the gulf which was to overwhelm her, and yet she saw only the flowers under her feet.

After another quarter of an hour's waiting, I rose, and said carelessly, as if no weight were lying at my heart,—

"I think I must go after those cars. They seem to have forgotten that we are waiting for them."

I never remember to have had so much unhappiness, ere actual sorrow had overtaken me, as weighed on my heart while I was walking to the depot that night. And yet how like nothing it all seemed, when compared to the awful

reality that was awaiting me there. As I neared the depot, I saw that there was some unusual excitement. People were running to and fro and anxiously crowding one another. And yet there was no shouting or noise, such as usually attends a mass of humanity. The silence was ominous. I knew before I reached them that they were standing in the presence of some great calamity. As soon as I came near enough, I heard the moaning of persons in distress, the subdued sobs of sympathizing friends, and the dreadful "O my God!" of a mother who had found the mangled corpse of her son.

I comprehended all at a glance. There had been a railroad accident, and all the horrible mangling and murder which belong to such scenes were before me.

Only one thought possessed me. My own—my first-born—my beautiful boy—was he still alive?

How can I describe to you my search for him? I was half blinded with grief, I was distracted with anxiety, I was overpowered with fear. Struggling amid all these emotions, I groped my way among the dead and dying till I came upon the form for which I was searching—not bruised, nor disfigured, only still and lifeless. Beautiful as when I had seen him last, with the sweet smile of hope not yet dead on his lips, he lay before me, the personification of all my joy and all my wretchedness.

Joy that he had lived, and grown to such fair manhood, and been mine to love and hope for. Wretchedness that he was mine no longer, that he was cut off in his manhood's prime, that I could hope for his earthly development no more.

Oh! my poor sad heart. Sad for its own misery, sad for the dreadful necessity of bearing these tidings to the loved ones at home.

Where now were Katie's dreams of heaven?

I cannot tell you how I broke the news to her. I cannot describe how the awful fact, too terrible to be at first believed, had to be forced upon her heart, that she was widowed, before she had learned how the dear name *wife* could make her pulses thrill.

And Nell, too, with her great, loving, patient heart, she had to kiss the clay-cold lips, and learn how hard it is to give a first-born to the company of angels.

Three hours after I first saw Katie at the window, the personification of all that was beautiful in perfect joy, she sat there again, in the very same chair, by the very same window, the same holy moonlight bathing her brow and kissing her lips. But, oh! the desolation writ on the last picture. The fair young girl was there still, but her form was bowed and shrunk-en, as it seemed, under the burden of the great woe. The bridal drapery had been all removed from the bed, and in the place of it lay all that remained of our beloved departed one.

Let me drop the curtain upon the sad picture; for who shall dare to sing the song of the heart in sorrow, or paint in words the desolation of a soul bereft?

#### • WOMAN'S TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of the heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.—*English Paper.*

THE individual and the race are always moving, and as we drift into new latitudes, new lights open in the heaven more immediately over us.

#### CASTLES IN SPAIN.

By E. R. W.

Our valley is filled with a noise of complaint,  
And the hills answer back with a moan;  
Yet messages come to us, borne on the wind,  
With a cheery and jubilant tone.

For the roof that shuts from us the wild storm  
to-night  
Shelters many a day-dreaming brain;  
And up through the darkness, unheeding the  
blast,  
Rises grandly each castle in Spain.

I know how they glisten, with glitter and gleam;  
With their hues not the rainbow can vie—  
How the halls are resplendent with jewel and  
gem,  
Where the music of joy cannot die.

All the splendors of Rome never equalled their  
glow,  
No temple of gods can compare;  
But no altar I see, where denial and toil  
Can bring a low sacrifice there!

The cares and the duties God sent with the  
day  
Are folded back out of our sight;  
And I know that the storm, on his broad raven  
wing,  
Bears aloft these wild visions of light.

Sweet dreamer! believe me, the clouds roll be-  
tween  
Thy fairy-built castle and thee.  
'Twill fade like the mountain when twilight  
comes down,  
Or when mist rolleth up from the sea.

There's a castle I read of where pain cometh  
not;  
Where sorrow hath never a tear;  
And where hunger, and war with its ravishing  
hand,  
Leave never a lone heart to fear.

Its doors are wide open, and purified souls  
Gather in from the myriad lands;  
And God, in his boundless love, welcomes us  
all  
To the "Mansions" not built "with  
hands."  
Clinton, N. Y.

## THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

By Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

## CHAPTER XI.

It is into the interior of the Black Mill, into a rude and low but spacious apartment, that the reader is now introduced. And it is a room thousands of whose counterparts existed all over New England in the early settlement of the country, before luxury crept in, or fashion brought her polished garniture to rout out the homely but useful appointments of the kitchen and keeping-room of the olden time. From its rafters and solid beams, which, black with age and moisture, and shiny with their thin glazing of smoke, project boldly into the angle of the roof, a multifarious and *bizarre* collection of contradictory articles hang pendant.—There are the implements of the chase, of the angler's dainty art, of household labor, as well as of more doubtful and sterner employments.

On one side, guns, pistols, and knives of curious and formidable construction are mingled with fishing apparatus, axes, bill hooks, the magnificent antlers of the stag, and all interspersed with rude articles of masculine apparel and use. On its opposite side depend the implements of the kitchen; long rows of dried venison flank them, and bags of dried berries stored away for winter consumption.

A dresser, with its little shelves garnished with rows of clean blue-edged crockery, a few pieces of nicely burnished tin-ware, and a milk-white water-pail turned bottom up on a white pine table near by, as well as the delicate cleanliness of the yellow pine floor, tell of thrifty housekeeping, and orderly arrangements. The broad stone hearth of the enormous chimney is fireless, but the extinguished brands, fallen out from the andirons and lying in their own soft, fleecy ashes indicate that it has not been long so.

You would take this room anywhere for the general keeping-room of a thrifty and moderately well-to-do backwoodsman's family. And you would call it a not unpleasant room, for damp and unwholesome as the situation of the mill undoubtedly is, wedged into the face of a

mighty cliff, and overhung by a wondrous growth of tree and shrub which buries it all the early day in dank, dense shadow, it has its cheerful aspects, and this is one of them. The early afternoon sun, diving down the deep ravine, shoots long, bright rays of warm light clear across the wide kitchen, lighting up the old rafters and huge fireplace with something of an inspiring glow; sometimes, too, flinging prismatic jewels along the clean yellow floor, as it pierces the heaving spray which hangs in clouds above the little cataract where it dashes into sheets of foam on the rocky shelf which receives its first plunge.

A beautiful white cat sits purring in the prismatic sunbeams, and winks with wise contentment. And is this the only occupant? No; the room is not unpeopled. Seated at a table in the centre of the room are three persons of most forbidding aspect. The eldest and most repulsive, a gray and hard-faced man, is an old acquaintance, Sol Hurd, the child-thief of our story, and, earlier, Albert, the white slave of Mordant senior.

Time, the memory of great wrongs, and the indulgence of ferocious and unrestrained passions have rendered a face not naturally bad hateful and diabolical. The two others are his companions of the forest-hunt and the highway-raid, and, without the redeeming qualities of Hurd,—his devoted affection for his sister—an affection that through all her years of mental alienation has never cooled nor abated,—they possess all his evil traits. Their rude garb takes nothing from the disagreeable impression their faces produce.

Their coarse, faded red flannel shirts are thrown wide open in front, revealing dark, sunburnt necks and breasts thickly matted with rough, black hair, which, extending up the sides of their faces, mingles in slovenly fashion with the unkempt locks that hang in confused and tangled masses down their low foreheads and over their ears. Out through these elf-locks peer eyes keen, eager, wolfish, which rove in uneasy glances from side to side, as if their owners scented danger in ambush.

The remains of a cold dinner are scattered over the nicely scoured pine table,

and a large brown mug of what seems to be excellent cider passes frequently from mouth to mouth, where it is held so long in an inverted position as to give pith and meaning to the loud smack which follows each draught, as well as to the unstinted encomiums pronounced, in not choice language, upon its qualities by the different imbibers.

A loud yawn from one of the fraternity, and an enormous stretch of his arms as he throws himself back in his chair, at length give evidence that he has eaten and drank enough.

"Come now, Sol," he pretty soon, with the insinuating gentleness of a hyena, said, as, dropping his elbows with a loud thump upon the table, he leaned forward and peered hideously into the eyes of his host, "aint it e'en a'most time to parcel out that are rhino? I've got through swallowing my grub and my cider, and now I kind o' reckon I can take care o' my part o' the old fellow's yellow boys."

"Are you in a hurry? cos if you are, I kind o' reckon ye'd better wait till yer hurry's over," was the old man's reply, with a tone and look amazingly well calculated to repress any undue familiarity on the part of his companions. But, pushing everything before him to the other side of the table as he would have brushed away a pile of chips, he carelessly laid down an ugly-looking, unsheathed knife, and dropped heavily beside it a coarse canvas bag, such as is used for the transportation of gold and silver coin, with the significant figures, "5000" stamped in strong black characters on one side. By its peculiar chink as it struck the table, this was evidently filled with gold. The eyes of the two younger ruffians gloated over the prize, growing more greedy and wolfish as they impatiently watched the unnecessarily slow process of untying it.

"Oh, mighty! what an all-fired haul!" was the exclamation, as a rich stream of half-eagles slid out upon the table. Without any remark, the old man began slowly to count them into two equal piles, the two lynx-eyed confederates greedily following every movement of his fingers.

"What a haul! Why in the fiend's name don't the old planter fellows ollis

carry such a bag o' yellow boys with 'em? Blast 'em!"

"They say the banks is ollis full o' jist sich stuff as this!" remarked the other, looking up with eyes full of greed and wonder, "and, blast me, I shouldn't wonder ef they was."

"Lord, yes! millions of 'em, that's so! and I kind o' reckon that's where the old chap was totin' these ere prime uns, when we kind o' relieved him on 'em. Haw! haw! haw! Blast him! why didn't he have half a dozen on 'em instead o' one? But what yer up to, Sol? ye haint makin' on'y two piles. How ye goin' to divide 'em? I'd like to know!"

"Don't ye consarn yerself," growled Hurd, "mind yer own business ef yer know how!"

"Well that's my business! If 'taint, whose is it?" ventured the fellow.

Sol looked up. The man slunk back. "There, take it all between ye," said the old man pushing the two piles toward the two men, while something almost noble cropped out through the overlying rascality of his countenance. "Taint money that I'm after. It's something else. There's twenty-five hundred apiece—the price of a fust-rate nigger," he added, with a satanic smile and a strong grind of his teeth.

"But where's your part?" was the question of the two men, with wide open eyes.

"I don't want it, I tell you. I'm gwine to keep the prisoners for my share!"

"Ye don't say so!" and they stared in his face as if he had been some new kind of animal.

"Yes."

"What you gwine to do with 'em?"

"That's my business!" curtly growled the old man with an oath. "Take yer money, and let me alone."

"Oh, I don't care, blast it! I'm satisfied ef you are. Gorry, Bill, wouldn't it ha' been a joke ef Wilson had been here to share with us?" A look of something like awe suddenly came to his face as he added in a lower tone, "he must be dead by this time, all alone up in that cave too. That's a darned good hiding-place spilt!"



"Spilt? It'll be jist as good a place as ever when we get him under ground. Come, Sam, let's you'n me go give him a Christian burial, as the parson calls it."

An attempt at a laugh, which was pretty near a failure, followed this witty cut at the parson.

"Let the dead alone!" growled Hurd, in a surly tone of command. "You needn't trouble yerself about him now. He wont run away. There's living folks to be attended to first, and it's time to go about it. We'll be fair and hon'able," he added, with his inhuman laugh, "we'll give 'em a trial; I'll be judge and you shall be jury. But hands off, I say!" he continued, reverting to his despotic, surly tone; "I tell you them's *my* share o' the booty; so let me see either o' you dare touch one o' them women;" and he laid his hand on the knife with a significant gesture.

"Blast you!" burst forth the boldest of the two, "you needn't think o' scaring us with yer old stabbing-iron! But keep yer women; what do we want o' yer women? Blast 'em!"

"Well ye'd better not! But I don't want any quarrelling. You, Sam, go and bring 'em all in here. I wonder whether the old man likes the cellar as well as I used. Blast him! I'll give him a touch o' the whip by and by. Well, what are ye standing there for? Are you gwine?"

The knavish-looking fellow addressed sullenly turned and slouched unwillingly to a strong side-door which he slowly unlocked, throwing, as he disappeared through the opening, a sinister look behind him.

Hurd arose from his seat, walked across the floor, and from the multifarious objects depending from one of the rafters took down a large heavy whip, old and discolored and somewhat broken. Drawing the hard, strong lash two or three times through his fingers, he laid it upon the table beside the knife, and, with his peculiar, satanic smile crossing his features, sat down.

In a few moments Sam reappeared, followed by a gentleman of advanced years, but of a stern and rather forbidding aspect, a middle-aged lady, pale, of timid manners, and very lovely, and an exquisitely fair girl of seventeen or eighteen years old.

The reader already anticipates their identity. It was Mr. Mordant, his wife, and Helen. An expression of fear and dread was visible on the face of mother and daughter; but a look of deep anger and brooding vengeance was most prominent on the countenance of Mr. Mordant. Whatever might have been his secret thoughts and feelings, however, he was helpless. His hands were tied tightly behind his back with a strong hempen cord, and their swollen appearance indicated suffering. He had been confined in the cellar; his wife and daughter, for some reason unexplained, were more leniently dealt with, and had been left together in a not uncomfortable bedroom, in which Helen had been confined for three or four days.

The attire of Mr. Mordant was much disordered, and his whole aspect denoted that a fierce and determined struggle had intervened before he became the helpless prisoner he now was. In fact, it may as well be stated that he was no coward. He had fought like a brave man ere he yielded to the onset which resulted in the capture of himself and his wife.

There could have been but one result to so daring and hazardous a raid as this. Few ex-slaves would have had the courage to plan and execute it. It was the *white blood* in the veins of Hurd, a power which is revealing itself among the colored race in the national crisis now upon us,—it was this white blood that was the motive power; perhaps I should say it was the stern, fierce white blood of the race of Mordant which lent him keenness of intellect and strength of endurance to plot and wait for long, long years, the execution, little by little, piece by piece, of his treasured vengeance. Suffice it they *were* half a lifetime in maturing, and the attempt to carry them into complete execution would never have been made by so shrewd and unscrupulous a man without the certainty of success. He was far-seeing and patient. He could afford to wait. He did wait, and circumstances favored him in a remarkable manner.

Quite contrary to their usual custom, the planter and his wife were driving, unattended by servants, in a light carriage,

to the neighboring city, where was located the bank with which Mr. Mordant transacted business. This fact was, by the underground process by which the ex-white-slave had for years become acquainted with the almost daily movements of the family, perfectly well known to him, and he made his arrangements accordingly. He had, on the night of Helen's expected marriage, by similar help, obtained possession of her person, but for quite another reason, which will reveal itself by and by.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordant were driving through a long stretch of woodland road, their minds occupied with many painful thoughts and fears regarding the mysterious disappearance of Helen, when the horse took fright at the appearance of a man rising suddenly up at his side, the carriage was upset against a tree strangely fallen across the road before them, and its occupants thrown out. In an instant they were surrounded by four men of ill-favored aspect, and habited in the coarse and homely garb of the lowest class of mountaineers, who fell upon and attempted to seize them. The struggle was a short one, and, brave as he undoubtedly was, Mr. Mordant soon overpowered, but not until he had planted a bullet in the breast of one of the ruffians which dropped him instantly to the ground. The planter's hands were unceremoniously tied fast behind his back, and he forced to mount one of a number of mules which were led forward from behind a thicket, where they had been in waiting. The terrified and unresisting lady was seated upon another, the body of the wounded man laid carelessly over the back of a third; the horse was detached from the carriage, the contents of the latter rifled, and in less time than it has taken to write this, they were hurrying through the dim and pathless woods leading to the mountains.

The way was a long and painful one to the unaccustomed riders. Dashing up steep cliffs, tearing through tangled undergrowth, and plunging down deep ravines, but all the time gradually ascending the mountains, it was all the frail and delicate woman could do to keep her seat upon the back of the mule. The sun grew

hot and overpowering, scorching through the thick, sultry shadows, and the groans of the wounded man at length indicated the impossibility of his much longer enduring the cruel torture he was suffering. But they must still keep on, until, after hours of steady riding, during which they never drew bridle, they came out upon the green, cool oasis amid the dense and tangled forest, already described in another chapter, and here at length they made a halt. The prisoners were lifted from their saddles, and permitted to rest on the soft shaded grass, and the wounded man, now evidently dying, carried into the cave—where he was afterward found by Ross and his companion—to abide his fate alone. For, as has been well taught during this war of the rebellion, the guerrilla heart is not over soft, neither its respect for human life nor its sympathy for human suffering a marked trait.

But time sped fast and Sol Hurd, for it was of course he, and his companions had their own reasons for hurrying on. They were all soon remounted, and the long, daring, wearisome ride again commenced. On as before they went through tangled thicket, over fallen trees of wondrous magnitude, still dashing forward until precipitous path and uncertain foothold obliged all to dismount and finish the journey on foot.

At length the Mill was reached, and here the terror of Mrs. Mordant was mingled with astonishment and joy; for here, while her husband was consigned to the darkness and solitude of a dreary cellar, she was silently ushered into the presence of her lost, beloved Helen, the mystery of whose disappearance was now solved. They were in imprisonment, for what reason they could not divine; but they were together, and the tears they shed were not altogether of pain.

Here they had remained during the hours which intervened between the arrival of the mother and the moment now indicated when they, with Mr. Mordant, were brought out to their mock trial.

(To be continued.)

It is an error to suppose that religion is unfavorable to vigor and fulness of nature.

## THE DEAD OF GETTYSBURG.

By C. M. Sawyer.

Oh, well, my country, 'tis to raise  
The towering shaft, and wreath the bays,  
In memory of the gallant dead  
Whose life-blood was so nobly shed—  
A royal tide that ebb'd away—  
On Gettysburg's immortal day.

I see their young ranks mustering now.  
In long and serried lines they stand;  
A helmet on each gallant brow,  
A rifle in each eager hand;  
The eye of fire, the step of pride,  
The rapier belted at the side—  
The eagle shining on each crest—  
The harness on each loyal breast—  
Hark! at the morn's loud *reveille*  
They march with rolling drums away.

I see them—Oh! how brave the show,  
As front to front they face the foe!  
The prancing of the battle steed,  
The sudden charge, the lightning speed,  
The meeting in the deadly fray,  
The mingling in the wild *melee*,  
The rapier's gleam, the bayonet's thrust,  
The warrior bowed down to the dust,  
The rearing of the battle-horse  
Above the stained, hoof-beaten corse,  
The rush, the sway, the fiery glare,  
The saddle riderless and bare,  
The breaking ranks, disordered rout,  
The victor's fierce, hot, swift pursuit,  
Till but the wounded and the slain  
Are left upon the battle-plain.

I see—once more the *reveille*  
Rolls long and loud at early day;  
But now they slowly bear the brave,  
A stirless army, to the grave.  
A volley peals—they do not wake,  
Their battles and their toils are o'er;  
The rolling drum will never break  
The slumbers of the warriors more.  
There let them rest—the gallant dead—  
While spring rains, like a mother's tears,  
Fall slowly on the hallowed bed  
Where they shall sleep through endless years.

Ye men and women, who would frown,  
Disloyally, the soldier down,  
O, never say of these, that they  
Will be remembered but a day!  
That, even at their own home hearth,  
The sound of melody and mirth

Will soon ring out as loud and clear  
As when the lost ones all were there;  
That the mother's heart will forget its pain,  
And the vacant chair be filled again;  
That she, who loved them best, will try  
To catch the glance of another's eye,  
Ere the turf is green that is piled above  
The silent breast of her early love;  
While the tide of a busy world sweeps on,  
Without a thought of the brave ones gone.

False prophet! it will not be so!  
Ten thousand reverent feet will go,  
As year fits after year, to tread  
That field where sleep our noble dead.  
And gentle hands with loving toil  
Will trench and fertilize the soil,  
And plant the tree, and prune the vine  
That o'er their sacred dust shall twine.

They will not be forgot! Far down  
Amid the years when we are gone,  
Young lips with earnest tones shall say,  
"Now tell us of that battle-day!"  
And old men, that are children now,  
With white locks gleaming on their brow,  
For many an hundredth time shall tell  
How the young patriot warriors fell  
On Gettysburg's red field, that She,  
Their Country, might be truly free!  
And, listening, those young, eager eyes,  
Shall flush with pride, while gentle sighs  
Thrill through their child hearts as the old,  
Well-loved, familiar tale is told.

Oh! honored be, in house and mart,  
By young and old, by lip and heart  
The patriot soldier, who shall brave  
The battle's storm, the early grave,  
With noble zeal to do and die  
For Country and for Liberty!

—•••—

RELIGION sows within us the seeds of  
an undying joy that fails not when out-  
ward means of happiness fail and sorrows  
darken and cares appall. It sheds abroad  
a holy serenity in the heart, and imparts  
a calm lustre to the brow. It is a prin-  
ciple of truth, and therefore it allows us  
nothing that is treacherous and wrong;  
but all that makes happy and grateful  
and good, it opens for us in abundant  
measure. It reveals new sources of hap-  
piness. It makes the spire of grass and  
the star beautiful ministers of delight.

## THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXXVI.

Leaving Nice—At London—Retrospect of the Journey from Calais—First Interview with Brother John at Home—The Child's Soldier-cap, with Reflections—Locating in the Metropolis—British Museum—The Rival Queens—Original Manuscripts.

IMITATING the example of certain novelists, who are privileged to annihilate time and space *a la discretion*, we leave Nice with its chanting priests, its winter bloom and verdure, its charming views of sea and land, and the experience of that two days' visit, all too short as it was for anything like an appreciation of this resort of crowned queens, whose balmy air these royal representatives of Northern courts had tested to their satisfaction. Leaving, then, this new accession to Napoleon's dominion, which in olden days has figured so conspicuously both in the civil and religious affairs of our Christian world, we will don the "Seven league boots" and stride over intervening time and distance, landing upon the shores of "Albion's Isle."

In the cold "grey dawn" of a spring morning, jaded and sleepy, we emerged from a car of the night train at London Station, and taking a cab were conveyed away through the just awakened throng of bustling street-life, feeling the pressure of one paramount necessity upon us—that of seeking repose. We recollect but one feature of the hotel whither we were carried—viz. the inviting aspect of that capacious bed, behind whose ample curtains we were sure could be obtained that long-deferred rest which exhausted nature so imperatively demanded. Thus the first few hours after our *entree* into this concentrated world of humanity were spent in deep unconsciousness, as refreshing as it was needful.

From Paris to Calais had been a weary night's journey. At the latter place we remained until evening. Here we found people and customs of that amalgamated character usually prevalent in coast towns brought into daily connection with an opposite country and nation, by the constant transit of passengers from one shore to the other. Thus Calais seemed neither

French nor English, but a mixed jumble of both national ingredients, the predominant element of which it was difficult to distinguish.

And *Ibid* of Dover, its "neighbor across the way," with the exception that here the sturdy spirit of John Bull, less pliable than his Gallican cousins, (whose cosmopolitan politeness affiliated more readily with opposite elements) inclined to keep the ascendancy.

As the shades of night swept over the sea, we were fairly embarked on that detestable voyage across the channel, and for two hours and a half fought bravely against an adversary by whom we were determined not to be vanquished. Tightly clinging to the cushioned bench upon which we were helplessly extended, with closed eyes, blind and dumb, we went plunging along over the abysmal waters, still steadfastly resisting the coming foe; while all around, upon bench and floor, were strewn what appeared to be *wrecks of humanity*, undergoing as many contortions, *we fancied*, (we thought it safest not to look,) as any East India juggler in the exercise of his profession. At length the conflict was ended, and we could boast that, though very sick, by the force of sheer stoical will, no active demonstration of internal trouble had been allowed. Not so with our cavaliers, whose haggard faces told the story of *their* experience, as we rejoined them upon deck at Dover landing.

The hospitable fire in that large saloon of the custom house,—how every coal, sending out its ruddy glow from the ample grate, bespoke to the travel-weary frame of good old English cheer! And this, after wandering up and down, and to and fro in the earth, was reaching our ancestral home. Home! what a magic charm was in that word! what visions of coming delight, amid scenes rendered familiar by family tradition, national history, and the wider range of its literature, were conjured up before our mind at thought of that English home! Outside, darkness and cold prevailed, though the season was early May, but within all was cheery and comfortable:—the glowing fire, before which broad settees were stationed, the

familiar language again heard, the cordiality extended to us by those present when we were known as Americans, all conspired to produce that happy influence of sympathy with our surroundings which rendered that first landing upon British soil a season always to be remembered with pleasure. All official business had been dispatched; the baggage duly examined and deposited for transit; the head of the department, finding our group of benighted travellers still awaiting the arrival of the railway train, obligingly left the saloon open, contrary to the usual rule. Silence reigned throughout the vast building, and thus, excitedly awake, listening and talking with the people into whose company we were so unexpectedly cast, we sat into the "*wee sma' hours*," enjoying with the zest imparted by novelty this fresh bit of genuine English life, unhampered by dry conventionalities, so free and social in character, to which we were treated.

Well-bred people of refinement and intelligence were these, from that class which, though untitled by aristocracy, constitute in a large degree the real worth and dignity of the English people. Thus fortunate were we in this first impression of "Brother John" at home. While listening to the gentle-voiced young mother, (whose presence seemed an embodiment of sweet domesticity) as she was relating the *furor* of her little boy and his companions "for soldier's caps and suits like the volunteers"—who were at that time preparing for action, in case their wily neighbor over the way meant anything belligerent by those formidable naval preparations, then the exciting topic of the day—little did we think that the time would soon come when our own little boys at home would be equally anxious for "Soldier-caps" and military drills, in imitation of their elders, who must gird themselves for the actual strife, so startling was the shock which precipitated us as a nation into the seething caldron of intestine war.

Could this monstrous rebellion, with its thick-thronging evils, now sweeping ruthlessly over our land, have been revealed as we sat complacently listening to the

soft-toned voice before us, how deeply would it have embittered the then present enjoyment, and clouded every after scene of beauty through which our wandering footsteps strayed.

O "Future! wisely hid from view!" we will trust that from the fearful chastisement for national sins now being inflicted, our beloved country shall yet arise purified from polluting stains and ennobled by suffering; that, passing through the dark valley of humiliation, thy coming hours shall see her emerge into the bright morning of peace and prosperity, where fraternal love and kindly offices shall take the place of deadly hate and brutal strife.

At length the hours of waiting were passed, and the gentle-voiced lady of London, the demonstrative one from Scotland, whose home was in the vicinity, where "Scotia's Bardie" tuned his rustic lyre, and who still retained a faint recollection of witnessing, when a little child, the funeral procession of the lamented Burns; the tall, meagre gentleman, a cultivator of the soil upon scientific principles, whose practical knowledge and deep erudition would have delighted the author of "Wet Weather Work"; the little lad with him carrying the big canvas bag; the handsome middle-aged gentleman, whose manners bespoke extensive business relations, and who, travelling over the continent to and from St. Petersburg, still persisted in speaking all foreign names in an unmistakable English manner;—these, and the remainder of the *goodlie fireside companie*, separated each to his own place, probably never more to meet on earth. While we, borne along through the deep profound of darkness over the intervening country, at length reached our destination—the smoky metropolis of LONDON.

It seemed but a few moments after sinking into that dreamless sleep, ere we were awakened by the announcement that our new lodgings were selected and ready for occupancy. In fact, several hours had passed us while under the influence of the "drowsy god,"—time which our companions had improved in looking about for a pleasant apartment, and to this we

were soon transported in one of those queer little one-horse vehicles resembling a chaise, with a driver's seat perched upon the top just back of the cover.

In Bloomsbury Square, but a short distance from the "British Museum," we took up our abode, which proved a convenient and pleasant location while opening our eyes and ears to the sights and sounds of London life.

If London possessed no other attractions for visitors than this same mammoth institution,—the British Museum,—this alone would afford sufficient interest to fill the leisure time of many months, so extensive and varied is this collection, so curious and valuable are the contributions there displayed. Hour after hour was there beguiled during our stay in London; yet we felt that but a small, a very small portion of its contents had been thoroughly examined.

Has the reader ever felt with us, in dwelling upon the history of Mary Stuart and her powerful rival Elizabeth, (in spite of reason to the contrary,) that these two personages were beings of imagination,—the heroines of a romance,—rather than actual human natures, who lived, thought, enjoyed, and suffered as mortals, sharing like ourselves the gift of a positive individual existence? The tragical story of the beautiful "Queen of Scots," whose portrait descends to us on the one hand as an angel of perfection, whose extreme loveliness of person was equalled only by her beauty of soul, her intelligence, grace, and accomplishments; while on the other side she is represented as possessing the nature of a siren, without principle and without virtue, whose French wiles would fain beguile the unwary to destruction, whose aim was usurpation and religious despotism with all its attendant horrors; following her eventful career to its tragical close, how like a strange romance its changeful hues unfold to our sight from the dim old past! The history, too, of her rival, so powerful, so gifted, and yet in some respects so weakly, if not wickedly, human!—That long reign of unexampled prosperity, when rugged old England shone forth in the noontide glory of gala days, of tourna-

ment, grand progresses, and banqueting; of tuneful bards, and gallant cavaliers, and all conceivable court splendor; of days, too, of military prowess, of high chivalry, (the outgrowth of her queenly rule,) and of conquest of arms; of discoveries in the "Eldorado" of the West, and in the still more golden realms of science;—if, like the glittering pageant of a dream all this has passed before the mind, that startling sensation which we experienced while gazing upon the actual hand-writing of these two rival queens, as those time-yellowed manuscripts arrested our attention at the British Museum, will be appreciated.

It was like reaching back through the lapse of centuries, and touching the pulse of a still breathing humanity! Silent memorials were these of thought and feelings once actually experienced by beings like ourselves. And thus henceforward those two personages stand forth from the page of history as living beings,—a *tangible reality*, since we have here thus seen these original written credentials! Under the same roof in Westminster Abbey rest the two rival queens, they who in life were by character and circumstances thrown into continued hostility. Very still and peaceful look the marble effigies lying there with prayerful hands, as if never the beautiful head of the one had been severed by the murderous fiat of the other. Thank God! no selfish ambition, no cruel hate, no lingering captivity, no executioner's block, can mar the beauty of that better world above!

What a large collection of precious old manuscripts is here exhibited in the museum! One felt lost in a maze of wonder and delight, yet tinged too with feelings of veneration at sight of these personal memorials of the great kings of mind, whose wisdom has been transmitted thro' the printed page, from past ages down to our present time,—a rich legacy to the generations coming after them. Open during a portion of each day, and free to the admittance of visitors, this museum is indeed a noble institution, and worthy of the great *world-city* in which it is founded.

*Lilfred's Rest.*

M. C. G.

## HOPE AND LOVE.

By Mrs. O. D. Miller.

UPON the changeful sea of life  
 My love and I embarked together;  
 Our hearts with happiness were rife,  
 And bright and sunny was the weather.

Our tiny bark was light and trim,  
 And Love and Hope, the oarsmen, smiling,  
 Sat pointing to the distance dim,  
 Where realms of beauty swam beguiling.

All glowing with a radiance fair,  
 Reflected from its glittering highlands,  
 Half floating between sea and air,  
 Utopia spread its golden islands.

Hope took his station at the helm,  
 To guide us to those charming bowers;  
 Love claimed the present as his realm,  
 And strewed the way with fragrant flowers.

Thus sailed we, days and months and years;  
 Utopia never seemed the nearer;  
 Hope never failed, Love's blissful tears  
 Declared each day and hour the dearer.

And thus we learned, my love and I,  
 That Hope brings a deceitful vision;  
 But Love, dear Love, makes us deserv  
 In every spot a realm Elysian.

—•••—  
**MOUNTAIN AIR THE HEALTHIEST.**—  
 "The hardy mountaineer" is a proverbial expression. In the city of Mexico, nine thousand feet above the sea, the inhabitants are all broad-chested, and consumption is unknown. Between the city and the sea, where the land is low, consumption prevails as elsewhere. When we ascend mountains, the lungs expand proportionately to the weight of the atmosphere, and incipient pulmonics are relieved by the change. Those consumptives who visit the West Indies for their health, and reside in the cities near the sea, seldom recover, while those who go immediately to the higher portions of Cuba and elsewhere, are much benefited. After the lungs are much diseased, and are incapable of expansion, this change of elevation rather hastens decay.

## MY KING.

By Mary C. Peck.

They called her Bettine.

Not that any one imagined Goethe's child-friend looked at all like that dark brunette now standing so carelessly by the painter's easel. Those passionate eyes, that olive skin, spoke of a Southern lineage and a warmer clime. But Miriam Stuart was poetic, sensitive, delicately strung as a singer's lute. I always said if she had been Orpheus' Eurydice, the old fable would never have told us about his cruel disappointment, for the matchless music would have drawn her attent soul after it in spite of all the powers beneath. Precisely because she was what she was, alive to beauty and harmony, full of quick, poetic senses,—precisely on this account they playfully called her Bettine, to whose ardent, impractical soul she might have been a sister.

But all singers and dreamers have not the whole gay world for a cage. Miriam had not. I always said if Bettine had been a school-teacher, she would have been a very poor one. Certainly Miriam, if not a poor one, was not in love with our vocation at least. Happiest out of the whole twenty-four were the hours that saw the key of the school-room hung upon its nail, and for her all care hung up with it till the next session. Then she was the true Bettine, ready for any wild frolic, or eloquent over a bird or flower.

In the outside world all things are born into a certain order, and cannot go beyond their instincts. The little brown thrush sits contentedly, and pipes a sober tune, and minds her small domestic concerns, without a care that the lark is more aspiring. But where humanity is considered, the law ends. Great duties fall upon the most frisky natures. Solemn, sober realities oftenest come to those who love best to sit and dream. I know not why, but God has a reason for it in his discipline I imagine. This is the way in which Miriam Stuart was a school-teacher. I confess to myself it was much like putting a bob-o-link to dig potatoes.

Surely no one would keep prim man-

ners in Joseph Thorpe's studio, least of all Miriam. She belonged to nature, a thing for Art to copy adoringly; and one could not help thinking, as she stood with her bonnet thrown back, and her raven curls floating freakishly upon her waterproof, how fitting it would be if she should step into one of those gilded frames to remain, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Miriam had come for her first sitting. Out of the dust, clamor, and weariness, the work in which she was a machine, she had come with an instinctive sense that here she touched her element, and was surrounded by her proper belongings. Besides, there was a subtler magnetism which drew her — the kindly light in the artist's eyes — those longing eyes that said so much, though the lips were silent. Joseph Thorpe loved Miriam, and she knew it. She let him love her, as a fairy queen smiles upon the fays at her feet, because she felt it her right to be worshipped when it pleased her. Platonic love, he called it, but I think the Platonists never touched hands with such thrills as visited this novice in heart experience.

A studio! an artist! These are apt to suggest luxury, grace, wealth. You would have found little here. You are thinking of Guido, Titian, and Overbeck; but the plain Yankee artist, Joseph Thorpe, can afford no more poetry in his surroundings than in his name. You should have seen those stairs that Miriam climbed — four, five pair, and steep at that, in the rear of the principal street, "quite out of the market," Joseph said sadly. "Served him right," some one says, "for not turning his hands to active labor, the wheel or plough." Well, my neighbor, we will not quarrel about that. We only know that ever since Adam there have been those who would starve on poetry, "under the eaves of the stars," rather than eat the best alderman's dinner, after a sensible business day. God made them so, I think; and I cannot say if they are wrong or right. I only know Joseph Thorpe was one of these, and a most beautiful soul too. He earned a precarious livelihood by copying fruit and game. He executed his groups with masterly hand but always with a sinking

heart at the memory of his ideals. No one wanted the pictures he painted and loved best. People had sadness enough without buying it in pictures. Miriam loved to look at a work of his which hung in a corner quite out of sight — a "St. John at the Cross." Something in it moved her with a pity for Joseph, as if he had painted into it his own loving child-nature, and his own disappointments. She stood to-day, while he arranged his canvas, thinking over to herself as she gazed, "Poor Joseph! he is no more fit for this great bearish world than St. John was; and he is as good, too, I'll bet, every bit." She glanced furtively over to Joseph, and thought again how she should like to help him, and take care of him, for somehow she never looked at him as strong or manly; only so gentle, so good, and pure. For Miriam, though so thoughtless, had her own ideals of the coming man she would marry, and it was not one after this pattern. Joseph was her ideal of sainthood — something to her as his own Madonnas were to himself.

"Joseph," she said at last, "Joseph, why don't you sell these pictures?"

"Ah! Bettine, no one wants Hagars and Magdalenes. I shall keep them to comfort me while I live, and when I die bequeath them to some friend whom they will comfort in turn."

"Oh! that is good like yourself. And, Joseph," laying her little hand beseechingly upon his arm, "I am your friend, am I not, and you will leave this beautiful St. John to me? You cannot tell how it comforts me, and looks so much like yourself, too."

The young man smiled incredulously. "You, Bettine! to want comfort when every one loves and admires you!"

"Why yes, Joseph, I want comfort a great deal," said Miriam, naively. Here I am, shut up, away from the sun and all God's sweet things; for the children are like blocks, and never the happy creatures God made them, when in school. They like it no better than I. Oh, dear!" and Miriam sat down in a very distressed way. "If I could only teach spiritual essences without all those legs and arms! After I've said all day, 'Stand on the



line, sir! Look on your book, sir!' don't you think I stand in need of comfort?"

"But, Bettine," said Joseph, laughingly, you know your knight will come soon, with his brave sword and golden spurs, and carry you over the hills and far away from all these vexations. Then, with your true hero, you will not need my poor pictures to give you comfort," he added, a little more sadly.

"Highly improbable, Sir Prophet! highly improbable! Besides, I don't see how that course is to better my condition;—

'He who drinks from Cupid's cup  
Drinketh downward, and not up.'

But of one thing I will assure you, Joseph; I will never go with any knight who does not own me—is not my master in every respect. I will never marry until I have found my king."

He looked up surprised, remembering her engagement of three months' standing, and wondered if she were growing disaffected. Alas! It made no difference in his hopes or chances. The artist, Joseph Thorpe, was as poor as a church mouse, and always would be, most likely.

"Joseph," said Miriam, every trace of gravity gone, "I think I will be taken so. Don't you think it's picturesque?" And she drew the dainty hood off her waterproof over her head, and sat down quietly in the sitter's chair.

Two hours later, when the summer day's sunset made the river mingled gold and glass, a boat might have been seen approaching the shore just beyond the city's smoke and dust. It was a romantic New England shore, as beautiful as any Italian scene, I dare say, if only there had been old ruins and waste decay instead of the plain farm-houses, and the marks of that very unromantic trade,—oystering.

"Bear a hand there, Geoffrey, will you?" cried the old man who sat in the prow of the boat.

The young man so addressed sprang lightly to the pebbly beach, caught the rope from the old man's hand, and drew the boat high and safe upon the shore.

"A pretty good load, uncle!" cheerfully.

"Well, yes, a pretty good haul, considerin'." Nathan, eying the hired boy sharply, "help me unload; these 'ere must be opened to-night. What! goin', Geoffrey? All right at the mills, I hope?"

"Yes, yes, uncle Leonard. I'm going up to see Miriam a little."

"A likely lad!" said the crippled old captain under his breath, as Geoffrey Fleming passed out of sight. "Worth a score of the gay land-lubbers round! Ought to be on ship-board, that's all! That's the place for men, and a pity 'tis to see a good one spilin'."

"But, uncle Leonard," said the boy, "they say he could not be spared at the mills, and he means to educate all the hands there yet."

"Nathan, bear a hand, and no talkin'! Bless me! when I was a boy, I daren't say a word before my master for my life! I minded my work;" and the kind old man put on what he meant to be a very severe frown, but somehow it degenerated into a smile of benevolence. "Here, Nathan, you may go now. Run to the barn and get a back-log, and be sure you put it on fore and aft."

"'Couldn't be spared, 'hey?" said the old man, with a chuckle like the purr of a cat. Mirry's got a sound un—a raal bread and butter man, and I'm glad on't." (Drop, drop went the oysters into the can.) "The Sally Ann's gone to Davy Jones, and her cap'n's lame as a bulrush in a windy afternoon. So—so—what then, uncle Leonard? Mirry'll have no dowry? we'll see, we'll see."

Uncle Leonard Stuart dropped the last oyster into the can, and began to stump clumsily up the road. The old coasting captain had brought home from his cruising trips a head full of shrewd notions, as well as a crippled leg. He didn't pray just after the manner of modern divines, but he had an odd, queer religion, knocked into him, he said, all round the world; and he had a strange, familiar way of addressing God and Christ, much as you would your brother; yet for all that there was in his kindly heart the essence of more than forty common disciples. Miriam was the apple of his eye, the sole

bequest of his pretty Spanish wife.—“Poor little girl, poor thing,” he said, drawing his coat-cuff over his eyes; and forthwith Uncle Leonard chirruped to himself bravely, and walked briskly to forget old times.

You have seen delicate flowers growing out of the stumps of moss-covered, leafless old trees, and wondered that Nature grouped her stores so unfittingly. It is no more wonderful than that round such a shattered, uncouth old bulk as Leonard Stuart such a glorious passion-vine as Miriam should twine and bloom,—a creature of such delicate instincts, such proud blood as might have filled the veins of nobles. Perhaps God, who is no aristocrat, saw how the latent beauty and purity struggled in the breast of his servant, and gave this child the grace and simplicity her father could never express. Not that I am making out that Miriam was at all angelic. There was none of the white-muslin style of virtue about her. She was full of faults, impatient, reckless, proud. Sometimes, too, when she had tired herself out, she forgot to say her prayers; but she never forgot to feed the robins from her garret window, or failed to carol merrily before breakfast. I do not know what the birds say when they sing, but I have a dim notion that Miriam's songs and theirs were about equal in praises.

Aunt Patience, for one, would never have given Miriam credit for being angelic. She remembered too well how many times her best white yarn had been tangled by childish fingers, and when the staid cat had been tied up by the fore-leg to the dredging-box,—innumerable rips, and endless mendings. “The most selfish child born since the flood;” she used to say despairingly to her brother. “See, now, what comes of Spanish blood.”

So when Aunt Patience saw Geoffrey Fleming open the little wicket gate, her eyes lighted with a satisfied smile. Here was a young man after her own heart,—sober, steady, industrious. “I only hope Mirry may be lucky enough to keep him,” she said softly. “A young man that will always be fore handed and respected.” There was a little shade, too, on her face,

for she remembered how bitterly she had reproached Leonard for bringing home a Spanish lady-bird, who could do nothing but dance and look pretty. And a dim memory stole over her of times when she had not been a good sister to that frail hot-house flower, that chilled so soon in a northern home. “But, after all,” she sighed, “what's done can't be undone;” and smoothed her apron as she opened the door for Geoffrey.

Geoffrey Fleming was a person of character. Descended from the proudest families of Virginia, if circumstances had not decreed his birth in puritan New England, he would have been one of the most lordly and gracious of all gay cavaliers. As it was, no one of those proud races, who so loudly boasted their descent from Pocahontas, the Murrays, the Bollings, the Gays, the Randolphs, could be more chivalrous than this simple clerk, Geoffrey Fleming, himself a descendant of the same noble line. He was masterly, lord of himself and his surroundings, since he could not be lord of slaves and acres. I think it was this romantic idea of good, family blood which first attracted Miriam; and then the proud self-assertion of the man, and his own love for her completed the web that held her heart.

Miriam had come home late to-night, her brain full of rebellion, and fruitful with schemes. She could not herself have analyzed that naughty little heart of hers, as I shall presently do it for her; nor do I believe she would have owned to half the treason I shall set down against her. In the first place, she was thinking rather hardly of Providence, because she had to earn her living as a poor school-teacher. Then she thought, “I shall spoil my beauty, and wear myself out before Geoffrey will be ready with his clerk's salary to relieve me from it. Now why should I not do as other beautiful girls have done,—marry some rich nobleman right away. After all, I wonder if Geoffrey is my ideal. I'm determined I will have a king that's worthy and able to rule over me. I've seen so little of the world! What if I should marry, and then see some one, noble, gifted, whom I

love better, and who loves me. Oh! that would be dreadful!"

I said Miriam was not angelic. At this stage of her thoughts she was intensely human. The prizes of this sensual world glittered before her. And I doubt not, if we would, you and I could lay our finger upon the exact spot in our life-experience, where thoughts as unworthy as these had their hour. They were conquered, likely enough, trampled under our feet in self-scorn, but still they had their hour.

"Geoffrey is so staid, so solemn," thought Miriam, "there's no glorious ambition, no enthusiasm about him. Oh, dear! what a wicked girl I am, when he loves me so dearly. But I declare I'd as lief have a block of wood as he sometimes. I wonder if I do love him as I ought; if I shall always love him. If he was only half like Joseph Thorpe, I mean half so ideal, and as strong and manly as he is now."

Miriam blushed very redly just here, for while this last treasonable thought had been passing, she had caught a glimpse of her lover coming through the trees. She hastened to get down from her elevated perch in the apple-tree, and stood modestly twirling her hat by one string.

"Hasn't my little one a kiss for me to-night," said Geoffrey, as Miriam turned pettishly away.

"That was a very sober, orthodox kiss, darling," as he returned it with interest, "where have you left your heart to-night?"

"Oh! I'm thinking, Geoffrey, that's all."

"And so am I, Miriam, and that is the reason why I have come up here to-night. I want to have a talk, and I am afraid I shall say some things that will wound you; but you must forgive me for love's sake. Miriam, this is what I want to say. I want you to promise that you will not go to the studio again."

She gave a little quick start of surprise and fear. Surprise at his knowledge of it, and fear lest she were suddenly transparent, and his eyes were reading all she had thought and felt.

"I do not think you have any right to make such a request, Geoffrey. Joseph is a good, pure man, and wants to take

my picture, as an old friend. It will cost me nothing."

"Yes, and what is the reason he wants it? Because he loves this little dove of mine, and delights to have her near him. Then, when the picture is done, he will hang it up in his private room where he can see it and dream over it. You do not know men, darling. No man would let another paint a picture of his betrothed. A proud man will have no partnership in love."

"That is because they are all so selfish, and I think you a very selfish Geoffrey, and I shall never give up the picture for such poor reasons as these."

His brow clouded instantly. Very gravely he sat down, and took Miriam in his arms.

"Would you not give up the picture, love, to make me happy,—to keep the shadow of estrangement from between our hearts?"

"No! not when you are jealous or unjust. I will not be ruled by any principle I do not respect. I thought you were above petty jealousy, Geoffrey."

Geoffrey Fleming bowed his head upon Miriam's shoulder, and remained silent a long time. She began to doubt herself, and to be sorry she had spoken so harshly, for her heart was as kindly as a bird's. But, then, was it not true? Was it not small and mean for him to be so jealous of her? Her heart beat faster, as she thought,— "It was for love of me, and perhaps he is nobler and purer than any of these ideals of mine, for he is a true worker, and a spotless, loving, earnest man."

"Geoffrey," she said softly, "speak to me."

I wonder myself that this class of men choose this type of women. Their strong, masterful souls never seem to seek their equals, but they will choose out of all the world some bright, elastic, unfledged nature like Miriam's, and spend upon it a whole treasure of strong love.

"Geoffrey," she said again, "Geoffrey, speak to me."

"My precious one, you must pardon the love that holds you so dear. I will not say anything more about the picture, but if you love me, you will not sit again.

Thou art my little ewe lamb, all I have, all God gives me outside of my dusty toil. I will carry my lamb in my bosom, and no man shall so much as touch it. 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.'"

He stood up, baring his head, reverently. Miriam, intensely alive to emotion or passion, took his hands, subdued. This was a man of finest mould and noblest stamp. The very nature of a hero, only Miriam could not see it because he was not knight or gentleman, only an under clerk as yet.

"And now, Miriam, you said when I came you were thinking. Let me hear the thoughts, may I?"

The arch glance, the laughing eye, came back to Miriam with these words. The tender solemnity of Geoffrey's love was like the fine points of a picture to her; it touched her taste and ideality, but not her soul. Nothing like trouble to make us patient and tender. Geoffrey had learned the lesson, working for an old mother and three sisters.

"Yes," she replied, "I was thinking of you a little, and of myself a great deal."

"Well?"

"And I was thinking of your work at the mill,—how long you will have to toil for a position, and that you ought to do something better than delve among those low, vulgar men. I wish you *did* have a different ambition, Geoffrey!" and the tears actually started in Miriam's eyes. Why was it he could not see the beautiful life he missed and wasted here. Would she ever be contented to help him,—to toil to elevate those stupid factory hands?

"Miriam, my beloved, I am glad it is as it is. Work has made me a man, and just such work as He puts me to is best. 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' says Christ. Do you know the sweetness of self-sacrifice, of self-conquest?"

"Oh! I don't know anything about that philosophy. All I know is, that when I see a flower grow, I believe it is happy; and when the lambs frisk, I believe *they* are happy. And I know that God made me to be as happy and easy and light-hearted as possible. I am in no hurry to find my sphere, as they say.

And, in fact, I think the world would get along very well without these self-sacrificing workers. You know the old proverb,—'Jupiter hates busybodies, and those who do too much.'"

Geoffrey smiled. "The world would suffer sadly, if everybody thought as you do, my little Undine."

"Why do you call me Undine? Undine had no soul."

"I sometimes think my Miriam is waiting for hers. Undine found a soul through suffering. I pray God my little one may never find hers so."

He kissed her gravely, and turned away. While Miriam tripped about her little duties, he would be shutting the great doors of the factory, locking up the books, or maybe cheering a tired hand.

She sat a long time in her chamber, thinking over these things; wondering why she could not understand Geoffrey, and why she was sometimes half afraid of him. Then that question about the picture. It was a foolish fancy of Geoffrey's. And it was going to look so beautiful, too; her dark brunette complexion in the shadow of the hood. Well, there was time enough, she would decide.—Geoffrey was very noble, to be sure, but then, did he just suit her? And the little maiden sat down with as much gravity as a philosopher, to enumerate her lover's perfections. He was handsome,—high brow, chestnut curls, clear, honest, hazel eyes, and a voice as tender as a woman's to her, although she had heard it could awe those who angered him. He was strong, and very certain of his opinions and duties. She would never think of helping him, or pitying him, as she had Thorpe. He was kingly, truly, but then, was he *her* king?

Miriam was disaffected. Her brain was full of longings after a dreamy ideal, which, somewhere in the world, she was sure, waited for her. High over her head hung the coveted golden apples, and their deceitful shine quite kept her eyes from the rich, healthy fruit of tender love God placed within her reach. There are too many girls with this morbid craving for the far-off, the unattainable. They forget that the glow-worm is as bright in their

path as in Arcadia. They let their good gifts go to clutch the ashy apples of Sodom.

Miriam opened a small escritoire, and read over a well-worn letter. It was from a California relative,—her father's brother,—a stock farmer. For the thousandth time she pondered why she should not accept the invitation of her uncle, and go to California to teach. Such a fabulous salary; and then the chance of seeing the world, and studying people. "I believe I shall go yet," she murmured, as she went to sleep.

"God bless my Miriam," sighed Geoffrey. "I love her not for what she is, but for what she may become."

The long summer began to wane. Joseph Thorpe had but one more sitting from Miriam, and then secretly finished the picture from memory. Her restlessness grew upon her, and by this time all the household knew of Miriam's schemes. The California fever was at its height with her. Aunt Patience delivered herself of her favorite axiom,—*"This comes of Spanish blood,"* while Uncle Leonard, who never was known to refuse his daughter anything, stumped drearily about, declaring the child should go if she wanted to. Only Geoffrey, seeing deeper than the rest, knew the battle and the temptation which lay just beyond his dear one, and thought,—

"But she will come back to me,—she will come back to me,—I can wait."

(To be continued.)

### IN THE SUNSET GLOW.

By Anna M. Bates.

THE rich and ruby sunset,  
Warm as the red wine's flow,  
Pours in at the winter casement  
As it did in long ago;  
Though the blasts are loudly wailing  
Along the ancient eaves,  
And, down the silent pathways,  
Are heaping withered leaves.

But I hasten from the present,  
As the sunset's orient bloom,  
Poured from its golden flagons,  
In brightness fills my room.  
Once more the lark is singing,  
The sky is blue with May,  
And tender blossoms springing  
In all the wood-haunts lay.

The purple violets darkle  
Amid the soft green grass,  
The streamlet's waters sparkle  
As they merrily glide past;  
The innocent white daisies  
Bloom out in meadows chill,  
And fallen apple-blossoms  
Drift o'er the window sill.

Time flies! Rich roses redden  
Are blushing everywhere;  
'Mid skies of starry beauty  
The fair moon walks the air;  
White lilies gem the river;  
The ruby strawberries glow;  
From the woods' leafy arches  
Links of soft music flow.

A change, and lo! the autumn  
Stands 'mid the golden grain,  
And the reapers and the gleaners  
Sing at their work again;  
The fruit hangs thick in clusters  
Tinted with mellow dyes;  
The trees are gold and scarlet,  
And blue and deep the skies.

I wake; but all has vanished.  
The sky hangs dull and gray;  
Low in their silent chambers  
The perished flowers lay;  
The birds afar have hastened  
To find some sunnier clime,  
And the sad earth is waiting  
For the shroud of winter time.

How is it with our spirits?  
In their worlds of mysteries  
They have their changing seasons  
Forevermore like these.  
Have we dwelt amid spring fragrance,  
Revelled 'mong summer flowers,  
And stored no sweets nor beauty  
To cheer Life's winter hours?

Have we not plucked golden fruitage  
From the full autumn bough?  
And ripe sheaves we are bearing  
On in our journey now  
Up to the land whose garner,  
Inlaid with pearl and gold,  
All offerings pure and precious  
Fore'er securely hold.

Oh, brothers,—gentle sisters,  
In this world's wide fields we glean  
Let us work unflinching ever  
Till death closes on the scene;  
Gathering then our robes about us,  
With the golden sheaves we bear  
Hastening to our Father's mansion,  
Secure of welcome there.

THE more we become like God the more surely do we recognize him, until, as the heart grows clear and calm, it reflects him like a mirror.

# "A SOLDIER OF THE REPUBLIC."

By Mrs. Caroline A. Soule.

"SAY, Nell; who do you think has enlisted?" and Harrie Somers bounded into his cousin's chamber, very much as a deer would leap through a gap in the fence; one second his rosy face was peeping in at the half-open door, and the next looking up into her eyes.

"How many times must I tell you, Harrie, not to enter my room in such a boisterous way? See! you've upset my sewing-basket and"—

"Well, never mind; never mind what I've done, Nell, you know I didn't mean to; but it's so hard for a fellow to think when he's in such a hurry. Say, who do you think has enlisted?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, and I don't know as I care," answered his cousin, hotly, as she stooped to pick up the scattered spools; "I almost wish it was you."

"And it would be me, if I was four years older. You wouldn't catch me staying home to flirt with the girls, going to balls and all such places. No, no; here's a chap that'd be *balling* rebels, if they'd only let him, and balling them with something harder than snow, too. But say; you haven't guessed who enlisted to-day. Who do you think?"

She didn't answer, but busied herself in winding up a ball of yarn, which had rolled quite under the bureau.

"It's somebody you know, and," making up a comical face, "it's somebody you like, and — and — he likes you, too."

"Harry Somers," and the young girl looked him keenly in the eye, "whom do you mean? what are you talking about?"

"About a fellow that enlisted to-day. His name's — you don't want to know it, do you?"

"Tell me," she gasped, and as the words dropped from her lips, she clinched her hands and turned white.

"Can't you guess? it's an easy name to speak, and it's a downright pretty one, too."

"Harrie!" There was a world of entreaty in that single word. The boy couldn't resist the tone, and answered at once, "Why Phil Merton. Won't he make a handsome soldier?"

"Harrie Somers, do you speak the truth? Has Philip Merton enlisted? Do you *know* that he has?" and she took the boy's face in her two hands, and looked steadfastly into his eyes.

"Of course I know it. Didn't I see him?"

"But not as a common soldier, Harrie?"

"Common soldier!" and the color came quick and high in the boy's cheeks. "If anybody but you, Cousin Nell, had spoken in that way, if one of our school-boys had said common soldier as you said it just now, I'd — I'd ha' doubled up these fists of mine, and sent him into the middle of next week. Common soldier, indeed! I'd like to know, Nell, who's going to put an end to this — yes, I'll say it, if you don't like to hear such words — *infernal* rebellion; who but our common soldiers. They've got to do the fighting, and the scouting, and the foraging, and all the tough work of the army. All the major-generals in the country, I don't care who they are, nor how big their brains are, nor how high they carry their heads, — they can't do anything without soldiers to back them. George Washington'd never have been the Father of his Country, if he hadn't had that lot of revolutionary boys to mind him. I'll tell you what it is, Nell, I won't hear a word said against a man that's enlisted, not one. Phil Merton never did such a brave act before in his whole life as he did to-day, never. I'll bet a dollar the company'll be full before night. Lots of fellows wanted to join, but kinder held back, waiting for some one to take the lead, — somebody who was somebody. But the minute they found out that old Judge Merton's son didn't think himself too good for the ranks, I'll tell you there was such a walking up to the office as there hadn't been for many a day."

"Master Harrie, you're wanted, sir, at the door;" and the old colored waiter looked in, respectfully.

"It's Jim Henshaw, I suppose, for me to go a-skating. Tell him I'll be down in a — just as soon as I've finished telling Cousin Nell something. You see?"

"Don't keep him waiting, Harrie. Go

at once;" and the young girl fairly pushed him from her.

The boy stood a minute, as if he had a good mind not to go at all; but when he saw how very white Nellie's face had grown, and how she shivered and held her hands together over her heart, he rushed away at once, without a single word to her; but he murmured to himself as he hurried down-stairs,—"Wouldn't wonder if it made a quarrel between Phil and her, she's such highflown notions about things. If I'd come home and told her he was a captain, or colonel, or even first lieutenant, I'll bet she'd had a high old time over it; but because he's had sense enough to go into the ranks, she's huffy as—as all get out;" and he slammed the front door after him.

The boy wasn't much out of the way in his surmises. It did make a quarrel between the two, Philip Merton and Nellie Somers, betrothed lovers though they were;—a quarrel that resulted in the young girl's indignantly drawing from her finger the engagement ring which she had worn for many a month, and tossing it into the young man's cap. Ay, they parted without a kiss, without even a shake of the hand, without even a good-by word,—parted in anger; and yet he had given his life to his country, and was going forth to fight her battles, mayhap soon, oh, how soon, to pour out his heart's blood on Southern soil.

He had longed to go with the three months' men who rallied at the first call for an army, for his veins were filled with a crimson tide that had surged down to him from revolutionary ancestors. His grandfather, on both sides of the house, had fought under Washington, while his father had done gallant duty for his country in the War of 1812. But that father lay sick then upon a bed from which the consulting physicians had said he could never rise. An only child, his mother long since dead. Philip felt it was his duty to stay beside the aged, lonely parent; and he did stay, his nurse by day, his watcher in the silent night. Stayed and heard the old man bless him with his dying breath, bless him, and say also, "Now for your country."

Philip Merton was no ordinary young man. He thought deeper and felt more keenly than do the majority. He loved his country, and he yearned to strike good blows for her salvation. But he did not, as thousands do, rush madly forth. His was no hot haste. He thought the matter over calmly, deliberately, alone. He was not above a certain feeling of enthusiastic pride. He would have liked to raise a company, and go out as its captain; or, better still, he would have liked to step at once into the rank of colonel. Either he could have done. His money, position, friends, would have easily given a commission. But he knew, he felt that in the critical position of our matters, we needed an army made up of the right sort of men. It would not do to have only the scum of our population, the idle, the ignorant, the low, enlisted into the ranks. To succeed, it must have a fair representation of the better classes, industrious, learned, noble men, men whose heart was in the good work. A force made up of such he felt must be in the end invincible. He knew, too, that example is better than precept. He knew there were hundreds of young men in his native city who longed to enter the army, but who were deterred from doing so because they could not all be officers, because they could not bear to have it said of them, "They are only privates."—Therefore he took and kept the resolution to enlist as a common soldier. And mark the result. In less than forty-eight hours' time the company was filled, and that, too, with the best young men of the place—noble fellows, all of them, lacking only that independence of the world's opinion which can lift one up and above its censures. All they needed was a strong hand to cleave their fetters, and then they rushed on as with one heart.

The love of Nellie Somers had come as a priceless blessing to our young hero, in his early days of mourning. Her tender sympathies and her sweet words had been a consolation, while her promise to be his had been as a healing balm to his lonely soul. The future that had loomed up so dark and frowningly before him after his father's death, was haloed as with rain-

bows. He never doubted but she would approve his patriotic course. Not for an instant did it cross his thoughts that she would blush to be a private's bride. Had he not told her that he should go into the army at the next call, and had she not said proudly, "Go, you belonged to your country before you did to me"; and had she not run then to the piano and played and sung the "Battle Cry of Freedom," and a dozen other triumphal ballads of the war; and when they parted for the night, whispered tenderly, as she took his parting kiss, "my soldier"? Little recked he of the storm of wild words he was to meet when he entered her parlor in his blue coat and pants, with his military cap held carelessly in his left hand, while his right was put forth to greet her. He knew not, guessed not, the pride of her young heart. Had there been straps upon his shoulders, and a sword girted at his side, and a plumed hat resting gracefully upon his royal head, she would have flown to his arms at once; but as it was, she only looked up from the book she held, and then dropped her head upon the marble slab, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

In an instant her lover was beside her, and, gathering her to his heart, he asked tenderly, — "Is this my little Spartan bride? Why, Nellie, I expected to be greeted with 'Hail Columbia,' or 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' or 'Washington's Grand March.' Oh, don't, don't, darling," as her sobs came quicker, "don't unman me. Help me, instead, dearest." And so he soothed her with sweet words and sweeter kisses, till she was quite calm, and could look him in the face without a tear.

"You're not sorry I'm going, Nellie; at least you would not have me stay?"

"I'm not sorry, and yet I am; I would not have you stay, and yet I would."

"Riddles, darling."

"Easy to guess, though. Oh, Philip, how could you so disgrace yourself?"

"Disgrace myself! Nellie; what do you mean?" and a hectic spot burned in each cheek.

"What I say, Philip. To think of you, *you* going out as a private, a common soldier, to be snubbed by men you

wouldn't wipe your shoes on when at home, to be bound to the thankless work of a poor slave, cooking your own victuals, making your own bed, washing your own clothes, perhaps even patching them; to give up your manhood and become a mere machine, an automaton at which any rebel may point his gun; to" —

"Stop, Nellie;" and he laid his fingers gently, yet firmly, on her lips. "Don't for Heaven's sake say more, lest I forget that it is you, and give back words which I should never speak. Listen, darling, I might have come to you to-night as Captain Merton."

"Why didn't you, then? ay, why? I should have been proud of you, then, oh, so proud; but a common soldier, to herd in with Tom, Dick, and Harry! Oh, Philip, if you had no regard for your own position in society, you might, at least, have cared for mine."

"Do you think I didn't, Nellie?"

"Think; I know you didn't."

"Nellie, I have strangely misunderstood your heart and head. I supposed them both alive with patriotism."

"And they are, Philip. I would sacrifice my last dollar to save my country. Ay, if I were a man, I would give my life, and, dying, smile to know my heart had bled in such a glorious cause. But I would go forth as a man should go."

"And it is so I mean to go, my darling."

"You — a private!" My pen cannot depict the withering scorn with which she spoke.

It stung her lover, and hot words sprung to his lips, and a lava tide of passion surged and rolled in every vein. But he restrained himself, and said quietly but firmly, ay, proudly, "Yes, Nellie, I, a private, mean to go forth as a man should go."

"And when friends ask me of Philip Merton, my affianced husband, I must say he is a private in Company B, 22d regiment, N. Y. Infantry. A private! Do you think I will feel proud?"

"You ought to, Nellie."

"Proud! If I could say colonel, captain, or even lieutenant I should be proud. But private! Oh, Philip, Philip, if you love me, get a commission."

"When I have nobly earned one, I



may take it. As it is, I cannot ask for one at this time."

"Will not!"

"Well, will not then."

"Not even for love of me."

He hesitated. It was very hard for him to speak the words which he knew he ought to, very. But he was true to himself, and so answered her, "Not even for love of you, Nellie, can I go into the army other than a private. I have always striven to act from principle. I feel, I know, that I can do more good as a common soldier than I could at this time as an officer, and, feeling this, knowing this, ought I not to become one? Think of the good my example will do."

"I will think of nothing, sir, but that you choose to disgrace yourself and me. Principle! Go as a private when you might as a colonel. It's *cowardice*! yes," as she watched the effect of her cruel words, and saw the crimson recede from cheek and lip, and both take the color of a corpse, "it's *cowardice*. As an officer, you would have to push forward, be foremost in the fight, and I should honor you, glory in you, yes, be proud of you, though it widowed me before I had been wedded; but as a private you can skulk behind some fence, or hide in some old hut, and save your limbs and life, but, oh, win for yourself an everlasting infamy."

"Miss Somers" — How she shivered at the cold words, yes, shivered, though the moment before she had felt as if wrapped in flames.

"Miss Somers, take back your words."

"Philip Merton, private!" Unfinished sentence, spoken with a sneer.

"Miss Somers, take back your words."

"Philip Merton, private!" Nothing more.

He rose up from his chair, took up his cap, and turned as if to go. As his hand rested on the knob, she said quickly, "Stay, Captain Merton."

He did not move, but quietly opened the door.

"Captain!"

"Philip Merton, private, Miss Somers;" and turning half way round, he proudly bowed his head.

"Take this, then," she said quickly, as

she drew from her finger a flashing diamond, and tossed it into his cap.

He took it up and kissed it reverently, saying softly as he did so, "It was my mother's wedding ring. Henceforth I wear it near my heart."

"I would, sir; it may be a talisman to ward off rebel bullets."

"Perhaps it may, Miss Somers, and perhaps it may be a mark for their sharpshooters. If ever you should hear that it was found upon me, all dabbled with my gore, remember that it was once your own betrothal ring, and shed a tear for the brave private."

He dropped the jewel in his vest pocket, bowed as if to an acquaintance, and went quietly away.

And so they parted; not a tear on either side, not even a visible quiver of a single nerve; parted as though human hearts were playthings to be tossed to and fro at pleasure, and if by chance broken, not worth mending. But oh, the sufferings of the two, when, in the silence and secrecy of the midnight hour, they reviewed the evening. Neither had anticipated such a termination to the conversation. Philip had been certain she would let him state the reasons for his course, and as certain she would then indorse it, and extol him as her own brave soldier boy. Nellie had been just as certain she could make him feel the ignominy of his choice, and, feeling it, promise to leave the ranks and become what she in her girlish pride so yearned to have him, her gallant captain. Perhaps both had been too hasty; perhaps he should have borne her taunt more calmly; perhaps he should have reflected that she was a high spirited young creature, and spoke not so much from her heart as from her head, — her head, which was yet full of school-girl notions; perhaps — but what mattered those afterthoughts? the engagement was broken off.

Between the enlistment and marching orders two months intervened. Philip went to the barracks at once; and if there lay a load upon his heart, none of his comrades guessed that it was there, so well did he control himself. He entered upon the new duties with a zeal and energy that stimulated the whole compa-

ny. He shrunk from no task, however menial it might seem, however uncongenial it really was to his refinement.

"Come, boys," he would shout, as he slid like a squirrel from his bunk in the third tier, "our valets are out on a rampage, I guess; nothing to do but make our own toilets. Let's see who'll be through first. Come, be quick. Just fancy the rebels are on us. Come, to arms, to arms," and then he would break out into a war-song so lively and loud that the soundest sleeper would wake up and laugh in spite of himself, and hurry up to be in good trim for early drill.

"And now, fellow-soldiers," he would exclaim, "as Bridget, and Phillisy, and Betsey all took French leave yesterday, we must e'en make up our own beds, and sweep our own floor, and do our own dusting. We'll catch some likely contraband when we get down South, and teach them all these pleasant little morning duties, but till then—here we go;" and up he would spring on to the edge of his bunk, and shake up the straw tick and spread over it the blankets, as tidily as a shaker girl. And when the white-fingered boys about him saw him going to work so merrily, they'd turn to with a merry laugh and follow his example.

"Beds all made—next thing they do is to sweep out, isn't it, boys? Well, where's the broom? one to make ready, two to begin, three to start, and four to go;" and with a few mock flourishes of the feminine weapon, he would go over the rough floor till not a vestige of dirt was visible.

"Can't find the feather duster, boys. Who's walked off with it? Never mind; we'll find a genuine peacock's tail in some planter's house, and then—but just now this bandanna must answer;" and in a trice tables and stools were dusted, and books and papers neatly arranged.

Then, dropping his jovial tone, he would say earnestly, "Boys, shall we have a chapter this morning? Life is uncertain to all, you know, but to us soldiers—here to-day, to-morrow—where? Will you listen, if I read?" No young man so reckless but he would sit down quietly then and heed the voice of the self-elected chaplain, as he read a few

passages from Holy Writ. The book closed, he never asked if he should pray, but reverently bent his knee and asked of God his blessing on the soldier and his cause. Rising, he would pause a moment, and then throw his whole soul into his voice, as he sung one of those grand old hymns that have come down to us from the saints of other days.

And so he would manage every morning to have the barracks in perfect order, the men as neatly dressed as if it was "inspection," and a cheerful religious service all over before the drums beat the *reveille*.

And all through the day he kept himself busy in good works, not preaching so much as practising. The newspapers of the city chronicled the fact that Philip Merton, private, though worth a hundred thousand dollars, was seen scrubbing out the officers' rooms. After that, do you think any soldier shrank from a like duty? Indeed, Philip Merton in the barracks, in the cook-room, on drill, on guard, anywhere, was always the same,—active, industrious, energetic, prompt, gentlemanly; an oath never stained his lips, or any word that bordered on vulgarity; a drop of intoxicating drink never wet his tongue; his fingers never shuffled cards or turned the dice-box; he never asked for a pass at nightfall. Yet there was nothing starched, or prosy, or puritanic about him. He was the soul of the company, a gay repartee for one, a brilliant witticism for another, a hearty laugh for a third, a droll look for a fourth, and so on to the end of the lively ones; but when he came near the sick, the sad, the shrinking, his words were low and gentle as a mother's blessing, and they learned to watch his coming as if he were an angel in disguise.

He strove by every possible means to relieve the monotony of camp life. Through his influence a temporary gymnasium was erected, a swimming club formed, a singing-school organized, a reading-room opened, and a debating society instituted. "We shall have to twist these mortal frames of ours into all kinds of shapes when we get down to rebeldom," he would say jocosely, as he stripped off his blouse, and prepared to join in the gymnastic ex-

ercises; "and there's nothing like getting ready for it. See here," as he climbed a pole, "that's the way we'll run up their flag-staffs and tear down the stripes and bars; come on, boys," and the most timid would venture after him. "There'll be rivers to swim after a while," he would exclaim, as he leaped into the blue waters that rolled at the foot of the camp ground, "and," as his head came peering out of the foamy bubbles, "we'll have rebel shots to dodge, and this is the way we'll do it," and out of sight he would go, and come up half way across the stream. How they would swim after that, swim and shout, till it seemed a very carnival. "There's many a man been sung into an office," he would whisper, in a comical sort of a way, as he turned the leaves of the glee book, "and who knows, boys, but we may sing ourselves into Richmond. Heigh-ho, what a grand concert we'll give then, wont we? We'll sing so loud that old Jeff himself, as he clanks his chains, will lend an ear to the jubilee." "We must keep up with the times, boys," he would say earnestly, as he cut the leaves of a fresh monthly, or unfolded a European paper. "It mustn't be said of us privates we don't know what we are fighting for. No, no. We are going as school-masters to the South, and we must be ready to answer all questions." "We must learn how to put them down with words as well as blows," he would say, as the hour for debating came; "they need mental as well as knock-down arguments; brain bullets as well as bayonet stabs." And wouldn't they sing after that, and wouldn't they read, and wouldn't they argue? Ay, ay, and the result of all was that "B" was the banner company, always in good health, always ready for inspection, always in good spirits, as noble a band of patriots as ever bared their hearts to the weapons of their country's foes.

And Nellie Somers heard of all these things. Harrie took good care she should. He was a shrewd little fellow, and guessed at once there had been a quarrel between the lovers, when, instead of appearing at the breakfast-table, his cousin sent word she had a headache.

"Headache, is it, Nell?" he asked quizzically, as he put his head into the door of her chamber.

"Yes, Harrie, it is," she answered with a quivering lip; "please go away, and let me rest."

"Oh, yes, of course I will, only I thought *Bridge*" (et) "might have made a mistake, and said head when you meant heart. Sure she didn't it, Nell;" and he dodged into the hall, whistling, as he slid down the banisters,—

"If I had a beau  
For a soldier who'd go,  
Do you think I'd say no?  
Oh, no, not I."

But when at evening she took her accustomed seat at the tea-table, and he noticed that the engagement ring was gone, he knew as well as though he had been told how the two had parted, and his spirits sank to zero, for he dearly loved them both. At first, to tell the truth, he was downright mad with Nellie, for he felt as by intuition that it was her false pride that had kindled the passion flame. But when he marked the deathly pallor of her cheek, and the dark circles about her eyes, and the trembling of their lashes, and the pitiful work she made as she tried to swallow a mouthful of the food, and the trembling of her hands as she lifted the cup of tea, he felt sorry for her, and strove to divert the looks of others by a series of juvenile jokes that would have done credit to "Ike" himself.

As days passed on, and she went about the house in a listless, absent way, as if only her body moved, while her soul was fast asleep or off in distant lands, his heart yearned over her, and he bent his whole energies toward one single thing,—a reconciliation between the two.

He had always been a favorite with Philip, and being well acquainted with all the officers, he soon had, as he called it, the run of the camp. Every holiday, and indeed nearly every leisure hour, was spent there, apparently to gain an acquaintanceship with military tactics. But the boy had another reason for passing so much time there. He wanted to learn what his cousin's lover was about, and he

did learn, too ; not so much, though, from him as others, for Philip was one of those rare men who did not let his left hand know what his right one had been about. And he took care that Nellie should be informed of all he had learned. But with a delicacy not often found in one so young and boisterous, he never blurted out his news in the presence of others. He had been in the habit of coming to her room at twilight, and throwing himself upon a stool at her feet, and while he nestled his head in her lap, and felt her fingers toying with his curly hair, telling her the story of the day. He had no mother or sister to go to, and the maiden aunt who superintended the household affairs was too prim to secure his confidence. Nellie had always encouraged his boyish revelations, knowing she could thus win a hold upon his affections that might, at some critical time, be his salvation.

These hours he chose now to tell her of what he had seen and heard at Camp Washington. She listened silently, but he knew by the quickening of her pulses, and the nervous strokes of her hand upon his forehead, that she was interested. Once, about a week after he had begun the story, she was betrayed into the exclamation, "He is a noble fellow," but she bit her lips afterwards till the blood started.

Harrie did not seem to notice it, but the next time he went up to camp, he took the first opportunity that presented itself to tell Philip Merton that he had been giving an account of his doings to his cousin Nell, and that she had listened with breathless attention, and said "you was a noble fellow."

The private's face reddened, but he only said, "You mustn't tell tales out of school, my boy," and turned away. But as he stood on guard that night, he pondered the words over and over again, and said to himself, "If she would only say them to me." Could he have looked into the young girl's heart, as she sat alone by her window, then, he would have learned that she was yearning to do so, that she was loving him more than she had ever done. But something, a mingling of

pride and delicacy, kept back the confession. She had driven him from her,—to ask him back would be virtually to own that she had been in the wrong, and more, it would be the same as telling him she could not live except in his affection. She thought, as too many women do, it is never safe to let a man know how much he is beloved. A false doctrine, we believe, for woman's love is man's best safety-shield.

And so the two were still apart, and the weeks shortened into days, until but two were left. On the evening of the first of these, as Harry was leaving his cousin's room, he turned suddenly, and said abruptly, "Nell, you haven't got such a thing as a housewife, that you could spare as well as not, have you?"

"Why?"

"Why?" and he mimicked her tone exactly. "A woman must always know the whys of everything. Can't you say yes or no?"

"Yes."

"Will you give it to me?"

"What do you want to do with it?"

"There it is again. Will you give it to me if I tell you? Promise now on your word and honor."

"On my word and honor."

"Well, then, I heard a soldier say to-day he believed he had everything he needed for a campaign except a housewife, and he supposed he'd have to get along without that, as he had neither mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart to make him one. I didn't say anything, Nell, but I made up my mind the poor fellow should have one, if I had to go all over the city and beg one."

"You needn't do that, Harrie," said his cousin quietly, but with a tender tremor in her voice, "I have a very pretty one that I can spare as well as not, and I shall be only too happy to give it to one of the brave men who are going to fight for our liberty," and opening a bureau drawer she took out a little box and handed it to him. The boy turned on the gas full head and took off the cover. His eyes sparkled as he unrolled the housewife, and let it dangle at full length. "Glory, but it's a beauty, Nell. Blue

satin, as I'm alive, and the pockets lined with white silk; most too good for a poor private."

"Nothing is too good for a soldier of the republic," said his cousin quickly, and then blushed a deep crimson at the sound of her words.

With delicate tact, he seemed not to notice them, but only exclaimed, as he run his fingers into each sack, "Is everything here, needles, buttons, thread, wax, pins?"

"Everything, I believe."

"Well, just give me one of your cards, then. The fellow'll want to know where it came from."

She hesitated. She was tempted to drop one in, but a sickening fear came over her lest he should interpret it to mean, "Come back to me," and she snapped the silver case together, and thrust it out of sight.

"Won't you, Nell? Tell me something to say, then."

She hesitated. Then came the thought, if you should next hear of him as dead, wouldn't it be a lifelong sorrow that you had sent no word? She struggled hard to keep down the choking sensation in her throat.

Harrie waited, having rolled up the dainty thing, and enclosed it in the box.

"Tell him it comes from one who has neither father, husband, brother, or lover in the army, but who is glad to do a little something for one of its brave men."

"Couldn't you send your love, Nell?"

"Harrie!"

There was a pathos in the tone that quite unnerved the boy, and he flung his arms about her neck, crying, "Forgive me, do, do, Nellie; won't you?"

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "but go, go."

He did so, while she threw herself upon her bed, and cried all night.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come, Nell, hurry up and get your things on. I've got a capital place for you to see the procession. Come, you'll be late."

"I'm not going, Harrie."

"Not going to see the 22nd off, the best regiment that ever went out of the State. Why, Nell, I'd be ashamed of

myself. Just think what folks'll say, if you don't go."

She sat still a few moments, and then rose and prepared to accompany him, the fear of the world's talk overcoming the terrible faintness of her heart.

"Isn't it a nice window, Nell? You see Lawyer Glenn's folks are all out of town, and so I bribed his clerk to let me have the office all to myself. We'll have a fine view, wont we? Hark! I hear the drums now."

Faintly from the far-off distance came the inspiring notes. Nearer now and nearer, till the martial strain burst upon the ear in a full tide of melody.

"Those are the 'Burgesses,' Nell; don't they keep splendid time? and those the 'Artillery,' aint they fine-looking? and those are the old 'Continentials,' don't they look funny? Shrieber's band comes next, and then the 22d. See them, Nell, see them! Aint they noble fellows? straight as Indians, every one of them, and so handsome. Wave your handkerchief, Nell, wave it! It'll encourage the poor fellows,—do, wont you?" and he snatched it from her pocket. She couldn't refuse, and the pretty bit of cambric fluttered in her hand. Just then one of the privates looked up.

"It's Phil, Nell. Bow to him. Bow," seeing she hesitated, "you'll always be sorry if you don't; he may be dead the next time you see him."

There had been a momentary halt. As the word was given to march, the same private looked up again. Nellie did bow, but as she did so the chill of death seemed to creep over her, and the handkerchief dropped from her hand, and fluttered softly down to the pavement.

"Give it to the soldier," shouted Harrie, as it was picked up by a little boy. "It's to soak up his blood in the first battle." Everybody was patriotic that day, and though at another time the urchin might have been tempted to crumple it into his pocket, he ran now with it and gave it to the soldier. Philip Merton wavered not in his steady step, but as he fastened the handkerchief to the cape of his overcoat, his heart throbbed with a quick, impatient pulse.

"Why, Nell, are you sick," exclaimed Harrie, and, thoroughly alarmed at the ghastly look of his cousin's face, he was rushing to the door for help, when her hand, feebly put forth, arrested him.

"Take me home," she whispered.

He did so, aiding her faltering steps with the utmost tenderness. "Shall I call Aunt Hannah?" he asked, when he assisted her to her chamber.

"No, no — go now; I must, I must be alone. I want to think."

He went, but every few moments he stole to the door to listen. He had heard of girls dying with broken hearts, and he wondered if hers was going to break. He expected every hour, the whole afternoon, to hear a wild shriek come from the room, and when they rushed in, to see her on the bed, white as a corpse, with the blood streaming over her pale lips.

What was his astonishment, when, at the snapping of the tea-gong, he saw her come to the table as quietly as though she had never known a sorrow. He shook his head, and said to himself, "Darn the women; they never do what you think they're going to." Ah, Harrie, Harrie, let me tell you, a woman's heart is a very strange compound of weakness and strength. It has never been thoroughly analyzed yet.

Nellie Somers did not die; she did not even have a fit of sickness, but she was strangely altered from that day. She no longer went about the house in that languid way of old; her hands lay not idle in her lap, nor did her eyes seem looking into vacancy. Her step was quick, her fingers busy, and the light of a great duty seemed to flash out in every glance. "Deputy President of the United States," Harrie called her laughingly, and then said earnestly, "The President himself isn't busier than she." Indeed, he couldn't well be, for every moment was employed. The Sanitary Commission was then in its infancy; aid societies unknown and unthought of. She was one of the first to bring the matter before the patriotic ladies of her native city, and before long efficient means had been taken to establish one there. Certain hours of every day were devoted to its interests. Nor did she stop there. She instituted a

corps of nurses, and from her own private funds engaged the services of an eminent surgeon to instruct them in their onerous duties. Nor did this satisfy her. She sought out soldiers' families, and comforted them, not only by deeds of mercy and charity, but by her kindly sympathies. There was one poor widow, who had given up her two boys, and who longed to send them her words of counsel and love, but who could not write. Every week she went in and wrote a long letter for that poor mother. There was a wife who, being of foreign nativity, could neither read her husband's letters or answer them. She went in every day and set her copies, and taught her from a primer. There were two children, whose mother died soon after the father left, and who seemed to have none to care for them. She took the girl to her uncle's house, and installed her there as her own *protege*, while the boy was sent to a good boarding school just outside the city, and sent for every Saturday to come and see his sister. But all these, and a hundred other acts of philanthropy, were done so unostentatiously that her nearest friends were hardly aware of them.

"I think," said Harrie one day, as she started for the hospital with a bouquet of nursery flowers and an armful of magazines, "I shall write a composition on Emulation, and cite you for an illustration."

"Why so, my boy?"

"Why you seem to be emulating a certain private that I once told you of."

He watched her keenly as he spoke. The color came and went into her cheeks, but as it settled into a bright crimson, she said earnestly, "It is my atonement."

Then he understood her.

But with all her labor she was careful not to overtax her strength. She was rigid in the observance of those rules which she knew were essential to the preservation of her health. She retired early and rose early, she bathed, she kept up a good appetite by exercise in the open air, she changed employments often enough to prevent any one from unduly straining her mind, she practised on her piano and guitar, she sung and read.

"I am glad to see you taking such

good care of yourself," the surgeon said to her one day at the close of a lecture. "Your health is perfect."

"Yes, and I mean to keep it so. I must reserve some strength for the hour of trial."

\* \* \* \* \*

Weeks and months had passed since the 22d left. They were not forgotten, yet to many the remembrance seemed but a dream. Suddenly, however, the public mind became again deeply, vitally interested in them. The telegraph flashed words that thrilled every patriotic heart. The two armies had met, and a fierce battle was raging. Newspapers issued extras twice a day, while the wires were worked incessantly. Hours passed on,—hours that seemed like weeks to those who kept their sad vigils at the hearthstone. Then came the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells, the unfurling of banners and the flashing of lights. Victory! Victory for the North!

Victory! Glorious word, and yet how sad. While the streets were alive with a shouting populace, while soldiers were out with flags and music, and firemen with garlanded engines and blazing torches, and civic societies with streamers of red, white and blue instead of their badges, while windows were illuminated, and balconies festooned, while church bells were chiming and musketry rattling, and all seeming to be merry, the telegraph boys were elbowing their way through the crowds, here, there, in every street almost, and rushing up steps and delivering to trembling hands the messages that came so fast from the scene of action. Oh, there were tears as well as smiles that night, and sobbing as well as laughter. Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, sweethearts,—how many had been struck down by the merciless balls, some to fall forward and drop dead, others to sheer awhile to the right and left in a vain struggle to fire once more, and then sink amidst the carnage to wait for the ambulance or stretcher. Victory! Yes, but dearly bought.

At the first bulletin, Nellie Somers had packed her trunk, not with changes of clothing, those she had thrust into a satch-

el, but with bandages, lint, cushions, clothing for a sick soldier, and such delicacies and cordials and medicines as her instructions taught her might be needed in a hospital after a battle.

That done, she went about like an angel of mercy from one home to another, not cheering up the poor inmates with hopes which might at any time be blasted, but striving to give them strength to meet the worst.

"Aint you going with me to see the procession, coz?" asked Harrie, as he stopped her on the threshold of her chamber. "It's going to be a grand display. Come."

"No, no, Harrie. Don't ask me. I am going to bed."

"To bed? this night of all others! Where's your patriotism?"

"Harrie!" The boy started, for there was something that savored of the solemnity of death in her tone. "I may have to start on a long journey to-morrow. I must have rest to-night. I must lie down, if I do not sleep."

"Journey, Nell?" and he looked bewildered.

"Yes. Bring me the paper as soon as the list of casualties is published. And remember, Harrie, don't try to deceive me."

Then he understood her.

The list was not published till the next afternoon. She did not know it till long afterwards, but the boy wedged his way into the printing office, and snatched the first paper as it came wet from the press, and throwing down ten times its value, he ran with it to his cousin, never once unfolding it.

"Thank you, Harrie," and as he leaned over her shoulder, the two ran their eyes up and down the columns.

"He isn't dead," cried the boy, "don't shake so, Nell;" but just then there stared at him from the list of the wounded, "Philip Merton, private, mortally," and he was sobbing like a child.

"Quit," said Nell, sternly, "are you a baby? Run and order the carriage. There's a train leaves in half an hour. Don't stop for questions now, go. O God, he may be dead even now."

Harrie did run, and when it rolled around to the door, his cousin stood upon the pavement, bonneted and cloaked.

There were hasty kisses and good byes, sobbed rather than spoken, and the boy was left alone, hardly knowing whether he were awake or sleeping.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am sorry, madam, but my orders are imperative. He must see no one. The least excitement will kill him."

"I can't help your orders. I must see him. It will not kill him. Show me where he is."

"But, madam"—

"Oh, as you love your mother, your wife, your little ones, sir, don't stop me. Show me where he is. Only tell me the ward—I will go in myself. You shall never be blamed. Oh, sir," and she wrung his hand.

The steward was not unfeeling. A big heart throbbed in his bosom, one so big that not all the scenes of misery he had witnessed could harden it. And the imploring tones of that young voice would have melted even the head-surgeon himself, though his nerves, as he used to boast, were of wrought iron.

"Follow me," he whispered.

She did so, through one room after another of the impromptu hospital.—"There," pointing to a distant room. She glided in, noiselessly as though wearing sandals of satin, as though indeed she were a winged messenger. Up to one and another cot she passed, glanced at the ghastly face, and then went on. At the last one she paused and dropped softly upon her knees. No words escaped her lips, yet a prayer went up to heaven, a prayer of mingled love and anguish.

As she rose and bent over the patient, he opened his eyes, and fixed them upon her. Then he looked all about him, as if to assure himself it was no dream, and then his lips moved. She bent lower,—came nearer.

"You are come to see me die."

"No, no, no, Philip," speaking with a suppressed energy. "I am come to make you live. Oh, you shall not, must not die. I will not give you up. *You shall be saved, healed.*"

"But if I do not wish to live,—and why should I? I've neither mother, wife, sister or sweetheart to care for me."

"You have, you have, Philip. I will be all in one. Do let me stay,—do let me nurse you."

"Who sent for you?"

"Nobody. Nobody but Harrie knows I came, and I had fairly to fight my way in. Oh, you will let me stay. Don't drive me from you now,—now when you need me more than ever."

"No, Nellie, no. Stay,—my own, my own."

One kiss, only one, it was all she dared allow, but in that one was concentrated the pent-up yearnings of half a year.

Then she busied herself about him as if she were a hired nurse, and had come in only to minister to his physical needs. The surgeon frowned at first when he saw her there, but a few moments conversation satisfied him that there was a devotion in her care which could do more than all his salves and bandages.

Days and nights were spent there before even she dared hope. She shrank from nothing; the most painful and delicate offices were performed with the same steady hand as though she were but offering him a cup of water or a glass of wine. The other nurses marvelled at her, for she never seemed sleepy, or tired, or even worried. They did not know how much there was at stake in the life or death of that sadly shattered soldier. It was everything or nothing to her. If he lived, life henceforth would be a blessing; if he died,—she would not, could not face the shadowy future.

*He did not die.* Once, in a hundred times, perhaps, our prayers are answered,—answered as if we and not God held our destinies.

Philip Merton, after weeks of torture, rallied, and was able to leave his cot and sit up in a chair, and walk about, one hand upon a cane, the other upon the shoulder of his fair girl-nurse. By and by the surgeon said he might go home, and Nellie made the requisite preparations, and wrote to his housekeeper to apprise her of his coming.



"You will go with me, darling."  
 "Of course, Philip. It would not be safe for you to travel alone."

"But I mean quite to the house."

"Of course. Do you think I would trust you to a careless driver?"

"And stay with me there, as you have here?"

"If you wish it, Philip," and the color deepened in her cheeks, and her eyes wandered from his steady gaze.

He slipped a diamond ring upon her finger, the same she had once thrown at him, but as he twirled it around, to try and make it fit the better, (for those fingers had grown thin in their long vigils,) he said quietly, "But remember it is Philip Merton, private, whom you marry."

"Oh, don't, in mercy don't recall that night of agony!" and she shivered. "Have I not atoned?"

"Ay, darling, a thousand times; yet," and he kissed her, "it is Philip Merton, private."

"And I would not have it otherwise. No, no."

"But when your friends shall ask you, Nellie, what rank your husband holds in the army, will you not blush to say. only"—

"Blush? Yes, Philip, but it will be the blush of pride. What prouder name can I ask, indeed, for my patriot warrior, than yours, *A Soldier of the Republic*?"

EVENTS, things, world-movements, individual experiences, contemplated from a partial point of view, may seem chaotic, purposeless, disconnected,—like the foam-flakes, pitching, whirling, turned into mist, bounding into white annihilation, at Niagara. But every atom of that dishevelled water is held in the curve of nature, and descends by law, and combines and sweeps onward to the broad lake. So with human events. They are governed; they accomplish a majestic course; and over their maddest plunging, their most terrible anarchy, there arches the superintending Providence,—a bow in the cloud.

NEUTRAL men are the devil's allies.

## WAITING FOR THE ANGELS.

By C. M. Sawyer.

A LITTLE maiden, five years old,  
 With bright blue eyes, and locks of gold,  
 Her small hands clasping round her knees,  
 Sat singing under the chestnut-trees,  
 Looking up through the stirring leaves,  
 And weaving the fancies a young child weaves.

I wonder, she thought, if the angels dwell  
 Up in the clouds, as the people tell,  
 If I could not see them if I should try,  
 And gaze and keep gazing up into the sky,—  
 Up through the trees, where the leaves are thin,  
 And streaks of sunshine come peeping in.

A soft cloud floated across her sight,—  
 "I see one," she thought, "and she's dressed  
 in white.

She has gold on her wings, for I see them shine,  
 And her hair is yellow and curled like mine;  
 'Tis a little girl, and if she should see  
 Me sitting alone, she'd come play with me."

The soft cloud floated out of her sight,  
 But she waited in vain for the angel white  
 To hover down from the sweet blue sky  
 To play with her as the hours went by.  
 "They will come some other day," she thought,  
 As her mother, at last, with a smile she sought.

Oh, wise like that little maid might we,  
 In our simple trust in the Father, be.  
 Soft smiles would ripple across our face,  
 Where shadows of doubt have too oft a place;  
 And, waiting ever, and waiting thus,  
 The Angels of Peace would come down to us.

WHEN Douglas was carrying the heart of Bruce in the silver case, to bury it in the Holy Land, he was attacked by a body of Turks; and finding the result somewhat doubtful, he took the silver case and flung it among the ranks of the enemy, saying, "O brave heart of Bruce! go forward as you have ever done, and I will follow." Take the beating heart of Christ and throw it among your temptations, and follow where that leads, by its divine impulses, by its eternal recognition of that which alone is right, and good, and true.

## Editor's Table.

### SPRING SONG.

" Long has been the winter,  
 Long — long — in vain  
 We've sought the bud upon the bough,  
 The primrose in the lane.  
 Long have skies been dull and gray,  
 Nipping's been the blast;  
 But sing! Summer's coming!  
 The bee's out at last.  
 Sing! Winter's flying;  
 Summer's coming fast;  
 Humming joy and spring-time,  
 The bee's out at last.

Loud shouts the cuckoo;  
 The nested elm round  
 Wheels the rook, cawing;  
 There are shadows on the ground.  
 Warm comes the breeze, and soft,  
 Freezing days are past;  
 Sing! Summer's coming!  
 The bee's out at last.  
 Sing! Winter's flying:  
 Summer's coming fast;  
 Humming hope and spring-time,  
 The bee's out at last."

And so is the robin. For the last week, every early morning, bright or rainy, has brought its cheery song, as familiar and dear as "Auld Lang Syne" to the Highlander, or the "Star-Spangled Banner" to the loyal American. Almost under my window it pipes its "Good morrow" in the same gushing, soaring strain as ever of old. Ah! Robin is no seceder. Faithfully as the needle turns to the pole, the Switzer to his Alps, or the snuff-dipper of the South to her stick and snuff box, returns every spring to his dear old resting-place, one particular bird. Loving and true is he. I know him well by his curious trick of breaking off in the middle of his clear, sonorous warble, which, after looking coquettishly around for a minute, he begins again, swelling his tiny throat with a wonderful power of melody, and calling all his companions to listen to his unequalled performance. It is the same bird which has at-

tracted my attention for three years, and he seems like an old friend returned from far travels among the orange groves and magnolian forests of the south. I never have heard whether our robins sing, while in their winter exile, or not. I almost fancy them silent in their wanderings among a strange people, and reserving their songs for the ears of friends. It is said the birds in southern woods sing but little, save it be the mocking-bird, and I can imagine our northern minstrels of the groves like the children of Israel, who "by the waters of Babylon sat down and wept when they remembered Zion," saying "How can we sing in a strange land?"

The robin is certainly capable of a great degree of affection, has a great deal of "inhabiteness," and is the dearest and most familiar of all birds in its intercourse with man. No bird has been the subject of so many sweet songs, or the hero of so many charming legends, as the robin. One of the most touching of the latter has been embodied in a little poem by Bishop Doane of New Jersey. It is not this moment at hand, but the legend is to this effect:—

When our dear Lord was expiring upon the cross, a little robin pressed itself firmly against one of the thorns which composed the cruel crown of the suffering Redeemer, and a drop of blood, gushing from the wound, stained its little breast forever. From that day to this the robin has always borne a red breast, as a memorial of its love and devotion to the Saviour. I never see the robin, or listen to its sweet matin song, but I am reminded of this legend, and love the dear bird the better for the fancy.

It is surprising that any one can be found reckless enough to shoot the robin as many do for mere sport, for, aside from the sacredness always attached to it, it is one of the most useful of birds, and has been aptly called "The farmer's friend." With its keen eyes it discerns every worm and insect injurious to vegetation, and makes it its prey, often devouring its own weight every day. But it is for its companionable qualities that I best love it, and for its musical matin salutations,

Spring is yet in its novitiate, but it has brought us many blessings beside the birds. Sweet, vernal airs, genial sunshine, springing grass and swelling buds, and those first sweet letters of the "Alphabet of angels," the early spring flowers. It has brought us the promise of a fruitful season, and abundant crops for the sustenance of our armies and the support of our government. Let us thank God for this!

But among the choicest boons which have fallen upon us with the advent of the spring are the royal FAIRS AND FESTIVALS inaugurated and carried to successful and bountiful results for the benefit of our brave and gallant soldiers in the hospitals and the convalescent camps, — for the sick, the wounded, and the helpless. Women and men have done nobly before, but never did a loyal people work so nobly and untiringly for an army defending a just cause, as the loyal people of the loyal North — the *women par excellence* of the great and magnanimous North. The men do much, and are wondrously open-handed and unstinting, but the women do more. They stitch their life-strength into millions of beautiful objects, to bring in money for the support of the good cause. They give their time, their means, their industry, their energies, that our brave and self-denying sons and brothers, who have given themselves to their country, may have care and comfort when the fatal bullet or blasting shell shall have consigned them to the hospital-bed, or the deadly malaria of Southern swamps has poisoned the generous blood that courses through their veins.

See what our great cities have done! and see what New York, the greatest of them all, is this hour doing for the great cause.

But in looking with wonder on the miracles performed by our cities, let us not overlook what smaller places are unostentatiously effecting. All over the North, in every village and town, something is being wrought in the same field. The gatherings for the manufacture of useful and ornamental articles, the fairs on the spot for their sale; or the nice box, with its precious stores of gay and brilliant offerings, sent to the more promising fair of some distant town whose larger population gives assurance of a more profitable sale; but all for the same good cause — the raising of funds for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers.

A little fair worthy of note has been lately held in the Female Department of the Clinton Liberal Institute. It was gotten up in the short space of five weeks, by the young ladies of the

school, during their hours of recreation, and in the intervals of the hard study required by preparations for the closing examination of the school — examinations which were never more thorough, or more satisfactory. Beautiful articles of every description grew like magic under their nimble fingers. Busy brains conceived, and busy hands executed all sorts of curious projects for the production of the one thing needful, — money, — and when the evening of the sale came, although it was dark and stormy, the result showed a great success. The fair yielded the net product of two hundred and seventeen dollars, besides a large box of the most expensive articles, which, remaining unsold, were at once forwarded, with the money, to the Metropolitan Fair.

This is not spoken of as a thing to be compared with the mammoth fairs of our cities. It is only to show what a few loyal-hearted young girls can do to "keep the great ball rolling," and help on with the good cause of providing for the care and comfort of our invalid soldiers.

#### LETTERS FROM THE CAMP.

Speaking of fairs for our soldiers in hospitals leads me to the thought that it is long since I have given the readers of the "Table" anything from our soldiers in the field. It is not from dearth of matter from that source, but I have not thought it best to be too generous of such fare. Yet I am often asked why I do not give the readers army letters more frequently. In answer to this, I present in this number a few extracts from letters received since the battle of Olustee in Florida from a son who was in the midst of all the dreadful carnage of that day, but who, though by mistake reported killed, thank God! escaped without a scratch. As the opportunities for reading accounts of the battles given by persons actually engaged in them are not common, perhaps you will not object to reading what follows:—

"The battle of Olustee took place at a little station on the Florida Central Rail-road, distant from Jacksonville fifty miles. On the afternoon of the 20th, our advance, cavalry and artillery, drove in the rebel pickets. We pushed on, and in a few minutes we formed line of battle, and advanced under a heavy fire, from a line of rifle-pits, of musketry and artillery. The New York Brigade, consisting of the 47th, 48th, and 115th New York, having the right of the line of battle. We entered the fight at quarter past three in the afternoon, and came

out at six. The New York Brigade saved the day, or rather prevented the total rout of our entire force. My regiment, the 47th, lost over half its number. I went into action with sixty-eight men, and came out with only twenty-eight, having lost forty. No other company engaged lost so many. The brigade lost over eight hundred men. Our regiment, being the left of the brigade, received a fire from our front and left. The enemy had nearly flanked us at one time, as I discovered, so I rushed to our adjutant and sent him to Col. Barton, who had himself just made the same discovery, and sent the 7th Conn. Vols. armed with the Spencer repeating rifles to drive them back, which they did in splendid style.

After our ammunition was nearly expended, — in fact some of our men were entirely out, — they began to fall back. So in order to rally them, I ran the colors a hundred yards in advance, calling on the men to 'Rally to the old flag.' They did so to some extent, thereby saving us from a stampede.

Men were killed on all sides of me, and my sword as well as clothes covered with blood, but I received no injury. A piece of shrapnel struck me on the shoulder, which I picked up and will send to you. Later investigations have revealed two bullet holes in my jacket, which were made without grazing the skin. We are tired, and need rest, which we shall now have. The day of the fight we marched forty miles, each of us carrying a weight of at least twenty-five pounds, and fought nearly three hours, — the next day retreated twenty-six miles. We are now at Jacksonville."

In a letter of later date, the writer says:—

"I am very glad that father telegraphed you in time to save you from the positive assurance of my death which reading the Herald would have given you. It was all a mistake of the printer, and resulted from his simply neglecting to put a period after the word 'commanding,' and before 'killed.'"

Did you read the obituary notice of me in the Utica Evening Telegraph. I feel almost under obligations to commit suicide in return for the very flattering summing up of my life which the editor gives me. It seemed very funny to me to sit down and read my own obituary. One seldom has so good a chance to find out what his friends think of him. In my case the knowledge is rather pleasant than otherwise, as I see by my obituary that I stand pretty well with them; but I suppose the next mail will contain a flat contradiction, and recall ev-

ery word of praise, 'but what's writ is writ.'

I see by the letter of one of the U. S. army correspondents, that 'The negro regiment saved the army from rout.' Now let me say that the negroes did not save the army from rout. On the contrary, — and I am supported by men who were on the field all day, (the said correspondent was at Jacksonville, fifty miles away, during the engagement,) Gen. Seymour among the number, who assert as I do that Barton's Brigade, the 47th, 48th, and 115th New York DID THE FIGHTING, and saved the army from rout. No regiment out of our brigade was under fire thirty minutes. We were under a terrible fire for *two hours and three-quarters*, and, as I told you before, our regiment losing over half its men. *We want the credit to which we are entitled, and nothing more.*"

In a letter of date still more recent, the writer mentions some rather amusing incidents of the battle:—

"You may consider me born lucky," he writes; "my height made me more conspicuous than any other officer in the line. I am taller than most of the men, too, and I did not stoop. I said to one of my men, who was loading and firing as fast as he could, but all the time standing in an exceedingly stooping posture, 'Why don't you stand up straight? The rebs can't hit me, nor can they hit you.' He saw the logic, but I noticed him once or twice afterwards, and he still preserved his bent posture, which had become a good deal more exaggerated than at first. He meant to keep out of harm's way.

I saw another old fellow, who would load his musket, and then, holding it at an angle of about forty-five degrees, bang away. He did this two or three times, when I went to him, just as he was about to fire at the same elevation, and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned his head, still keeping his favorite forty-five degrees, while I proceeded to explain, in an every-day sort of tone, my firm conviction that there was not, in the United States, a man so tall as the imaginary man at whom he was firing. He looked me in the eye, as I dilated on the subject, and when I got through quietly said, 'Well, Cap, I guess you're right,' and forthwith dropped his piece to a nearly horizontal line, and blazed away. All the while I was talking, the bullets and shell were smashing into us, but I had got beyond all fear of danger by that time."

The little army of Florida is now intrenched

in the pleasant little town of Pilatha, about seventy-five miles south of Jacksonville, which, as the same correspondent says, "Must have done considerable business before the State began to *better* its condition by seceding. It is located on the east bank of the St. Johns' River, and contains some fine stores and dwellings, besides a court-house and three churches. I should say that it must have been populated by a thousand inhabitants before the war, the larger portion of whom left when our forces first took possession of Jacksonville.

There are great numbers of orange-trees here. Some of the dwellings are perfectly enclosed by the orange and magnolia. The oranges are very large, but for the most part sour. The ground in some yards is covered with them, looking like our apple orchards of the North in the fall. You can see trees with the full-grown oranges hanging on their branches, and thick interspersed with blossoms. It is a beautiful sight to one accustomed only to Northern fruits. The blossoms are sweet, and load the air with their perfume.

What object is to be attained by occupying this place is more than I can say. Some of the New York papers seem to think it is for a political purpose. I cannot believe it. If I really felt convinced that Mr. — sent us down here to make a few votes for himself, I would take immediate steps to leave the service. I am not in the army to purchase political power or glory for any man. I don't want to risk my life to conquer votes. I am willing to serve my country all I can, and help to whip the rebels, but not to elect *this* man or *that* man to office."

Begging pardon for following the army clue so long, I hasten to change the subject, closing with a brief couplet by a great poet to our soldiers:—

"When you see their eyes glisten, oh, then,  
my men, fire,  
Were the last, dying words of A. Jackson, Esquire!"

#### TAKE CARE OF YOUR LIBERTIES.

Near Fort Halifax, Maine, somewhere up the Kennebec River, is an old gravestone, under which lies buried an Englishman by birth, named Richard Thomas, and which bears the following inscription:—

"America, my adopted country, my best advice to you is this, — Take care of your liberties!"

Does the disembodied spirit of the sleeper in that grave ever come back to watch the strug-

gle now going on between the North and the South, around the altars of those liberties which he called upon his adopted country to guard? How much danger he felt there must be of their becoming sorely imperilled, is manifest by the fact that he desired the caution to be written in stone on the last leaf of his earthly history, when the book was just closing. Would that it might be echoed from that humble head-stone all over the land, until every ear should hear and every heart feel its force, — "Take care of your liberties!"

#### THE WRECK.

The "'element of unexpectedness'" says the editor of a contemporary, "was never more thoroughly exemplified than in the following lines by one of Connecticut's most genial poets, the lamented J. G. C. Brainard." They furnish so strange and delightful a mingling of the grave and the absurd, that it is quite impossible to resist transferring them to your table, dear reader:—

Solemn he paced upon the schooner's deck,  
and muttered of his hardships:  
"I have been where the wild will of Mississippi's tide  
Has dashed me on the sawyer; and I've sailed  
In the thick night by the wave-washed coast  
Of Labrador, and by pitiless fields of ice  
In acres; and I have seen the whale and sword-fish  
Fight beneath my bows; and when they made  
the deep  
Boil like a pot, have swung into its vortex;  
And I know to *meet* such dangers with a sailor's skill,  
And *brave* such dangers with a sailor's heart;  
But never yet, or where the river mixes with  
the main,  
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,  
In all my rough experience of harm,  
Met I with — A METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE!

Cathead, nor beam, nor davit has it none;  
Larboard, nor starboard, gunwale, stem nor  
stern;

It comes in such a questionable shape  
You cannot even speak it; up jib, Josey,  
And put away for Bridgeport; there, where  
Fairweather Beach, Rock Island, and the Buoy  
Are safe from such encounters, we'll protest;  
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,  
How that a Charleston schooner was beset,  
Riding at anchor, by — A METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE."

The lines may require some explanation. During a spring-freshet, the Thames River, running past Norwich, overflowed its banks, and a Methodist Meeting-House, standing upon the left bank, floated off into Long Island Sound, and was encountered by the captain of a Charleston schooner. As a writer says, "The mingled fun and sublimity of the lines are truly admirable."

Punch gives the following song as having been sung before Her Majesty the Queen, by a Chinese lady. I wonder how many of my readers can render this Chinese composition into English :

"Oho o meto th ete asho pwit hme,  
Andb uya po undo fthebe st.  
"Twi llpr oveam ostex cellentt ea,  
Itsq ua lit yal lwi lla tte st.

"Tiso nlyf our sh illi ngs apo und,  
Soc omet othet eama rtan dtry,  
Nob ettere anel sewh erebefou nd,  
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy!"

#### THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

When we remember how many of our brave soldiers pass into eternity, not from the bloody bed of the battle-field, but from the hospital-bed, — consumed by the stealthy poison of the Southern swamps and the pestilent river-shore, we shall see strange point as well as beauty in the striking epitaph found on a tombstone at Beaufort, N. C., where so many of our soldiers have left their ashes.

The monument is reared "To the memory of Captain William Harker, born at Beaufort, North Carolina, March 23, 1791; died at Newbern, North Carolina, Oct. 7, 1822, aged 32 years."

"The form that fills this stilly grave  
Once tossed on ocean's roaring wave,  
Plunged through its storms without dismay,  
And careless weltered in its spray;  
Wreck, famine, exile, soatheless bore,  
Yet perished on this peaceful shore.

No tempest whelmed him 'neath the surge;  
No wailing sea-bird screamed his dirge;  
But fever's silent, hidden flame  
Consumed by stealth his hardy frame,  
And softly as an infant's breath  
He sank into the arms of death.

The weather-beaten bark no more  
Hangs shivering on a leeward shore;

But, wafted by a favoring wind,  
Life's stormy sea hath left behind;  
And, into port securely passed,  
Hath dropped his anchor there at last."

#### THE DEATH SONG.

Nothing more touchingly beautiful can be found in the literature of the dying than the following incident :—

"A lady of remarkable loveliness was about to die. Her sister, lovely like herself, and loving her with the affection that must unite such hearts, approached her dying bed and with a sweet but faltering voice sang these words :

'Pilgrim dost thou see yon stream before thee,  
Darkly winding through the vale?  
Should its dreary waves o'erflow thee,  
Then will not thy courage fail?'

The dying lady, in a clear, unflinching voice, replied by singing, —

'No, that stream has nothing frightful;  
To its brink my steps I'll bend;  
There to plunge will be delightful,  
There my pilgrimage will end.'

Another moment, and the beautiful and beloved Mrs. T. had ceased to sing, and ceased to breathe. The songstress had died with her song."

A solemn monitory lesson is happily and forcefully conveyed in these four simple lines :—

"Our life is but a tale, a dance, a dream,  
A little wave, that frets and ripples by;  
Our hopes the bubbles that it bears along,  
*Born with a breath, and broken with a sigh !*"

Lord Brougham, who knew a little of everything, and talked about it all the time, wrote the following epitaph on himself :—

"Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes;  
My fate a useful moral teaches :  
The hole in which my body lies  
Would not contain one half my speeches."

#### SUPERSTITIONS.

**BIRTHDAYS.**—There are many curious superstitions connected with some of the days of the week. Friday has always been esteemed an "unlucky day." No sailor is willing to sail from port on Friday, and I have known many an old lady who would not on any account commence knitting a stocking on Friday. It would be an unlucky stocking. Saturday is with many an unlucky day.

But the Scotch have summed up the superstitions connected with every day in the week in the following little folks rhyme:—

Monday's bairn is fair of face;  
Tuesday's bairn is fu' of grace;  
Wednesday's bairn's the chiel of woe;  
Thursday's bairn has far to go;  
Friday's bairn is loving and giving;  
Saturday's bairn works hard for his living;  
But the bairn that's born on the Sabbath day  
Is lucky, and bonny, and wise, and gay.

The Editor's Table is closed with the following offering for the children:—

### THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

#### A FABLE FOR CHILDREN.

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nests  
Within a hollow tree;  
The hen sat quietly at home,  
The male sang merrily,  
And all the little robins said  
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day the sun was warm and bright,  
And shining in the sky;  
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,  
'Tis time you learnt to fly;"  
And all the little ones said,  
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is  
I'll tell you by and by,  
When mother says, "Do this," or "that,"  
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"  
She'd be a better child by far,  
If she would say, "I'll try."

### THEOLOGY OF UNIVERSALISM.

Another edition of this valuable work by T. B. Thayer, has again been put to press. Although it has already passed through five editions, the demand is still unabated. It is a work that should have its place in every Universalist family, and after it has been read and re-read by the different members, let it be circulated among the neighbors and friends. Agents are engaged in circulating it in different States; still there may be some who have not had an opportunity of purchasing. To such we would say that the sum of \$1 25 inclosed to the publishers, Messrs. Tompkins & Co., Boston, with the full Post-Office direction, will be sure to bring you a copy by return mail.

THE UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY for April made

its appearance in good season, with an attractive Table of Contents. This magazine, under its new editorial management, is deserving the generous support of the WHOLE DENOMINATION, and we hope those of our friends who may read this notice, if they are not already subscribers, will immediately become so. The July number, we understand, will contain an article on Rev. T. Starr King by Hon. Richard Frothingham, and L. R. Paige, D. D., will contribute an article on the subject, "When are the dead raised?" The "General Review," by Rev. T. B. Thayer, is in itself worth the full subscription price to the magazine.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Under this head we have to announce three new works from the establishment of Tompkins & Co. PATRIOTISM AND OTHER PAPERS, by Rev. T. Starr King, just issued, has already reached the second edition. It is a work that will be eagerly sought by all interested in his earlier writings, and is well worthy a perusal.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.—A Liturgy for the use of churches. Arranged by Rev. Chas. H. Leonard. The general desire for a work of this kind has led to the publication of this volume, which it is confidently hoped may answer the purpose for which it is intended, and be generally adopted by the denomination.

"OVER THE RIVER," from the pen of T. B. Thayer, is a work which will do much good wherever it is circulated. One of its objects will be to present the subject of death in its true light: to show that the Scriptures speak of it cheerfully and in pleasant phrase; to establish the fact that, as a rule, it is not attended either with the mental terror or the extreme physical suffering commonly ascribed to it, and thus to remove that dread of dying which oppresses the minds and hearts of so many truly good persons. It is also intended to inculcate more enlarged and elevating views respecting the future state than are generally entertained by a large class of Christians.

### THE LITTLE CRUSADER.

This is a beautiful paper for the Little Folks, and its rapidly increasing list of subscribers shows that they appreciate its merits. It is edited by Haley May, whose children's corner in the Freeman was always so welcome to the younger members of a family. The "Band of Love" is still continued, and "Aunt May" is always ready with a cordial greeting for all the cousins who may wish to become members.

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

By Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

CHAPTER XII.

THE expression worn by Hurd, as his prisoners stood silently before him, and with snaky glance and grinding teeth he gazed in the pale, disturbed face of Mordant, cannot be described; nor can all the old hatred, which he had so persistently nursed and augmented through so many years of patient waiting, and which was now lashing into fury the temper more than usually excited by the copious draughts of strong cider he had taken, be expressed. The small, venomous eyes darted lightnings, while the grin of a fiend distorted his scornful mouth, as he sat at the upper end of the table, flanked by his two companions, and rioted in the fear and bootless anger so plainly depicted upon the face of Mordant.

"You know me, Mr. Mordant," said he at last, in a voice in which many passions were concentrated, and unconsciously assuming a language superior to that he had employed in conversation with his rude companions,—"you know me well! I see it in your coward face. I needn't tell you who I am. You haven't forgot the white slave that you flogged nearly to death because he knocked you down for your horrid cruelty to his sister. If you

have, I can fix him in your memory in a way you won't forget!"

The face of Mordant worked in an indescribable manner, as he stood resolutely facing his long-vanished but not forgotten slave. Something of regret seemed mingling with the other even to himself scarcely understood emotions struggling together in his breast. Did he dimly feel that there was, after all, something of equality between master and slave; between the man whose veins ran with the pure Saxon blood and him whose vital fluid was tinted with so faint a hue of black as almost to defy detection? Did he feel that it was a *brother*, one of his own blood, that he had injured and insulted and scourged, and who now sat in judgment over him? He was helplessly in his power.

Whatever were his thoughts, however, fear and pride and anger were soon evidently uppermost in his breast, and his swollen hands vainly tugged to release themselves, that he might repeat the blows his tormentor recalled to his mind.

The mountaineer watched the suppressed storm before him, and his own veins grew hard and distended, as he went on still more violently than at first.

"Since the cursed days when you scourged and drove my sister to madness, and ordered such a lashing for me as you wouldn't give the worst brute of a horse



in your stables, and then washed the raw flesh in fiery brine, and threw me half dead into the cellar, do you think I haven't been planning out how I should pay my debt to you? No! before I run away with my sister, and ever since, I have kept it in my mind. I have kept my eyes open to see, and my ears open to hear, and my days and nights have been spent in planning—planning—planning! I have done the work that the cruelty of your father led me to. I did not forget that I was your father's son and your brother, and I hated you all the more. What right did God give you or him to call your own flesh and blood *slave*?

But I found the way to pay you. Did you love your boy, Louis? 'Twas I stole him. Do you want to know where he was raised? It was *here* in this mill, and I've brought you here to show you the spot. He had a playmate, too,—your *oldest son*,—the son of poor Aggie. You thought he was found and brought back to you. You were mistaken. *I kept your legitimate son, that woman's boy, and sent Aggie's boy in his place!*"

"O great Father!" sobbed out poor Mrs. Mordant, as, faint and sick and trembling, she leaned against Helen for support. One of the ruffians, with a sudden touch of human kindness, arose and placed his chair behind her. "Haden't you better set down, ma'am?" She dropped into the seat, without the power to answer, while Mordant, tugging with a bewildered look again at his hands, kept murmuring between his closed teeth, "Didn't I always suspect it? Didn't I always *feel* it?"

"But you've gin him a fust-rate education and plenty o' money, and he's turned out a gentleman, and the drop o' nigger's blood in his veins don't shine out a bit;" and the laugh of Hurd was loud and scornful.

"I will cast him off! I will have nothing more to do with him!" wrathfully exclaimed Mordant, a strange blending of pain and fury in his face. "I acknowledge a base-born nigger for my son? Never! if I die for it!"

"You'll cast him off, hey? Maybe not, when you know how near he is to

you. The boy was married this morning. Do you want to know who his wife is?"

"What do I care?"

"Maybe you will care. She is your own lawful child, the daughter of your wife sitting there. The girl who stands by her called Helen Mordant is not your daughter. She is the daughter of my eldest sister, and a fair and handsome girl she is. She was, by my contrivance, brought to your house and put in the place of your daughter."

Words cannot paint the deep dismay of Helen at this new revelation. She drew back as if she would shrink into herself, and never more lift her face to the day; but the arm of Mrs. Mordant drew her closer to herself, as if, in the wreck of all things, they would be together.

The curses of Mordant were deep, terrible, and bitter, and he turned upon his tormentor like a stag at bay, yet helpless to vent his anger except in words. To say that he was really surprised would not be true. He had often been half-convinced that Helen was not his daughter, but unable to find the cue to what he felt was the mystery attached to her, he could only hate and oppress her as he had always done. But he felt now as if the meshes of some dreadful net were contracting around him, ready to drag him and all his hopes and plans to ruin. Yet he still tried to hold on to the faint belief that it was all a monstrous lie, a nefarious plot to hurl him from the proud summit of his respectability and honor.

"What evidence," said he, controlling his anger, "do you bring me to prove the truth of this monstrous tale, fit only for a fourth-rate novel? add if true, how dare you confess that you have been the means of marrying my own daughter to the base-born slave who is her half-brother? The crime is monstrous, and worthy of the heaviest punishment!"

"Crime! eh? You begin late in the day to call such things crimes! Did you call it so when your slave sister became the mother of your son?"

A groan in spite of himself burst from the breast of Mordant, and he bowed his head as if he had received a great blow.

For the first time in his life a sense of the dreadful and unnatural crimes committed without a thought of their guilt among slave-holders and their slaves came over him like a great, portentous cloud. "It is *I* that am guilty of all this," said a voice deep down in his breast; "*I* sowed the seed, and now comes the harvest."

None ever before heard such tones of meekness from his lips as sounded in his next words.

"But I would that you had not done this. You have dealt the punishment of the guilty upon the heads of the innocent."

The heart of even Hurd was touched, and for a moment he knew not what to say. But his stubborn will crushed out the unwonted feeling; and perhaps an effort was required to put down the sense of guilt in his own heart.

"Is their marriage worse in the sight of God than your own conduct, and the conduct of half the slave-owners of the South? Is it as bad? *They* are not guilty. *They* know nothing of the relationship between them. They had almost grown up together; one, as the child of your wife's nurse, who was always welcome in your house, and the other as the brother of her dear playmate. You never dreamed that your supposed son could stoop to love a girl of the 'poor whites,' and think of making her his wife. But *I* did, and I have taken good care that he should always find it pleasant in the house of his sister's old nurse."

The sense of humiliation grew every moment deeper in the heart of the subduer planter; but, rousing himself, he tried to put away the rankling thoughts that stung him like serpents.

"But where is my other son, the son of my wife?" he inquired. "What have you done with him?"

"He ran away when he was but seven or eight years old. If I had had my will, he would have been brought here to be the man that I am, and would perhaps have helped to rob his own father to-day."

Even his hardened associates shuddered at the words of Hurd, who went on. "I don't know what became of him. It was

pretty soon after I sent your other son to you that he disappeared. I hunted the woods for him a long time, I suppose he is dead."

The door, which had for several minutes been ajar, opened wide. A quick step was heard, and a stately form entered the room.

"*He is not dead!*" said a deep, manly voice. "*He is living! He is here!*"

"Windermere!" Helen faintly cried.

"Captain Ross!" ejaculated the companions of Hurd. "He here!" and they shrank back as if to hide from the leader whom they feared and respected, but whom they had basely betrayed.

"Neither Windermere," said he, turning with a warm smile to Helen, "nor Captain Ross any longer. I am **LOUIS MORDANT!**"

Speechless and trembling, his father gazed fixedly in his frank and manly face, reading in every feature the truth of his claim.

"My son! *You* — are *you* my son?" stammered the poor trembling mother, holding out her arms toward him, while her face turned paler than before, and her figure drooped with the overwhelming joy.

"Yes, mother! dear, dear mother, yes!" and the young man held her with a nameless feeling to his heart. And she, glad, trembling woman, for the first time in twenty years, *knew*, with absolute certainty, that it was "bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh" that now clung close, close to her bosom.

"Mother," said he at last, gently releasing her, "there is happiness for us yet; but by and by, — not now. I cannot think of it now. This hour has other sterner duties."

He faced the group at the head of the table, not one of whom had yet recovered from the surprise and confusion his entrance had occasioned. The two traitors, who had betrayed his plans for giving freedom to the slaves, cowered before the steady look of him whom they knew for a brave, bold, and daring leader. They felt that they deserved death, and their chief thought now was of escape. Hurd alone had immediately recovered his presence of mind, and he saw, by appearances,

that his victory would be a defeat unless this new-comer were arrested.

"Seize him, men! he is our prisoner!" he cried, springing from his chair, and grasping the knife which lay before him. But the men stirred not. The presence to which they had been wont to yield implicit obedience was still holding them with the old spell. Besides this, close behind their old captain had entered another, whose influence among the mountaineers of every class and condition was something wonderful, though perhaps not difficult to explain,—the old clergyman, Morton. For years he had travelled the difficult mountain paths, deterred by no peril of mountain storm or winter's cold, preaching in their little isolated log-churches, visiting the sick and dying, burying the dead, marrying the living, and administering comfort and advice in every trying circumstance of their life,—a very Oberlin in his beneficent kindness. Even the most lawless and wicked respected him, and rendered obedience to his wishes. The white berry-gatherer of the mountain, as low in the scale of intellectual being as the Digger Indian of the Pacific slope, seemed endowed at times by his kindly teachings with something like thought; while the wild guerrilla trenched the soil, and forebore the thieving raid on the herds of cattle feeding on the lowlands, at the Christian supplications of Mr. Morton.

It was the appearance of this man, as much, perhaps, as the traditional respect for the brave young leader, before whom they had never stood without a sense of his supremacy, that cowed the lawless companions of Hurd.

"Seize the rascal, I tell you!" again shouted the old man, as he noted their hesitation, and at the same time advancing himself with uplifted knife towards young Mordant. With a single bound, Louis had wrested the weapon from the uplifted hand, and it was the next instant hurtling through the spray of the cataract, and descending like a falling star, to be lost forever in the roaring torrent at the bottom of the ravine.

The men stood still, while Mordant stepped back without a word, and before

the old man had recovered from his surprise, Mr. Morton had dropped upon his knees with the solemn words,—

"Let us pray!"

As if struck by a higher power, the wild guerrillas fell down beside him, and reverently bowed their heads while the good clergyman lifted up a fervent petition to God for their repentance and salvation. He had hardly ended when Hurd, whose wrath had every moment grown hotter, sprang toward the wall to possess himself of a musket. But the young commander was again quicker than he. Leaping between him and the wall, he drew his pistol, and pointing it towards him, "Stop!" said he. "Whoever stirs a hand towards a weapon is a dead man!"

His daring and skill were well known, and even Hurd hesitated to face the bullet he knew lay between himself and the trigger on which Mordant's finger rested. He stood trembling with baffled venom.

"These, at any rate, are mine!" he growled, pointing to his prisoners. "If you dare to touch them I'll kill!"—

"Stop, Hurd!" said the young man, coolly eying him. "These men know me, and so do you by reputation. You know that I am not afraid to front death, and that I have been a soldier too long not to *understand strategy*. Do you think that you are not now in my power? Do you suppose that these women are at your mercy? If they are, the game can be played by two. Look out of that window! Do you see your wife and sister on that rocky shelf, with my armed servant beside them? *They are in my power*. Your door was locked, and your bridge broken down, before you suspected that I had a hand in managing this matter. Will you surrender now?"

Not a word was spoken. The whole programme was so suddenly and unexpectedly changed that not even the wrathful Hurd could find a word to reply. The skill of Captain Ross as a sharpshooter was well understood among the mountaineers. It never failed. The bullet *always* sped to its aim, and would now were he to move a trigger.

"Sam Brelay," said he, without mov-

ing his pistol, "cut the cords on Mr. Mordant's hands."

It was done in a moment.

"Arm yourself, Mr. Mordant!" he continued, speaking rapidly in French. "I need reinforcement. There are pistols on the walls."

The hint was instantly obeyed, and before the matter was understood by the mountaineers, Mr. Mordant had a well-loaded pistol in one hand, and a rapier in the other, and had taken his place beside his son.

"Listen to me now, Brelay and Sanders. You have been traitors and villains. I have the power to punish you — to kill you. But I offer you peace and liberty. I am here, as you see, in the company of a clergyman whom all in these mountains respect. I am ready to forgive you. Enough has been done for revenge; the time for reconciliation has come. Both of you know that you deserve death for the betrayal of plans for a great good. Those plans are now frustrated, and through you! Yet you are marked men. Do not think you can remain here and live. Your lives are forfeited, and you must quit the State and the South. *You must fly at once!* Go North. Take five pieces each, and only five, of the gold which lies before you, and be gone. But go *on foot and without arms!*"

The two men stood for a moment, hesitating, but not seeing that they could do any better, prepared to obey. Taking up the money allowed them, they tied it in a piece of deerskin, donned their blouses, took their hats, and walked peaceably out without a word.

A crimson color rushed to the face of Hurd. He was about to forbid their departure, but a look from Captain Ross, and the pistol still pointed unerringly towards him, checked the words before they left his lips.

When the two men had left the mill, and Captain Ross had watched them over the narrow bridge which spanned the ravine, and up the steep path until they were out of sight, he beckoned to Warren, and, by a sign previously agreed upon, bade him come forward with the two wo-

men, which the man immediately did, leading the horses slowly down the steep path toward the mill, closely followed by the women.

The vanquished Hurd sat boiling with rage, but helpless.

Louis Mordant regarded him with a deep, penetrating gaze.

"I have conquered you," said he, after a few moments' stillness, "but I will treat you generously. You have had cruel sufferings, you have been the victim of an iniquitous and monstrous system, and you have taken fearful vengeance. How deep your guilt may be in the sight of God, he only knows. For myself, although many of its heaviest consequences have fallen on me, I freely forgive you."

A look of wonder appeared on the face of Hurd, and he looked up into the eyes of Louis as if not half believing his own ears, while the passion swelling in his veins and crimsoning his cheeks seemed dying slowly away.

"You look surprised. You will feel much more so when I tell you that I lay the burden of your long course of sin less on you than on that system of slavery, which, while from your early position in my father's family it allowed you opportunities to sharpen and improve a naturally keen intellect, still fettered your limbs, and held over you the lash of the despot. I am about to surprise you still more. I know that the blood which flows in your veins is the same that runs in my own. I acknowledge the kinship. I have no right to do otherwise. God, who has said, 'I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children,' makes it imperative upon me to do so. But I cannot associate with you. It is not the drops of African blood in your veins, nor the illegitimate birth, which forbids it; it is the world-wide gulf between us morally, and the memory of the life of homeless wandering and often suffering which your crimes condemned me to, and the hopeless confusion and distress you have entailed upon my mother and her family. But you cannot remain here. Your recent robbery and abduction of my parents, to say nothing of the earlier abductions, have made you amenable to arrest and

imprisonment, and you must seek a home elsewhere. I will provide you the means for your removal for the sake of my love for your wife, my kind foster-mother. I will settle upon you an income sufficient for your maintenance in a position more comfortable far than you have ever known here.

But I wish to be alone with my parents. You will go into another room with the kind minister at my side, who will advise you, and prepare your mind for the new life upon which you are to enter."

The fierce stubbornness of Hurd had been gradually yielding before the firm but persuasive words of Louis, until, long before he ended, his head was bowed upon his breast, and large tears fell one after another upon his coarse and sunburnt hands.

"Come, my son," said Mr. Morton, seeing his emotion, and kindly taking the guerrilla by the arm, "let us go into the other room. There is much to say and do before the rising of another sun, and you have no time to lose."

The minister and the guerrilla went out together, and the door closed behind them.

"Now, now, my mother!" said Louis, with a voice and an aspect sweet and tender as an angel's, as, opening his arms, he clasped Mrs. Mordant in a long and close embrace. "My mother! My mother!"

"My son! my beloved son!" With a sob of joy and happiness Mrs. Mordant sunk back into her chair, while Louis turned to his father, who, with downcast eyes and changing cheeks, stood ashamed, angry, and silent.

"Father," said Louis, "circumstances placed a broad stream between us, but God has shown us the way to bridge it over. We have lost and found each other. I have come back to you very different in thought and feeling from yourself; but we are father and son, and let us take each other's hand as such. Whether we can follow the same paths together, I do not know. We will not, at least, be foes. As a seal to this compact, I ask you to grant my *first* petition."

"What is it?" said the old planter,

reaching out his hand to his son, while his lips quivered with a new softness.

"It is to pronounce your blessing upon my union with *this* girl!" said Louis, taking the hand of the pale and trembling Helen. "She is *not* my sister — she is not your daughter" —

"She *is* my daughter, — she shall always remain so!" cried Mrs. Mordant, drawing the poor girl close to her breast.

A quick convulsion crossed the crimsoned face of the father. "The accursed blood of the negro is in her veins. I cannot! Ask anything else but this!"

Poor Helen, cowering away from the protecting arm of her whom till this hour she had known only as a mother, and shrinking from the hand of Louis, seemed ready to sink into the floor. All the prejudices of the slave-holder were deeply fixed in her own nature, and she felt that a mighty gulf, which could not be passed, lay between her and Louis.

"No! no!" she faltered, covering her pale face with one hand, while she despairingly motioned him away with the other. "No! no! Let me go where I belong! I am only a daughter of a slave! Let me go out of sight forever!"

A painful hesitancy was visible in the look and manner of Mrs. Mordant; but a clear and determined light shone in the eye of Louis.

"What care I if you are?" he exclaimed, holding her firmly to his side, while he strove to remove the trembling hand from the pale and tear-stained face. "You are fair and beautiful as the fairest girl that lives in this proud and despotic South. You are good and accomplished. I love you, and will not give you up. My mother loves you, and I know — I think," said he, more faintly, as he read his mother's face, "that she will not deny the boon I ask at her hands."

But the gentle, loving mother was a Southerner and a slave-owner, and the invisible taint rose up before her. How could she say to her son just restored with his grand and stately beauty to her arms, "I consent! Marry this girl whom I love like my own heart! She is yours!" for had she not a drop, with her heavenly blue eyes and golden hair, — an undiscern-

able drop of the dreadful, servile curse in her veins?

"You do not consent, mother! You, too, can now see only the degradation of a miserable caste in the pure and lovely girl who has all her life been to you as a daughter."

"Oh, my son! What can I say? If it were only not that! If she were the daughter of the lowest 'white trash' in the mountains or the swamps, and dear and good as she is now, I would not say a word. But the dreadful taint of blood!"

"Then, mother, I must decide without your consent or my father's. I have not been so long working against that curse of the South, which makes the best and noblest unjust and sometimes heartless, to falter now. You will pardon me; but it was the sin of my father's that complicated all our family relations in this hopeless manner. Father, through your own guilt, your daughter, my own sister, the daughter of my mother, is now the wife of a half-brother, and one with the same taint in his veins which you regard as so deep a degradation in Helen. Had you not committed the slave-holder's sin, the boy for whom I was stolen, and who grew up in your house as your lawful heir, would never have been born, nor would the malignity of your old slave have led him to bring the same curse upon your daughter as he had brought upon me. I shall feel no degradation in calling this poor girl my wife, even were the taint in her blood twice as deep as it is."

There had been witnesses of this scene. Mr. Morton and the guerrilla, Hurd, now subdued and penitent, had stood several minutes unobserved in the room. A strange softness filled the eyes of the hard old man. A great indecision was manifested in his manner. He advanced a step toward the party, drew back, but finally walked with an air of determination to the table.

"I am glad," said he, "to be able to undo one evil deed, or at any rate to lessen it. I told you that Helen, there, was my niece. She is not. She is the niece of my wife, and daughter of respectable white people, without one drop of negro

blood in her veins. She was born somewhere up in New England."

"But how came she here?" eagerly inquired Mr. Mordant.

"She married a clock-pedler, and he, liking the climate of our mountains, brought her and her sister here to live. That sister was the one I married. I am glad to ease your minds so far, after all the trouble I have caused you, and the more so as your son hates the slavery which made me the bad fellow I have been."

There was a mixture of pain and pleasure in the face of Hurd as he made this explanation, but it was nothing compared with that which alternated in the face of Mr. Mordant.

"My son, I consent. I have been arrogant and overbearing, and what I have suffered I have brought upon myself. I consent to your marriage with Helen, and may you be happy."

"Albert," he continued, turning suddenly to his long-lost slave; "to be a freeman, the law requires that a legal document to that effect be made out and placed in your hands. You shall have this at once, that no after-trouble may fall upon you or yours. And now listen, while I say that I have sinned deeply, cruelly against you and yours, and I ask your forgiveness as I hope to be forgiven by Heaven."

He held out his hand, and, with a gaze in which surprise, doubt, shame, and grateful emotion followed one another in rapid succession, the guerrilla took it in his. At the clasp, all the old traditional love of the slave for his master for a few moments overpowered even the love of freedom, and the dearer love of vengeance which had so long found harbor in his breast, and he wept as he had never done since he was a boy.

"Thank you, sir! thank you, sir! I don't want to forgive you. I don't deserve it. If you only will forgive me all my wickedness, and all the unhappiness I have caused you and my old mistress and your son and daughter, I will be almost willing to be a slave again!"

"I forgive you, Albert, and would by no means advise you to return to slavery,

even if I were willing that you should do so, which I am not. You would make rather a restless piece of property after the guerrilla life you have led, and the life of a lord which you must sometimes have enjoyed, if your booty was always as heavy as it was to-day ;” and he glanced at the gold still lying piled up on the table.

A deep flush of shame crimsoned the sunburnt cheeks of Hurd. “I shall beg you to take it all back again, sir,” said he, humbly.

At this moment the door gently opened, and Warren, followed by the poor lunatic Aggie, entered the room. She was pale and fair as ever, but older, and a look of settled sorrow and a restlessness of manner marked her aspect. She did not appear to recognize Mr. Mordant, though a kind of puzzled expression rested in her large dark eyes as she looked at him, but passed away in a moment.

The color left even his lips as the wayward master again stood before the woman whose fair, youthful beauty had for a time ruled his heart, but whom he had caused to be barbarously scourged maltreated because, being a slave, she had presumed to be truer-hearted than himself, and to still love on when she had been bidden to cease loving.

The memory of all the misfortunes which that one crime of his youth had entailed upon him and his children, of the unnatural positions into which it had led them, rushed like a lava stream through his mind, and trembling and abased he recognized the hand of a retributive and just God in it all. “But why,” thought he, bowing his head, “punish my innocent children for my misdeeds?”

Alas! he forgot, like many and many another, that He has said, “I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation.” If that fearful promise *could* but be borne ever in mind, what oceans of baseness and iniquity would be foreborne!

“Father!” said Louis, gently, after a long and painful silence, “grant me another boon!”

“Ask it!”

“Receive this poor, unfortunate woman’s son, who by a fatal chance has become the husband of his half-sister, as an equal with myself. Let him be my *legitimate brother*!”

“Be it so, my son!” was the chastened father’s reply.

“Now, Helen!” said Louis, drawing the young girl closely to himself.

Many years have gone by since the period of this tale. The connection which Louis Mordant was known to have had with the attempted slave-insurrection rendered it as unsafe for him to remain in Tennessee as his hatred of slavery made it impossible. He took his Helen and came North to make a home, on which Heaven shed the thousand blessings which cluster around the hearth of a virtuous, loving, and upright pair. His mother shared his happiness; for her husband, broken and crushed by the punishments which had fallen upon him, died soon after the strangely complicated and confused riddle of his life was solved. Poor Aggie went to her rest before him. Her son and his wife, still bearing the name of Mordant, and with a handsome property left them by their father, also sought a home in the land of freedom. If their union was an illegal one, forbidden alike by the laws of God and man, it was at least on their part innocent. Who shall say that in a state of society where the iniquitous relations secretly existing between the master and his slaves are rapidly bleaching out the African race, often to a pure and beautiful Saxon complexion, domestic complications, shocking to the soul, do not far from infrequently occur?”

Albert, or Sol Hurd, and his wife, aided by a generous bequest of Mr. Mordant, spent the remainder of their lives peacefully, and not unhappily, in Tennessee, having quietly removed to a part of the State where his antecedents were unknown.

By a clause in Mr. Mordant’s will, his slaves were all liberated, and a considerable sum settled upon each; and it was one of their never-ceasing sources of wonder and admiration, that “Arter all, ole massa was a sight better than he ’peared to be!”

## STANZAS.

By M. D. Williams.

I MOURN not, my child, that thy warfare is o'er;  
But I sigh when I think I shall see thee no more  
In the places now vacant, nor hear thy glad  
voice,

Which banished each sorrow, and made me re-  
joice.

The soft cheering accents "I love thee" no  
more

Shall soothe me to peace; for thy mission is o'er.

I mourn not that thou from life's sorrows art  
free;

But I miss the fond glance which once beamed  
upon me.

The grasp of thy hand and the music of tone,  
I miss them, my child, as I journey alone

In life's thorny paths, ever thinking of thee;  
Yet I mourn not that thou from life's sorrows  
art free.

I mourn not, my child, that the griefs which I  
bear

Will ne'er mar thy brow with the furrows of  
care,—

That the storm, when it rageth, disturbeth thee  
not;

But I miss thee, my child, in each favorite spot  
Where together we shared the pure pleasures of  
yore,

And I sigh when I think I shall see thee no more.

I would not recall thee, to bear, yet again,  
The griefs thou hast tasted, — the anguish and  
pain

Which nought could relieve, till the death-angel  
bore

Thy spirit away to its own native shore.

I mourn not, my child, that from pain thou  
art free;

But I pine for the light that is dawning on thee.

EVERY man in this world, be he boot-  
black or emperor, is a complete instru-  
ment. He may be of greater or less com-  
pass; but he has all the harmonies, — the  
entire diatonic scale, — every chord, every  
octave. In some way the eternal gran-  
deurs strike him, sounding the deep tones  
of faith and conscience; in some way the  
world touches the meaner and flatter keys.  
The great thing to be considered is, what  
kind of music he habitually makes.

## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

By —.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHY should I dwell at length upon the  
sad events of that burial week?

I was unfitted by its great sorrow for  
duty. I could not interest myself in the  
preparations for putting on the outward  
paraphernalia of woe. I heard the con-  
versation on styles and modes for mourn-  
ing weeds much as I should have listened  
to the words of my child about dressing  
her doll. The great woe was in my heart.  
I recognized the inner blackness; and  
there was no room in my mind for atten-  
tion to outward semblances of shadow.

I saw the great procession of men daily  
jostling to and fro in the avenues of trade,  
and I marvelled at the mockery of busy  
life. Why, I asked myself, did men  
struggle and strive to keep alive a body  
which is to-day here in beauty, and to-  
morrow food for worms.

All the world lay for me under the  
shadow of my own great sorrow. I won-  
dered that men could eat, drink, and be  
merry. I thought not of life, or life's  
joy, but only of the deep grave, and the  
great hopes that it had swallowed.

Days passed by, while I remained in  
this shadow-land of grief.

I know that the funeral came and went;  
that a crowd of people thronged the  
house; that indifferent, curious eyes  
looked on that beloved face; that there  
were words spoken which were attempts  
at consolation; that a funeral train moved  
slowly from my door, and that afterward  
our house was left unto us desolate.  
Through all these days, amid all this  
pomp and ceremony, I walked as one in  
a dream. No breath of celestial harmo-  
ny reached my ears; no light from heaven  
greeted my eyes. It was as if a curtain  
had been hung between me and all the  
influences that sanctify and soften sorrow.  
I was shocked and stunned by the sud-  
denness of my grief, and through the  
desolation of its first bitterness, I only  
knew that I possessed a poor, sad heart,  
crushed and bereft.

But the light came at last, clear and  
steady and beautiful; and I remembered



that God lived and that his hand was gentle, always blessing, even when it seemed most cruelly to afflict.

So fresh is my memory of the first moment when light dawned upon my spirit, that it seems to me but an hour gone by, and I once more beneath the chastening, and uplifted to the joy.

I arose one morning very early, when the birds were first beginning to sing their matin songs, and, creeping softly from the house, I went out from the city, leaving its cold walls and unsympathizing hearts a long way behind me.

Something in the open country soothed me. I could hear God's voice more distinctly when I walked in his forest temples. I was not so utterly without the help of good spirits from on high, when I separated myself from the companionship of men, and went alone to meet them where the voice of humanity could not be heard.

I had neither eaten nor slept for many days and nights. Fainting and weary-hearted, I prayed for strength, and sought for consolation under the open sky and in the free meadow lands.

God met me there, and by the simplest of tokens he spoke peace to my spirit. I was walking with my head bowed and my face to the ground,—for I had no heart to lift it heavenward,—when under my feet I crushed a little spring blossom whose modest beauty had concealed it from my eye. It was the “trailing arbutus,” which so often looks out upon the world from under the snow-drifts of winter.

Its fragrance arrested my attention, and I turned to look upon its frail beauty, as it lay crushed beneath the weight of my tread.

“Ah,” I said, “like my own poor bleeding heart, born and nourished amid winter snows and bleak adversities, you have matured only to be trodden upon and blighted!”

The thought had not passed my lips before the blossom rose, and, nodding gently in the wintry wind, it turned its pretty face heavenward, seeming to say,—

‘Adversity, rightly received, only brings out the sweetest fragrance from my heart, and God smiles on me the more

when I struggle upward again toward him.”

Ah, beautiful blossom! the lesson that thou gavest me that moment was more to me than all the teachings I had received from the lips of man. Out of the deep depths of melancholy thou liftedst me, with the breath of thy reconciled endurance, into the atmosphere of peace.

From that moment the world seemed new to me. Life had a new significance. Not that I was at once entirely happy,—not that pure joy took the place immediately of my weight of grief, only that the shadow changed to chastened light, and the deep sorrow to a reconciled peace. I took up the burden which had before been unbearable, and went back to the duties of life. I stood under the cross which had before bowed me to the ground. I looked up to the sweet heavens, and accepted their proffers of help. I felt that the strength of the hills was entering into my soul. The breath of the morning made a part of my life, and the dew on the grass washed away the unrest from my spirit.

‘Tis a beautiful thing to be reconciled again with the harmonies of the creation, when we have been for a time exiles and wanderers. God seems for the moment to draw us closer to his bosom, and teach our spirits something of the mysteries of his wonderful creative skill. He says to us then, Behold the beauty of the lilies, and listen to the song of the lark, and believe, while thou seest and hearest these, that there is a beauty within thee greater, and a song within thee sweeter, than any blossom or bird can boast. Accept my providences patiently, and grow beneath the storms and chills of life, and thou shalt exhibit greater beauty than the lilies, and sing the song of a reconciled spirit whose surpassing melody shall send the lark humiliated to her lowly nest.

Such was the lesson of that morning to me. Such was the mission of that tiny flower. The arbutus has been to me since a sacred blossom, and I never breathe its fragrance that it does not recall something of the holy peace with which it once filled and lifted a blighted, crushed spirit.

I went back to the city with new im-

pulses, with a new reconciliation in my heart. I seemed then, for the first time, to remember that others had need of my sympathy and help. So selfish does grief make us, that I had wrapped myself up in the cloak of my own sorrow, and forgotten through all those dreary days that other hearts were aching like my own.

I was awake now to a sense of my duty. I realized how negligent I had been toward my family, who had suffered as deeply, perhaps, as myself. I came back to them now with a new message of consolation.

Nell had suffered terribly in those few days. Lines of sorrow were graven deep in her brow which had never been there before. I was astonished to see how much of the work of time had been done in those few hours of pain.

It was as if that ruthless reaper of our earthly joys had made a partner of sorrow, to assist him to a more speedy accomplishment of his work.

Yet, despite that haggard appearance of suffering, there was written on her face an undisturbed look of reconciled peace. That was the old look, which had been born long years before, and had matured amid the experiences of her past life. It was not to be changed or displaced by any new emotion of the heart. No affliction could blot it out, or write in its place a record of permanent unrest.

I looked upon it with an admiring eye, and felt within myself that time and sorrow had a conqueror, — a triumphant ruler who would overpower and destroy at last their kingdom from the earth.

I knew my patient Nell would overmaster even this deep sorrow, and bring out of the darkness the triumphant light of peace. I trusted and believed in her, and the experience of the after-time proved that my trust had not been given in vain.

Katie — what shall I say of her? She who had been plunged into the valley of grief deeper than any other one of us. She who had given up the joy of her earthly life, and was henceforth to walk only in darkness through the long avenue which leads to light. How my heart pitied her, when I thought *how* long that path would be! For Nell and I, who had

gone more than half-way of the journey, the goal did not seem so far distant. Allowing us the full term of "threescore years and ten," we should not be very long finishing our course. The shining river was not so far away but that at times we could imagine we heard its rippling waters, and seem to catch distant glimpses of its gleaming waves. It would not be long, at the longest, before we should go to meet our beloved in the land of rest. And we were together, to soften one another's sorrow, and share the burden of life. Together we could meet life's trials, together we could bear its sorrows, and together wait to hear "the dip of the boatman's oar."

With Katie all these things were so different. The way was long, and the journey lonely. Her life was in its early morning, and the sultry day was before her. All the heat and burden of it must be borne alone; and the weary years between her and the meeting stretched away like a desert with its unbroken solitude.

When I began to realize my relation to others, and the magnitude of her grief, I was appalled.

I hardly dared to ask for her that morning, after my return to the house, when for the first time I began to think that I must help to bear the burdens that were weighing down other hearts. But what was my surprise when, on being called, she came to me with a calm, placid peace beaming on her countenance, which rivalled the peace of the morning, and made all my efforts at consolation seem idle mockeries. 'Tis true the cheerful smile had died on her lips, and the sweet sound of laughter in which we had so often heard her voice was gone forever; but no repining or murmuring took the place of it. There was no rebellious word against God's providence, no pining for the land of rest, only a patient waiting, a quiet sitting down in the valley, watching for the light on the mountain tops.

For days this quiet in her seemed almost a miracle. I thought it could not be enduring. I looked for every morning to bring a change. I never saw her go alone to her chamber that I did not ex-

pect her to be overwhelmed under the solitary shadows of the night; but she came back to us again with the returning day still calm, still quietly peaceful, and I learned at last that Heaven is not scanty in his benedictions, and that the great peace is poured out without measure or stint when the heart is subdued and able to receive it.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have written minutely the story of this great sorrow, because through its influence we were brought to the turning-point in our lives, at which you and I, dear reader, shall separate, to know each other no more. As you have been a sympathetic friend, and followed me in sorrow, being patient with me through all the dulness of my narration, it is but just that I should give you, before we part, one peep at the calm sunshine which followed this period of cloud.

We had been now a year and a half trying the experiment of our city pastorate. We had been (as you already know) involved in debt in the very beginning of our career, and the succeeding months had carried us down deeper and deeper in an abyss from which we could perceive no light on our future. We had patiently waited, and hoped on, trusting in some better time in the days before us. But it came not. At the expiration of our first year we would have moved back to our dear country parish, but our burden of debt lay like an incubus upon us. It was a halter about our necks. We could not get away from it. Much as we had been weary and heart aching, we had seen no way to loosen our fetters, or rid ourselves of our burden.

But now, in the midst of our trouble, when more than ever before we longed to be free from city mockeries and conventionalities, when we pined for the healing influences of the peaceful country, the dear God heard our prayer, and opened a way for us into rest. A distant relative of Nell, a man possessing property, had lived in the vicinity of our country home. All of the years that we had lived there he had watched our struggles, and oftentimes to kindly and sympathizing words he had added some well-timed present,

which had assisted us on occasions when the gift was most welcome.

We had been thankful for these favors, but had never been led to expect anything more than these trivialities from him. What, then, was our surprise when we received notice of his death, to receive with it a summons to be present at the reading of the will, as interested parties in its bequests.

Even on the reception of this notice, we did not expect much. Fifty or a hundred dollars was as much as we dared hope for. But what gigantic proportions even that little sum assumed in our eyes. We had suffered so long, and denied ourselves so much! And then our creditors, who had waited so long and patiently for their just dues, and saw no more prospect in the future than in the past, they were getting urgent, and often now we were humiliated by being asked for money when we had no money to give. In this condition of things, the prospect of even a few dollars was very acceptable.

Judge of our surprise when, upon the will being opened, we found ourselves possessed of a neat little cottage which stood near to our church in the dear old home, and which, when we lived there, had been our admiration and desire. We had never dreamed that this desire had the remotest possibility of gratification; but here, in this unexpected way, it met its fulfilment, and we were happy in its possession in an hour when we most needed to be so.

This was indeed a great and unlooked-for blessing, and my pulses throbbed with joy when I heard it announced. A quick impulse of unclouded happiness passed over me, as I contemplated the possibility of our return to the place made hallowed by so many pleasant memories. And then came the shadow, almost hiding the sunlight, with the thought of the debts at Speedwell, and the impossibility of our leaving there until they were paid. But no, these debts were not to stand in the way of our peace; for our kind benefactor, anticipating some such contingency, had left us five thousand dollars in money, which completed our facilities for independence.

We went home that night with happy hearts. Is it to be wondered at?

Never since my terrible sickness had I felt equal to the severe contest of life in which I was daily compelled to engage. Never had I prepared for a Sunday's service when I had not felt at the conclusion of my preparation, that I had put into it enough life-force to cut short, in some degree, the measure of my days. My nervous energy was in great measure exhausted. I could only hope to recruit it by allowing myself long-continued ease and abundant leisure to grow in bodily, while I neglected, for a season, my mental, strength.

The opportunity for this needed recruiting was within my reach. How joyfully I stretched out my hands to embrace it!

And Nell, who had so patiently borne with all the wearinesses incident to her position, was I not rejoiced for her sake? I saw, when I reviewed the past months, how much extra work had fallen upon her since I had been disabled; how thin and pale she had grown; though she had borne the burdens all so patiently and uncomplainingly that no one had thought how heavy they had been. Now there was coming a time of comparative rest for her. Did not my heart throb hallelujahs when I thought of this great joy?

I knew that long ago Nell had had hopes, well grounded, of being able to excel in the department of art. During her single life she had had much leisure to indulge the culture of these gifts. When I had first known her, she lived in the charmed atmosphere which surrounds the domain of the artist, and in giving me her love I felt that she had divorced herself from the spirit of the beautiful, which was wooing her to dwell forever in its sacred precincts. From the time when that first great sacrifice had been made, her life had been most prosaic and commonplace.

I remembered how, through the many years of our married life, she had been the faithful housekeeper, mother, and, above all, *minister's wife*, to the exclusion of all other duties and joys. The world looked on with an indifferent eye at the sacrifice which a noble woman was

making to obey its querulous behests. It saw in her not the patient martyr who day by day struggled against the temptation to live above its turmoil and folly, who quietly bore with its weakness, and endured its crosses; but it persistently found in her a commonplace worker, fit, in its eyes, only to be pressed into the most wearying service. At first this had caused me great bitterness of heart. I hoped that there might be better days in store for us in the future; but through all these years of constantly increasing care and sacrifice I had watched her patient, struggling life, and one by one my hopes had been crushed out and disappeared. Is it wonderful that a new joy awoke in my heart, when I contemplated our future with reference to Nell's outcoming life. I knew what she had been in her patient waiting during the frost-time of life; I hoped now for the geniality of the coming summer; for the blossom-time, even though it were late, and the winter that preceded it had been dreary and long. Was it too much for me to hope?

Surely, I could not blame myself for these roseate visions. I could as well have blamed the ice for thawing under an April sun, or the blossoms for blooming when the south wind blows.

And shall I whisper a secret to you, dear reader?

I, too, had once had glowing hopes. I could remember in the long ago, away back in my young manhood, when I had been ambitious to attain literary excellence, and when I really believed that there was such a thing possible to me. Having once believed this, the vision had never entirely vanished. Years of toil and varied duties had smothered the aspiration, but had not entirely crushed it out. I had walked throughout my life with the wraith of a "great expectation" flitting before me, all the time thinking I should some time grasp and make it mine.

How many a brother clergyman have I, who has travelled over the same pathway; who began life with a quick, active mind, a head full of thought, and a heart full of feeling; who, twenty years

ago, believed he should be able to leave some trace of his existence on the age in which he lived; but who, after a lifetime of labor, and such severe brain-work as few of other classes know, sees not a stray waif along his track?

"To tell he lived and died." Some of the sacrifices which ministers and their families make are appreciated; but I am convinced that this one, the greatest of all, is little thought of.

So little has this idea engaged the attention of the world, that I believe my last sentence will be looked upon with wonder. But I am sure that the more you think of it, the truer my words will seem. Run over in your mind the number of young men you have known, who gave great promise in their youth; of whom the world said, when it noted their brilliant mental parts, "That young man will make his mark in the world." Follow him. He rouses admiration, and wakens the almost adoration of the masses, through all the first months of his public career. But a few years farther on, where do you find him?

He has chosen the ministry as his profession. He has desired to be a *faithful* follower of Christ, and in order to this he has shut himself out from the many avenues which open temptingly for him in other directions. He has been now ten, or perhaps twenty, years in the practice of his profession, and his whole strength of body and mind is given to its work.

How do you find him standing as a mental force to the community in which his lot is cast? I am forced to confess for you that you find him occupying a very moderate place. He is working hard, doing an immense amount of mental labor, but only in quantity does it astonish you. The over-work of the brain has sapped it of its nicety, and whereas the lawyer, the doctor, the farmer, or tradesman, who graduated in the same college class with much less promise, is making his mark in the world, the clergyman is working on without prominence of any sort, without the applause of men, feeling that it might have been otherwise; but,—if he be true-hearted,

content in his humiliation,—satisfied with the thought that he has laid his gifts upon an altar where they are not unappreciated, and before a master whose kindly recognition is more and better than all the applause of men.

But let me return from this digression, to tell you how we made the two lines of duty and of pleasure meet, and not deserting the one, introduced the other without a painful collision.

When our dear little society at Lyme found that we had come into possession of such a happy inheritance, they renewed their entreaties that we would return, and take up the Master's work again in their midst. Our house was waiting for us,—a quiet anchorage amid the drifting tides of life. How long we had longed for a home of our own, and now it was ours. Could we resist such a temptation? I have only to tell you that we did not resist it.

I announced to my congregation on the following Sunday that we were about to depart from them, as my letter of resignation had already gone to the committee.

Great surprise was expressed, and the usual manifestations of sorrow made,—some of them real, some feigned; but amid the conflicting emotions and expressions, there was enough of the genuine to touch my heart, and make it a very sad day to me.

No minister can have been a year and a half with a people, sharing their joys and sympathizing with their sorrows, without having wrought many tender links between his heart and theirs. He can never know *how* many, or *how* tender, until the time for severing them comes.

But I will not dwell upon this painful part of my story. When it was found that we had positively decided to go, and that one of our reasons for removal was because we could not live upon our salary, great surprise was expressed.

Our committee asked us with a reproofing tone, if we "could not live on a thousand a year?"

At another time we might have been irritated both by the manner and the matter of that question, but we were too

happy in the prospect of our future to allow trifles to disturb us; so we patiently replied that our past experience had taught us that there were circumstances under which we *could not* live on a thousand a year; and that we were very willing, if the fault was ours, to leave the place to any one who thought they could improve upon our experiment. We were even benevolent enough to defend ourselves from the charge of extravagance by going over the list of our past year's expenses, and showing, item by item, where that wonderful thousand had vanished. I think our committee learned in that interview some truths of which they had never before dreamed.

They were at least sufficiently moved to offer us an increase of two hundred dollars to our salary, and to press urgently the reconsideration of our decision to leave them. But we had made up our minds, and the impulse of a great hope was leading us away.

We were not checked in our progress by learning that we had to spend five hundred dollars of our newly-acquired fortune to meet the liabilities which we had incurred at Speedwell. We paid these debts uncomplainingly, but the conviction settled deep into our hearts that we could not afford any longer to indulge in a city pastorate. Acting on this conviction, we shook the dust of Speedwell from our feet, and before the summer daisies whitened the meadows we were away in search of the beautiful and the true where nature woos the heart lovingly, and the eager masses cannot contradict her lessons of peace.

Would you like to be trusted, kindly reader, to peep behind the curtain with which we have heretofore veiled from the rude world's gaze the beauty and joy of our cottage home? Do you feel a curiosity to know whether the many hopes we had indulged were realized, and whether we found the peace, the opportunity for work, and the great reconciliation with God and man which we had expected?

We do not mean to tell that story in words, for experience has taught us that the world would rather be *lived for* than *talked to*, and we will try and tell the

story of our joy in our lives rather than by our words. If any blossoms spring along our pathway, or rich fruits ripen on our tree of life, these shall be our testimonies of joy, and your acceptance of our right judgment in changing homes.

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### FRAGMENT.

By Fuchsia Wright.

Now, like a waif upon some sluggish stream,  
A vision floats along the poet's dream;  
Now, like the sunburst that succeeds the storm,  
Or milder glories of the summer morn,  
Thoughts flash across the tablet of the mind,  
Yet leave a wild emblazonry behind,  
That, fashioned o'er by Thought, and rectified  
In Reason's crucible, comes forth a tide—  
A living fountain—whose glad waters bring  
Health to the soul, and needful nourishing.

In every clime,—in every age has been  
Some "Master-spirit" ruling o'er the scene;  
Some eye far-seeing, or some hand that gave  
*Death to the tyrant! Freedom to the slave!*  
From earliest ages even until now  
There ever was "A guard to meet the foe!"  
Though fierce Ambition, girt with savage  
hordes,  
Sought in the weak to flesh her hungry swords!  
And vampyre Fraud, with every base design,  
O'erstept the limits set by Right Divine!  
Ay! though a world, beneath Oppression's foot,  
Lies grov'ling there, from dastard terror mute!  
Yet, in that hour of utter gloom, we see  
Some "Brutus" strike for "Rome and Liberty!"

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PATRIOTISM! It is used to define so many diversities, to justify so many wrongs, to compass so many ends, that its life is killed out. It becomes a dead word in the vocabulary,—a blank counter, to be moved to any part of the game; and that flag which, streaming from the mast-head of our ship of state, striped with martyr-blood and glistening with the stars of lofty promise, should always indicate our world-wide mission and the glorious destinies that we carry forward, is bandied about in every selfish skirmish, and held up as the symbol of every political privateer.

## MY KING.

By Mary C. Peck.

## CHAPTER II.

MIRIAM had given many farewell kisses, and in an ecstasy of late love and homesick longing assured Geoffrey of unfailing faithfulness; and now like a repentant child she stood with filling eyes watching the dear hills of her native land fade away in the blue, blue sky. She remembered her lover's tender embrace and fervent prayer for her safety and happiness, and standing on the deck of the outward-bound steamer stretched her arms out longingly with a sense of utter desolation and self-distrust. What was this world she had so madly dared and rushed upon? She had her wilful wish. She was going to see the great heroes of whom she had dreamed, to study the problem of life, and the riddle of human hearts. Geoffrey's calm manliness among the hurrying city crowds had already raised him largely in her eyes. If men recognized his power, and gave him the hand of equality, surely he must be all she wished and hoped. Oh, yes, she would always be true to him. It was but fair and right she should see the world and prove it. Truly she was sorry for poor, dear papa, but now she had put her hand to the plough, she would never look back till every furrow in the long row was well turned.

Geoffrey Fleming's proud heart had been wrung by affliction and grief, but he would not put forth a hand or say a word to stay her. His wife must come to him from all others out of her own need, and she must feel no regret at her choice. So he blessed her, and let her go. But for him there was but one dear name, one dear face, — his Miriam.

There seems to be a peculiar charm attending life on shipboard. A little company upon the uncertain deep have lost their country and their conventionalisms, and heart knits to heart, and the subtle sympathies of our natures make the "whole world kin." Beautiful women are more beautiful; heroic, finely-strung men are more chivalrous. Intimacies ripen; the long luxurious hours of leisure

are filled with dreamy reverie, or beguiled by words of enthusiasm or romance. One forgets that the world lies behind and waits before, and becomes, for the time, an uncertain citizen of sea and sky, ripening attachments as beautiful and as shadowy as themselves.

Into this charm walked Miriam, as if in a waking dream. In this mimic world there were the good, the evil, the substance, the shadow, the great mystery of godliness and depravity as elsewhere. But to indiscriminating eyes, like Miriam's, the novel world was like a fairy banquet, where all the guests were princes, and all the fruits from Eden. The wise have this difference only, — that they see the princes and the fruits without the glamour.

Among the passengers was one graceful of carriage, lofty of mien, — a very Apollo of manly beauty and dignity. His forty years sat lightly upon his shoulders, and had not yet drawn one line of silver among his thickly clustering curls. Any one studying this man would have failed to know him. The broad brow and sweetly mobile mouth indicated benevolence; the eye, restless and questioning, seemed to measure powers with all upon whom it glanced. For the rest, he was a scholar, learned, even profound. His lips flowed with a more than mortal eloquence; he talked, indeed, like an angel. He had been chaplain in one of Her Majesty's ships, and sometimes by courtesy read prayers before the passengers. He was a man of genius, of experience, and well-read in worldly wisdom.

Such an one it was who cast his eyes upon Miriam, as if to measure her strength and test his own powers. He was one well worthy to be her ideal hero. There was no limit to his lofty enthusiasms; no crusade against error in which he was not ready to break a lance. He discoursed of religion, of love, of poetry. He read of duty and of sublimest hopes, and Miriam's heart went out to the inspired words with a great throb of sympathy and love. He seemed some strong angel, eager in battle, glorious in victory, blessed in defence.

Slowly he wiled away her heart. Far

back reproachfully came the memory of Geoffrey, and she prayed desperately to be kept true. Her guardian saw nothing of this. He had promised her father to care for her closely; but he was a man of business, polite, but self-absorbed, and when he had attended to every physical want of his young charge, and spent a stated time each day in her society, he thought his pledge fulfilled, and was glad to be away looking after his valuable stores.

So no one saw the cloud that was closing around Miriam, least of all herself. Where all admired her beauty, was it strange that one should appreciate it above the rest? In her eyes he was perfect, glorious beyond words. He stood like some god above common men, beloved of the Lord and honored of mortals. Miriam prayed to be kept true; but prayer has its conditions. If a man jump into the water, he may pray forever and it will not help his drowning. The good Father demands faith, but he demands more also.

They passed from cold northern skies into tropic splendor and luxuriance. Gay-winged birds flashed amid the thick foliage, and they saw the drooping moss veiling the stately trees, as they crossed the Isthmus. A new life of hope and beauty broke upon Miriam like a dream of bliss. It was the land of enchantment, the hour of passion and of glory. She had never imagined such wealth in nature, such god-like attributes, such divine genius, in man.

On, on, over the seas again, and ever the winning voice was in her ear. They walked and read and dreamed, and by and by the shores of the golden land rose up before them, and Miriam felt that between her new home and her old she had lost her faithfulness and her heart. Yet when her friend took her hand, as they stood that last day upon the deck, and told her how he should miss her, how her gentle hand and pure face had been a precious blessing to him; and when with more than a man's eloquence he told her of a great love and besought her to be his wife, a joy beyond words filled Miriam. She felt that only in this charmed presence could she exist forevermore.

So Miriam left the steamer, once more a betrothed maiden, and Geoffrey Fleming, with his man's strength and child's tenderness, said a deeper grace that day for his beloved.

Go your ways, ye that would condemn! This is not the history of an angel, but of a frail woman, who sought her ideal with an innocent heart, and learned a bitter lesson out of God's great book of life, that it might be an humble and a contrite one.

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Glad faces and loving hearts welcomed Miriam to her new home. In one little month she had forgotten the loyal heart that was a home, and garnished for herself a home in the bosom of a stranger. As yet she had written home only of her safety. There would be time enough to tell of the noble treasure found; of her marriage so soon to come; of the riches and happiness in store.

Yea, Miriam, there will be time enough, — a long, weary time.

One rainy November eve, Miriam went home to find on her table a brief business letter with an English postmark. It warned Miriam Stuart that Henry Gray was a married man, with a wife and children living in England. That he was a man of angel form and devil's heart; whose lips were purity, and whose soul corruption. This was all with proofs and names she could not doubt or dispute.

Then the iron entered into her soul. It was come, — her judgment. Her idol fell, and the scales from her eyes fell also. But she shivered with the shock, and would gladly have been blinded forever; for the books were opened, and out of them she was judged. The measure she had given had been measured to her also. It was harder to bear because she had deserved it. She hated the false man who had betrayed her; she hated her own false heart; she lost faith in the world she had trusted and glorified.

It was truly a dreadful thing to forget in one short month the tried heart of a friend, or betray the love of years; but a cup of glowing, sparkling wine had been placed to her lips, and its intoxication had betrayed her. But of such tri-



als God brings noble character or shameful failure.

Hour after hour she sat with the fatal letter crushed in a vice-like grasp. She did not faint or shriek. Her outraged womanhood blushed with shame,—she had been won so easily, and deceived so entirely. Then came thoughts of home and of Geoffrey. Oh! for one touch of those tender clasping arms, one look of love from those honest eyes, hers no more forever. She saw it now! How had he ever loved her,—so mere a child, so petulant, so unworthy? She stretched out her hands pleadingly;—

“Oh, Geoffrey! Geoffrey!” Then, the tears came to soften the heart and water the seeds of strength.

For out of that night of bitterness she rose like a strong angel to work and to endure. She put her silent stony despair behind her, and as if in very fear of herself planned out hard work and severe penances. A strange change had made the child a woman. She thanked God he had saved her from a fate worse than death, and asked a blessing on Geoffrey, whom she gave up from this day. “I will stay out here two years,” she said; “then I will write him all this sad story, and perhaps by that time he may find a worthy and better love. I could never marry him now,—no, never!”

But Undine had found her soul.

### CHAPTER III.

Two years after, if you had been at a certain farm-house door, just beyond the river banks, you might have seen, in the gray morning twilight, a meek old horse standing peacefully but wonderingly before a clumsy family carryall. Never before in the memory of old Kate had she failed to see the barn-door opened when the first long sun-ray glanced through the double door, or eaten oats at so unreasonable an hour.

Uncle Leonard's boat was high and dry on the shore, and for two days his familiar haunts had known him not. He crept childishly round the old-fashioned house, touching old relics with shaking fingers, and peering into the cold, dreary

room where his wife died so long ago. “Poor little girl, poor thing,” he sighed; and then, as if a spell was on him, he went into Mirry's room, shut up and silent for two long years, smoothed the pillows lovingly, and put all her old playthings in a row. And Aunt Patience, watchful over a weakness in which she had no share, once saw him kneel by the long-empty bed, and in his quaint way pour out his love and his thanksgiving.

Old Kate waited outside to bring Miriam from the station. Two weary hours already, and the train not due for four yet. Aunt Patience murmured something about the merciful man being merciful to his beast; and she was sure she was glad Miriam was coming home, and that she had turned out a woman, which was more than she expected.

“Patience,” said Uncle Leonard, “we might say grace this morning!”

The old oysterman had never been moved to such an act before. Over the neglected breakfast a homely thanksgiving brought tears to the eyes of the stiff, angular maiden sister, who had thought it her duty to enter into her closet daily, and walk soberly after the manner of untold generations of her godly ancestors. But this prayer, strong, upheaving, broke up the great deeps and overflowed their eyes with tears.

“Patience, she is coming home,—my little girl; please God, she shall never leave us again.” The old scarred face lighted through its weather-beaten furrows, with the look the boy might have worn when he put his arm round his sister's neck at school, and bade her not cry for he would love her and take care of her always.

She fumbled at her kerchief; her fingers worked nervously, but they found his at last.

“Leonard, I have been hard and stern, but I thought it was my duty. We were so different, she and I. Forgive me this day for all the past.”

And still the old horse waited outside, while this ever new, ever powerful story of forgiving love was told. The homely room smiled, I think, to witness that unwonted tenderness.

"Nathan, is the shawl in? and the sweet-cakes? Drive slow, boy. The mare's tired o' waitin', an'll be freaky, mayhap."

And the hired boy, with a sly leer, (for the sober mare had been innocent of a trot for years,) abstracted a cake from the well-filled basket, and drove on, down the dewy road, to wait his weary hours at the station.

Into the dawn of a new and strange morning, Leonard Stuart, old sea-captain, humble oysterman, had entered. The sky repeated its daily miracle of opening the royal gates of glory on the world, but he had entered, once for all, behind the veil, sunned the rough old heart in floods of morning brightness, that made him henceforth Christ's true knight and noble gentleman till life's end. He took the fishermen, and made them sons of God. Out of the lowliest hearts, as in the most hidden places, bloom the fairest flowers of faith and love.

No one had known Geoffrey Fleming to leave the mills before till work was done; for now he was part owner in the great manufactory, and had all the business of the firm in his keeping, while the head partner was away. And the hands lifted their caps to him, and called him "Master," and proud to say it, too; and the old servant at the great house never met him without a "Savin' yer presence," and the humble bow.

But this warm-breathed summer afternoon Geoffrey sat in his study chair by the library window, in the great, stately house of his employer,—that house where he was adopted son and brother at once.

The rose acacia dropped its pink blossoms upon the carpet, wafted in by the sweet, south wind, and the scent of the lily and the sweetbrier came gratefully in upon the air. But Geoffrey was asleep. His cheek pressed in upon the dark green cushions, a happy smile upon his handsome face. The labor at the mills was weary, and the weather was warm; besides, look at the business letters upon the desk. Surely, there is a

strange thing—a tear on a dry business letter. It is creased and worn, too, and the hand is finer than the rest, though we read it quite plainly:—

"And, now, father, after you have forgiven me, as I know you will, tell all this sad story to Geoffrey. Tell him I feel strong enough to be loyal to humble truth, and so I am coming home; but never to him, no, never to him. That I will come to him but once more, and, in prayer as befits one who has so deeply wounded the best heart that ever lived, beg the forgiveness he is too good to refuse. And then I will work for others as he does, and grow strong enough to give him a hand in heaven, since I was not worthy to give it here."

Geoffrey Fleming's patient heart was at rest. She had come back, as he said she would; the weary waiting, the heavy fear were over. God had made her a woman humble and loving, and therefore worthy to be loved. Had any love deeper than oceans could quench kept these two hearts pure for each other in the midst of wearing toil? Was this the reason why lone women, and bed-ridden men, loved the look in his calm eyes as if they had seen God through them; or that while he was blaming himself for his earthly desires and fleshly heart, others had seen him in this trial-furnace walking by one whose form was as the Son of God? I cannot tell.

I only know that now, as a tired child, he slept. A sweet hope, perhaps, of the time when Miriam would come as she promised, visited him as he smiled. He did not hear the gentle knock, the timid footstep, till the entering figure sobbed his name.

It bowed before him. It clasped his knees in broken prayers.

"Miriam, my beloved, up, Miriam, here, upon my breast."

"Nay, Geoffrey, never there again. For God's sweet sake forgive me, and let me go."

"Sweet Miriam, darling Miriam, my white dove, did you think I would let you go?"

"Geoffrey, I was not worthy. I will pray for you always; say that you forgive me; only say so."

"You have come back, my dearest. Now we will live and work together."

"His blessing be with you, Geoffrey, but it must not be. I can never be your wife."

"Nay, Miriam, you were but a child, — a tender, untaught child. Now you are a woman; if it were so now, it would be far different. As it was, I can forgive and forget it."

"But I can not. I have shown you my weakness. A wife should be without spot before her husband, noble, and worthy."

"And so are you, my heart's dear child. Unselfishly you confessed what you might have kept hidden; nobly you rose above despair to work and pray; and heroically you gave up the love you prized. But I am not so unselfish. I want my little treasure. I shall keep her for many a day yet. She is dearer, purer, truer, than ever before."

"And you indeed forgive me, Geoffrey?"

He said so, with a kiss of peace and trust.

By and by, when the full sense of rest came back to the heart that had found its home, Miriam said softly, —

"Do you know the meaning of your name, my friend? Its beautiful significance has comforted me many times."

"No, love, what is it?"

"Geoffrey — it means God's peace. Truly you have been a God's peace to me."

On the second anniversary of Miriam's wedding-day, her husband took her into that same library, and, drawing a veil from before a picture, showed her the image of a fair young girl, with dark curls and beaming eyes, peeping out of the shadow of a hooded cloak.

Neither spoke.

Then Miriam said, "And where is Thorpe?"

"Done to death by genius. He left this legacy to me."

"He was a beautiful soul," said Miriam. "But I have found a nobler ideal, and a stronger King."

## SPRING.

YESTERDAY I crossed the yarrow,  
To the woods that lie beyond;  
There I heard the thrush and sparrow  
Propheying in song.

They said, "The winter's reign is over;  
Spring is coming bright and fair;  
Soon the red lips of the clover  
Will kiss the dewy air."

Listening thus to thrush and sparrow,  
At my feet a violet rose;  
To my soul, swift as an arrow,  
Came profound repose.

Then I knew the thrush and sparrow  
Did no tale of falsehood sing;  
Then I knew no distant morrow  
Would the roses bring.

I had walked beyond the yarrow,  
With a spirit vague, oppressed;  
At my heart a gnawing sorrow,  
A black doubt at my breast.

In my life the snows of winter  
Lay in many chilling drifts;  
Scarce a golden beam would venture  
Through the cloudy rifts.

But the song of thrush and sparrow,  
And the violet's modest mien,  
Thawed the snow-drifts, plucked the sorrow,  
Changed the dismal scene.

Then I knew that spring comes ever  
To the soul, as to the earth;  
When the winter's blast is fiercest,  
Spring is nearest birth!

Slowly is each life delivered  
From the furnace-blasts of time;  
But, at last, each ill is shivered  
By the hand divine!

Thankful for the lesson taught me  
In my walk beyond the yarrow,  
Bird-notes still are echoing round me,  
Of the thrush and sparrow.

DEATH makes a beautiful appeal to charity. When we look upon the dead form, so composed and still, the kindness and the love that are in us all come forth.

## TOM STOKES.

By Miss Laura M. Hubbard.

TOM STOKES had just come in to a fortune. An old relative, whom he had never known, or even heard of, had obligingly slipped off this "mortal coil," and left him joint heir with some unknown piece of femininity, on condition that he made her Mrs. Tom Stokes.

"Heigh ho, lucky Tom! But where's the girl? and what's she like? I wonder if she's lovely as one of that old Pagan prophet's houris I read about once, or crabbed and ugly as Bill Sharpe's brindled heifer! 'Twould relieve a fellow's mind to know whether she'd be caught easily; or will she kick the traces like that sorrel colt I tried to break the other day? Heigh ho!" (drawing out the exclamation as though he was quite overcome with the contemplation,) "Tom Stokes a rich man! and a wife thrown in to boot! (that is, if I can get her.)"

Such was the characteristic soliloquy of the aforesaid individual, on the receipt of the astounding intelligence that he had just fallen heir to a large fortune. Born in obscurity, and nurtured in poverty, poor Tom was dazzled, and well nigh dazed, with the new world the sight of a few yellow coins was unfolding to him. He suddenly found himself the lion of the country side. In his verdancy, he wondered why he had never found out before what a great man he was. But somehow the sudden knowledge didn't suit him. It clogged his speech, and hampered his manners. From having lived in these parts from boyhood, he knew all the great folks of the county; but they had hitherto greeted his appearance with an indifferent stare, or ignored his presence altogether. But the first time he went out after this fact became known, he encountered Mrs. Judge Spriggins and her daughters, riding leisurely along in their elegant barouche. Stepping one side to give room to the lady's equipage, he cast a careless glance at her, when to his infinite amazement she nodded her head very graciously towards him, giving at the same instant a nudge to the three Misses Spriggins, who, taking their cue, sweetly

smiled, and nodded, too. Tom's blue orbs dilated with a sort of infantine wonderment, as he mechanically whipped off his coarse straw hat; but, in the confusion consequent upon this unlooked-for recognition, he very nearly fell headlong over a decayed stump that grew by the road-side. By the time he had gathered himself up, the carriage, with its aristocratic occupants, had passed on down the turnpike. Giving it a momentarily unconscious stare, Tom thrust his brown hands into the pockets of his old woolen frock, and strode onward in an opposite direction, with head bent, meditating upon recent events, when he unexpectedly came upon Lawyer Brown, who instantly overwhelmed him with congratulations, assuring him that he was a lucky dog, and hoped that whenever he had any business in his line, he'd give *him* a call. He was "always happy to oblige a gentlemanly client." Then everybody inquired so particularly after his health that he seriously began to wonder if he was really growing thin and pale, and he determined to consult Dr. Greene the very next time he went out.

On the next Lord's Day, he put on his best suit of blue homespun, and wended his way to church, taking his accustomed seat in the choir. The minister took for his text the nineteenth chapter of Matthew, twenty-fourth verse. \* \* "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." As he read it off with a clear, distinct enunciation, he slowly raised his eyes until they were brought on a level with the opposite gallery, when his visage assumed a terribly stern, and solemn aspect, as though he already foresaw, through a sort of spiritual clairvoyance, the doom of this second Dives. Tom was not exactly certain whether it was intended as a personal warning or not; but he could not help being struck with the singular coincidence of the minister's selecting this text the first Sabbath after his accession to a fortune. When the choir rose to sing, his voice struck in on the bass, and rolled out in clear, harmonious cadences. For Tom had a well-attuned voice, and critical ear,

albeit his knowledge was only such as he had picked up at a country singing-school. Holding his note-book spread open before him, he gradually warmed into enthusiasm, until he forgot church and people. But as the choir struck in on the closing line of the anthem, some magnetic instinct made him raise his eyes from the page, when he suddenly became aware that he was being made the object of a general stare. Abashed at the discovery, he attempted to conceal his embarrassment by making a dive for his pocket-handkerchief; but in so doing, the psalm-book slipped from his nervous and trembling fingers, and fell to the floor with a whack that resounded throughout the whole meeting-house. Stooping to pick it up, he inadvertently knocked his head against the railing that encircled the gallery. This so thoroughly completed his discomfiture that he sank down into his seat overwhelmed with confusion. He did not make another attempt to join in the exercises, but as soon as the benediction was pronounced, walked hurriedly down the gallery stairs, out ahead of the already moving congregation, and struck a bee line for home, unmindful of the encouraging smiles and shy glances that gleamed upward from the fair faces of the country belles. When the people issued from the vestibule, and scattered upon the grassy slope in front, Tom's long legs could be seen making hasty strides away in the distance, his body bent to an acute angle, and his blue coat-tails streaming out behind like the pennant of a steamship under full sail. When he reached home, instead of going into the house, he made directly for the barn, climbed up into the loft, and threw himself out upon the hay with the impetuous desperation of an overgrown boy in the sulks.

As Tom was born and bred a rustic, it was unfortunate for him, in one sense, that he also had a keen perception of the fact. Yet this same acute sensibility, which we sometimes see in persons of coarse breeding and limited culture, is an unmistakable evidence of a certain degree of latent refinement, that, under favorable circumstances, will in time work its way outward. Tom was so unfitted

for the position his wealth was thrusting him into, and he suffered so intensely from *mauvaise honte*, that he was fast coming to think that money was no great addition to one's happiness, after all; — a conclusion, I dare say, many a poor wretch has come to who has bartered away his manhood to obtain it.

After he had been a rich man a few weeks, he one day remembered that there was a clause in his old relative's will that must be complied with before he could come into undisputed legal possession of his fortune; so he set about making ready to go a-wooing. Instinctively feeling that much depended upon first appearances, he went to the unusual expense of fitting himself out in a brand-new suit of broadcloth, hiring Martha Newton, the humble village tailoress, to make it for him. Under the magic power of her nimble fingers, he found himself in a few days metamorphosed into a gentleman, at least, so far as a suit of clothes could make him one.

On the morning of his departure, he went into the "Square room," that was never used save on grand occasions, to take a farewell look at himself in the antique mirror that adorned the mantelpiece. His attire consisted of a blue dress coat with brass buttons, buff waistcoat, corduroy breeches, and red top boots. He carried in one hand a black beaver, fine, shining, and satiny, and in the other a pair of kid gloves of some prevailing hue, and that other manly appendage, — a cane. There was a trace of anxiety and nervousness visible in his manner as he entered the room, but as he caught a glimpse of his athletic proportions in the glass, the shadows dispersed, the brow smoothed, and a smile of mingled pride and satisfaction lighted up his honest, rustic features.

The lady whom he set out so hopefully to seek on that pleasant summer's morning, and with whose destiny his own had become so singularly allied, lived in a town of some pretensions not many furlongs away, and was known by the sweet, patrician name of Lucy Westleigh. She belonged to a family who held their position less from wealth than culture and

high-breeding; hence, it may naturally be inferred, had been too delicately and carefully reared to become the congenial companion of a country-born rustic. But an eccentric kinsman, of whose existence, until recently, they knew nothing, had adopted this whimsical freak to unite two distant branches of his family. Lucy had been duly notified, by the deceased man's solicitor, of the legacy awaiting her demand, and of the conditional clause in the will, compelling her to accept in marriage the hand of the co-heir, or resign all claim to her portion of the estate, as the will expressly stated "that in the event of either legatee refusing to comply with the said conditions, the said legacy was to revert to the other."

Mr. and Mrs. Westleigh could not conceal their annoyance and vexation with a relative who would thus arbitrarily and injudiciously dispose of their daughter's hand; for, though properly appreciating the full value and influence of money, they were yet too solicitous for their child's happiness to give her to a man who could offer no more imposing credentials than a well-filled purse.

As for little Lucy, she gave herself no uneasiness about the matter, for she was yet too young to aspire simply to the eclat of a brilliant establishment, and with pardonable girlish vanity felt that she could get a husband any day who would be only too happy to take her for her own charming self. So she awaited, with mingled curiosity and interest, the arrival of Mr. Thomas Stokes, Jr., as he announced himself in a letter that preceded him. The name itself was so suggestive of plebeian habits and tastes that the Westleighs were in a measure prepared for the appearance of the young wooer, when the servant, one evening shortly after, ushered him into the parlor, where the family were all assembled.

As his name was announced, every person present momentarily suspended occupation or conversation, and looked curiously at the new-comer, who stood, hat in hand, just inside the door, without moving a peg, as though his feet were glued fast to the floor. Mr. Westleigh, who was a gentleman in the true sense of

the word, after an instant's hesitation, went forward and greeted the young man with well-bred and kindly hospitality, introducing him afterwards to the various members of the family.

When Tom entered the room, Lucy was sitting upon a footstool, engaged in the undignified occupation of building block houses and leaning towers from a collection of chess and backgammon men, for a baby brother. Absorbed in contemplation of the visitor, she still retained her lowly attitude, when her father reached her, after having made the circuit of the room. Startled into momentary self-consciousness, the color deepened on her cheek, as she rose and held out her hand, which Tom touched as gently as though it was a fragile toy he was fearful of crushing, instead of lovely, healthy flesh and blood as it was; while his own bronzed features paled and reddened alternately, until they finally shaded off into deep crimson.

Observing his embarrassment, Mr. W—— led him off to a seat, and commenced a friendly conversation. But poor Tom was so evidently ill at ease that it made one sympathetically nervous to look at him. He hitched about in his seat, applied his handkerchief to his nose divers and sundries of times, tilted his chair on one leg to the inward uneasiness of the hostess, who momentarily expected to see the delicate piece of parlor furniture broken or disjointed; and finally ended by bringing it heavily down upon the back of Lucy's favorite little terrier, which had been snuffing suspiciously around his legs. At which the unfortunate cur fled precipitately toward its mistress, limping and yelping piteously, where it curled itself under the protecting folds of her dress, and savagely eyed the obnoxious intruder. As Lucy stooped to soothe the ire of her canine pet, her eyes sparkled with suppressed merriment, but, too well bred to add to the embarrassment of the stranger, all traces of it had vanished when she looked up again. In the commotion caused by this incident Tom managed to slip away, promising to come next day to dinner.

As the host returned from showing his

guest to the door, there followed a good deal of fun and laughter at the expense of Lucy's rustic suitor. As for Tom, none but bashful people can ever understand how much the interview cost him, or with what a distressed flutter of feeling he walked back to his hotel. Prominent above all other sensations, however, because less transitory, was the impression made on his heart by Lucy. Never, probably, in all his life before, had he met on a footing of social equality with so much beauty and grace. In his own expressive language, he was literally "done for." "Win her he would, or his name was not Tom Stokes." For a brief, passing moment, after the first tumultuous emotions of excitement had subsided, he exulted in the thought that personal interests must advance his suit.

The next day, per agreement, Tom came to dinner. How he got through with it, he was never afterwards able to tell. But as the story-writer is supposed to know everything that relates to his hero, whether he sees it or not, or in lieu of actual facts invent them for the occasion, I can say that mine was guilty of gross violations of table etiquette, and perpetrated a series of ludicrous mistakes and blunders, which, in consideration of his ignorance, was treated as more amusing than serious. For instance, he *would* eat with his knife instead of his fork, quite regardless of the quantity he took at a mouthful. And then again, apparently unobservant of the delicate linen napkin, encircled with its beautiful ring of chased silver, or, as transpired afterwards, deeming it for other purposes, he extracted from his coat-pocket, at intervals, a flowered bandanna of rather extravagant dimensions, which he applied to his lips and streaming forehead. Capping the climax at dessert, by proceeding, in a very deliberate manner, to wash his hands in the bohemian glass finger-bowl that stood near his plate, using the afore-said napkin for a towel. As this feat was being enacted, there was a rising smile on the faces of the juvenile members, but a warning look from the punctilious host checked any latent demonstration of the kind.

After dinner, Tom solicited an interview with his host, and the two retired to the library. Though anticipating its object, Mr. W—— was at loss for a reply. For while experiencing a paternal solicitude for his daughter's interest, he yet realized the incongruity of such a union. Hence, under the circumstances, he could do nothing more than refer him to the young lady herself, feeling convinced in his own mind that his chances in that quarter were dubious.

But Tom exhibited equal tact and delicacy, by at present confining his advances to mere polite attentions, trusting to the influence of time to pave the way to something more tender and definite.

You often meet, among what are termed the better classes, persons who hesitate or decline to recognize a man because his coat is not of the latest cut, or that accident has not given him an *entree* to the society of the *haut-ton*, or for some other equally unimportant reason. A manifestation that generally argues the existence of a feeling of social insecurity. But Mr. Westleigh, being altogether above this sort of snobbish pride, could acknowledge and appreciate moral worth and talent under whatever guise it appeared. Brought by circumstances into familiar intercourse with the subject of my story, he learned that his native abilities were of a calibre that needed only the polishing touch of an experienced lapidary to convert his mind into a gem of the first water. Therefore, though his manners were awkward, and sometimes boorish, he treated him with the same dignified courtesy he maintained toward other guests.

But with Lucy, who had not her father's ripe understanding and judgment to direct her impulses, he made such slow progress that it was heart-wearisome. Divested of the character of a suitor, she might, perhaps, have looked upon him more favorably, for she was compelled, in spite of her preconceptions, in time, to acknowledge his sterling good sense and uniform kindness of heart. But, standing as he did in the light of a lover, every awkward movement and every ungraceful gesture became exaggerated a

thousand-fold in her eyes. To make matters still worse, he was invariably overcome by a painful self-consciousness if, by chance, he found himself alone with her for a single instant; and yet, from some strange contrariety of feeling, he was forever seeking just such opportunities.

Days rolled into weeks, and yet Tom showed no signs of returning to his country home. To all appearances he had become permanently located. He sought Lucy's society constantly. When with him, she did not actually repel his advances, yet her manner was so far from encouraging that any but a less sincere lover would have given up the pursuit as hopeless. But, apparently, there was no such word as failure in his vocabulary, for he manifested a persevering earnestness of purpose that would argue success if directed toward the accomplishment of any other object. Yet, nevertheless, the poor fellow was kept in a most unenviable frame of mind, for, as Lucy was both sensible and pleasing, she had a score of admirers who vied with each other in paying court to her, any one of whom she seemingly preferred to our hero, so that his happiness ebbed and flowed, according to circumstances. Fluctuating hourly between hope and jealousy, he watched closely the manners of her numerous admirers, to discover, if possible, the secret of each one's agreeability. There was one among the number who frequently sent her rare and costly exotics, which he noticed she seemed to prize very highly. Determined not to be superseded or outdone in gallantry, he set out one morning in search of flowers. Coming upon a pretty suburban garden, he espied a collection of gay-colored annuals, and, not being aware that they could be purchased of regular venders, he leapt lightly over the low fence and plucked a nosegay, which he bore in triumph back to Lucy, and presented, with such a look of intense pleasure beaming from his honest face, that it invested his manners, for the moment, with an air of exceeding grace. Lucy was too well-bred, and I may truthfully say kind-hearted, too, not to accept the offering in the spirit it was made;

but there was a shy gleam of merriment under the shadow of her drooping lashes, as she gravely inhaled the odor of the bright yellow marigolds and equally brilliant chrysanthemums, dropping, in the mean time, such a charming little courtesy as sent unsophisticated Tom back to his hotel, radiant with happiness for the remainder of the day.

One of the most perplexing experiences of Tom's town life was associated with his Sabbath devotions. Hovering forever near his mistress, and anxious to conciliate her tastes and wishes in everything, and being a stranger in the place, with no predilections in favor of one church or another, he naturally sought the one in which she worshipped. But, accustomed from boyhood to a simple, puritanical mode of worship, he found it difficult to familiarize himself with the imposing ritual of the service. So that though conscientiously devout, yet the music, and the monotonous flow of voices, as the congregation recited the sacred lessons, invariably magnetized him into such a somnolent state of mind and body that the service ere long became a confused jumble of words and sounds.

One warm Sabbath morning, as the summer was verging into autumn, overcome by the closeness of the atmosphere and the lulling influences I have mentioned, he gradually and unconsciously wandered off into dreamland. His sleeping thoughts taking up the train of his waking ones, he dreamed ever and again of Lucy, until he believed himself going through the scene of his first introduction to her, living over again the excitement and embarrassment of the hour, with the obnoxious terrier sniffing at his feet; when, animated by a spite that was evidently the expression of his waking moments, he essayed a kick at the imaginary little brute, hitting, instead, his cane, that stood poised against the side of the pew, tumbling it down with a bang that thoroughly electrified the nerves of the silent congregation. This occurrence instantly startled Tom into a wide-awake attitude, and, as the multitude looked hastily about in questioning surprise, he, with a coolness and nonchalance hitherto



quite foreign to him, quickly assumed a look of innocent surprise, and looked about, too, to the intense amusement of Lucy and two or three of her young associates, who comprehended matters at a glance, and who, like most very youthful people, were apt to fall into convulsive merriment in just those places and times when they should not. Like most lovers, Tom was exceedingly sensitive about being made the subject of ridicule and merriment in the presence of his lady-love, so that the mortification he experienced over this little incident was sufficient to keep him wide awake in future.

As it would be impossible for a person ever so illiterate and unpolished in manner to constantly associate with people of refinement and culture, without instinctively, as it were, acquiring a certain degree of outward grace, so Tom's blundering awkwardness of manner gradually wore off, and his violations of custom and good taste became daily less frequent. But, unhappily, while being brought into the sphere of these refining influences, his perceptions were becoming so tutored as to render him, by degrees, sensitively alive to his own personal and educational deficiencies.

Had he been disposed to accept of a bogus kind of patronage and friendship, he could have found plenty, who, from selfish or sycophantic motives, would have paid homage to his wealth. But with a heart and mind as yet unsullied by any base or impure emotions, his intuitions were sufficiently clear and defined, as every good man's will be, to detect the spurious gentility that so often passes current in society. In consequence of this subtle, interior sense, I question if he was as happy at this time as when a ploughman tilling his native soil; for then he was content and happy, because he knew nothing outside of that life. But now, with a mind partially awakened to the wants of his nature, and the necessities of his new position, he was wretched and miserable. Beginning to understand, as he did at this period, how much the lack of educational and personal graces of mind and manner stood in the way of his happiness, he became conscious, for

the first time in his life, of a feeling of envy. For, as often happens with people who have been so rapidly elevated to a high social position as not to have had a chance to acquire the necessary culture to fill it, he experienced a corresponding self-abasement, that made him sometimes feel as though he would be willing to exchange the whole of his large fortune for that unconscious air of high breeding that distinguished the Westleighs. But this, money alone could not purchase.

With a vague conception of the difficulties that lay in his way, he yet resolved to bring matters to a crisis by a proposal in due form. Circumstances, as it happened, favored this resolution, in fact, rather precipitated it; for, calling at Mr. W.'s one day, about the time he came to the decision, he was told by the servant that he would find Miss Lucy in the garden. Going thither in quest of her, he found her seated in a small summer-house, with her work-basket by her side, engaged in sewing. She smiled pleasantly as she bade him good morning; aside from this, exhibited no emotion whatever, but kept on with her sewing in a way that aggravated poor Tom's pent-up feelings intensely. As he watched her stitch away industriously at the cambric muslin, he felt the hot blood coming to his face, and his courage slowly oozing out at his finger-tips. Determined, however, not to let the opportunity slip, and inspired by a courage that was the offspring of excitement, he stammered forth a declaration of love, which, though not told in the choicest English, was yet eloquent with intense feeling. Lucy hesitated and demurred. The important interests pending have made her worldly-wise within the last few months. She cannot yet decide whether she will resign her fortune, or marry this young man, whose lack of culture would render him in every way an uncongenial husband.

I hope, kind reader, you will not esteem her less for this; for, in all probability, if you were made acquainted with the private histories of your neighbors, who no doubt are all very good people in the main, you would find a great deal of this same halting between world-

ly interests, and the conscientious promptings of the higher nature. I regret to see that this giving monetary interests the first consideration is not confined to strictly business matters alone, but it enters largely into this same question of marriage, that inevitably involves the life-long happiness or misery of two people. Therefore, until a man's respectability ceases to be gauged by the number of corner-lots he owns, every person will become more or less infected by this mercenary spirit. In a case like the present one, many men would have consoled themselves for any humiliating rebuffs by the prospect of the additional fortune that would fall to the unsuccessful suitor. But to a man of Tom's earnest character everything else gave way in the presence of the strong, living affection that had taken hold of him.

Although Lucy had not given a decided negative, yet her manner encouraged him so little that he at length apparently gave up the pursuit, or had other designs in view, for he shortly after left town. For a long time, the only definite information the Westleighs could obtain of his doings was that he was living in a quiet country place, known only to the public from its being the location of some popular institution of learning, and that he made drafts on his bankers at stated intervals; for, though no legal proceedings were instituted in regard to the will pending, during the period of his absence, yet there were plenty of moneyed men who were willing to make liberal advance on the strength of his prospective fortune. The general impression, among such as had an inkling of matters, was that he had probably settled down in some obscure country town, where he could play the role of great man and patron without fear of rivalry.

In the mean time, Lucy, who was still sought by a host of admirers, yet held herself "fancy free." It would be unnatural to suppose that she did not sometimes cast a thought after the man with whose fate so many of her own interests were involved; yet it would be diverging equally as wide of the truth to say that his absence was a source of regret. She

was a good-tempered, impulsive girl, yet too young to be governed, in affairs of the heart, altogether by mercenary consideration. Consequently other objects and interests soon took her thoughts from the weighty ones I have narrated.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years, or it may be three, subsequent to these events, it was one day rumored about among a group of idlers, such as may always be found lounging about the offices and corridors of hotels, that a stranger who had just arrived had booked himself as Thomas Stokes, Jr. The circumstance caused quite a buzz of curiosity among those who had formerly known our hero; but the gentleman in question was so unlike the aforesaid individual, that it was only the similarity of name that caused them to entertain the idea for one instant that it might be he. The stranger, though plainly attired in a suit of gray tweed, was evidently a gentleman; but he seemed in no hurry to enlighten the public in regard to his personality, for he held himself politely aloof from those about him.

But to the reader I may as well admit, without any circumlocution, that he was none other than our quondam acquaintance, Tom Stokes, metamorphosed this time into a veritable gentleman. During the term of his absence, when the public imagined him lording it over the denizens of some obscure country village, he had put himself under the instruction of competent teachers, and had been laboring hard to make amends for his early disadvantages. What he had at first undertaken from motives of wounded pride, he afterwards pursued for the love of knowledge itself. That his efforts had been successful was attested in the general toning-down of the whole man, in the speaking eye, glowing with a new-born intelligence, and a latent power that manifested itself in an unobtrusive self-possession.

As the day was drawing to a close, he quitted his hotel, and wended his way to the residence of Mr. Westleigh. Either by chance or deliberate intention, he arrived there at about the same hour he first made their acquaintance. It hap-

pened that the family were similarly assembled. He sent in his card. As the bit of pasteboard passed from one to another around the family circle, a broad smile illumined the face of each; but it instantly vanished, as the servant ushered into the room a young man of gentlemanly exterior, whom, at the first glance, all supposed to be a stranger. The next moment there was a look of undisguised astonishment visible, as it told them that it was veritable Tom Stokes himself, or Thomas, or Mr. Stokes, as he was hereafter respectfully called.

After the first momentary surprise, Mr. Westleigh, who had always rather liked the young man, stepped forward and greeted him with a cordial welcome. After the ice was once broken, the family soon gathered about him, to each of whom he gave a hearty pressure of the hand. As Lucy approached, hesitatingly, he advanced a step or two and smilingly proffered his hand; but if he felt anything beyond the mere polite expression of regard it conveyed, his look did not betray it. Before the evening was over, Lucy came to the sage conclusion that he was very much changed, as indeed he was; for his face had lost the old tell-tale habit it once had of revealing all he felt, and, instead of the joyous and, I might add, unsophisticated expression it wore in his untutored state, it now bore the impress of thought and seriousness, that bespoke the late student.

Though Lucy was probably quite unconscious of the fact, herself, yet the passage of time had wrought some important changes in her, too. The maturity which two or three years had given to her character had added a dignity to her girlish graces that made her even more charming than formerly. So thought Tom, at least.

From this evening, he was tacitly reinstated into his old position in the family, except so far as regarded Lucy. To her his attentions were of that indefinite, non-committal kind that made it difficult to determine whether his feelings towards her had undergone any change or not. If they were still the same, he had learned how to conceal them under the

mask of conventionalism. With her, however, matters from this time on assumed quite a different aspect. Thrown, as she constantly was, into the companionship of an agreeable, intelligent-minded man, who, if he did not openly assume the character of a lover, yet paid her a thousand and one of those nameless attentions that are sure, in time, to work their way to the heart, she found herself, before she was scarcely aware of it, so warmly interested in him that she made up her mind if he should ever renew his proposals to her again she should certainly accept him. But this determination she hid away in the secret recesses of her own heart; for our Tom seemed in no hurry to betray his intentions.

At a time when his mind was in its crude, undeveloped state, to obtain Lucy's hand in marriage had been the paramount object of his desires, which he felt he must purchase at any cost. But since education had opened its resources, and revealed to him the many noble aims and objects of life, he felt that anything short of her undivided affection would not render him satisfied and happy. If he could not secure this, he would turn his thoughts and attention to some one of the numerous pursuits which the world offers to every energetic working man, where, absorbed in active labor, he would learn, in time, to live happily without it. But let a person be ever so discreet and careful, it is not possible to always so tutor one's acts and conversation as not to betray, in some unguarded moment, by look or tone, the existence of any deep feeling. And so I suppose it proved with our lovers; for, through some mysterious revelation, they came, in time, to be cognizant of the true state of each other's hearts. The result was, a second proposal from Tom, an affirmative answer from Lucy, and, — a marriage.

Subsequently, in making out the necessary papers, by which the estate of their deceased relative was transferred to them, as legal heirs, they learned, for the first time, that a codicil was appended to the will, which required our hero to merge his plebeian surname into the more patrician one of Westleigh, or forfeit his pos-

sessions. This whim — to his honor be it said — was scarcely to his taste; as, however willing he might once have been to put out of sight every evidence of his plebeian origin, he was not solicitous to do so now. For, since he had emerged from his low-born condition into the light of a higher knowledge, he had found that no fortuitous circumstance of birth or fortune dignified a name, unsupported by the unblemished, self-sustaining character of the man himself. Not considering it judicious, though, to sacrifice important interests on a mere question of taste, he finally compromised the matter by assuming hereafter the name of Thomas Stokes Westleigh.

*Chicago, III.*

### ON RECOVERING FROM ILLNESS.

By Fannie French.

Down towards the shadowy vale

My wandering feet have been;

I heard the song of the boatman pale

Who calls for the souls of men.

I caught a sound of his dipping oars,

And a sight of the deep, dark stream;

I thought I heard its sullen roar,

Or was it all a dream?

And borne above that sullen roar,

The strains of a seraph band;

And far beyond, on the other shore,

A glimpse of a beautiful land.

And oh, that beautiful land was bright,

Beyond what eyes have seen;

Bathed in a flood of glorious light

Were its "fields of living green."

I longed to cross the sullen stream;

I listened for the boatman's call;

I longed to wake from earth's dull dream,

And be free from its binding thrall.

Unwilling, my feet turn back

To what we here call life;

To tread again the beaten track,

And join the noisy strife.

Oh, how we miscall life and death,

The terms we so misgive:

'Tis only when we yield our breath

That we begin to live.

*Wyoming, Feb. 6, 1864.*

### LABOR THE ANTIDOTE OF SORROW.

By C. A. S.

We believe there is nothing better for the sad and desponding soul than active employment. We have known a mother so crushed by the death of her baby that she shut herself up in her chamber, and, refusing to see any one, did nothing but weep and lament. So agonizing was her sorrow that her husband feared her mind was leaving her. It happened one day that her cook was taken suddenly ill, and as a consequence there was no one but the mistress to get the dinner. So she came out of her darkened room and went to work in the kitchen; and as Bridget continued unwell for several days, and she disliked a change, she did the housework for a fortnight, and then resumed her usual place in society, her grief none the less poignant, perhaps, but her reason awakened to the fact that she had got something to do, though the care of her baby had been transferred from her hands to those of the angels.

But there are sorrows in this world which cannot thus be healed. Then comes in endurance, calm, silent, patient endurance. And we believe there is no sublimer power in the soul than this. For what is endurance? To look calmly upon the shifting scenes of time, and watch the death-struggles of our fairest hopes; to resign ourselves silently to the bitterest of disappointments; to bear patiently the abuse of confidence, the betrayal of trust, the treachery of promise; to listen for the song of joy, and hear only, forever and ever, the melancholy murmur of a grief that we have brought upon ourselves; to feel that we have made a mistake, but have no chance to retrieve it; to know that we must go down to the grave with a broken heart.

Endurance! Oh, it is an inspiring thought that the germ of this mighty power lies hidden in every soul; no trouble, no grief, no pain, but which can be borne. We have only to control ourselves, and our characters will be perfected.

The public sense is in advance of private practice.

## LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

NO. II.

By E. L. S.

## WE GO TO HOUSEKEEPING.

Col. W—— advised H. to bring us into camp, but there was never a place to put us; but H is not easily discouraged. He prevailed upon Q. M. of the 91st O. V. I. to vacate a little house of two rooms he was occupying as an office. He, being a good-natured man, abdicated in our favor without an "order."

Well, we had a house, and it deserves a passing description; for, humble as it was, we have since passed as happy hours beneath its lowly roof as we ever expect to experience anywhere.

The best room was ceiled with boards, the walls painted a dingy blue, the rafters or "joists" overhead whitewashed. The room contained a fireplace, an outside door, and a window, and a recess in one corner by the chimney. There was a door on the other side of the chimney, which stood between the rooms, connecting them. The other room—*our* room—was a *sight*! It had been plastered, but the plaster was mostly torn off, and what remained was rather distastefully ornamented with pictures of "Jeff Davis," "Uncle Abe," "a mice," a "mule," and sentences prefaced by profane *adjectives*, names of soldiers, their companies and regiments, all of which we were glad to hide from our sight behind a piece of tenting which we used to replaster the walls with! *En passant*, why is it soldiers will write such low sentences, draw caricatures, and deface everything they can about a dwelling? All our "boys" are not so, but too many of them are. Every house they ever occupy for any purpose, even churches, are scribbled over indecently. This is a shame, and ought not to be! Those who are influenced by the noble principles of manhood in defence of Liberty should cultivate that gentlemanliness of behavior which is so becoming in a soldier.

We covered our floors with hemp grain sacks; tacked down tight, they were quite an improvement upon a dirty, bare floor.

We were soon furnished with a poplar "bunk" bedstead, a square table, some stools and shelves by the brigade carpenter. Husband put up a wedge tent in the yard for a dining-room, and we began to live. By stretching a piece of tenting across the recesses before mentioned, we converted them into closets to hang up our dresses in. One of the boys gathered some laurel boughs, in their wealth of pink blossoms, with which we filled up our fireplaces, and the hearths with rugs of living moss which we watered every day to keep green. Our walls we adorned with a selection of pictures from Harper's Weekly. This was not an original idea, however, as we had seen how tastefully the "boys'" tents were lined with these pictures, a few days before. A cook house near at hand furnished us with fried ham, roast beef, coffee, and potatoes; and the sutlers supplied us with canned fruits; nor were those things more than half as dear again as at home. We were a happy little family of four, and it was comical to see how independent our husbands were of all those little *womanly* restraints that "society" imposes upon the "lords of creation!" If they wanted to laugh, they laughed; and as to gaping, coughing, or sneezing, they did so *without* an apology, or a hand up-lifted, or an "excuse me." They would joke upon all occasions, and "couldn't see it," and were "played out," "gone up," and talked of "skedaddles," and were, in fact, guilty of much plainness of speech which has not hitherto been considered among the *classical expressions*. But their offences were so far from offences against "morals" that we often encouraged them in it, I fear, by laughing when we should have been very much shocked by the improprieties! I suspect now we were fast becoming "demoralized," as "new recruits" are apt to be!

For three little weeks, each day disclosing some new feature of camp life, we lived in this delightful manner, when, one morning, an order from Gen. S—— arrived, and in the course of a day or two, all the ladies (and there were several besides ourselves) had left camp as peaceably as we came. But, though we

took our bodies away, our *spirits* lingered behind, with many anxious thoughts for those soon to go out to battle, as well as memories to be treasured as among the treasures of our experience in life. All the ladies but myself went on to Charleston, while I tarried at the farm-house bounded by mountains on three sides, and meadows running down to the water's edge in front, where H. had engaged board for me for a few weeks.

### CHRISTIANITY.

By C. A. S.

The great central truth of Christianity is its restorative and preservative power. It is emphatically "Good tidings of great joy." The sinner shall be saved from his iniquity, and the righteous retain his integrity. And were this all the gospel does for us, it would merit our devout acknowledgment. But this is not all: We need in this world not only salvation but consolation. We are not only sinners but mourners, and there are some sorrows from which nothing can preserve us. We may cultivate to the utmost our intellectual abilities, we may keep our reputations unspotted from the world, we may have clean hands and pure hearts, and receive and deserve the name of "communicant;" but we cannot shut the door on death, when he stands upon the threshold and calls the name of one we love. Sooner or later the coffin-shadow falls upon every hearthstone; sooner or later our heart must give up one, at least, of its idols; sooner or later there is a grave in some burying-ground which we mark with a marble headstone, plant with white flowers, and water with our tears.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoever defended,

But has one vacant chair!"

Then it is that Christianity consoles us as nothing else can,—nothing,—nothing. Friendship may wind its tender arms about us, love may take our aching head upon its bosom, hold our white fingers, kiss our pale lips, wipe away our tears, and whisper a heart's devotion; but friend-

ship, nor love, nor anything can then satisfy and soothe the soul but the blest assurance that our dear one passed *from earth to heaven*; that our darling is an angel, and the angel waits for us,—waits and watches inside the golden gate, and will be the first to greet us, when we, too, shall have put on immortality.

### SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

By Helen.

Across the threshold of our door,—

Our cottage door, with vine and rose,—

A little ray, that more and more

And brighter yet and brighter grows,

Broadens, and dances like the waves.

We read God's writings sweetly traced,

We pray it may not be effaced,

Or lost within the grassy graves.

When darkness gathers on the wall,

And tempest tears dishevelled locks,

Our sunshine all its madness mocks,

And cometh ever at our call.

Our neighbor in the palace white

Hath woven flowrets on the floor,

But often lingers by our door,

And turns in tears from our delight.

For angel eyes with us had seen

Of gold or gem no gloss or shine;

They brought us blessings so divine

We have no need of gold I ween.

This blessing brought from yonder skies,

The softest, fairest arms to twine

In love around his neck and mine;

And oh, the sunshine in his eyes.

He presses damask lips to ours,

He smiles away the shadow wild

Of him, our fairer shadow child,

And balm his memory in flowers.

And if we sometimes lose the clew

That guideth to the Holy Land,

We find it in a dimpled hand,

And hail it in a holy dew.

THERE is always reason to hope and be strong when a good principle once gets a foothold in the world. A true principle never dies. A grain of seed, sown in truth and holiness, *will* spring up to fruition, though it may be long, long ere it shall flower in its beauty, or spread its green leaves to the sun.

### TRIALS NEEDFUL TO PURIFICATION.

"I REMEMBER," says Whitfield, "some years ago, when I was at Shields, I went into a glass-house; and, standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass, of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him, 'Why do you put this through so many fires?' He answered, 'Oh, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent.'" This furnished Mr. Whitfield with a useful hint, — that we must be tried and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away, and we are made fit for the owner's use. — *Select Miscellanies.*

The above figure of purification by fire is one of great significance and beauty. Mr. Whitfield would apply it to a single class of sinners, and these, most singularly, would be the *saints*! Why not extend it to the entire human family? What man exists, however great his depravity, whom God cannot purify by processes entirely at his command? And with Omnipotence, it is as easy a task to cleanse a race, as an individual. It cannot be doubted that it would be far more satisfactory to God that all his creatures should be so purified as to love and obey him, than that any should live forever in sin and rebellion. Who, then, can reasonably doubt that he will continue the cleansing and sanctifying process — the work of salvation — not only in this life, but in the future, until every soul is fitted for the divine presence, and all are brought to worship around the throne of Eternal Love? In support of this sublime conclusion, we quote the language of St. Paul, which carries out appropriately the figure Whitfield drew from the burning glass: —

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work,

of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." — 1 Cor. iii. 11-15.

### AN AGED LOVER.

"No longer a lover!" exclaimed an aged patriarch; "ah! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hair falls over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of birds, and, above all, the silvery laugh of a child. I love the starlike meadows where the buttercups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with the ringlets flying loose in the wind, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love yon aged dame. Look at her. Her face is care-worn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the same bitter cup with her, and, so shared, it seemed all sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of life; but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity. Together we have placed flowers in the casements, and folded the hands of the dead; together we have wept over little graves. Through sunshine and storm we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old style kerchief crossed, white and prim, above the heart that beats so long and truly for me, the dim blue eyes that shrinkingly front the glad day, the sunlight throwing a parting farewell, kisses her brow and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, and the glowing love of forty years thrills my heart till tears come. Say not again I can no longer be a lover. — Though this form be bowed, God imparted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hand palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the powers of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame."

## Editor's Table.

### THE HEART'S EXCURSION.

Come home, my heart, come home !  
Trembling, dismayed, what dost thou o'er the  
deep ?

Wherefore thus mount and billow oversweep,  
" As birds the ocean foam " ?

Home from thy stormy flight !  
Restless and tireless, on thy trackless way,  
What sound appals and bids thy pulses stay ?  
What terror meets thy sight ?

Over far distant plains,  
Where blazoned banners fling their starry folds  
Upon the breeze, and War's grim music rolls  
Its wild and martial strains,

My errant course I take.  
I hear the trumpet-blasts that shake the sky ;  
I see great hosts that, slowly tramping by,  
A ceaseless echo wake.

A sound ! — 'tis like the roar  
Of mighty forests by the tempests bowed ;  
The dash of surges by the ocean proud  
Hurled on the rocky shore.

Farther than eye can send  
Its keenest vision, I behold them massed ;  
Dark, mingling, swaying shapes that into vast  
And mighty armies blend.

Night comes ; red camp-fires gleam ;  
In woods, on plains, and hill-sides rugged breast,  
Weary and worn, the legions sink to rest,  
To slumber and to dream.

To dream of happy homes,  
And wake to hear the drum's loud *reveille*  
That calls them forth to join the deadly fray  
That with the morning comes.

Lo ! face to face they stand  
In silent waiting, like the fatal hush  
That broods in air ere tropic tempests rush  
Destroying o'er the land.

A light ! — a crash ! —

Ten thousand bayonets, like a sunlit stream  
Panting and flashing, 'mid the great hosts  
gleam ;  
Ten thousand rifles flash.

A burst of thunder sound !  
And plunging steeds in maddened terror rear ;  
Wide lanes swift through the serried ranks ap-  
pear ;  
And dead men strew the ground.

Red wounds the life-blood drain  
From many a brave, young, gallant breast ; but  
by  
Their comrades sweep, and leave them where  
they lie  
Stretched on the trampled plain.

Come back, my heart, come back !  
Wild and dismayed, thou canst not bear th  
sight !  
Cover thine eyes, till gentle, pitying night  
Veil the red battle-track.

Come to the altar, where  
The voice of God above the tempest speaks ;  
The smile of God from out the dark cloud  
breaks,  
And Faith is born of prayer.

Faith that can calmly stand  
And wait for Him to guide the storm, till high  
Old Slavery's cairn is builded to the sky,  
And Freedom rules the land !

This almost mid-May morning has other and  
more absorbing interests for the hearts of North-  
ern men and women than those awakened by  
the intense verdure of the fields and meadows  
and hills and valleys which lie spread out like  
a green panorama wherever we turn our eyes.  
The beautiful hill and glen, the solitude of the  
little island wood, the orchard trees, some just  
nursing their rose-tipped buds into blossom,  
and others already a pyramid of snowy blooms,  
the sunshine falling on the rich clumps of spring  
flowers here and there dotting the sheltered  
nooks, are winsome to the eyes, but somehow



the heart has little thought for their attractions now, and looks off into the invisible distance with an intense gaze that comprehends nothing of what lies before it. The sweet, fresh earth-scents, borne on the briak air, come in through the open window. The birds are busy, fitting from place to place with the important acquisition of a straw, or a thread of flax or hemp in their beaks, but the senses scarcely take in the facts. The out-door world seems decked for a morning holiday to which the little brawling brook is perpetually inviting it, but who heeds the notes of Nature's preparations? The deep stir of strange emotion fills the inner being of every loyal man and woman now.

The telegraph wires transmit the news of great victories over treason and rebellion. Our illustrious Lieutenant General and his able and fearless coadjutors have led our gallant soldiers on, as it befits such leaders to lead such soldiers, and we feel now that success is hereafter to be the rule, and not the exception. The North is alive with enthusiasm, and all wave their hats and scarfs and join in the loud huzzas which the popular heart sets up. Grant and Butler and Meade, — they are become kings in military tactics, and let us unite in doing them honor.

But, by and by, memory looms up, like the spectre of the Brooken, and with a wail like the sad undertone of a requiem strain, touches our exulting hearts. Ten thousand wounded soldiers from our fields of victory have already been carried into Washington. Thank God, — into Washington, and not to the awful cruelties, the insults, the dagger thrusts, the starvation of Confederate prisons; and in the utter absence of definite information as regards *who* may be among them, a vague and sad unrest mingles with the general joy. They whose sons and brothers and husbands were in the dreadful conflicts, with apprehension they cannot put away, ask themselves with mute trembling, "Were *mine* among the wounded or the dead?" It needs a deep and strong faith, an utter self-abnegation, and a true and profound patriotism to look a possibility like that in the face and still say, "*Whatever the price*, thank God that the battles were fought and the victories won!"

And that faith, that self-abnegation, that patriotism are rife all over the North. Never was a fact more clearly proved than that. And never were voluntary offerings laid on the altar of Liberty and the right so freely as during this struggle for the perpetuation of the prin-

ciples, and the preservation of the birthright bequeathed us by our fathers. And the offerings will still be made. The blood of our patriot sires is still coursing through the veins of their sons, and they stand ready to shed it for their country. May the country ever hold them in grateful remembrance!

#### THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

As wonderful as the zeal and willingness of our patriot youth to offer their services and their lives to their country are the efforts which have been and are still being made by the women of the North to fill the treasury of the Sanitary Commission with means to provide for the wants of our soldiers, wounded and sick, in camp or hospital. Never were armies so well-cared-for as ours, and never armies deserved it better, and, alas! never needed it more.

Among the measures most efficient for this purpose, fairs stand pre-eminent, and have brought in very large proceeds, those of New York footing up more than a million of dollars.

The public press has been so thorough and even exhaustive in its description of these fairs that, in speaking of the one just closed in New York, I shall confine myself to one department only, — the "Flag, trophy, and relic department." And here is a field of most noble quality and proportions, demanding pages where it will receive only paragraphs. Never in this country was so extensive and interesting a collection brought together before; and among them are many upon which no American can look without feeling his heart touched with the memories they awaken. Nearly a hundred banners and flags, carried by our brave volunteers on many a bloody battle-field, pierced with bullets, and stained with blood, tattered and rent, hang upon the walls and depend from the ceilings, and these are memorials that will for years affect their beholder as few things else can do. It is impossible to give a list of them, or the touching incidents they record. One, the flag of the 26th Regiment N. Y. Vols., bears this memorial: — "It has been borne through every battle of Eastern Virginia, and under its folds have fallen five good and true men."

Another, that of the 30th Regiment N. Y. Vols., borne through many battles, is thus memorialized: — "At the last battle of Bull Run these colors fell during the engagement in the hands of ten different soldiers shot dead on the field.

Thirty-six balls passed through the stars and stripes, and the staff was shot into splinters. Fourteen out of the seventeen line officers who accompanied it fell upon the field."

What a fearful history of death and carnage does this little paragraph present, and how nobly must the brave men have faced their fate. 'Not far off a flag-staff is seen, the flag of which, "just previous to the murderous midnight engagement between the third corps and Stonewall Jackson's division, near Chancellorville, was removed by the bearer and wrapped around his body under his coat, lest it should be torn or lost in passing through the tangled jungle through which they were compelled to creep. But this brave and intelligent soldier was killed, and his body was buried by his comrades without suspecting that the flag was still around his person. Repeated efforts were made to find his grave, but without success."

Another was "brought from the battle of Fair Oaks by the color-bearer, who was wounded. He found his way to the hospital at Savage's Station, and concealed the flag under his clothing. It escaped the notice of his captors, and was finally brought off by a surgeon who was allowed to return home without being searched."

These are but a few taken at random of the items making the vast collection of battle-flags and banners precious memorials to American patriots. Scarcely one but has been borne through numerous battles, and is stained with the blood of its brave defenders.

Under the flags of our own soldiers hang a large number of trophy flags captured from the rebels in different engagements. They comprise the different insignia that have been, from time to time, adopted by the rebels:—the "Southern Cross," the "Stars and Bars," and even a "Black Flag." One of the rebel flags is inscribed with the following rhymes:—

"To Freedom's battle on we send them;  
God of battles, Thy help lend them!"

"Our cause is just, our duty we know;  
In God we trust, to battle we go."

As a general thing, the specimens of rebel poetry dedicated to this war, which we have seen, are not of a highly literary character. The above may be taken as a fair average.

The "Ellsworth memorials," of which there is a considerable number, are not without great interest. The gun with which he was killed; the coat, cap, and other articles of clothing worn at the time of his death; and several pis-

tols and swords which had been presented him, all form a very touching collection.

Among the array of swords was a cutlass, belt, and pistol-case, "brought ashore by one of the sailors from the Cumberland after she sunk."

Seven swords belonging to Gen. Worth were exhibited, four of them rewards of gallantry and bravery in different sieges and battles "of other days," and three service swords used in different wars. They were worthily bestowed on the old veteran hero.

The flag of Col. Gansevoort's 3d N. Y. Reg't, carried during the siege of Yorktown, and waved at the Surrender of Cornwallis in October, 1781.

The sword of Gen. Rochambeau, commander of the French troops at Yorktown in 1781.

The sword of Lafayette, worn by him while in the service of this country, and left here under the following interesting circumstances:—

"At a social meeting of officers of the American army, assembled to exchange congratulations on the success of the siege of Yorktown, it was proposed, as a special memento of the event, that the officers should exchange swords. This was agreed to, and in the exchange the sword of Lafayette passed to Col. Barber, and by his descendants has been preserved."

The camp-kettle used by Lafayette. All these, and a thousand other mementoes of the heroes who fought for the liberties of our country during the Revolution drew the gaze and stirred the hearts of thousands.

A peculiar interest attaches to everything connected with Washington. A fragment of brick from his grave, a bit of wood from his old homestead, Mount Vernon, has always been considered an invaluable prize by those fortunate enough to possess it; but here, among the "relics" of the New York Fair, were the "coat, vest, and breeches" worn by Washington when he resigned his commission to Congress, at Annapolis, December 23d, 1783.

His "war-sword," carried by him through the Revolutionary War.

His "camp-chest," in daily use by him when in the field.

His "writing-case," used by him in all the campaigns of the Revolution, and upon which those masterly dispatches were penned which from time to time electrified the country.

His "camp-service," old and homely and worn, the pepper and salt still half filling their simple receptacles. The knife and fork and plates such as the humblest would scarcely

deign to make use of now, but serving the great and good Washington for eight long years for his only table appointments.

These, with his "treasure-chest," and a piece of his sleeping-tent, form a collection that one would go far to see and remember long. As I studied them, my mind reverted to the many and trying scenes through which the "Father of his Country" passed in days darker than our own, when, with treason around him, and poverty on his right hand and on his left, with the scantiest means for paying his willing and dauntless army, and with every discouraging circumstance to overwhelm him, he, for eight long years, maintained the strife which finally resulted in the independence of his beloved country, and bequeathed a rich inheritance of freedom to the future.

Under the little tent of which this fragment was a part, what hours of sleeplessness and care must he have passed. What profound and anxious meditations must often have filled his mind, driving sleep from his hard camp-pillow, and rest from his weary frame, while his tired and half-clothed army slept the sleep of forgetfulness all around him! It is painful to reflect how long and deep must have been the mental sufferings of Washington from the many untoward circumstances which attended our Revolutionary struggles, even though he had no doubt of final success. The love that he bore his army must have added a thousand pangs to his heart, making all their sufferings his own. But what happiness must he have experienced in the assurance that their love for him was more deep and faithful than ever filled the hearts of an army for their leader before.

But it is quite unavailing to try to follow the bewildering attractions of these "trophies and relics," as my readers may guess when I tell them that the bare catalogue of their names covers over a hundred octavo pages. I can only say what has been said so often under less interesting circumstances, "I wish you had been there."

#### NEW THEMES.

But it is time to change the theme, and we do it suddenly by recommending the following poem to the perusal of the readers, especially the two classes denominated "pastor and people." The hero of it is not the first parson, and I fear will not be the last, who, figuratively speaking, has been obliged to go to mill in a very humble guise and fashion; and for the very same cause, — an empty meal barrel: —

#### THE PARSON GOING TO MILL.

The parson sat in his house one day.

While wintry storm did rage;  
High rapt, he drank in lofty thought  
From Hooker's classic page.  
But as he sat, and holy breath  
Into his breast did steal,  
His sweet wife ope'd the door, and said,  
"My dear, we have no meal."

With a deep groan and saddened brow  
He laid aside his book,  
And, in despair, upon the hearth  
With troubled air did look:  
"My people think that I must break  
To them the bread of heaven,  
But they'll not give me bread enough  
Three whole days out of seven.

"But hunger is a serious thing,  
And it is sad to hear  
Sweet children's mournful cry for bread  
Loud ringing in your ear."  
So straight he mounted his old horse,  
With meek and humble will,  
And on his meal-bag, patched and coarse,  
He journeyed to the mill.

The miller bowed to him, and said,  
"Sir, by your church steeple,  
I vow I give you praise for this,  
But none to your church people."  
The parson mounted his old horse, —  
He had no time to lag, —  
And rode, like hero, to his home,  
Right on his old meal-bag.

But as he rode, he overtook  
A proud and rich layman,  
Who, with a close, astonished gaze,  
The parson's bag did scan.  
"My reverend sir, the truth to tell,  
It makes me feel quite wroth  
To see you compromise this way  
The honor of your cloth.

"Why told you not, my reverend friend  
Your meal was running low?  
What will the neighbors think of us,  
If to the mill you go?"  
"My wealthy friend," the parson said,  
"You must not reason so;  
For be assured, as settled thing,  
*My meal is always low.*"

"If my dear people wish to know  
How to promote my bliss,

I'll simply say, a bag of meal  
 Will *never come amiss*.  
 Just keep the store-room well supplied,  
 And I will keep right still;  
 But if the meal runs out again,  
 I *must* go to the mill."

## MORAL.

Laymen! it needs no miracle,  
 No hard, laborious toil,  
 To make the parson's meal-bag like  
 The widow's cruse of oil.  
 Pour forth into his wife's store-room  
 Your gifts right plentiful;  
 The miracle is simply this,—  
 To keep it always full!

## THE SLEEPING CHILD.

Among the tenderest, most touching lines we remember to have seen were written by a Southern poet years ago, before the days of secession, ere the Southern heart had become as hard and dead to the milk of human kindness as it is now. They will be read with interest and pleasure:—

"My little girl sleeps on my arm all night,  
 And seldom stirs, save when, with playful will,  
 I bid her rise, and place her lips to mine,  
 Which in her sleep she does; and sometimes,  
 then,

Half-muttered in her slumbers, she affirms  
 Her love for me is boundless. And I take  
 The little bud, and close her in my arms:  
 Assure her by my action—for my lips  
 Yield me no utterance then—that in my heart  
 She is the treasured jewel. Tenderly,  
 Hour after hour, without desire of sleep,  
 I watch above that large amount of hope,  
 Until the stars wane, and the yellow morn  
 Walks forth into the night."

But sweeter and tenderer than these are the beautiful lines of Bryant, which have found thousands of loving and sympathizing readers, but which, as "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," will be always new and delightful:—

"Oh! we shall mourn him long, and miss  
 His ready smile, his ready kiss;  
*The patter of his little feet*;  
 Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet;

And graver looks, serene and high,—  
 A light of heaven in that young eye;  
 All these will haunt us till the heart  
 Shall ache and ache, and tears shall start.

The little bow shall fall to dust;  
 The shining arrows waste with rust;  
 But he who now, from sight of men,  
 We hide in earth, shall live again.

Shall break those clouds, a form of light,  
 With nobler mien, and clearer sight;  
 And in the eternal glory stand  
 With those who wait at God's right hand."

## RECEIPT FOR MAKING EVERY DAY HAPPY.

Sydney Smith, who possessed more wit and humor than any man in England, and could say a sharp thing once in a while, was not above the "little helps" which are often so useful to us in life. He cut the following receipt, with the above title, out of a newspaper, and preserved it carefully for his own assistance:—

"When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred beings happy, at all events for a time."

Short, sensible, and pithy. Who will fairly test the merits of the "receipt," by "using as directed"?

We have a few times offered specimens of the tender style of epistolary composition. The following, picked up in a rebel camp, speaks for itself. We highly recommend the "chivalry" as literary persons:—

"dear Nelly,

"Sweet Nelly there are moments When the Hart is not ones own When We fain Would clip its Wild Wings tip but we find the bird has flown dear nelly there are moments When a loss may be again and Sorrow goy for the harts a toy and Loving such sweet pain yes nelly there are moments When its throne is worth a smile When a frown Can prove the flower of Love must fade and die a Lone:

"dear nelley thare moments When Love gets  
you in a fix takes the bit in his gaws and With-  
out any pause bolts a Way With you like bricks  
yes nelley thar moments thar When affection  
knows no bounds When i rather be talking with  
you out a-walking than rattling after the yanks  
from you know who."

The children must never be forgotten, and  
we offer them a dessert that is sweet and whole-  
some. It is entitled

#### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Into her chamber went  
A little girl one day;  
And by a chair she knelt,  
And thus began to pray:  
'Jesus, my eyes I close,  
Thy form I cannot see;  
If thou art near me, Lord,  
I pray thee speak to me.'  
A still, small voice  
She heard within her soul:  
'What is it, child? I hear;  
I hear thee, — tell me all!'

'I pray thee, Lord,' she said,  
That thou wilt condescend  
To tarry in my heart,  
And ever be my friend.  
The path of life is dark, —  
I would not go astray:  
Oh, let me have thy hand,  
To lead me in the way!'  
'Fear not, I will not leave  
Thee, poor child! alone.'  
And then she *thought* she felt  
A soft hand press her own.

'They tell me, Lord, that all  
The living pass away;  
The aged *soon* must die,  
And even children *may*.  
Oh! let my parents live  
Till I a woman grow,  
For if *they* die, what can  
A little orphan do?'  
'Fear not, my child!  
Whatever ills may come,  
I'll not forsake thee e'er,  
Until I bring thee home!'

Her little prayer was said,  
And from her chamber now  
She passed forth with the light  
Of Heaven upon her brow.  
'Mother, I've seen the Lord;

His hand in mine I felt;  
And, oh! I heard him say,  
As by my chair I knelt:  
'Fear not, my child!  
Whatever ills may come,  
I'll not forsake thee e'er,  
Until I bring thee home!''''

And she was received into his arms who said,  
"Little children, come to me."

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the laws and institutions of Moses, and treats  
of them exclusively. The book is well calculat-  
ed to do good, to promote Biblical research,  
and to remove scepticism and unbelief.

# CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXII.

Above the Clouds .....	448	In the Sunset Glow.....	506
A Bust of Lord Nelson worshipped as a god..	352	It is well we cannot See.....	320
A Cinnamon Rose-tree .....	260	Jacob Perry's Story, and its Sequel. ....	261
Acrostic .....	346	Jane Holton's Marriage.....	197
A Dream of Flowers.....	155	Julia Croesus.....	181, 224
Air Castles .....	176	Keats.....	275
A Lover's Exploit in the Grecian Isles .....	397	Labor the Antidote of Sorrow.....	553
A Memory.....	382	Leaves from my Journal.....	554
A Midsummer Night .....	230	Left Behind.....	189
A Mother's Partiality.....	455	Letters from the Top of a Hill....	140, 177, 235
An Aged Lover.....	556	Let this Cup pass from me!.....	123
An Incident.....	281	Light and Shade.....	141
Anxious.....	333	Life.....	223
A Soldier of the Republic.....	507	Lines for a Common-place Book.....	264
A Thousand a Year.....	73, 123, 156, 206, 252, 300, 355, 412, 442, 485, 533.	Little Charlie and the Deacon.....	41, 88
Aunt Deborah: or, Wrong Training.....	371	Madam Roland .....	245, 293, 363, 404
Autumn .....	280	"Man hath sought out many Inventions".....	41
Best Time to Sleep .....	475	Memory's Sea.....	362
Blessed are the Peacemakers.....	180	Mile-stones in my Pilgrimage.....	270
Blessed are the Pure in Heart .....	476	Mind.....	472
Carry me back with you, Father!.....	454	Modern Poetry.....	427
Castles in Spain.....	491	Mother's with us.....	37
Christianity .....	555	My Brother.....	168
Christmas, 1863.....	285	My Father's Grave.....	111
Composition; or, Brother's Love.....	111	My Hope .....	137
Contentment .....	474	My King.....	500, 540
Dark Days in Tennessee .....	65	Newest Fashion of Courtship. ....	334
Death of a Child (Music) .....	100	New Publications.....	52, 524, 562
Delicacy .....	451	Obituary .....	141
Ding, Dong, Bell .....	375	O'er the Sea.....	419
Doubt and Faith .....	313	Old Dr. Beecher's Idea of Heaven.....	477
Dreams .....	178	One Encouraging Word.....	278
Easy Questions.....	284	One too many.....	308, 347
Editor's Table.. 47, 96, 142, 193, 240, 286, 335, 383, 430, 481, 519, 557.		One May Morning.....	313
Every Man the Architect of his own For- tune.....	472	On recovering from Illness.....	553
Facts about Universalism.....	280	On the Death of a Child.....	81
Fragment.....	539	On the "Word" or Logos.....	477
Gain and Gold.....	18	Origin of Familiar Phrases.....	324
Good and Little Children.....	189	Our Assistant Editor.....	476
Good Humor .....	250	Our Blessings &c.....	180
Haunted.....	191	Our Country's Altar.....	448
Hearty.....	271	Our Father who art in Heaven .....	156
Heaven and Home .....	192	Patriotic Women.....	380
He Died at Home.....	214	Playing with Fate.....	101
His Ways are the Best.....	192	Poem.....	251
Hope and Love .....	500	Prayer.....	94
How to Spend a Sovereign.....	282	Question for Thoughtful Theologians.....	479
In Memoriam.....	192, 307	Reading and Thinking.....	467
Insincerity of Social Life.....	471	Recollection of an English Friend.....	325
		Remember Me .....	379
		Reminiscence of Early Days in Illinois.....	341

Resurrection .....	467	The Patient Woman .....	474
Rev. N. Stacy .....	346	The Poor .....	412
September, 1961 .....	164	The Rainbow of Promise .....	267
Sing, Sister, Sing .....	403	The Returned Volunteer .....	277, 376
Song — after the Italian .....	421	The Scottish Thistle .....	285
Sonnet .....	472	The Second Wife .....	214
Speak no Bad Words .....	236	The Shower at Sunset .....	181
Spring .....	544	The Silk-Velvet Family .....	419
Spring and the Maiden .....	441	The Sorrows of Genius .....	276
Stanzas .....	367, 533	The Spirit Life .....	178
Sublimity and Variety of the Bible .....	478	The Two Angels .....	64
Summer is Dead .....	260	The Volunteer .....	30
Sunshine and Shadow .....	555	The Voyage of Life .....	299
		The Washington Bridal .....	324
Tempted .....	382	The Withered Bud and Blossom .....	271
The Bells of St. Mary's .....	82	The Women of a Nation .....	274
The Brothers .....	237	Thither-side Sketches .....	138, 165, 268, 321, 368, 402, 452, 497.
The Conversational Voice .....	346	Thou art not here .....	181
The Cricket .....	274	Thoughts at a Grave .....	176
The Dead of Gettysburg .....	496	Threads of Memory .....	53
The Dispatch .....	206	Through Suffering .....	168
The Ebbing Tide .....	73	Tom Stokes .....	545
The Enchanter Faustus and Queen Elizabeth .....	77	To my Father in the better Land .....	451
The First Snow .....	401	Translations from the German of Jean Paul .....	411
The Fountain in the Desert .....	234	Trials Needful to Purification .....	556
The Fruits .....	123	True Manliness .....	421
The Great Mystery .....	382	Twilight Visions .....	17
The Haunted House .....	131		
The House that Jack Built .....	264	Visions .....	333
The Ideal and the Real .....	353		
The Idle Word .....	88	Waiting for the Angels .....	519
The Lost and Found .....	468	We know not What we Ask .....	396
The Lost Found .....	5	What am I Living for .....	475
The Martyrs of Fredericksburg .....	168	Woman .....	478
The Midnight Walk .....	29	Woman's Temper .....	491
The Mission of Woman .....	370	Women as Orators .....	420
The Mountaineers of Tennessee .....	132, 231, 314 389, 437, 492, 525.		
The Old Log School-house .....	279	Ye are not Your Own .....	275









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